

TRAGEDY OF CHAS. WHITEHEAD

A FRIEND OF DICKENS, WHO FILLED A PAUPER'S GRAVE.

Few that attain eminence in literature begin life under such favorable conditions as those in which Charles Whitehead did in 1804. He was the eldest of a prosperous, genial wine-merchant's family, he inherited a strong and healthy constitution, and he had every educational advantage save that of a university training, and that want must have been a great grief, if not entire, extent supplied by his own scholarly tastes. He was in easy circumstances, and was engaged in some commercial work, so that he was in no way constrained to the drudgery of earning a livelihood by his pen. At the age of twenty-seven he was able to publish "The Solitary," which was received with a favor which is incomprehensible in our day until we remember that it caught upon those poetic sounds to which the poet had already grown accustomed. Yet, in that same year, he published "Jack Ketch," the story of a hangman.

DICKENS' ASSOCIATIONS.

About that time Whitehead was closely associated with Dickens, but between the interest in the crowded life of London, which produced "Jack Ketch," and that which produced even the earliest and the least of Dickens' work, there is a vast difference; and the time is not difficult to read—it is, "Chimes" produce after their kind. Between Whitehead and Dickens there was certainly some congeniality of tastes and sense of humor, but Whitehead drifted with the stream. He was the leading spirit at the old Bohemian tavern, "The Grotto," where his best friends could find but little place in his time. The balance for culture and refinement of literary tastes was on his side, and he had the further advantage over Dickens of eight years' seniority in ripened judgment; yet it was Whitehead who produced the coarser work. His books paid; he had profitable connections of more than one kind with publishers; his play, "The Cavalier," was a notable success; yet he continued to not merely choose to unpleasant subjects, but to treat them unpleasantly. Whitehead's greatest work, "Richard Savage, a Romance," published in 1842, after having run serially in Bentley's "Miscellany," was a great success; but although it was to be a brilliant historical study, it is in much only that which any life may once create, the story of itself so far as autobiographical feeling is concerned.

MRS. WHITEHEAD.

One wonders why his capacity for hard and conscientious journalism and book-making, as "The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," had not been his salvation, for capacity for work is closely allied to gentleness, and the highest moral effort. Certainly he was not driven to such work until such times as, having received and squandered advances from his publishers, he was forced into tardy accomplishment of his undertakings. Thus he drifted on to his self-chosen doom. For long he was a man well-loved by not a few. Full of humor and wit, he was the heart of any company into which he entered. But gradually his dissipations dulled his spirits; at last he was moody and quarrelsome, then, conscious of having misused his best, shattered in body and mind, he emigrated to Melbourne in 1857. There his wife died. She had been a strange choice for one of his nature, and tastes, but the choice had been made with his choice of work; and, to say the least of it, through all his sins and their unsavory consequences this woman, of slight education and shrewish temper, had been his faithful friend. Probably she had been, by virtue of her very imperfections and limitations, able to do better by such a man than she could have done by one of higher nature. This much-tried wife did much to keep him from going away, and not always kind-tempered, husband in as much check as

can be known by those who will by no means put check upon themselves.

THE END.

Whitehead would at any time have been unfitted for colonial life, where the spirit is of youth and enterprise, and demands literature and entertainment alike. It is for his historical romances and melancholy poetry it had no place; and meanwhile he drifted further, and the more swiftly that he lacked the check and watchfulness of his practical wife. Yet in much he maintained the reserve and independence of the gentleman which nature had intended him to have been in all things. It was, therefore, a revolting experience to the man who had been admired by Dickens, Jerrold, Thackeray and Rossetti to learn that an account of his condition had been written for "Cornhill" by R. H. Horne, author of "Orion," another "genius" of those days, and today as "forgotten" as the author of "Richard Savage" himself. At fifty-seven poor Whitehead saw himself in the light of a "paleface" for another's pen, or, as he himself put it, in one of his letters, "trailed through the pages of a widely-circulated magazine." And the humiliation of the poor, helpless victim of an indelicate charity must have been all the deeper because he had been himself the wrecker of his life. Even then, his gifts and personal traits won him one who would have been his true friend, one who sought no "case," who took the irresolute, broken-down Bohemian to his own home and care. This friend was a medical and literary man, a friend of Melbourne. But this chance also Whitehead abandoned, disappearing no one knew whither. The next scene of the pitiable, sordid drama was in the streets of Melbourne, where Whitehead was picked up in a state of exhaustion and taken to the hospital. There he died. The last scene of all is a pauper's grave; therein Charles Whitehead was laid in July, 1882. And of him it could only be recorded by the local press that he "had been engaged on newspapers."

VICTORIA AS A YOUNG QUEEN

STRIKING PEN-PICTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL—SOVEREIGN.

The Century is publishing letters of Mrs. Sallie Coles Stevenson, wife of the American minister in London, 1836 to 1841, who took prominent part in the social life of the most exclusive society and saw often the young Queen Victoria. Here is Mrs. Stevenson's description of the young queen:

"Her voice is as sweet as a Virginia nightingale's, and dwells upon the memory like a spell after the sound has passed away. It is sweet, yet soft; powerful, yet melodious, and it is listened to with a sort of breathless interest, heightened, no doubt, by her extreme youth. Her size is below the middle, but her figure is most proportioned, and a little ennobled. Her bust, like most Englishwomen's, is very good; hands and feet are beautiful; she has a look of spirituality, as yet so tranquil that one feels inclined to pity her. She is not only a good and pure spirit dwells within, which is destined for heaven if earth does not spoil her by its adulation. As yet her spirit has not passed under the yoke of royalty; she has only enjoyed its pleasures and knows nothing of its pains and penalties; her dawn of life and prosperity has not been darkened by calamity or profaned by sin; but what will she be, when, like her great prototype, Elizabeth, she is called to surrender up her trust to Him that gave it?"

"I dare say now you and Helen and Selina would like to know how she was dressed. It consisted of a white satin dress, richly embroidered with gold and trimmed around the bottom with a deep gold fringe; the stomacher studded with diamonds; earrings and necklace of the same; a train of some yards' length of crimson velvet and gold, lined with white satin. On her hair, which is dark brown, and always worn without curls, she wore a magnificent circle of diamonds. Her eyes are blue, large and full; her mouth, which is her most feature, is generally a little open; her teeth small and short, and she shows her gums when she laughs, which is rather disfiguring."

"One of her maids of honor told me the other day that she deplores with the most beautiful simplicity the slavery of sitting so much for her picture; that it has been her torment ever since she was 11 years old; that her sister (the Duchess of Kent has been married twice) wrote her from Germany, 'Oh, Victoria, shut your mouth when you sit for your likeness.' But that her mother said, 'No, my dear. Let it be as nature made it.' She must be an amiable, gentle creature, for all who approach her seem to idolize her, and think her not an angel, at least such stuff as angels are made of. She seems to me to possess simplicity with elevation; spirit with sweetness, and wonderful tact and discretion for one so young and inexperienced. She may really be said to have stepped from the nursery to the throne. She still keeps near her person the Baroness Lezhnev, who has had the charge of her since she was 7 years old, and is said to be entirely worthy of the high trust. The Tories do not, however, think she has either a face or mind of the beauties. They accuse her of very womanly propensities, such as extravagance, want of sensibility, etc.; that she is not a woman, but a child, and a woman to take care of her diamonds, put them in and out of their cases, \$10,000. And an American minister has \$9,000."

The exportation of automobiles from parts from the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, amounted to \$3,277,847, against \$5,502,241 the previous twelve months. An official of the American Motor Car Association states that \$3,000 motor cars, with a value of \$105,000,000, were produced in the country in the calendar year 1907, compared with sales of only \$8,000,000 in 1905. The turnout this year will be about the same as in 1907, but next year's production will probably reach 75,000 cars.

NEW STYLES FOR FUEL OF WAR

MODERN TYPES OF BULLETS AND A STUDY OF THEIR EFFECTS.

The new style small-calibre bullets are of cylindrical shape from about seven to eight millimetres in diameter. They consist of a leaden core encased in a shell of either nickel or steel, while the bullets formerly in use were made of plain lead without a shell. The most recent French bullet is 4.0 millimetres long and weighs 14 grams. It is somewhat flattened. This bullet is made wholly of hard brass and is not encased. It has an initial velocity of 705 metres and will carry 4,400 metres.

It was thought, for a short time, that these modern small-calibre bullets, in consequence of their inferior weight, their small diameter and their solidity consequent upon the new method of encasement, in contrast with the old type lead bullet, would be more humane, i.e., that they would perforate both the flesh and bone, leaving a clean-cut wound which would heal more easily than a wound which is torn and ragged.

It soon became apparent that this idea was erroneous. Numerous experiments, especially on the part of the medical branch of the Prussian war ministry, and the experience of recent wars, showed that these small-calibre bullets had a tremendous penetrating power, which was increased still more by the use of smokeless powder. But in cases where the bullet had penetrated the flesh only, have clean-cut, small perforations been the result, and it was seen, as one of these wounds were more favorable to healing. In fact, cases have come under observation where men shot through the lungs, the stomach or the intestines have convalesced, the wounds healing without septic infection. On the other hand, the bones are usually splintered by the impact of these bullets. Especially is this the case at close range, 300 to 800 metres for example. Where the bullet enters the wound is small, but the bullet leaves the body the wound is, on the contrary, quite large, while the many splintered fragments of bone perforate the adjoining flesh. One might almost say that the bullet becomes imbedded in the living tissue, as a result of which one finds directly adjoining the bone a cavity filled with splintered bone and pieces of flesh.

At a range of about 1,000 metres and upwards these large wounds cease, the tissue-filled cavities adjoining the shattered bone become smaller, the number of bone splinters become fewer; but still at a range of 2,000 metres the bone becomes shattered, in larger splinters, however, causing the so-called "butterfly fracture." Only in the soft, sponge-like substance at the end of the longer bones, at the so-called epiphyses, near the joints, does one observe small, clean-cut perforations.

The penetrating power of these encased small-calibre bullets is so great that a shot fired at a range of 600 metres will pass clean through three human bodies placed in a row and about 50 centimetres apart. So, consequently, these small-calibre bullets will seldom remain in the body, but usually pass clear through. When they do remain in the body, it is where the shot enters the head or shoulders and passes downward toward the feet, which results if the man is hit while lying flat on the ground.

A very favorable effect resulting from the use of these bullets is that seldom, if ever, are pieces of the garment forced into the wound, as was formerly the case where the soft, changeable lead bullet was used, thereby causing serious infections. It sometimes happens that the shell of a bullet breaks, in cases where the bullet strikes a stone, the corner of a stone wall, the mountings of a uniform, or articles carried in the pockets of the man shot. This frequently happens, also, when the bullet strikes a bone.

At times the shot is deflected in its course or changes its position; the so-called transverse wounds result. Inhuman bullets were those used by the English in their Indian campaign in Tachitral, where they used bullets which were partly encased; the lead-pointed bullet or dum-dum, named after the town where they were manufactured, viz. Dum-Dum, near Calcutta. Also the hollow-point bullet used by the English in their Sudan campaign.

From their experience in their border campaigns in India the English had learned that the hollow-point bullet did not sufficiently incapacitate the enemy for further participation in the battle. The English soldiers at once sought to improve the action of their nickel-shell bullets by filing off their points by means of sharp stones, thereby exposing the lead. So-called "soft-nose" or lead-point bullets, such as are used in the hunt for wild animals, resulted.

The bullets used in the Sudan, the "hollow-joint" bullets, have at this point, as their name indicates, a hollow space, cylindrical in shape, nine millimetres in length and two millimetres in diameter. The remainder of the bullet is identical with the dum-dum. Humane reasons demand that we protest against the use of these two types of bullets, for both cause frightful, jagged wounds, such as are made by heavy artillery, especially in cases when fired at close range.

TYRANNY OF GRAMMAR.

For most of those who deliberately seek to learn to write, words are generally to be felt as of less importance than the art of arranging them. It is thus that the learner in writing tends to become the devoted student of grammar, and that is indeed a tendency which always increases. Civilization develops with a conscious adhesion to formal order, and the writer—writing by fashion or by habit, and not by divine right of creative instinct—follows the course of civilization. It is an unfortunate tendency, for those whom it affects conquer by their numbers. As we know, writing that is real is not learned that way. Just as the solar system was not made in accordance with the astronomer's laws, so writing is not made by the laws of grammar. Astronomer and grammarian alike can only come in at the end, to give a generalized description of what usually happens in the respective fields it pleases them to explore. When a new comet, cosmic or literary, enters their sky, it is their descriptions which have to be readjusted, and not the comet. There seems to be no more pronounced mark of the decadence of a people and its literature than a servile and rigid subservience to rule. It can only make for ossification, for anarchy, for petrification, all the milestones on the road to death. In every age of democratic plebeianism, where each man thinks he is as good a writer as the others, and takes his laws from the others, having no laws of his own nature, it is down this steep path that men, in a flock, inevitably run.—Havelock Ellis, in the Atlantic.

CAPITAL OF BOSNIA.

Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, where the Austrians have had to take military precautions in view of possible trouble, was the scene 20 years ago of a miracle which rivals that of St. Denis, the patron saint of France. Seven devils were beheaded by a pasha's orders for having committed a great theft, though their innocence was clearly demonstrated afterward. But the dead men had meanwhile been proving it themselves. As soon as the execution was over, the seven bodies arose, each with its head under its arm, and walked into the mosque, where they were then buried side by side. Consequently good Mohammedans have thereafter venerated those devils as saints. And the seven graves may be seen at Sarajevo to this day, proving to any doubter that the story is true.—London Chronicle.

THE ORIGINAL GIBSON GIRL

THE MODEL WAS A MARRIED WOMAN, MRS. CLARK.

How many fortunes have been made by the idea of the Gibson girl, and how many people have claimed to be the Gibson girl herself? That famous American artist, Mr. William M. Chase, explains in the "Delineator" that the actual discovery of this amazing personality was made by his negro servant, Daniel.

THE PERFECT TYPE.

Daniel, indeed, seems to have been a real connoisseur. One morning, while I was at work upon some pastels of the nude—which Daniel, who was called "the black-lives"—the ingenious negro came tiptoeing in, his eyes bulging with excitement and his hands making mysterious signs, "She's here!" he whispered.

"What?" I asked. "A model," he said, solemnly, "what is a model?" And he motioned me to the waiting-room.

Daniel was right. She was a model—and more. As she arose gracefully and stood smiling before me I knew at once that fortune had sent me the very subject I had long hoped to find—a perfect type of American womanhood.

A clear-cut, classic face with splendid profile, a steadfast expression of sweetness, loveliness, womanliness—and, above all else, dignity and simplicity, these two greatest elements of successful portraiture.

She was dressed in a plain black gown, just as I should have wished. But just a touch was lacking. A white crepe shawl was hanging near, and I took it quickly and draped it about her shoulders. That was sufficient. The picture was complete.

THE MODEL.

The artist then goes on to speak about the model, who was a Mrs. Clark. "I mention this point particularly," he continues, "because there have been so many claimants of this identity. Mrs. Clark was the model who made Charles Dana Gibson, the creator of the Gibson girl, known all over the world. I wish also to speak of the very high regard in which Mrs. Clark was held by Gibson, Beckwith, myself, and the other artists for whom she posed." The artist did this painting neither for exhibition nor on commission, but purely for love of the work. "And a very pleasant task it was, made doubly so by my subject's congenial and keen appreciation of art. This painting should have been—indeed, could have been—done only by an American artist, and I am very proud of having had the opportunity. This painting, called 'Mrs. C.', is hung in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts." Mr. Chase seems to have been more than once singularly favored by chance in regard to his models. Here is another little adventure in art which gave him a picture painted at a "single sitting."

A young lady came into my Tenth street studio just as I was leaving for an art class in Brooklyn. She came as a pupil, but the moment she appeared before me I saw her only as a splendid model. Half-way to the elevated station I stopped, hastened back, and overtook her. She consented to sit for me; and I painted that day, with interruption, till late in the evening. The result is the "Lady in Black," now hung in the Metropolitan Museum.

DO YOUR WORK WELL.

Then be honest and set yourself to do what you can do, if it is only washing windows or shining shoes. Instead of "lowering" you in anybody's estimation it will raise you. Yes, in spite of all our artificial standards of society it will raise you. Folks will say, "Well, there is something in that fellow after all."

I'd rather have a man say of me than to be able to say I inherited the wealth of the Rothschilds, or am first cousin to all the rulers of Europe. You never were higher in the world than are the things you can do, and doing any one thing well fits you for doing something "higher," which means something more delicate, complex, "refined."

Continue to let "pride" keep you from doing what you can do and you starve out what little "respect" the world or you now have for yourself. And not only that, but you actually block your own way to better things and open wide the door which leads to every crime in the catalogue.—The Nautilus.

Smuggling by aeroplanes is the latest bugaboo of French customs officials. At one Ekaterinograd execution, says the Russ, the rope broke, and the condemned man fell to the ground shrieking. The hangman silenced the man by pressing his foot on his neck.

WHAT BOOK WOULD YOU LIKE

IF YOU WERE CAST ON A DESERT ISLAND FOR TWELVE MONTHS?

In the issue of Nov. 6, says a writer in T. P.'s Weekly, I invited from my readers an expression of opinion as to what book they would choose to be their companions if marooned on a desert island for twelve months. The Bible and Shakespeare were hars concours, but many mentioned one or the other, and the consensus of opinion puts the Bible, as it indubitably is, above all competition as a solace and companion for the desert island. The strongest appeal in favor of the Bible came from an agnostic, whose letter was published. The correspondence is evidence of the wide catholicity of tastes prevailing among my readers. Wordsworth and Boswell's "Life of Johnson" were the two favorites. Poetry and works of a serious nature easily outdistance fiction, though three of Dickens' works are given. Another thing is a list of the books suggested:

The Bible. Shakespeare. Wordsworth. Milton. Tennyson. Burns. Browning. Byron. Poems of Sir Walter Scott. Poems of George Macdonald. The Earthly Paradise (William Morris). Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay (Sir G. O. Trevelyan). Life of Johnson (Boswell). Life of Gladstone (John Morley). Life of Charlotte Bronte (Mrs. Gaskell). Confessions (Jean-Jacques Rousseau). Montaigne's Essays. De Quincey's Essays. Plutarch's Lives. Chronicles of Froissart. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (Gibbon). Green's Short History of the English People. History of Our Own Times (Justin McCarthy). History of the French Revolution (Carlyle). Conquest of Mexico (Prescott). Conquest of Peru (Prescott). Anatomy of Melancholy (Burton). System of Synthetic Philosophy (Herbert Spencer). Origin of Species (Darwin). Riddle of the Universe (Haeckel). Story of Positive Polity (Comte). Guesses at Truth (Hare). Proverbial Philosophy (Martin Tupper). Commentaries on the Laws of England (Blackstone). Progress and Poverty (Henry George). Story of the Heavens (Sir Robert Ball). Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature. Tristram Shandy (Sterne). A Sentimental Journey (Sterne). Robert Louis Stevenson (pocket edition). The Doctor (Southey). Martin Chuzzlewit (Dickens). A Tale of Two Cities (Dickens). Pickwick Papers (Dickens). Foul Play (Charles Reade). Tom Jones (Fielding). Les Misérables. Arabian Nights. Robinson Crusoe. Swiss Family Robinson. Don Quixote. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. The Professor at the Breakfast Table. The Poet at the Breakfast Table. Walden (Thoreau). Natural History of Selborne (Gilbert White). Camp Life (Whymper). Art of Travel (Francis Galton). Palgrave's Golden Treasury. Self-Help. Spectator (edited by Henry Morley). Book of Quotations. Popular Educator. English Dictionary. Burke's Peerage and Baronetage. A Modern Cookery Book.

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"WOMEN!"

"Are You Nervous?"

The results of modern civilization are avoided in an increase of nervous disorders. It could not be otherwise with the way we eat, drink, lose sleep, and keep up a continual round of excitement. The work, the worry, the excitement, all tell upon the nerves till they cry out in revolt, and will not be placated till a remedy such as

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

some along with their nerve-strengthening and energizing properties, and restore them to their normal condition.

Mrs. Wm. Levi, Markdale, Ont., writes: "I had for several years been troubled with nervousness, and like many others, spent lots of money on medicine that did me no good. I was so bad that the least noise would make me jump and my heart would thump so you could hear it plainly and I could not lie on my left side at night. I saw a few testimonials of others and decided to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and to my great joy and surprise they completely cured me and it only took six boxes to do it. I have a neighbor, Mrs. Rickett, and I induced her to try them and they effected a cure. I can endorse their use for anyone afflicted as I was."

Price, 50 cents a box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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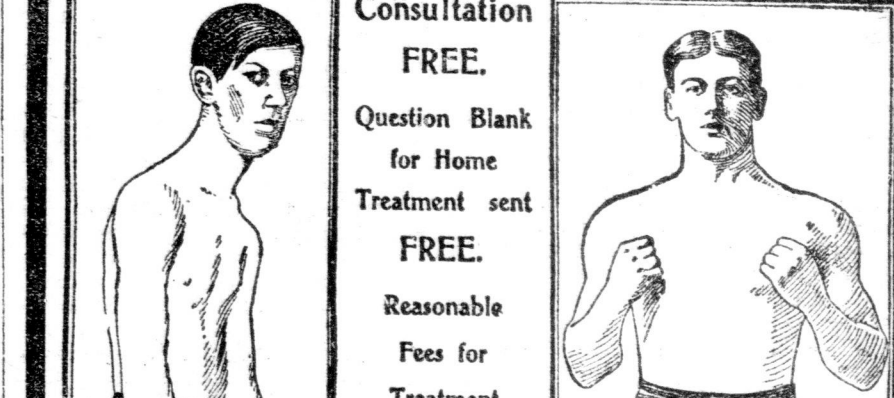
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A Republican in Atchison was explaining to a negro voter how to vote the straight ticket. "Now, do you understand?" "Yes, sah; yes, sah; all I has to do is to put a cross right under that thar chicken."—Kansas City Star.

Vu Kyun Willington Koo, a Chinese, has been chosen to edit the Daily Spectator at Columbia University. It is said to be the first time that a Chinese student has been placed at the head of an American college paper.

MILBURN'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her. Read her letter.

Mrs. J. A. Laliberte, of 34 Artillerie St., Quebec, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For six years I have been doctoring for female weakness, heart and nerves, liver and kidney trouble, but in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I can safely say I have found a cure."

"I was continually bothered with the most distressing backaches, headaches, and bearing-down pains, and I kept growing more and more nervous."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of all these distressing symptoms and made me a well woman. I would advise all suffering women, young or old, to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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