

98 Out of Every 100 Women Benefited

An Absolutely Reliable Statement Important to Every Woman

Remarkable Results Shown by a Nation Wide Canvass of Women Purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
50,000 Women Answer

For some time a circular has been enclosed with each bottle of our medicine bearing this question: "Have you received benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

Replies, to date, have been received from over 50,000 women answering that question.

98 per cent of which say YES. That means that 98 out of every 100 women who take the medicine for the ailments for which it is recommended are benefited by it.

This is a most remarkable record of efficiency. We doubt if any other medicine in the world equals it.

Think of it—only two women out of 100 received no benefit—98 successes out of a possible 100.

Did you ever hear of anything like it? We must admit that we, ourselves, are astonished.

Of course we know that our medicine does benefit the large majority of women who take it. But that only two out of 100 received no benefit is most astonishing.

It only goes to prove, however, that a medicine specialized for certain definite ailments—not a cure-all—one that is made by the most scientific process; not from drugs, but from a combination of nature's roots and herbs, can and does do more good than hastily prepared prescriptions.

You see, we have been making, improving and refining this medicine for over 50 years until it is so perfect and so well adapted to women's needs that it actually has the virtue to benefit 98 out of every 100 women who take it.

It's reliability and recognized efficiency has gained for it a sale in almost every country in the world—leading all others.

Such evidence should induce every woman suffering from any ailment peculiar to her sex to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and see if she can't be one of the 98

THE LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.,
 Cobourg, Ont. and Lynn, Mass.



INSTALLMENT 21. THE FAMINE.

The months went by. White Fang grew stronger, heavier and more compact, while his character was developing along the lines laid down by his heredity and his environment. His heredity was a life-stuff that may be likened to clay. It possessed many possibilities, was capable of being moulded in to many different forms. Environment moulded the clay, to give it a particular form. Thus, had White Fang never come in to the fires of man, the Wild would have moulded him into a true wolf. But the gods had given him a different environment, and he was moulded into a dog that was rather wolfish but that was a dog and not a wolf.

And so, according to the clay of his nature and the pressure of his surroundings, his character was being moulded into a certain particular shape. There was no escaping it. He was becoming more morose, more uncompanionable, more solitary, more frowning, while the dogs were learning more and more that it was better to be at peace with him than at war, and Gray Beaver was coming to prize him more greatly with the passage of each day.

White Fang, seeming to sum up strength in all his qualities, nevertheless suffered from a certain weakness. He could not stand being laughed at. The laughter of men was a hateful thing. They might laugh among themselves about anything they pleased except himself, and he did not mind. But the moment laughter was turned upon him, he would fly into a most terrible rage. Grave, dignified, sombre, a laugh made him frantic to ridiculousness. It so outraged him and upset him that for hours he would behave like a demon. He knew the law too well to take it out on Gray Beaver; behind Gray Beaver were a club and god-head. But behind the dogs there was nothing but space, and into this space they fled when White Fang came on the scene, made mad by laughter.

In the third year of his life there came a great famine to the Mackenzie Indians. In the summer the fish failed. In the winter the caribou forsook their accustomed track. Moose were scarce, the rabbits almost disappeared, hunting and preying animals perished. Denied their usual food supply, weakened by hunger, they fell upon and devoured one another. Only the strong survived. White Fang was also a hunting animal. The old and the weak of them died of hunger. There was waiting in the village, where the women and children went without in order that what little they had might go into the bellies of the lean and hollow-eyed hunters who trod the forest in the vain pursuit of meat.

To such extremity were the gods driven that they ate the soft-tanned leather of their mocassins and mittens, while the dogs ate their harnesses off their backs and the very whip-lashes. Also, the dogs ate one another, and also the gods ate the dogs. The weakest and the more worthless were eaten first. The dogs that still lived, looked on and understood. A few of the boldest and wisest forsook the fires of the gods, which had now become a shambles, and fled into the forest, where, in the end, they starved to death or were eaten by wolves.

In this time of misery, White Fang, too, stole away into the woods. He was better fitted for the life than the other dogs, for he had the training of his cubhood to guide him. Especially adept did he become in stalking small live things. He would lie concealed for hours, following every movement of a cautious tree squirrel, waiting with a patience as huge as the hunger he suffered from, until the squirrel ventured out upon the ground. Even then, White Fang was not premature. He waited until he was sure of striking before he pounced. Then, and not until then, would he flash from his hiding place, a gray projectile, incredibly swift, infallibly failing its mark—the fleeing squirrel that fled not fast enough.

Successful as he was with squirrels, there was one difficulty before he vented him from living and growing fat on them. There was not enough squirrels. So he was driven to hunt still smaller things. So acute did the hunger become at times that he was not above rooting out wood mice from their burrows in the ground. Nor did he scorn to do what even a weasel as hungry as himself and many times more ferocious.

In the worst of the famine he stole back to the fires of the gods. He did not go in to the fires. He lurked in the forest, avoiding discovery and robbing the snarers at the rare intervals that game was caught. He even robbed Gray Beaver's snare of a rabbit at a time when Gray Beaver staggered and tumbled through the forest, sitting down often to rest, what of weakness and shortness of breath.

settled down and rested for a day. During the early summer, in the last days of the famine, he met Lip-lip, who had likewise taken to the woods, where he eked out a miserable existence. White Fang came upon him unexpectedly. Trotting in opposite directions along the base of a high bluff, they rounded a corner of rock and found themselves face to face. They paused with instant alarm and looked at each other suspiciously.

White Fang was in splendid condition. His hunting had been good, and for a week he had eaten his fill. He was even gorged from his latest kill. But in the moment he looked at Lip-lip his hair rose on end all along his back. It was an involuntary bristling on his part, the physical state that in the past had always accompanied the mental state produced in him by Lip-lip's bullying and persecution. As in the past he had bristled and snarled at the sight of Lip-lip, so now, and automatically, he bristled and snarled. He did not waste any time. The thing was done thoroughly and with despatch. Lip-lip essayed to back away, but White Fang struck him hard, shoulder to shoulder. Lip-lip was overthrown and rolled upon his back. White Fang's teeth drove a death struggle, during which White Fang walked around, stiff-legged and observant. Then he resumed his course and trotted on along the base of the bluff.

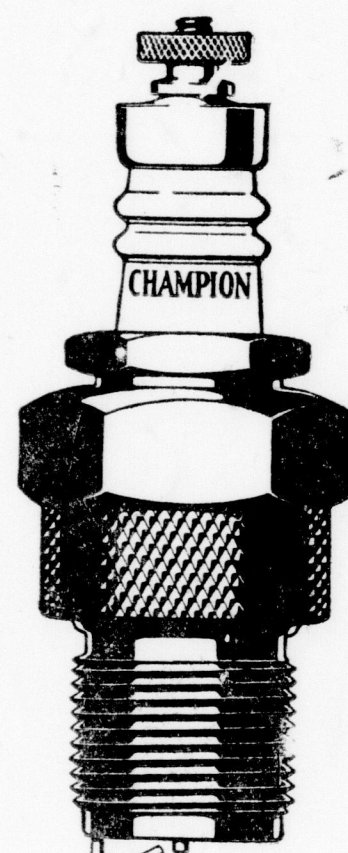
One day, not long after, he came to the edge of the forest, where a narrow stretch of open land sloped down to the Mackenzie. He had been over this ground before, when it was bare, but now a village occupied it. Still hidden amongst the trees, he paused to study the situation. Sights and sounds and scents were familiar to him. It was the old village changed to a new place. But sights and sounds and scents were different from those he had last had when he fled away from it. There was no whimpering nor wailing. Contented sounds saluted his ears, and when he heard the angry voice of a woman he knew it to be the anger that proceeds from a full stomach. And there was a smell in the air of fish. There was food. The famine was gone. He came boldly from the forest and trotted into camp straight to Gray Beaver's tent. Gray Beaver was not there, but Kloo-kooch welcomed him with glad cries and the whole of a fresh-caught fish, and he lay down to wait for Kloo-kooch's coming.

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Pat. April 25, 1916—June 20, 1916—Sept. 16, 1916—Nov. 4, 1919—Other Patents Pending

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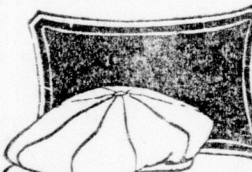


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