

## Influence of Character Exerted Unconsciously

[By Rev. J. O. Davis, Pastor of the Church of St. Joseph of Arimathea, Elmsford, N. Y.]

They brought forth the sick into the streets . . . that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them—Acts, v., 15.

While we are not told in so many words that those upon whom the shadow of Peter fell were healed, the context implies that those who had faith to be healed received the gift of health. The apostle would have been the first to disclaim that the healing was due to any power or virtue inherent in himself; it was an unconscious pouring forth of power that was his before he had been "with Jesus" and learned of him.

Marvelous as this unconscious pouring forth of power seems, it is a fact that each one of us is constantly exercising an analogous power, not over the bodies of men, but over the minds and souls of those with whom we come into contact. One passes down the street; if unconsciously his shadow falls, for good or ill, upon someone. An influence, like some subtle perfume, has been exhaled, and is this influence, unconsciously wielded, that really counts, for it depends upon what we are and we show our true selves when we are off our guard.

A man may seem everything that a gentleman should be when away from home. His home life may show that in reality he is a cad or a blackguard; it is the atmosphere of the home that

really influences a child's life. If parents are selfish, fault-finding, quarrelsome, the most faithful instruction in unselfishness and love will make little impression. The shadow unconsciously cast is more powerful than any conscious effort.

One occasionally meets a physician whose presence in the sickroom is almost as potent an agent of health as his drugs. There are men and women whose presence is a benediction; before them evil seems stilled, the voice of the slanderer is stopped, the whole community is better because they are living in it. On the other hand, there are those whose presence arouses all that is evil in us.

The sort of shadow we are casting depends, to a certain extent, upon treatment, but mostly upon character. If parents have cultivated in themselves a spirit of unselfishness and of love their children will unconsciously live in the same spirit in which they live.

If we cultivate a spirit of contentment and of cheerfulness we will unconsciously exude the same spirit. If we cultivate within ourselves the spirit of love and of meekness and of peace, others will feel better because we have passed by—they will perceive that we, too, have been "with Jesus."

REV. J. O. DAVIS.

## English as a World Language

WILL BE THE VERNACULAR OF A QUARTER OF THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD IN THIS CENTURY.

Literary Digest: From the statement that English now leads all other languages in the number of its readers, and that its geographical distribution corresponds to a remarkable extent with the area of the world's greatest literacy, Mr. E. H. Babbitt goes on to predict that within the century "English will be the vernacular of a quarter instead of a tenth of the people of the world, and be read by a half instead of a quarter of the people who can read." If its supremacy is frankly recognized, he adds, it can be made the universal reading language in even less time. Even now, he asserts (writing in *The World's Work* for February), "three-fourths of the world's mail matter is addressed in English, and more than half the world's newspapers are printed in English." Moreover, as those newspapers have a larger circulation than those in other languages, "probably three-fourths of the world's newspaper reading is done in English."

It is only for the temperate zone, explains Mr. Babbitt, that any reliable facts are known or predictions possible. "The future of the lands within the tropics is problematical, and the lands north of the isotherm of the freezing-point can never sustain any large permanent population." To quote further: "A language must have a recognized literary standard, and all the people in its territory must learn to use it as such before its influence goes far abroad. English, French, and German, and they alone, have reached this point. French and German have no new country, and practically the whole of their population is now literate; their relative share in the world's reading can only increase as their population increases. Spanish and Russian, on the other hand, have both new country and room for a much higher percentage of literacy. "It is probable that all the countries in temperate zones will have universal literacy by the end of the century. In this case, even if no one read English outside its vernacular countries, it would still hold its own as the leading literary language. German and French are bound to fall off relatively as vernaculars, and this implies a falling off of their importance as culture-languages; but the importance of English in this respect is bound to grow. The first place among foreign languages has been given to it in the schools of many European and South American countries; Mexico and Japan make it compulsory in all schools of higher education; and China is to follow Japan in this respect as soon as the work can be organized.

"The number of people who can actually read, or will learn if now too young, for the various languages of the world, appears to be as follows:

Language.	Number in Millions.	Per Cent.
English	136	27.2
German	82	16.4
Chinese	70	14.0
French	28	5.6
Russian	30	6.0
Arabic	13	2.6
Italian	22	4.4
Spanish	13	2.6
Scandinavian	11	2.2
Dutch and Flemish	9	1.8
Minor European	34	6.8
Minor Asiatic	16	3.2
Minor African and Polynesian	2	0.5
Total	473	100

In this table Chinese is considered not as a spoken language, but as a system of writing. French and German, the languages next in importance to English, "can not maintain their relative positions," asserts Mr. Babbitt, "because English has more than half the new land in the temperate zone, and they have none." Spanish and Russian, the languages which dominate the rest of the new territory, "are not established as culture-languages, as English is." Moreover, "no other language, not even French or German, has a vernacular so uniform and well-established, and with so few variations from the literary language. English is spoken in the United States by more than fifty million people with slight variations that no foreigner would ever notice. No other language whatever can show more than a fraction of this number of persons who speak so nearly alike."

## LIMA WOMEN MAKE MERRY INTERESTING AND PECULIAR FEATURES OF THE PERUVIAN CARNIVAL.

[From a Private Letter.]

It is about this season of the year that the carnival is held in Lima, Peru. The three days before Ash Wednesday are given up to it. These three days, Sunday, Monday Tuesday, are bank holidays, though a little business is done in the mornings of Monday and Tuesday. Sunday being as much a day of rest there as it is in New York during the summer. The carnival in Lima is celebrated with powder, confetti, chisguetes, serpentinas and water. The playing is between the different sexes—men contest with men, but not against men.

The majority of the houses in Lima have balconies and the women and girls stand on these balconies and use cups, pitchers, pails, in fact anything that will contain water, to throw on the men passing through the streets. The chief thing used for holding and conveying water is what they call a "globo." A globo is made of a rubber composition similar to that used in toy balloons, and will hold about two cups of water. It can be thrown to about the second story of a house, and breaks upon contact with anything. The girls in Lima can throw pretty well, and many a man has received one of these watery missiles in the neck or between the eyes, very much to his discomfort, and to the damage of his clothes. The powder is of many different colors and is used indoors, being rubbed on the face or in the hair, the confetti is the same as used in the United States; the chisguete is a metal tube similar to a tube for oil paint, and is filled with colored clay with two friends—young American electrical engineers who occupied important positions in the electric lighting and railway companies in and near Lima. He did not intend to participate, but simply went out to see what was happening, and for this reason he attired himself in white

linen trousers, white shoes, white negligee shirt, no vest, and a black coat—in fact looking rather dandified. As they went down the main street of the city the party were suddenly startled by the bursting of a globo close to them. After that they walked along very circumspectly, many times having to dodge well timed globos, and the hands of senoritas with beautiful dark eyes and long eyelashes. Ay, the Limenas are good looking!

After the writer and his companions had called on some Peruvian friends they boarded an open tramcar—drawn by horses at that time—which ran close to the curb into the car. They turned a corner, went half a block, when suddenly a globo hit the writer on one leg, soaked it pretty well, and before he had time to recover from his astonishment he received a pink globo on the stomach, which colored his nice white shirt and linen trousers a pretty tint of pink. He looked up and found that his two friends had disappeared; he jumped to the walk, slid a little and turned around, only to receive a pail of water in the back of the head. A small girl on the walk. That was enough. He was wet through and was going to wet somebody else. He went back and found his friends throwing globos at some senoritas and he joined in. There were boys all around selling globos, which cost ten cents a dozen, filled. The players don't break windows intentionally, but sometimes a globo goes astray and a glass is broken. There was one balcony in which thirteen panes of glass had to be replaced. The three friends then took a walk around town, through about a pink globo, and then they were playing in one place the writer had the bad luck to fall just as a girl appeared with a wash-bowl filled with water. Fortunately, for him, however, his friend came to the rescue in time to save him from a drenching. In another place he heard a laugh and then something hit him which felt like a brick—it was a bag of flour tied to a string. Here again luck was with him, for had the flour scattered over him in his soaked condition he would have looked like an animated pot of photographs pasted on him. Fortunately it only left a mark on his hat.

The Americans were passing through one street when they noticed some young ladies whom they knew by sight, but with whom they were not acquainted. They beckoned them to come in, and after some hesitation the Americans went. They were shown into the dining-room—a strange proceeding, they thought—when two of the young ladies appeared with squirt guns which sent a good stream across the room. The only things the young men had to protect themselves with were a few quetes, which sent but a feeble stream a few yards. They used these the best they could, but were dripping with water in a very short time. Not satisfied with this the girls brought little pieces of paper about the size of pinheads—these they were afraid to use powder or flour—which they proceeded to rub into the hair of the young men. The latter obtained some of this paper, and as they could not rub it in the girls' hair, the girls having taken the precaution to tie their towels firmly over their heads, they stuffed it in their mouths. When one realizes that these same young ladies would not walk on the street alone with a young man, that mother must always be with her when he calls, that he must almost woo the mother to get the daughter, the great relaxation of the rules of propriety which takes place at carnival time is better understood.

Playing with water stops at 6 p.m. Small torpedoes, powder and serpentinas are thrown instead of water, and many squarades are held, but the city is quiet as compared with the excitement of the afternoon.—New York Sun.

## DELIGHTS OF BOURNEMOUTH.

Bournemouth stands on the south coast, close by the Isle of Wight, and a little over a hundred miles from London. It is the creation of the last seventy years. When Queen Victoria came to the throne the land on which it stands was scrub, heath and pine woods. Even as late as the fifties Bournemouth, which is now a town of over 80,000, was a mere village of 2,000. But it had in its midst clumps of the aldermen and councilors of the Bournemouth corporation that they have developed the place without destroying a single one of its rural beauties. They have encouraged the villas, but they have preserved the pines. They have sanctified hotels, they have built innumerable roads, they have presided over the growth of a town and have equipped it with all the latest conveniences, but they have done so without sacrificing its essentially rural character. This is a very great achievement. The Bournemouth of the future, however, must, I should imagine, be cutting down a pine tree. Here is a conservation of natural resources such as would satisfy even Mr. Babbitt. Even the shopping streets are tree-lined avenues, while the residential roads make a plea to the eye as well as to the heart. Wherever you turn, the fresh green of the pines meets your sight and their pungent, health-giving aroma is wafted in your face. The corporation set the example of preserving them; private builders and residents have followed it. There is not a garden but has been reclaimed from the forest, and keeps the characteristics of both. The drives up to the private houses are fringed with pines, the public squares, the public gardens, intersected by faultless paths, are otherwise remnants of the forest primeval; and the careful planting of the arbutus tree, holly, laurel, rhododendron, arbutus, and other evergreens gives to the whole place a warm and cheerful appearance that winter cannot destroy.—Harper's Weekly.

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## ROYAL MOTHERS IN TERROR

MYSTERIOUS DEATH THREATS AGAINST INFANT HEIRS OF EUROPEAN MONARCHS.

Pinned to the pillow where sleeps the child who, if his life be prolonged, will some day succeed to the throne of Russia, the Czarina, it has been reported, recently found a note.

In brief, terrible words it informed the unhappy lady that it was useless to attempt to protect the life of her son, that both the boy and his father were certain to be stricken within the twelve-month.

How came it in this place, protected as it is by thousands of soldiers, this frightful threat, every word of which was a stab to the mother's heart, is a mystery not explained. It is incomprehensible that the most daring nihilist could have passed all the guards and stolen his way into the most private of chambers. Yet the Czarina has preferred to believe this explanation, rather than accept the other and more awful theory, that treachery in her own royal household menaces the life of her beloved boy.

The horror of this incident is but typical of what the royal mothers of Europe are now suffering.

## LIVE IN DAILY ANGUISH.

It is the custom to laud the courage and devotion of mothers of the poor, and their heroism is justly praised, but the least fortunate of them is no more torn by dread, anguish, fright and misery than half a dozen of Europe on whose heads are set crowns and whose shoulders are wrapped in the purple of kingdom.

The fright of the Czarina over the newest threat on the life of her son and her husband are but the renewal of scares that have increased in violence in the last two years. A score of Russian generals and men high in power have fallen by the mob, the pistol and the dagger of the fanatic.

When the bomb thrown into his carriage blew the Grand Duke Sergius to fragments the unhappy Czarina saw the assassin's hand penetrate into her own family. She knows that the land is honeycombed with hatred of her line. Her husband, her son, herself and even her poor little daughters are in the glare of this hatred. One instant's relaxing of vigilance on part of the guarding soldiers, treachery in her own household, and she would be herself or her children may meet a similar tragedy in unhappy Russia, and more blood of royalty is spilled in the never-ending battle with nihilism.

These are the thoughts the Czarina carries with her day and night. These are the normal burden of every mother, the ills of the children, their education, their tendencies, make a weight under which the truest Spartan might bend.

With every attack on royalty, successful or unsuccessful, the fears of the royal mothers are augmented. They must feel that the chaos is tightening, that the regicides are coming closer. Thirty people were killed a couple of years ago when soldiers fired into a palace of the czar, and it was only chance that saved Nicholas from being numbered with the slain.

## UNABLE EVEN TO MOURN.

Now in the killing of the ruler of Portugal and his son, the crown prince, carried to the Czarina the terrible proof that no precautions can assure safety to that ruler for whose life his people thirst.

Queen Amelia, in the prime of her life robbed of her loved husband and idolized son, forms another touching

instance of the woes that beset royal motherhood.

Not even was she permitted the least consolation of grief. When Carlos and Luiz were stricken and her young son, Manuel, brought to the throne, a strong hand was demanded to shape his course properly, lest the threat of a republic be carried out, forced to stifle her tears Amelia had to carry herself before the public with a brave face, and take a resolute position back of her son in the demand for subjection on the part of her people.

Portugal's nearest neighbor and ancient rival, Spain, has another case of unhappy royal motherhood. Queen Christina's long period of regency, during the minority of Alfonso, was one unbroken succession of suffering. The boy's health was bad to start with. The jealousy of ministers made her task harder, her country was engulfed in debt, and as Alfonso grew to young manhood he developed wild traits that robbed the mother of peace night and day.

Then came the disastrous conflict with the United States, which took away the colonial possessions of Spain in the new world, cost an enormous sum of money, and resulted only in humiliation and the death of many of the leaders and friends of the queen's happier days.

On several occasions the Queen was horrified by narrow escapes of her son. While riding in a carriage with former President Loubet of France, in Paris, he was made the target for an anarchist's bomb, which just missed him. Again in London it was known that a plot was directed against him, and finally on the memorable occasion of his marriage, which should have been a great day for the queen, since it represented the completion of her plan to marry him into one of the great families of Europe, a bomb just missed taking the lives of the young ruler and his bride. Even now, in time of comparative peace for Spain, the woes of the mother continue. She has been pushed into the background and divested of all her power, a condition the more distressing from the fact that her long regency had accustomed her to command.

## EFFECTS OF DEADLY WORK.

Queen Natalie, once the ruler of Serbia, drank the cup of woe to its dregs when the murdered bodies of her son and his wife, Draga, were thrown into the garden from the windows of the royal palace in Belgrade in order to make way for King Peter.

Similar was the experience of Queen Margherita of Italy, whose husband, the much-regretted Humbert, gave up his life to the assassin, Brescia. She has never recovered from the shock of the violent death of her spouse, and lives a life that is ever tormented by the fear that her son, the present king, may share the same fate.

The Dowager Queen of Holland has had more than her share of trouble, though it has been of a somewhat different kind from that which beset her sister queens.

Her woes have grown out of her daughter's unhappy marriage. Holland has no revolutions, nor threats of regicide, but the sturdy burghers deeply resent the lack of an heir to the throne, and cordially hate the Prince Consort Henry, who at times has been charged with abusing his wife, Wilhelmina.

The gentle Alexandra of Britain has had her share of woes of royal motherhood. In fact, no queen of Europe has been exempt, and to add to the pain of it is the law of court life that expects of king, prince or queen that in the face of the people a smile must ever be there, even though the heart break.

## Robert Louis Stevenson His Work and Fight for Life

I have been reading a biography of that charming master of English prose, Robert Louis Stevenson—I had nearly written that most charming master, but my friends all tell me that I am a Stevenson-maniac and one fact which struck me with the force of novelty was what a thorough "brick" he had for a father. Thomas Stevenson was one of a family of engineers and was himself a splendid exponent of the profession. His ambition for Louis, his only son, was that he, too, should be an engineer; and he did his level best to train him for the profession. But Louis was a poet. When the rugged old Scotch engineer would take him to Tweed-side and endeavor to get him interested in the kindergarten problems of engineering which that lovely stream presented, Louis could only see its beauty. So the father struck the attempt; but could not quite let his lad go in for literature alone as he so obviously desired. That he might have another profession beside that of "faded author" he got him to read law in Edinburgh; but Louis had as little aptitude for the law as for the building of lighthouses. As he wrote his mother long afterwards, they had to understand that he would be a nomad, more or less, till his days were done.

And a nomad he was. He lived between Edinburgh, London, Paris, the Bahamas, the islands of the Pacific, and other foreign towns. One day would find him writing poetry to his father from the wine-stained table of a cafe in the Latin Quarter, and again he would be idling at Barbizon with a company of young artists as far as possible removed from the world's roundings near his father would have liked him to be. Yet through it all Thomas Stevenson stood by him. Louis always had his allowance, not only as a boy and student; but as a man of 25 and 30 who was trying with all his might to learn how to write.

And sorely did he need it. For years he was utterly unable to approach making a living out of literature. His biographer says, some five or six years after he had given himself fairly to literature, "his income from writing was as yet extremely small, the payment for his essays amounting to a

guinea a page, so that until 1878 he probably from all sources had never made fifty pounds in any one year." We read constantly of essays and tales and even novels undertaken, worked at for a long time and then abandoned. Some of the manuscripts he did send for review were rejected. Even "Treasure Island" ran as a serial and was not a success. But all this time Thomas Stevenson kept his "faded author" a son in funds; though in 1878 he was 28 years of age.

After Louis was married, his father's kindness continued. It would be too long a tale to go into details. He gave them an allowance of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and subsequently bought Mrs. Stevenson a house at Bournemouth when they decided to try a couple of winters at that resort. The fact is that until "Jekyll and Hyde" made Louis a popular author, he was not financially independent; and this did not come until the death of 1887. If it had not been for the devotion of a father to a son who was disappointed in his choice of profession, who wandered far from his teaching religiously, who lived a life with which his father had little sympathy, we should never have had the marvelous series of tales and the exquisite English of the essays which have made the name of Stevenson one of the most highly honored in English literature. There is now a monument to him in San Francisco and another on the walls of old St. Giles, in Edinburgh; and I think that it would be nothing more than fitting if beside the devotion of a father to a son who was disappointed in his choice of profession, who wandered far from his teaching religiously, who lived a life with which his father had little sympathy, we should never have had the marvelous series of tales and the exquisite English of the essays which have made the name of Stevenson one of the most highly honored in English literature. There is now a monument to him in San Francisco and another on the walls of old St. Giles, in Edinburgh; and I think that it would be nothing more than fitting if beside the devotion of a father to a son who was disappointed in his choice of profession, who wandered far from his teaching religiously, who lived a life with which his father had little sympathy, we should never have had the marvelous series of tales and the exquisite English of the essays which have made the name of Stevenson one of the most highly honored in English literature.

Poor Stevenson always fought a terrible battle against weakness and disease. He could not live in Scotland because of the climate. He was always taking cold; and when he finally went to London to study law, Dr. (now Sir Andrew) Clark, ordered him to the Riviera to check a dangerous state of tuberculosis. From this he never recovered. When he journeyed hastily to California to see the lady who was to be his wife, hav-



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ing learned that she was sick, he arrived there almost in a dying condition, and lay for two days and nights in a stupor under a tree in the mountains, where he was rescued by a couple of frontiersmen in charge of a goat ranch, who took him and nursed him. For a long time he knew the struggles of deep poverty. He was estranged from the time from his parents and was without money. He sent his manuscript to his friends in London and urged them to tell at any price. He even got one of them to sell his books and furniture there. He lived in a cheap lodging, ate at small restaurants, and "lived on 70 cents a day." Then he helped his landlady nurse a sick child and broke down utterly. But the marriage soon followed; and his ever-watchful father heard of his plight and came to the rescue.

After his return to Scotland he had to spend two winters in Switzerland for the high altitude, and a couple of winters more at Hyeres. Then he tried Bournemouth in the south of England, and here he lived the life of a secluded invalid. We get a picture of him sitting in bed in the dark because of ophthalmia, silence imposed, and his right arm in a sling because of a recent hemorrhage, writing down the verses of his Child's Garden with his left hand, or making up with his wife the tales which were afterwards used in the *Dynamos*. The marvel is that he could produce any literature at all, let alone the robust and joyous literature with which he has enriched the human race. He was always a cheery spirit. His courage was high. Through his stories blow the wild winds of the out-lands, and his men are men of action and adventure. One would fancy a soldier of fortune, rough and ruddy, writing such things; but they were the work of a frail invalid, the victim of a mortal disease to whom death was ever present. As for his inimitable style, that was the prize won by patient work. He set deliberately to the task of learning to write; and he was never satisfied with any but the best results.

He did many things for the literary experience. His inland voyage and his travels were a Donkey were undertaken largely that he might write about them. The former would certainly have been abandoned midway because of the rainy weather if it had not been for the literary intent. He journeyed about through the South Sea Islands for over three years in search of "copy" and health, and he found both. He never was so well as when on board a sailing ship cruising about amongst those romantic islands. The Master of Ballantrae was written there to get money to buy a ship of his own to go in for sea-trading—an idea he never carried out. His Scottish stories were, curiously enough, written out of Scotland as a rule, and we read with regret that he worked away on many a story which was never published. Keeping just as the pencil sketches of great artists are a record of the work that future generations may see how they worked out their ideas.—Montreal Star.

## GIRLS AND CHAMPAGNE.

When Prof. John D. Quackenbush, with a frankness that disregards the stricter construction of professional ethics, declares that he had "treated" not in convivial sense take note—with in a year many women whose weekly bill for champagne alone was \$100 and who filled up the intervals between

their drafts of wine and highballs and cocktails, he depicts the drinking habit in somewhat worse colors than any of the so-called reformers have seemed to do.

Most disquieting of all are his statements as to intemperance among school and college girls. He refers to a luncheon in New York at which 24 debutants drank 36 bottles of champagne, and 15 of them smoked seven dozen cigarettes.

As Dr. Quackenbush makes most of his statements from first hand observation, they are not to be disregarded. And if so many New York women are intemperate it need not be surprising to find intemperance among women of other cities.—Springfield Union.

## NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

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In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

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Few people ever stop to consider what pallor to the countenance means. In the first place it indicates an absence from the blood of the rich, red, life-giving elements so requisite to health; and in the second place it indicates a weak heart action. These two things act and react. If we could look at the heart of one of these pale-faced people, we would see it flabby, weak and palid. No wonder they are easily tired, get out of breath quickly, have palpitation, are nervous and downhearted. Their muscles are poor, their stomach disordered, and their lives are seldom free from misery.

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Mr. W. J. Churchill, Lombardy, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for three years with a weak heart and nervousness. I could not sleep and ever so little food would distress me. I also had faint and dizzy spells, and doctored with three doctors but was growing worse. After taking three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I feel as well as ever I did. They are the best pills on earth."

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