

# Better, Healthier Women

are known to exist in this country by thousands because freed from pain and suffering by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Could such a record be made without actual and superior merit? Read what this woman says, and realize that the results secured in her case could not have been made except by a very good medicine.

Winnipeg, Man.—“Eleven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth in the uterus. The doctors said it was a tumor, and could not be removed, as it would cause instant death. They found that other organs were affected and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in. After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women.”—Mrs. Orilla Bradley, 284 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Science in surgery and electricity has advanced much in the past 30 years, but the treatment of disease by the old fashioned roots and herbs method has never been improved upon. The fact that this leader of them all—**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**—is to-day the largest seller of any similar medicine in the world, is proof positive of its value and superiority, for with all our enterprise and advertising we could not keep fooling the people for 30 years. Merit and merit alone is what has made Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the standard medicine for treating diseases peculiar to women.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



## It's the Crimp!

That's the part that counts in a Washboard.

And the Crimp that insures Easy Washing and Few Destroyed Linens is the Right Crimp.

And you'll find the Right Crimp in

# EDDY'S

“2 in 1”  
“3 in 1” **WASHBOARDS**

Three Different Crimps in One Board means the Minimum of Wear and Tear on Clothes.

**PERSIST IN GETTING EDDY'S!**

red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by the congregation, and a button, my fellow mawtels, will flash off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, w'ile I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn.”

### His Specialty.

Young Foley looked so downcast that the marketman asked why he carried such a long face.

“Fired,” returned Foley, concisely. “Fired?” repeated the marketman. “Give you any reason for doing it?”

“Yep,” Foley said, with the air of a martyr. “The boss said he was losing money on the things I was making.”

“Is that so? What were you making?”

“Mistakes.”

### Very Religious.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, discussing a rather finicky attack that had been made on certain recent statements, smiled and said: “But who and what is blameless? It is like the case of the Scottish hen. An old Scottish woman wished to sell her hen to a neighbor. ‘But tell me,’ the neighbor said, ‘is she a’thegither a guid bird? Has she got nae fauts, nae fauts at all?’ ‘Awell, Margot,’ the other woman admitted, ‘she has got one fault. She will lay on the Sawbath.’”

### Something Lacking.

An Englishman and a Scotsman chanced to meet at a football match, the Englishman, contrary to tradition, possessing the “bottle.” A few minutes after the game had started a good run was made by one of the visiting forwards.

“Good run,” said the Scotsman. “Fine,” said the Englishman, and applied his lips to the bottle, ignoring Sandy's thirsty glances.

Later on a goal was scored.

“Fine goal,” said Sandy. “Grand,” said the Englishman, taking another draught, but still not offering it to his neighbor.

“I presume you're a bit of a fitba' player yourself!” said Sandy.

“I am,” was the proud reply.

“I thocht so,” said Sandy. “You're a grand dribbler, but you're no guid at passing.”

### He Was Willing to Oblige.

A young North Carolina girl is charming, but, like a great many other charming people, she is poor. She never has more than two evening gowns in a season, and the ruin of one of them is always a very serious matter to her. She went to a little dancing-party last week, and she wore a brand-new white frock. During the evening a great, big, red-faced, perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well-meaning but moist hands despairingly, and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then said, with a winning smile:

“Of course I'll dance with you, but, if you don't mind, won't you please use your handkerchief?”

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

“Why, certainly,” he said. And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

### For Father.

The four-year old customer came up to the notion counter with brazen confidence. “Please, ma'am,” he asked, “can I have a pipe for father?” But the storekeeper, says a writer in Punch, was experienced in such dealings.

“What does father want it for?” she asked.

“Blowing soap-bubbles,” said the customer.

### Great Success Whatever it Was.

A Scottish minister, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch.

“Where hae you been the night, Andrew?” asked the minister.

“Weel, I dinna richtly ken,” answered the prostrate one, “whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was it was a most extraordinary success.”

### Proving His Case.

“Are you aware, sir, what you are doing?”

The stout, florid-faced man in the restaurant, who was about to help himself to a generous portion of mince pie, looked up in astonishment at the nervous, thin, little individual opposite.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“I have been watching you,” said the nervous man, “eating your dinner, and impelled as I am by a love of humanity, I cannot see you leave this table without a protest at the diet which you are killing yourself with. First, you had fish chowder. No protein but slight hydrocarbonates. Then you had corned beef and cabbage, containing fully eighty per cent. of deleterious matter. Then you had pie, with a mountain of sugar. Are you aware, sir, that this can only be digested by the duodenum? Think of it! You'll be a wreck in a few years.”

The stout man he addressed gazed at him compassionately for a moment.

“You don't look as if your diet was doing you much good,” he said, quietly.

“That, sir,” replied the thin man, “is no argument at all. You were healthy to start with, and I wasn't. You'll go to pieces in a short time, and I'll live to be an old man because I know the percentage of fruit salts the human system can stand.”

“You'll live for years beyond your allotted time, will you?” said the stout man.

“Yes, sir, I will.”

“Then,” said the stout man as he rose and paid his check, “that only bears me out. It only shows what harm can be done to humanity by a fool diet.”—Life.

### A Good Wage.

An American met his brother who had arrived from Ireland. He had a bad time crossing, and his brother tried to cheer him up. He took him along the front of the river, and paused beside a large dredger at work. As they watched the great buckets going down empty and coming up full of mud, he pointed to the man who was working the lever on the top of the dredger and said: “Do you see that man up there Mike?”

“I do,” said Mike.

“Well, now look at that, you see all he's got to do is to pull that lever; and do you know what money he gets a day?”

“I don't!”

“He gets two and a half dollars a day.”

Mike having worked it out into English money, looked aghast, and, expecting further revelations, said, “Good heavens! And what does the poor fellow get that is down below?”

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,  
A cloud and a rainbow's warning,  
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—  
An April day in the morning.

—Harriet P. Spofford.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sign of derangement use Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and the use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.