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By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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FIVE ENGLISH STATESMEN, ASQUITH, BALFOUR, GEORGE, LANSDOWNE AND BURNS

[Sidney Brooks in McClure's.]

ASQUITH is one of those men whose successes never surprise those who know them best. From the moment he entered his teens, he has been not merely distinguished, but supreme among his contemporaries. As a boy he took all the school prizes. As a youth he won the blue riband of classical scholarship, the Balliol, became president of the Oxford Union—the famous debating society of the university — took a "double first," carried off the Craven scholarship, and so impressed his professors and fellow - graduates, from Dr. Jowett downwards, that perhaps no man ever left Oxford amid so many or such confident predictions of a brilliant future.

Asquith has made his own way in life. A Yorkshireman of Puritan stock, born in moderate circumstances, he started out with none of those advantages of family influences and connections and high social position that in England, more perhaps than in any other country, smooth the path of professional and political ambition. He had his full share of the ordinary anxieties and difficulties of the briefless barrister, and he alleviated them, as do most briefless barristers, by journalism and lecturing.

The monotony of his hard, high, and constant success is almost too metallic for human nature's daily food. Just as one misses in his oratory the touch and tone that would fuse and elevate the whole, so in the man one sighs, at times, for the glow and mellow streak that would temper and relieve his unvarying self-continence.

Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Balfour, his principal antagonist and closest friend, and the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, is a very different type of man. It is 37 years since he entered Parliament. Even then he was a marked man. Not only was he Lord Salisbury's nephew, but he had made a reputation on his own account. It was not, to be sure, a reputation of the kind that every young man of six-and-twenty would care to have. Mr. Balfour was suspected of being something of a dandy and a good deal of a dilettante. Tales of the enormous hours he would lie in bed, of his passion for blue china, Burne-Jones, and golf, and of the various nicknames he had earned among the robust under graduates of Cambridge used to float about the lobbies of the House. His perfect courtesy to opponents, those little touches of chivalry that count for so much in an excitable and disputatious assembly, his disdain for mere personalities and the instant elevation of tone that his disdain engenders, have done more even than his gifts of mind and speech to establish him in the first place in the sentiments not only of his own party, but of the whole House. If he is not a great leader, he is an irresistible critic, a fine intellect, an engaging, even a fascinating, character, and a great gentleman.

Mr. Lloyd George.

Two men could hardly differ more completely in opinions, up-bringing, and instinctive ways of looking at things, than do Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George. The former is an aristocrat, a Scotchman, a member by right of birth of the governing class, a man of wealth who has never had to work for a living, a product, and an exceptionally fine one, of the best education that Britain has to offer. The latter is a Welshman, born in humble circumstances, a "man of the people," in every sense, whose life has been a constant and triumphant battle, and who has picked up for himself such knowledge as he possesses of the things that no amount of contact with life can teach. Twenty-odd years ago an obscure lawyer in a small Welsh country town; today Chancellor of the Exchequer, the idol of his countrymen, and one of the most powerful, in some ways the most powerful, influence in British public life—the bare record of his career from the village green to Downing street is enough by itself to arrest one's instantaneous attention and to proclaim a man far removed from the common run.

"The glow and zest and responsiveness of his nature, his candid, pouncing mind, the wholesome boyish streak that runs through all he says and does, the infectious freshness of his talk and outlook, his whole air of blithe comradeship, combine to make him, if not the greatest, at any rate the most remarkable personality in British politics to-day.

"If Mr. Lloyd George may be taken as representative of the newer England—the England that judges men by what they are and do, and not by the non-essentials of birth or position or wealth—Lord Lansdowne, the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, may stand equally well for a type of the older and more aristocratic England.

Lord Lansdowne.

"In himself as in his career Lord Lansdowne is an excellent type of the great English seigneur. A prudent, polished naturally dignified man, of cultivated tastes, fond of sport, with a lucid though in no ways a profound mind, of a reserved disposition that nothing has yet been known to ruffle, of a fine instinctive courtesy, always pertinent and pointed in his speeches, magnificently self-possessed, with the saving grace of humour, and altogether contemptuous of the arts of advertising—his right to a foremost place in that 'governing class' which is now tottering to its fall is beyond impeachment. While not in the least a great man his abilities are thoroughly respectable, and for more than forty years, in spite of every inducement to a life of easy leisure, they have been placed, with hardly a thought of self, at the service of the State.

Mr. John Burns.

"Over against Lord Lansdowne, and in sharp contrast to him, one may put the redoubtable figure of Mr. John Burns. Two decades ago England rang with the terror of his name. Today moderate men give thanks that so steady and conservative a man should be at the head of the Local Government Board. He used to stand in the public mind for all that was incendiary, visionary, and revolutionary. Today men look upon him as a firm brake on the runaway coach of labor.

"The working men know him and love him. They recognize in him the biggest man that their class in England has yet produced. And John Burns knows them and loves them in return, and uses both his knowledge and affection to rebuke, chastise them, and shame them into elevating themselves."

AN ONTARIO SCOT'S SAD MEMORIES OF HOME

[Frederick Niven in the London Daily News.]

THE hillside looks out to the Hebrides. From the summit you have a view that is unforgetable, a view of islands, and channels, and splashes of rough, open water You can pick out the white of a lighthouse wall, a little thread on the blue side of a rocky promontory. Your eye is attracted to the place by the tiny glitter of sun in the glass of the light-tower.

Grouse go chivying over the moors; the antlers of deer show on the crests and disappear. It seems a wild, desolate place for the British Isles. I bathed in the little bay down there, and experienced a shock; something came up in the water and gave me a gruff hall, half dog-like, half human. I groped for the bottom, gained the beach, and fled up the hill beyond my clothes. There I paused, ashamed. It was a seal! But then, of course, I had not expected it.

One day I lay on the slope above that bay, looking out to the Hebrides thinking of Prince Charles, Ossian, Johnson, Boswell, Stevenson, and Alan Breck, the Spanish Armada, Heather Ale—a summer dream on a Highland hill. When I looked round, inland, again, I saw a dot of blue wandering here and there among the green. It was a living man, and so I turned back to look on the sea and dream of the dead. But when late afternoon came I rose and struck inland toward the little farm where I had a little room. On the way over the rough track that twines across the seaward ridge and the seaward valley I had to pass an inclosure that I had always passed with little heed, for at that point when going west, I was always alert for the first sight of the breaking waves of the Atlantic, and when going east I was always thinking of the farm kitchen, the milk, the scones. Now I saw that a man in blue was wandering in the little inclosure among the nettles.

He raised his head, hearing my foot on a stone, and we bowed and raised our hands to the salute across the wall. I slowed down and he spoke.

"It's a sad thing, this," said he.

"What?" I asked approaching the wall. "Why! it's a graveyard!" For I saw the recumbent stones, and the falling stones, all among the nettles.

"Yes," he said, "and nobody cares for it. It can go to wreck and ruin. I've just come over from Canada to see the old place. My father lies here," and he pointed with his stick. "My mother lies there, next to him. Ah, weel!" And he came out by the rickety gateway. "I'm just going up to see the old place on the hill."

I looked my interest, I suppose, for he said: "I'll show you if you come up wi' me." And so we fell in step and climbed away athwart the hill, up a long receding slope that showed grassy and green among the invading heather. As we walked I looked at the ground and saw that it had once been ploughed. But my new acquaintance seemed weighted with a dry sorrow, and I did not speak. Up near the crest we came to a place where many stones were scattered in the grass. There we paused, and his eyes roved up and down the hill.

"Aye," he said at length, "here it is," and walked on a little way. I followed him. We threaded among stones half covered with moss, half hidden in grass, and I began to pick out the houses for myself, to build up the razed walls with my eye. I traced inner walls and outer walls and hearths. He wandered to and fro at the same employ, he with a personal regret—for he knew who had lived here: he heard the voices again in the little hamlet, rattling of peat carts, lowing of cows. He could even picture (as he stood there in a kind of trance) the cows with their markings. There, where he now looked, used to be a cowshed. He could see the girl that milked them, cheek on flank, eyes looking out through the open door, out to the sky, down to the sea.

"Aye!" he said. He pointed with his stick, coming out of his dream. "There's where I was born. See here. The hearthstone was here." He tapped with his stick to discover if it still lay under the moss.

"Where have they all gone?" I asked.

"The old are dead," he said. "The lads and lasses are far scattered. Some are in Glasgow, in places there, in service, or in jobs in the warehouses. Some follow the sea. I have a brother in Australia. My sister is in New Zealand. I have come from Canada myself."

"What part—may I ask?"

"Ontario. Do ye ken Ontario?"

"What was it all for?" I asked. "Was it for deer that they had to go?"

"O aye! For deer and grouse, and to make one or two big rents to collect in place of a wheen small one."

"Aye, aye!" I said. The whole hillside seemed to sigh the same words in the wind.

They are going to the colonies in Johnson's day, Edmund Gosse tells how he and Stevenson lay against the rail of the Clansman and saw embarkations for the colonies, and heard the sad singing of "Lochaber No More." They are going—have to go—still.

I have seen colonial life, and I have seen Scottish life, Highland life. Must they all go? A great many would fain stay. Must they all be forced to go? Scotland is very beautiful.

"You speak Scotch in Ontario," I said, looking over the forsaken slopes.

"Speak Scotch!" he broke out. "We speak the Gaelic. O aye, ye can hear the Gaelic in Ontario. I expect ye can hear more Gaelic in Ontario than in the Highlands now." He turned and looked away along the marching hills below us. It struck me that it would make a fine ranching country. And it is the most beautiful country that I have ever seen.

"Aye, Aye!" he said—and we came down from the hill.

A MAN WHO DIMINISHED PAIN

Centenary of Sir James Simpson, the Apostle of Chloroform—His Life and Career.

THE centenary of one of the great men whose names enjoy the most enviable of all forms of immortality for they have diminished for ever the sum of human pain, was celebrated last week," says the London Telegraph.

"Sir James Simpson's statue has long stood in Edinburgh, but bronze itself is less enduring than the fame secured to him by the written annals of science in every language, and it may well be that the ultimate results of his work will have a deeper effect than we can guess even now, in changing the attitude of the human mind towards life as a whole. The pioneer, or at least the popularizer, of painless sugery led an epoch of deliverance, and helped to rid the world from the inconceivable terrors which had tortured countless numbers of mankind from the beginning.

An Age of Advance.

"In the last few generations we have lived through an age of wonders, in which the accomplished miracles of applied science in almost every sphere have surpassed all the ideas of possibility that imagination before the nineteenth century could frame. We only realize how new an existence has begun for the human race, when, instead of generalizing at large, we are moved by any event like the century of Sir James Simpson's birth to give a more particular attention to some special aspect of modern progress.

"Sir James Simpson was a man of about thirty-five, occupying the Medical Chair in Edinburgh University. His father had been a baker, and he himself, justifying by his talent an old superstition, was a seventh child. The boy who was to become world-famous rose by his own ability, and he was filled with the passion for advancing the bounds of knowledge and achievement, which marks the true scientist in every sphere. Was it not the great Pasteur himself, chief, perhaps, amongst all the brilliant modern leaders in the sciences of life, who added to his favorite gospel of ceaseless and indomitable work this admirable statement: 'In the field of observation chance only favors those who are prepared'?

"In 1846, Robert Lister performed an operation upon a patient rendered unconscious by an inhalation of ether. Simpson was present. He divined the full significance of the demonstration. Then and there he began his campaign in favor of the systematic use of anaesthetics, and he was known in due course as the apostle of chloroform. It is extraordinary to think how fierce is the antagonism aroused by any man who dares to vary from the ancient way, even for the sake of conferring inestimable benefits on the whole world.

"Controversy was especially aroused by the introduction of chloroform into midwifery practice. To old-fashioned persons, who saw something predestined and inexorable in most forms of human pain, the new method seemed to be utterly anti-scriptural. Again, it was said that the mother could not be saved from pain without injury to the vitality of the child, and this conviction died out very slowly in many quarters. Today, however, civilized humanity recognizes in Sir James Simpson one of the greatest benefactors to women in the whole range of human history. The complete quiet of the patient induced by anaesthetics makes possible an accuracy and a refinement of operation which no surgeon, however deft, could attempt on a quivering, conscious form. Thanks to the change in conditions, the brain, the heart, all the most deeply-seated and vital organs, are constantly reached today by the knife which wounds to heal. The victory, so fraught with blessings, was soon won in the field of general surgery, and increasing efficiency in the application of anaesthetics liberated mankind at last from some of the most ghastly experiences, some of the blackest apprehensions, which had tortured the body and mind of countless men and women for age upon age."

"So long as anaesthesia is the handmaid of surgery, Simpson's fame cannot die," says the Times; "but his experiments with anaesthetics formed only a small part of his manifold professional and other activities. He was essentially a man of genius in the true sense of the word; a man whose mind threw out brilliant flashes of sidelight upon many subjects, and whose intuitions in many cases only just missed being great discoveries. As a physician he was of the highest type, giving himself without stint to the arduous work of his calling, and on his death, in 1870, leaving behind him a deservedly beloved and honored name."

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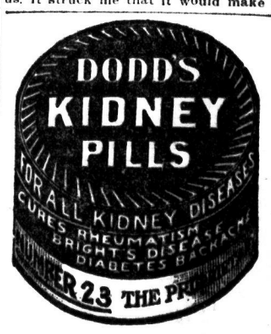

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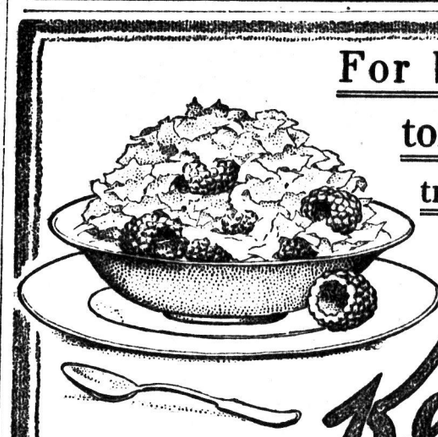

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ENGLISH GARDENS

Some Noted for Their Mazes, Others for Unusual Hedges.

THERE is no scene in the world finer than an English landscape. But if you get away from the towns and villages surely there can be no inhabited country where people are so scarce. The towns are densely populated, but the rural districts seem to be cultivated yet unpeopled. This was something which seemed uncanny to me. In no part of Canada, either in Ontario or the West, have I driven along country roads and seen so few human beings either on the roads, or about the houses and fields, as in rural England. There were houses enough, but it appeared as if everybody had gone away for the day. I decided that it must be due to the fact that it was not the time of year for agricultural activity, although even in midwinter you see people on the Ontario roads, or you see sleigh tracks indicating that a fellow-creature has passed that way since morn, while in England you have a curious feeling that the perfect roadway on which you travel or the bridge you cross may have been built by the Normans. Price Collier, in his book on "England and the English," has a passage in which he expresses my feelings exactly. After describing the beauty of the scenery, he exclaims: "But where are the people? Did we leave them all in London and Oxford, and Worcester and Birmingham? All through the afternoon and into the early evening we travel, and I could have counted more houses, certainly more sheep, than men and women from the carriage window. It may be a holiday, it may be that the day's work is finished. It may be that the laborers, slow moving and sombrely clad in greys and browns, are not so distinctly seen in this soft light. In any case, it seems as though one might step out and take possession of as much of this lovely country as one cared to, and this adds still another quality to the charm." To me the impression was of an enchanted country.

Where Are the People?

One day in mid-winter, in Algonquin Park, I was led through the woods to the margin of a lake, and there, where one would not even expect to see a trapper's cabin, stood a considerable town, with a large mill, hotel, houses, and a church, but all deep in the silence of the wilderness. It was a deserted mill village, but had once been an active place. You had the feeling that it might vanish while you gazed, and the same impression grips you as you view from a train the beautiful garden of England, from which you feel that all living beings have just been spirited away. Where the people keep themselves—there must be people—I do not know. But from the teeming population of towns and cities it seems clear enough that the people should be redistributed. The great estates must sooner or later be broken up and the people let loose to apply their enterprise unhampered by deeds and documents centuries old. One change has come about which will have to be noted. Time was when a great landed proprietor was rich only in the revenues he derived from his land; now most of them are independent of such revenues, having investments in all parts of the world, so that agriculture is not prosecuted as their first concern in life. Many large estates have passed into the hands of city millionaires who care little about agriculture, but want parks and game preserves. The trouble consists not only in the fact that a few persons possess too much of the nation's wealth; they occupy far too much of the nation's room.—J. T. Clark, in Toronto Star.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF