

The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Picking up the axe, he carefully stepped into the water, not knowing that Iris, having veiled the incipient sage into a flat pancake, had stroled to the beach and was watching him.

The water was hardly above his knees when there came a swirling rush from the seaward. A long tentacle shot out like a lasso and gripped his right leg. Another coiled round his waist.

"My God!" he gurgled as a horrid sucker closed over his mouth and nose.

He was in the grip of a devil-fish! A deadly sensation of nausea almost overpowered him, but the love of life came to his aid, and he tore the suffocating feeler from his face. Then the axe whirled, and one of the eight arms of the octopus lost some of its length. Yet a fourth flung itself around his left ankle. A few feet away, out of range of the axe, and lifting itself bodily out of the water, was the dread form of the cuttle, apparently all head, with distended gills and monstrous eyes.

The sailor's feet were planted wide apart. With frenzied effort he hacked at the murderous tentacles, but the water hindered him, and he was compelled to lean back, in superhuman strain, to avoid losing his balance. If once this terrible assailant got him down he knew he was lost. The very need to keep his feet prevented him from attempting to deal a mortal blow.

The cuttle was anchored by three of its tentacles. Its roving arm darted with sinuous activity to again clutch the man's face or neck. With the axe he smote madly at the curling feeler, diverting its aim time and again, but failing to deliver an effective stroke.

With agonized persistence the sailor knew that he was yielding. Were the devil-fish a giant of its tribe he could not have held out so long. As it was, the creature could afford to wait, strengthening its grasp, tightening its coils, pulling and pumping at its prey with remorseless certainty.

He was nearly spent. In a paroxysm of his tentacles, the sailor's arm

of despair he resolved to give way, and with one mad effort seek to bury the axe in the monster's brain. But here he could execute this fatal project—for the cuttle would have instantly swept him into the trailing weeds—five revolver shots rang out in quick succession. Iris had reached the nearest rock.

The third bullet gave the octopus cause to reflect. It squirted forth a torrent of dark-colored fluid. Instantly the water became black, opaque. The tentacle flourishing in air thrashed the surface with impotent fury; that around Jenks' waist grew taut and rigid. The axe flashed with the inspiration of hope. Another arm was severed; the huge distended coil slackened and fell away.

Yet he was anchored immovably. He turned to look at Iris. She never forgot the feeble expression of his face. He felt Lazarus have looked from the tomb.

"The rope!" she screamed, dropping the revolver and seizing the loose ends lying at her feet.

She drew them tight and leaned back, pulling with all her strength. The sailor flung the axe to the rocks and grasped the two ropes. He raised himself and plunged wildly. He was free. With two convulsive strides he was at the girl's side.

He stumbled to a hauler and dropped in complete collapse. After a time he felt Iris' hand placed timidly on his shoulder. He raised his head and saw her eyes shining.

"Thank you," he said. "We are quits now."

CHAPTER VI.

Fierce emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before it was yet noon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further thought. Seneca tells how the island of Thera rose in a moment from the sea, thereby astounding ancient mariners, as well it might. Had this manifestation been repeated within a cable's length from the reef, Jenks would have been crushed.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered his physical powers. He was outwardly little the worse for the encounter with the devil-fish. The skin around his mouth was sore. His hands and legs were bruised. One sweep of the axe had cut clean through the bulging leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word he was practically uninjured.

He had the devil-like habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clearer signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gazing into depths, illimitable, unexplored. Compassion awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks, gently. "Let us get back to the island."

He quietly resumed his predominance, helping her over the rough pathway to the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not ask her how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done so, it daring all for his sake. She was weak and trembling. With the acute vision of the soul she saw again, and yet again, the deadly malice of the octopus, the driving despair of the man.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone. She limped. Instantly her companion's blunted emotions quickened to life. He caught her arm and said hoarsely:

"Are you hurt in any way?"

"The question brought her back from dreamland. A waking nightmare was happily shattered into dim fragments. She even strove to smile unconcernedly."

"It is nothing," she murmured. "I stumbled on the rocks. There is no sprain. Merely a blow, a bit of skin rubbed off above my ankle."

"Let me carry you."

"The idea! Carry me! I will race you to the cave."

It was no idle jest. She wanted to run—to get away from that inky blot in the green water.

"You are sure it is a trifle?"

"Quite sure. My stocking chafes a little; that is all. See, I will show you."

She stooped, and with the quick skill of woman, rolled down the stocking, then her right leg. Modestly daring, she stretched out her foot and slightly lifted her dress. On the outer side of the tapering limb was an ugly bruise, scratched deeply by the coral. He exhibited due surgical interest.

He exhibited, his manner, became professional.

"We will soon put that right," he said. "A strip of your muslin dress, soaked in brandy, will—"

"Brandy!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, we have some, you know. Brandy is a great tip for bruised wounds. It can be applied both ways, inside and out."

"This was better. They were steadily drifting back to the commonplace. Whilst she stretched the head of a muslin strip he knocked the cork of a small quantity, and the generous spirit brought color to their wan cheeks. The sailor showed Iris how to fasten a bandage by twisting the muslin round the upper part of his boot. For the first time she saw the cut made by the axe.

"Did—the thing—grip you here?" she nervously inquired.

"There, and elsewhere. All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms."

She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave, you must be."

"This amused him. 'The very best will try to save his own life,' he answered. 'If you use such adjectives to me, what words can I find to do justice to you, who dared to come close to such a wild, killing creature and kill it. I must thank my stars that you carried the revolver.'"

"Ah!" she said, "that reminds me. You don't practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I followed you."

It was quite true. He laid the wea-

pon aside when delving at the rock and forgot to place it in his belt. "It was stupid of me," he admitted; "but I am not sorry."

"Why?"

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtless of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish," she smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

Not a conversation worth noting, perhaps, save in so far as it is typical of the trite utterances of people striving to recover from some treacherous ordeal. Epigrams delivered at the foot of the scaffold have always been carefully prepared beforehand.

The bandage was ready; one end was well soaked in brandy. She moved towards the cave, but he cried: "Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crows."

"What for?"

"I must go back there." He jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little sob of dismay.

"I will incur no danger this time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them. They may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything, her chin dimpled. It puckered delightfully now.

"I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The tide will serve for another hour."

He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the change was adjusted and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passages along the same precarious roadway.

Then she darted from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a cat. Her only stumble was caused, she recalled, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the intervening channel.

"Is this the spot where you fell?" he asked.

"Yes; how did you guess it?"

"I read it in your eyes."

"Then please do not read my eyes, but look where you are going."

"Perhaps I was doing that, too," he said.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant was passing away, owing to the slight movement of the tide.

Iris was vaguely conscious of a double meaning in his words. She did not trouble to analyze them. All she knew was that the man's voice conveyed a subtle acknowledgment of her feminine vitality. The resultant thrill of happiness startled, even dismayed, her. This incipient flirtation must be put a stop to instantly.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there is one of those horrible things, there are others, I suppose."

Jenks smiled. Somehow he knew that this strict adherence to business was a cloak for her real thoughts. All ready that the two were able to dispense with spoken words.

But he sedulously adopted her pretext.

"That is one reason why I brought the crows," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I can have everything prepared."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the axe wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope, already reeved through the pulley on the tree, was lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to a rigid bar, and a few rapid turns of the two lines strung them over the tautness that could not be obtained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when at work. The pull-sullen, wholly self-contained, expression left his face, which it up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might. Will power and physical force worked harmoniously. She had never before seen such a man. At such moments her admiration of him was unbounded.

He toiled with steady persistence, felt not the intense heat which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

(To Be Continued.)

IT DOES CURE RHEUMATISM.

Penetrates to the core of the pain, stops the grinding aches, gives lasting relief from suffering. Follow the famous name in curing muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. Just as sure in lumbago, sciatica and neuralgia. Test Nervine yourself.

Reduced Rates to Toronto. Via Grand Trunk Railway System, on account of Canadian National Exhibition. Return tickets will be sold at single fare from all stations in Ontario to Toronto, good going Aug. 29 to Sept. 12, returning from Toronto on or before Sept. 15. Low rate excursions will also be run on certain dates, particulars of which can be obtained from Grand Trunk agents. 32ft

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacture of Mattresses. Beds, Brass and Beds, at the Feather Bed, Camp Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 25 Richards street, Phone 97.

Altogether during the year 1908 there will have been under construction buildings connected with Princeton University representing an expenditure of nearly two million dollars.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR CHILDREN WHILE TEething, FOR BRUISED CHILDREN, FOR COLIC, FOR ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA. Sold in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

AMERICAN NAVY MENACES JAPAN

Japanese General Points Out the Undeclared State of Western Shores of United States.

Tokio, Aug. 15.—Count Okuma contributes a series of articles to the Hochi discussing Japan's world position. In one of them he says:

"We do not know what the meaning of the expansion of the American navy is, but from the speeches of Mr. Roosevelt we gather that it is aimed against Japan. America is striving to control the Pacific. I do not dare to say that the sending of the Pacific squadron into the East means the expulsion of the Japanese, but there is no doubt that the latter is the chief motive for America's action."

"The rise of Japan has caused America to entertain the intention to acquire control of the Pacific. America's Pacific coast is unfortified, hence America is very nervous about the rising nation, which is thought to be an invading force. They thought Japan would usurp the markets of China and drive Americans and Europeans from Asia. American public opinion regards Japan as America's enemy, therefore, a powerful navy must be constructed to meet the rising Sun, and I doubt if this policy against Japan will continue, since the American Government follows public opinion, which is likely to change with a better light on the real attitude of Japan."

"America has no enemy at present, and it will be a thoughtless policy for America purposely to make an enemy by inflaming the public opinion of Japan. The United States is the wealthiest country in the world, but it has not sufficient defense in the Pacific. If the two nations are to come to hostilities, nothing could be more dreadful than that case, where the United States and the Japanese navy are in fighting, will display the same 'madness' as was shown in the late war. The Japanese are always ready to throw away their lives for the nation. They regard their lives as light as water. On the other hand, Americans and Europeans attach the same importance to money—and those who love money love their lives. Suppose, therefore, that two nations whose ideas are so different are fundamentally different are to fight, the understanding of this fact seems to be the cause of America's trying to expand her navy on a great scale."

return she took her own little daughter, the Princess Mary, to visit Alice Steel. In a fairy book they would have become friends at once, but they hardly spoke a word to each other, and Alice afterward informed her fellow-orphan that she didn't fancy the little princess very much.

followed by families who are trained for their work.

This school is a great thing for the Irish girls in the mountain cabins, whose lives might otherwise be hopelessly sunk in squalor and filth, that seem to be inseparable from the peasant population. I have never been able to find anybody to explain why an Irish farmer piles his manure in front of the only door to his cabin. It is a habitual subject of witicism, just as it is in Switzerland, where similar customs prevail, but with thousands of acres of bare ground all around the cabin, it would seem that some other place might be found.

Killarney Town.

TOURIST'S MECCA

Irish Lake Centre Also Noted for Its Schools and Other Institutions.

Killarney, Aug. 15.—The village of Killarney is unattractive and untidy, but it is a busy place. One doesn't understand why in a country where there is so much room to spare, the villages should not be made up of detached cottages with gardens and lawns, hedges and shade trees, instead of sections of solid blocks that look as if they had been cut out of the pavement-house districts of crowded cities. Killarney is a solid mass of brick and mortar, with stuccoed fronts, painted a dingy yellow, without the slightest thing to relieve the monotony until you suddenly pass the last house and the green fields begin.

This is a great tourist centre, and there are a dozen hotels and boarding-houses of different pretensions and prices. There are "licensed houses" and "unlicensed houses" and some of them are licensed for seven days in a week, which means that the proprietor has permission to sell whisky and beer from 2 to 5 o'clock on the Sabbath day. Cooks' excursions passed around the swarms of bees, buzzing around the hotels and shops where laces and other curiosities are for sale and carry off loads of queer things as souvenirs. They breakfast at 7 o'clock in the morning and are piled into great four-horse coaches by 9 and start off on excursions with their luncheons in baskets under the seats. They return at sunset completely tired out, but the morning are off for Dublin or the Glenariff. It is about as hard work to travel with an excursion party as anything I know of, for every moment must be economized and everybody feels under obligations to see everything.

Killarney is quite an educational centre also. There are several popular schools here and several monasteries. The Franciscans conduct a theological seminary and the Christian Brothers have a college in connection with the convents, where young ladies are educated, and a large institution in which 210 girls are being taught by the nuns to make lace, which is one of the most profitable occupations an Irish woman can engage in.

And they have here a School of Housewifery, conducted by the British Government under the supervision of the Minister of Agriculture at Dublin. Paternalism is carried farther in Ireland than anywhere else, as you will admit when you hear that 23 royal-checked, blue-eyed maidservants are being educated at the expense of the taxpayers as domestic servants. They are rescued from the filthy cabins in the mountains, washed and clothed in neat liveries, natty little muslin caps are pinned to their raven tresses, frilled muslin aprons are fastened to their frocks, and they are taught how to wash dishes and cook and make beds and do plain sewing, and dust the fire and sweep the hearth, and so on. They learn to mend and embroider, and do up hair, to fasten dresses and other duties pertaining to the jurisdiction of a lady's maid, and after a year or so of this training, they are found positions in the households of the nobility, where they will spend their lives as servants and marry a footman or a gamekeeper, as will their children and grandchildren generations to come after them, because domestic service is many curious eastern toys. On her

not so with the Princess of Wales. She visited the home at Addlestone so often that she was asked if she would like a child as a protegee. "Why, certainly," said the princess. A child was recommended to her by the matron, but the princess said she preferred to choose for herself. So Alice Steel, then ten years old, whose chief recommendation was that she was eternally getting into mischief.

Her choice was signalized by the princess calling the child to come with her for a motor ride in the royal car. All this was contrary to the rules, but what are rules to a princess and future queen? Alice went. She wasn't told who her new-found friend was, and she chatted along as gaily as she knew her hostess was to be queen some day she would have been tongue-tied with fright.

Found Princess Out.

"I want to be an actress," she confided to the princess, "like the one who sang to us the other day. I've come to a great event, for I remember the little orphan. When it was opened it was found to contain a book of fairy tales with the inscription on the fly-leaf: 'To Alice Steel, from Victoria Mary, Princess of Wales.' Then Alice knew who her friend was."

When the princess was in India she remembered Alice and brought her many curious eastern toys. On her

Save on Good Linens

It's a Linen aristocracy that figures in Tuesday's sale. Picked qualities and durable. Just the kind that a housekeeper is proud to have in her linen closet. Bear that in mind when reading these prices, which are lower than you have often paid for linens much less desirable.

Embroidered Linen 5 o'clock Tea Cloths at, each.....	\$1.47, \$1.67, \$1.87 and \$2.17
Embroidered Linen Centre Pieces at, each.....	67c, 97c, \$1.07, \$1.47, \$1.67 and \$2.37
Embroidered Linen Tray Cloths at, each.....	23c, 47c, 67c, 97c, \$1.17, \$1.27, \$1.47 and \$1.67
Embroidered Linen Doilies at, each.....	13c, 23c, 37c and 47c
Embroidered Linen Dresser and Sideboard Scarfs at, each.....	97c, \$1.17 and \$1.47
These special prices in 72-inch Bleached Table Linen at, per yard.....	67c, 97c, \$1.17 and \$1.27
Table Napkins, underpriced, \$4.00 and \$5.00 kinds for, per dozen.....	\$2.67

Every item in above list would sell in the regular way for considerably more money. When you see the goods you will appreciate how much more they are worth.

Sale Tuesday Morning GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182 150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST.

KILLARNEY TOWN TOURIST'S MECCA

Irish Lake Centre Also Noted for Its Schools and Other Institutions.

Killarney, Aug. 15.—The village of Killarney is unattractive and untidy, but it is a busy place. One doesn't understand why in a country where there is so much room to spare, the villages should not be made up of detached cottages with gardens and lawns, hedges and shade trees, instead of sections of solid blocks that look as if they had been cut out of the pavement-house districts of crowded cities. Killarney is a solid mass of brick and mortar, with stuccoed fronts, painted a dingy yellow, without the slightest thing to relieve the monotony until you suddenly pass the last house and the green fields begin.

This is a great tourist centre, and there are a dozen hotels and boarding-houses of different pretensions and prices. There are "licensed houses" and "unlicensed houses" and some of them are licensed for seven days in a week, which means that the proprietor has permission to sell whisky and beer from 2 to 5 o'clock on the Sabbath day. Cooks' excursions passed around the swarms of bees, buzzing around the hotels and shops where laces and other curiosities are for sale and carry off loads of queer things as souvenirs. They breakfast at 7 o'clock in the morning and are piled into great four-horse coaches by 9 and start off on excursions with their luncheons in baskets under the seats. They return at sunset completely tired out, but the morning are off for Dublin or the Glenariff. It is about as hard work to travel with an excursion party as anything I know of, for every moment must be economized and everybody feels under obligations to see everything.

Killarney is quite an educational centre also. There are several popular schools here and several monasteries. The Franciscans conduct a theological seminary and the Christian Brothers have a college in connection with the convents, where young ladies are educated, and a large institution in which 210 girls are being taught by the nuns to make lace, which is one of the most profitable occupations an Irish woman can engage in.

And they have here a School of Housewifery, conducted by the British Government under the supervision of the Minister of Agriculture at Dublin. Paternalism is carried farther in Ireland than anywhere else, as you will admit when you hear that 23 royal-checked, blue-eyed maidservants are being educated at the expense of the taxpayers as domestic servants. They are rescued from the filthy cabins in the mountains, washed and clothed in neat liveries, natty little muslin caps are pinned to their raven tresses, frilled muslin aprons are fastened to their frocks, and they are taught how to wash dishes and cook and make beds and do plain sewing, and dust the fire and sweep the hearth, and so on. They learn to mend and embroider, and do up hair, to fasten dresses and other duties pertaining to the jurisdiction of a lady's maid, and after a year or so of this training, they are found positions in the households of the nobility, where they will spend their lives as servants and marry a footman or a gamekeeper, as will their children and grandchildren generations to come after them, because domestic service is many curious eastern toys. On her

not so with the Princess of Wales. She visited the home at Addlestone so often that she was asked if she would like a child as a protegee. "Why, certainly," said the princess. A child was recommended to her by the matron, but the princess said she preferred to choose for herself. So Alice Steel, then ten years old, whose chief recommendation was that she was eternally getting into mischief.

Her choice was signalized by the princess calling the child to come with her for a motor ride in the royal car. All this was contrary to the rules, but what are rules to a princess and future queen? Alice went. She wasn't told who her new-found friend was, and she chatted along as gaily as she knew her hostess was to be queen some day she would have been tongue-tied with fright.

Found Princess Out.

"I want to be an actress," she confided to the princess, "like the one who sang to us the other day. I've come to a great event, for I remember the little orphan. When it was opened it was found to contain a book of fairy tales with the inscription on the fly-leaf: 'To Alice Steel, from Victoria Mary, Princess of Wales.' Then Alice knew who her friend was."

When the princess was in India she remembered Alice and brought her many curious eastern toys. On her

HAD THE CASKET ALL PREPARED

Nephew Received Word That Uncle Had Died in Hospital.

New York, Aug. 14.—Everything but the holding of a wake and putting him under ground was done for John Lawler, of No. 716 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, from the buying of an extensive coffin and the purchase of black clothing by his relatives, but in spite of this Mr. Lawler is very much alive and says he expects to be hale and hearty in a day or so.

He has been in St. Peter's Hospital for the past five weeks. He stepped on a rusty nail in the rear of a candy store at the Fifth avenue address kept by his nephew, P. J. Lawler, and blood-poisoning set in. The elder Lawler, who made nearly \$100,000 keeping saloons and restaurants, sold his place some years ago, and has been living since then with his nephew. He is 48 years old, and a fine specimen of manhood, and this has stood him in good stead while a patient at St. Peter's Hospital.

The warm weather has had a bad effect upon Lawler, and his nephew was notified that there might be a change for the worse. He supplied the hospital with the nearby telephone call, and on Monday received a message that his uncle had died suddenly from tetanus.

The nephew called upon James S. Moran, an undertaker, of No. 78 Congress street, and chose a fine casket. He was very grateful for the help his uncle had given him and told the undertaker to spare no expense.

"The only thing in my mind," he said, "was that John was entitled to the best that could be had."

Undertaker Moran removed a body to his place of business, prepared it for burial and placed it in an elaborate casket with heavy silver-plated handles. The nephew, in the meantime, ordered a suit of black clothing, and notified all the relatives. Some live in the Bronx and others in suburban towns. All prepared for funeral services.

In the meantime the hospital authorities had discovered that the undertaker had the body of the wrong Lawler. There could not explain how the mistake happened, but John Lawler, they were sure, was on the road to recovery. So the wrong Lawler was returned to the hospital, and instead of being buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Patrick Lawler will repose in the Potter's Field, because the woman with whom he boarded, Mrs. Martha Buckingham, is too poor to give him proper burial.

Mrs. Buckingham said that Patrick Lawler also stepped on a rusty nail, and was sent to St. Peter's Hospital six months ago.

After James A. Rector had run the 100-yard dash in 9 2-5 seconds at Charlottesville, Va., in the southern intercollegiate races, thereby going the distance one-fifth of a second faster than any other human being has ever been credited with running it, he received hundreds of congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the country. Among them was one from a professor in Great Britain, and in his father, who now lives at Hot

NEW APPOINTMENTS

Changes Announced in the Ontario Gazette Today.

Toronto, Aug. 16.—The following provincial appointments are announced in today's Gazette:

Mr. Alex. Fraser, of City of Niagara Falls, to be police magistrate for Niagara Falls and Fort Erie Village.

Mr. D. G. McIlwraith, of Blinbrook, to be associate coroner for Wentworth.

Mr. J. A. Menard, of Brook, to be a notary public.

Mr. Joseph Wright, of Beeton, to be clerk of the third division court of Simcoe.

Mr. C. H. Peables, of Hamilton, to be clerk of the ninth division court of Wentworth.

Mr. W. N. Simons, of Bancroft, to be clerk of the twelfth division court of Hastings.

MOTHER'S GUIDE

When a young girl's thoughts become sluggish; when she has headaches, dizziness, faintness, and exhibits an abnormal disposition to sleep; dislikes the society of other girls; then the mother should come to her aid promptly, for she possesses information of vital importance to the young daughter.

At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and has helped to bring three generations safely from girlhood to womanhood. Read what

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has accomplished for Miss Olson. Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 4