

# WHO SHE WAS

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert



and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and powers of disease. She maintained that just as nature so successfully provides in the harvest-fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured many of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and it became quite popular among them.

All this she did so freely, without money and without price as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with

their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until to-day Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed away nearly twenty years ago, but till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—there were thousands—received careful study and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of women's ills, which hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With woman assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound: made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the able woman whose name it bears.

the night she had sent Margot to David Renton she had consistently avoided mentioning Jack's name. "Some of the Castle Maoli party were climbing a fence when the gun went off—you didn't seem to be listening when papa was telling us so," she said. "Jack Renton was over first and he was calling out to the others to take care of their guns if they were loaded, when one went off, and he fell with just a cry. Mr. and Mrs. Renton will miss him, I suppose; though he wasn't their son, he was like one, and they were very fond of him. I wonder who will be Mr. Renton's heir now?"

Would she never go? Margot asked herself desperately. How long must she listen to the hard, calculating voice? She lifted her agonized eyes in passionate appeal to the sharp-featured, mean little face, but Isabel was not looking at her; a charm of one of her bangles had become entangled with the tiny gold chain and she was devoting her attention to freeing it.

"I wouldn't send flowers if I were you, Margot. I would not give people the chance of saying that you are fond of him still," she babbled on. "Oh, are you going into the house again? Well, you had better go up to your own room at once, and don't let any one see you till you are looking different. You can't show yourself with a face like that! I will say you have a headache and have gone to bed."

She stood in the hall and watched her climb the stairs; then, with a conscious thought that she had done her duty, proceeded to the library to join the Reverend George, and repeat to him word for word what she had said, and thereby impress upon him her sense and right-mindedness. Archie said she never took a drink of water without telling the Reverend George of it.

Two or three times during the evening Margot was disturbed by a tapping at the door, and each time it was the housekeeper's voice which begged for admission, but she gave a refusal. She did not require anything or any one, she said.

Isobel also knocked on her way to bed, and met with a similar response. A little later the talk and laughter of the men coming up from the smoking room broke the stillness, but after the long hours passed in absolute silence till about six o'clock in the morning, when a low, sharp knock made Margot start up from the couch on which she had spent the night.

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



6915, 6904.—A CHARMING DEVELOPMENT IN NOVELTY WOOLEN.

The chic little suit here shown is made up in a pretty striped novelty goods, with garniture of embroidery, and is well adapted to home-making. The coat is decidedly new, the kimono sleeves being cut in one, after the latest mode, and the front and back giving a decidedly novel cape effect. The skirt is a 7-gored model, lengthened by a straight gathered flounce. The suit will commend itself to the woman who seeks to obtain a smart effect with a moderate amount of cost and trouble. For the medium size 2 1/2 yards of 21-inch material will be needed to make the coat and 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch goods for the skirt.

Two patterns, 6915—Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 6904—Six sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist measure. The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon the receipt of 10c.

## PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement: Bust ..... Waist .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern) .....

CAUTION: Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 22, 24 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address —

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

"Who is there, she called. "Open the door, Miss Beresford, please," it was Mrs. Dent again who answered. "I have brought you news. Let me in."

The request was accompanied by a rattle of the doorhandle. Margot crossed the floor and turned the key, and Elizabeth Dent, wearing a long, dark cloak and a close-fitting black hat, stepped into the room. Her boots were wet and the bottom of her cloak dragged, as if she had been walking through wet grass.

Margot looked at her in numb surprise. "What is the matter?" she asked. "Have you been out?"

"I have been at Castle Maoli," the woman answered, a thrill of excitement in her voice. "I started at 4 o'clock, and walked up. I got better news than I expected. I brought you last night. Mr. Renton isn't dead, miss. He is badly wounded, but he is alive, and they are hoping to pull him through."

"Not dead!" She repeated the words dizzily, sitting down on the couch again, her lips parted, her eyes staring incredulously at the dark-skinned face. It could not be true—Sir Anthony knew. Jack's death had been a punishment on her for taking that oath.

The charge went into his side; he has had a narrow escape, but he has escaped, and the doctor says if nothing worse sets in he'll save him," Mrs. Dent went on. "And nothing worse will set in, please heaven! Mr. and Mrs. Renton were telegraphed for, and they are on their way. They took a special train to Perth, and motored up from there. They tore past me in the Glen a quarter of an hour ago. They have brought two nurses with them."

"Who told you all this?" Margot whispered.

"The MacVors' piper. I've got to know him since we came here, and I know if there was death in the castle he could tell me all about it. So I went to him, and excused myself by saying, 'Mr. Renton, being from Fleethill, I was interested, and I had to go at that un- earthly hour because the house here was full of visitors, and I couldn't get away during the day. But they think nothing of early hours up here — 5 like 9 o'clock in the city.'"

"And he was quite sure?" "Yes," Elizabeth Dent bent over her, and with deft, kindly fingers began to unfasten her dress. "He had been speaking to Mr. Ivor just before I was there. Mr. Ivor had gone down the Glen to meet the Rentons. The man whose gun went off told Duncan MacBean that he would never touch firearms again. Now, you'll go to bed, miss, and I'll bring you up a cup of tea, and then you will sleep. I don't believe you have closed an eye the whole night."

She made the tea and brought it, settled the pillows comfortably, and lowered the blind. When she was leaving the room Margot stretched out her hand to her.

"Mrs. Dent." "Yes, miss?" "I—I can't thank you, but you understand, don't you? I am so grateful. My own mother could not have done more for me this morning."

She closed her eyes, then and fell asleep, and it was after 10 o'clock when she awoke. When she went downstairs a little later, Isobel greeted her crossly.

"All your absurd behavior was for nothing, after all," she said. "Jack Renton is only hurt, I hope you feel delighted with yourself now."

"I feel very thankful," was Margot's quiet reply.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

News From Nice.

Early in October the Garricks returned to Abbotsdale, and Isobel began immediately to prepare for her wedding, which was fixed to take place in January.

Jack, recovering slowly, was still at Castle Maoli when they left Silochdu House, but the doctors had recommended a sojourn in the south of France, and Mr. Renton had taken a villa near Nice for the winter months. As soon as Jack was able to travel the milliners and his wife were going there with him, and Mrs. Renton at least would remain.

News travels far in a Highland district, and so long as she was in Glen- the Margot heard every day how he was getting on, and what matters were being formed, but matters were different after she was back at Fleethill. All her acquaintances there knew of her broken engagement and were careful not to mention Jack's name in her presence.

She saw that Conyngeale was shut up, and from a paragraph in a local newspaper she learned that "Mr. Jack Renton had almost completely recovered from the effects of his recent shooting accident in Scotland, and was enjoying his stay at the Villa Laurencia, near Nice," but that was all she knew. All, at any rate, till the beginning of December, when a report that he had become engaged to a French girl was circulated in the town, and told her of it.

"She is a Mademoiselle Duchene; no end of a beauty, and with a pedigree as long as from here to the pits," he informed her. "Lady Sutton has been staying at Nice, and she was calling on the Rentons one day and met the girl there—quite one of the family already, her ladyship says. Seemingly the Conyngeale people are better pleased with his choice this time than they were the last. She will get diamonds and motors, and everything else she can wish for."

"No doubt," Margot agreed calmly, turning over the leaves of a book of wedding cards which had been sent to Abbotsdale for Isobel's inspection. "Is the wedding to be soon?" she asked after a slight pause.

"Suppose it will be; they haven't anything to wait for. She is coming with them when they come home, whenever that may be. Mrs. Renton told Lady Sutton so herself. Don't expect Jack added, with his broadest grin. "Mr. Renton is steering clear of us, but we'll get a sight of her somewhere."

"Surely," Margot said, steadily, turning the leaves. She was queer, Archie decided, as he lolled back in his chair, rolling a cigarette and staring at her with undisguised curiosity. She had behaved as if her heart was broken when she heard of Jack Renton's death, and hadn't appeared to care then, though everyone knew she was fond of him, and now the news that he was to marry another

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

## Buy Comforters and Blankets While Our Great 1-5 Off Sale is in Full Swing

The opening days of our big 1-5 Off Sale have been very successful, and if the following days are equally as good the sale will prove the mercurial event of the month. Really, we expect this sale to grow in interest as the good news passes from mouth to mouth that you can save 20 per cent on so many lines of goods, some of which everyone is sure to need now or in the near future.

In Blankets and Comforters you can save the 20 per cent—and you'll surely need two or three more to keep the family comfortable during the zero nights that will soon be here. Old "Jack Frost" has been asleep for the early part of the winter, but he is apt to wake up suddenly, and when he does it will not be wise to be caught napping without a good share of warm Blankets and Comforters.

## One-Fifth Off on the Following Goods

All Black and Colored Dress Goods, all Fancy Silks, all Lace Curtains, all Drapery Materials, all Ladies' and Children's Underwear, all Men's Underwear, all Gents' Furnishings, all Dress Trimmings, all Laces and Embroideries, all Wool Tams, Toques, etc., all Wool Blankets and Comforters, all Table Linens, and Napkins, all Fancy Linens, all Wrappers, all Dress Muslins, all Wool Flannels, all Millinery and Millinery Goods, all Ladies' and Children's Coats, all Ladies' Skirts and Waists.

## Sale Continues Three Weeks

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling

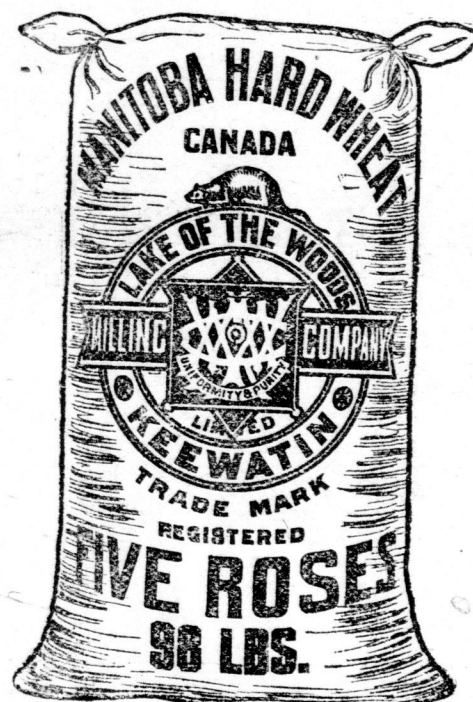
## What You Can Save on Blankets and Comforters

The Wool Blankets are excellent qualities, most all are white, a few gray.

Reg. Price.	Sale Price.	Reg. Price.	Sale Price.
\$3.50	<b>\$2.80</b>	\$5.25	<b>\$4.20</b>
\$4.25	<b>\$3.40</b>	\$5.75	<b>\$4.60</b>
\$4.50	<b>\$3.60</b>	\$6.00	<b>\$4.80</b>
\$4.75	<b>\$3.80</b>	\$6.50	<b>\$5.20</b>
\$5.00	<b>\$4.00</b>	\$7.00	<b>\$5.60</b>

The first five items mentioned in the Comforters are cotton filled; the next two down filled; the last two eiderdown.

Reg. Price.	Sale Price.	Reg. Price.	Sale Price.
\$1.75	<b>\$1.40</b>	\$3.50	<b>\$2.80</b>
\$2.00	<b>\$1.60</b>	\$4.00	<b>\$3.20</b>
\$2.25	<b>\$1.80</b>	\$5.00	<b>\$4.00</b>
\$2.50	<b>\$2.00</b>	\$8.00	<b>\$6.40</b>
\$2.75	<b>\$2.20</b>	\$10.00	<b>\$8.00</b>
\$3.00	<b>\$2.40</b>		



## THE FIRST NEED

Of a cook, in order to insure good bread and pastry on baking day, is a good flour, and one which is uniform. A brand which varies in quality and strength, and requires different methods of using every time, is a source of worry to any cook and the cause of much spoiled bread and pastry. "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is made by a process which insures every barrel and bag of flour which leaves the mills being of a uniform strength, quality and color. Therefore, when once a cook learns to use it, she will find that "FIVE ROSES" way of baking will give the same uniform results—the best—every Baking Day.

Ask your grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co., MONTREAL, Limited.

Local Office, Canadian Bank of Commerce Chambers, London, Ont.

woman didn't seem to disturb her in the least—not even for a minute had she stopped her examination of these rubbishy cards.

## To Be Continued. BRITISH

Pevensey, where Julius Caesar landed, is the latest village to decide on holding a pageant.

Farthing breakfasts have been started in Exeter for the children of the poorer classes.

Sir John Strachey, one of the most eminent of Indian pro-consuls, is dead, in his 85th year.

The sum of fully \$4,000,000 is spent every year in lighting and buoying the coasts of the United Kingdom.

The death has occurred at Hove of Mr. Jas. Braby, who invented many improvements in agricultural machinery.

When the herring fishing season is at its height something like 5,000 miles of nets are set nightly in the North Sea.

A silver medal was presented at Grimsby to Susan Grey, who has never been late or absent from school for ten years.

The mayor of Berwick, Councillor Edmondson, was married on Christmas Eve, to Miss Dickinson, the mayoress, and sister of his late wife.

Lord Carrington has offered a site at High Wycombe for the establishment of a market gardening colony for consumptive convalescents.

Among the inmates of St. John's Workhouse, Highgate, is an old man named Robert Thomas, who is still hale and hearty at the age of 101.

Lord Coleridge has given 20 acres of land to Birmingham University to

be used as a private recreation ground. The gift is valued at £15,000.

The first incorporated college for women in South Africa is to be established at Durban, one of the most picturesque districts of Cape Colony.

Three hundred applications for the post of tramways inspector have been received by the Ilford District Council. The wage offered is 37s 6d a week.

A Birmingham firm has offered to raise a complete heavy battery of artillery, manned entirely by its employees, for service with the Territorial Army.

While acting as one of the beaters to a shooting party on the Wigwell estate, near Matlock Bath, Samuel Butting was accidentally shot in the head and killed.

Over 100 children who have been deserted by their parents, will be sent to the colonies by the Hackney Guardians, unless they were claimed before Jan. 1.

Sir Joseph Ward, premier of New Zealand, suggests the reconstruction of the parliament buildings, which were recently destroyed by fire, by public subscription.

The royal mint, as now constituted, may be said to date from 1317, and the buildings from 1810, the latter having been completed in that year at a cost of £250,000.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses have been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE SLEEPING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

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## Eczema, Salt Rheum.

Eczema or Salt Rheum, as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases. It manifests itself in little round blisters, which contain an extremely irritating fluid. These break and subse- quently a crust or scale is formed.

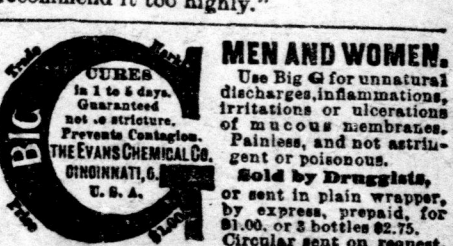
The intense burning, itching and smarting, especially at night or when the part is exposed to any strong heat, are almost unbearable.

The pre-eminent success which Burdock Blood Bitters has met with in permanently curing a disease of such severity is due to its wonderful blood cleansing and purifying properties.

No other remedy has done, or can do, so much for those who are almost driven to distraction with the terrible torture, as our thousands of signed testimonials can testify to.

Mrs. Jno. R. Keady, Linton, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with Salt Rheum for eight years, that I could not work, my hands were so sore. By using Burdock Blood Bitters my hands were eventually cured."

Mrs. Ira C. Beckner, Eden, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with Eczema for a long time. It came out on my face and between my shoulders. A friend told me about Burdock Blood Bitters. I took two bottles and it helped me so much I cannot recommend it too highly."



Spain leads in the production of lead. Germany is second.

## PAYING THE PRICE

BY AGNES C. MITCHELL

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The purple hills, the autumn-tinted woods, the still, dark loch faded in a blurred vision, and for the moment she was back in Lady Lingard's dainty room, listening to Madame Kosmaroff's prophecies. And she had laughed at them. Dear Heaven, how merrily she had mocked at them!

"It's the simplest matter in the world when a gun is loaded." The voice of Colonel Carnforth, one of Sir Anthony's co-directors on the board of the sanatorium at St. Oxley's Rest, pierced her senses with a wavering, uncertain sound. "Something touches the trigger and off it goes, and someone is maimed for life, or landed into eternity before he can draw a breath. This young fellow Renton—How horrible white you are, Miss Beresford! Are you faint? Well, we have been stupid!"

"Let me out! Let me pass!" She put out her hands as if to push them all aside, but they made way for her, and she stumbled down the steps. There was a moment's wondering silence in the hall, then Isobel spoke.

"She used to know him, so I suppose she cannot help feeling upset," she explained with a shrug of her shoulders. "She will be all right in a short time. Margot doesn't usually make much fuss about anything. Come and have tea. I have been yawning for mine for quite an hour."

"There say she is wishing they hadn't had that row—Margot was engaged to Renton, you know," Archie announced. "Precious fool she was to break it off. Jack didn't set up for being a saint, but he was straight."

"You had better see where she has gone to, Isobel," Sir Anthony said in his most sympathetic tones, remembering that he had an audience. "Persuade her to come into the house. Mrs. Warts disfigure the hands."

But can be painlessly removed in 24 hours by the use of Putnam's Wart and Corn Extractor. Fifty years in use, and still the best. Insist on getting Putnam's only.

Carnforth will perhaps be good enough to give us our tea."

Mrs. Carnforth assented pleasantly, and Isobel, after seeking the Reverend George's eye and giving him a minute of attention to accompany her, which, however, he ignored, followed in the direction Margot had taken.

She found her on a seat in the garden, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes wide open and dry, staring straight in front of her. Isobel's first shock was to find her so pale, her shoulder and admittance shake.

"Margot, how can you wear your heart on your sleeve like this? Showing every one how much you care for Jack Renton even yet! You ought never to have given him up if you hadn't enough strength of mind to forget him. And making an exhibition of yourself now won't help matters; it can't bring him back, and it's dead- fully bad taste, considering the terms you have been on. For goodness sake, have some pride."

"Don't, Isobel; please leave me alone," Margot drew herself slightly along the seat, shrinking from the angry touch. "I only wish to be alone for a little while. I—I won't trouble any one, if you just leave me to myself till I get accustomed to feeling that he is gone. I will be able for my work tomorrow."

"Did you know he was at Castle Maoli?" Isobel asked, curiously.

"Yes."

"How did you come to know?"

"There was no answer. Isobel repeated her question."

"Who told you he was there? I didn't."

"I met him yesterday."

"Were you speaking to him?"

"Yes."

There was no break in the sweet voice; it sounded oddly hard and frozen. Isobel longed to ask what had passed, she had longed with an insatiable curiosity to know many things concerning Margot's broken engagement, but it was a subject she had a strong dislike to speaking of. Since