WONDERFUL ENGLISH TOWNS CREATED BY RICH EMPLOYERS

Bournville, the Garden City—'The Most Perfect Place I Have Ever Seen," Says an American—Port Sunlight and Letchworth Also Described.

"The most perfect city I have ever seen or heard of is the famous garden city of Bournville, a suburb of Birmingham, England," says a writer in Country Life in America. "I was simply transported by the healthfulness, happiness and beauty of the place, and I believe it gives the people more for their money than any other city on earth. Any one who has cherished some noble vision of a glorified humanity would be intensely interested to see Bournville, for part of Bellamy's 'Looking Backward' is here realized.

"Can you imagine yourself living four miles from a city the size of Pittsburg in a suburban town of about 5,000 inhabitants, where there are no saloons and never can be any slums, noise, dirt, crowding, factory smells, billboards or streets torn up for gas, lighting or sewers? Wouldn't you like a chance to play golf, tennis, cricket, bowls or hockey under ideal circumstances at a cost of a few cents a day?

"Would you be satisfied with the social life of a community that has splendid schools, churches, baths, gymnasium, meeting house, and one-tenth of its whole area given up to parks and playgrounds? Wouldn't you feel safer in a city where the national birth rate has been doubled and the death rate cut in two? And what would you say to a handsome brick house of seven rooms and a bath, with an eighth of an acre already planted with fruit trees, vines and lawn, at the rental of $12.30 a month?

"How can such superb opportunities be given at so low a cost? There are three ways, each of which is exemplified by a different garden city in England. The first is the plan of Lever Bros., soap manufacturers, who built Port Sunlight, a suburb of Liverpool, at a cost of $1,700,000. It is the most beautiful of all, has the greatest variety of buildings for social purposes, and the cheapest rents, but it has two serious drawbacks.

"First, the social life of a community having only one interest is not as healthy as that of a mixed community. The renters at Port Sunlight are all employees of the same factory, and the magnificent social features provided for their comfort and pleasure are not used as much as they ought to be. Second, the city has never paid its makers any direct dividend, although it is practically self-supporting. The Levers firmly believe that they have received an ample financial return in the increased efficiency of their employees.

"But we cannot expect that the city life of the world will be revolutionized by kind-hearted manufacturers. Port Sunlight is superb, but its plan implies too great an investment for the ordinary manufacture, and the returns are too indirect to appeal to the average business man. Both of these defects are remedied in the plan of Bournville, which was founded by George Cadbury, the cocoa manufacturer.

"In the first place only 42 per cent. of the renters at Bournville are employees of the factory. The others came from anywhere and everywhere, and many of them spend their days in Birmingham. Consequently the social life is that of a normal, mixed community—not merely industrial or suburban.

"In the second place Bournville really pays. The city's chief source of income is rent. Everybody pays eight per cent. on the investment actually made in his home and lot. The city's income doubles every five years (it is now fifteen years old), and in fifty years at this rate it will have an annual income of about $5,000,000. And since it will never have to pay back Mr. Cadbury's gift of about $775,000, the city will have a large sum available for building other cities like Bournville.

"The most important idea in all these garden cities is that represented by Letchworth, a suburb of London, thirty-four miles north of the metropolis, but reached by the best trains in less than an hour for. Letchworth has shown how we may build cities fully up to the Bournville standard without depending on gifts. When I saw Letchworth in 1908 the city was less than five years old. Yet it had a population of 6,000 and there were twenty-one factories. It comprises 3,818 acres, 2,500 of them, or 65 per cent., being perpetually reserved for an agricultural belt.

"Thus the people of Letchworth will always be sure of a broad country scene, even if London should build up solidly around it. Moreover, they will receive profits from this land because it will be rented to market gardeners and dairymen. This is in addition to the regular park system, for 200 acres are devoted to public parks and playgrounds, including an 18 hole golf course.

"Letchworth can never be crowded. The population is limited to 35,000, an average of nine persons to the acre for the whole tract, or twenty-three per acre for the town site. Twelve families to the acre is the maximum, and even in this case every family has a lot equal to 36.3x100 feet, which gives the poorest residents a fair sized garden and is 45 per cent better than the typical city lot of New York.

"Another excellent feature is the arrangement of the factory quarter. This is located as far as possible from the residence quarter, and the prevailing wind carries what little smoke there is away from the houses. The factories mostly use electric power from a central plant, which is equipped with a smoke consumer. The whole factory quarter is screened by a hill and a belt of trees.

"But the greatest feature of all is that the inhabitants of Letchworth will get practically all of the collectively earned increment. Few people realize how quickly this counts up. Simply by moving to Letchworth and living there 6,000 people created in four years and a half a net increase of half a million dollars!

"All of this profit ordinarily goes to real estate speculators, but eventually the people of Letchworth will get back 95 per cent. of it in the form of reduced taxes. The other five per cent. goes to the company which finances the whole enterprise. The First Garden City Company, which differs from an ordinary joint stock company only in being limited to a five per cent. cumulative dividend on the capital invested. The shares were placed at $25 each in order to give working men a chance to subscribe.

"This company has a capital of $1,500,000, but it is not all paid in and the company had all it could do to buy the land at its agricultural value, make eight miles of new roads, ten miles of sewers, ten miles of gas mains and sixteen miles of water mains, besides constructing a reservoir, gas works and electric power plant. The company did not have enough money to build houses, so the people build their own homes on a cooperative plan which is somewhat like our building and loan associations. Thus the company's chief source of income is ground rent, which ranges from $20 to $30 a year for a quarter acre in the residence section and from $5.25 to $9 a year an acre in the agricultural belt.

"The biggest horticultural fact about these wonderful cities is that gardening is the most productive of all outdoor hobbies and one of the most efficient enemies of the saloon ever devised. As to its productiveness, consider the case of Henry Vincent, of Brighton, who made a profit of $300 from vegetables on an allotment garden of half an acre. He did this without chemical fertilizers on a land which thirteen years ago had nothing on it but stones and chalk—not three inches of soil. Vincent's other duties occupied him very long hours, yet by working from four to eight o'clock mornings he spent 833 hours altogether on gardening during the year, making 36 cents an hour, which is very good pay in England.

"In other words, market gardening will easily produce anywhere from five to ten times as much as ordinary farming. This was well shown by a gardening contest at Bournville, in which nineteen gardens took part. These gardens, which averaged 3,700 square feet (the same as 37x100 feet), produced vegetables and fruit worth $23.45 each, which is at the rate of $278.25 an acre. Yet the total yield from seventy-seven of the acres where Bournville now stands was less than $25 an acre in the days of ordinary farming. So that these seventy-seven acres for which a record has been kept not only house under ideal conditions a population of nearly 2,000 people, but they also produce more than six times as much profit under home gardening as they did under general farming.

"The saloon and its attendant evils are unknown at Bournville. None can be established without the written consent of every trustee, and the trustees are bound to suppress saloons altogether unless such suppression leads to greater evils. They have the right to revoke licenses and to prescribe the hours of ale of intoxicating liquors, the quantities and all other features of the business. Moreover, all the net profits must go to counter attractions.

"At Bournville the Village Trust lays out the flower beds in the front yard, but if the tenant does not like the plan he may change it. At Letchworth plants are sold by regular nurserymen at regular rates, but Bournville gives its tenants a chance to buy plants, seeds and bulbs at reduced rates. I doubt if there is any place in the world where the gardens are uniformly as good as at Bournville.

"One great reason for this is that gardening is compulsory. There is a clause in every contract which says that every tenant must keep his place up to a certain standard of neatness and beauty. This is no hardship, for if a man is too sick or busy to dig his garden he can have this or any other garden work done for him cheaply. In the whole history of Bournville only two gardens have been neglected. No tenant will neglect his place when he knows that there are 100 applicants for houses on the waiting list all the time."

A GREAT SCOTTISH PREACHER

DR. JOHN HUNTER

From T. P.'s Weekly.

A Scottish theological professor, not remarkable for his eminence as a preacher, used to give his class each year a lecture on the qualifications of the popular preacher. And, as the quaint little figure sat in his chair three qualifications were: Something to say, an agreeable personality, and a pleasant voice. If these are the essentials, then some preachers have become great in spite of the lack of two of them. John Hunter—titles, degrees, and all such things become sheer lumber when you are speaking of real eminence—has certainly something to say. But as the short figure with drooping shoulders and clean-shaven round face, enters the pulpit and almost snarls out the first few paragraphs of his sermon at a rate that is the test and despair of the reporter, you wonder if this can be the man of whom you have heard so much.

A Great Preacher.

For Hunter is a man who has proved his power wherever he has gone. He was born in Aberdeen sixty years ago, and had all his own way to fight. He had absolutely nothing to back him except a godly home, and his own diligence and independence. He was educated in his native city, and received his theological training in the Congregational College in Birmingham. When he began his ministry in York he was only twenty-two years old, but from the first it was clear that a great preacher had arisen. A cathedral city, such as York, is hardly the place where a dissenting minister would be expected to make a great name for himself. All the social influences are against him. But with Hunter these things were as though they were not. The people of York realized that in this young preacher there was that rare and indefinable thing, spiritual power. After eleven years in York he accepted an invitation to Hull, where he remained five years. He then moved on to Glasgow, and in Trinity Church there he has exercised a splendid influence for nearly thirty years, broken only by his mistaken move to the King's Weigh House Chapel in London, in 1901. This was a mere episode. Hunter was too old to transplant. A London audience was not prepared to listen to these elaborate disquisitions lasting sometimes an hour. Such things require a northern training. His congregation in Glasgow welcomed him back again.

His Appeal to Men.

Hunter's great influence has been over young men at that critical stage when they are beginning to think and discovering that a man's faith cannot be of the same special color as his grandmother's, as Henry Drummond used to say. A youth went up to the university from a rigorous religious atmosphere, and he found himself completely upset by Edward Caird. The immediate effect of Caird's teaching was that everything that had been rested upon seemed to go. This was not its permanent result, but, for the time, it removed the foundations. The first shock of unsettlement was overwhelming. It was to men in this time of storm and stress that Hunter appealed. They found in him, too, a rebel against the received theology. He made no claim to have come to definite theological moorings. There was never a sermon in which some accepted belief, or, rather, some conventional statement of a belief, was not attacked with a vigor that was enthralling. But even when he was most negative, and when men came away in not a little perplexity as to where he himself stood among the various schools of thought, there was the intense moral glow. If there was theological haziness there was never any dubiety as to the teaching on the practical issues of life. Whatever the spiritual things may mean to a man in the after years, there is a period when the moral teaching cannot err on the side of directness. Hunter knew this, and he spoke with the intensity of a prophet about things that needed no exegesis. In his evening service he made a deliberate attempt to capture this type of man—the inquiring, earnest, shaken man. In writing about it now one semes to be describing a commonplace. But when Hunter began he had the field to himself. He never asked himself whether a subject was Biblical or not; the only question was as to whether it represented a living issue. The writer will never forget a course of Sunday evening lectures that Hunter gave on "Leaders of the Broad Church Movement in Scotland." The subjects were Edward Irving, McLeod Campbell, Erskine of Linlathian, Norman Macleod, and Bishop Ewing. These lectures were the unfolding of a new world. They opened up the field of religious biography. Probably Hunter has forgotten all about these Sunday evenings; but one man, at all events, can never forget the lecture on Edward Irving, the passionate attack on a literalist and crippling view of Scripture, the summing up of the whole noble and pathetic story in the words shot from the pulpit, "the letter killed him."

Literature in the Pulpit.

The criticism often passed upon Hunter that he is a literary man rather than a theologian is probably true. It is no reproach. Theologians are not uncommon; they are not invariably inspiring. But Hunter has been nothing if not inspiring. He has been to his day an interpreter of the thought of his day. He is a splendidly-equipped student of English literature, but he has been a reader of it—pace Swinburne—with his pulpit always in his view. When he first came to Scotland any use in the pulpit of current literature was a novelty. You might utilize the Canaanites or the Sadducees—but you were not supposed to speak of Newman and the Oxford movement, of Maurice and Kingsley, of Tennyson and Browning. But these were the men who set Hunter's mind working; they were the inmates of his study; and he brought forward these forces of the day to make the day better understand itself. All this involved work. The suspicion that a good deal of preaching was a form of words, theologically unquestionable, but practically null, had had a good deal to do with pews devoid of young men. But Hunter worked. He could read his sermons in an hour. Any other man would have required two! They were packed with matter drawn from an infinite variety of sources. You might agree with Hunter or not. You might find after some years of his teaching that you wanted something more positive. But you honored this man not only for his eloquence, but for his faithfulness. He lived for his pulpit. He absolutely refused to allow his time to be frittered away in running about to endless little religious meetings, or in playing the tame cat at afternoon tea parties. He was shy, aloof, invisible, determined, unwearied. He knew himself to be a preacher, not a society man. To his preaching he has devoted himself, with results that draw out to him the affection of men and women of whose existence he has never heard. But for such, years have not dimmed the impression of the day on which he castigated their particular sin and poured scorn on their indolence, or told them to go home, and read some book that has since become a portion of their existence.

The Message.

No notice of Hunter would be complete which failed to draw attention to the interest he has taken in securing a reverent and beautiful service. Somehow or other, since the days of John Knox piety and plainness have been associated in Scottish religion. Hunter believes in the accessories of worship. He wishes to appeal to the soul by as many avenues as possible, not merely by the gateways of conscience and intellect. He has shown in his own church how beautiful Nonconformist worship may be made, and his "Hymns of Faith and Life" and "Devotional Services" are no small addition to this kind of literature. But it is in his preaching that his power lies. It may be that the taste of today is passing away from the very elaborate and ornate form of discourse, literary in its conception and finish, and delivered with the greatest care. The idea of preaching as good religious conversation is spreading, and rendering already a little old-fashioned the giants of the more elaborate methods. But Hunter's enthusiasm grows no older. Forty years ago, when he began his ministry, he filled his church with the kind of youth who carried "Sartor" about with him in his breast-pocket. "Sartor" now, to our great loss, sits untroubled upon the top shelf. But the young man in revolt is ever with us, and to him Hunter still ministers, proclaiming to him that he think hard and fearlessly and truly and keep his life unspotted from the world. And of that message we cannot have too much.

STEERING AN AEROPLANE.

The driving of a motor car demands a fair measure of vigilance and nerve, but by the general consent of those who have tried both forms of amusement it is nothing to the steering of an aeroplane. From the point of view of personal daring and initiative, the newest method of travel finds a closed parallel in the early human feats of taming the horse for riding and learning to sail a boat than in the invention of the steamship of the railway engine. The prominence of the human element in the new pursuit comes naturally out in the concentration of popular interest even more in the "flying men" than in their machines. When railways and steamships were new the absorption of public attention in them was immense. But the machine then dwarfed the man.—London Times.

German Police Run the People

"It Is Forbidden" the National Motto—Anyone Who Hires a Servant Must Tell All About Her.

Someone has said that in Germany it takes one-half of the nation to control the other. Certainly no foreigner visits the country without being struck by the immense numbers of the police and the innumerable regulations they have put in force. "Verboten" (it is forbidden) seems almost the national motto of Germany. In a twenty-minutes' walk in a Berlin park you can count at least 50 notice boards, all forbidding something or other.

You would find, for instance, that you cannot sit down on any seat you like. Some seats are marked "For Children," some "For Nurses and Children Only," others "For Adults Only." There are separate paths for cyclists, pedestrians, riders, light vehicles and heavy vehicles, for children, and for ladies walking alone.

There are notices forbidding people to walk on the grass, and others forbidding dogs to walk on the grass. The German dog is said to be so thoroughly accustomed to obeying police regulations that any dog found on the grass is bound to be a foreign dog.

The German policeman carries a small library of books inside his blouse. He has to make innumerable inquiries and reports. No one in Germany can engage a servant without supplying the police with particulars as to her name, her age, her nationality, the color of her hair, her complexion, the state of her teeth, the period she is engaged for and many other points.

She, too, has also to send in a report. Another report has to be given when she is dismissed, telling where she is going, and giving all the personal details over again.

When a householder changes his place of residence the police have to be informed of his income, his future abode, the number of his family and other things, to use the hallowed phrase, too numerous to mention. When a foreigner comes to a German hotel or takes a house he soon finds a policeman swooping down on him, pulling out a little book, and insisting on a full confession.

In Germany one is forbidden to leave the front door unlocked, to hang a bed out of the window, to play the piano after 11, to cross a bridge on the wrong side, to "ramble about in droves after dark," to shoot with crossbows or blowpipes in the streets.

You must not break bottles or jugs in the streets, too. If they do get broken, you must not leave the pieces anywhere. Whether you are to pick up the pieces and carry them away with you the regulations do not say. You must not leave them there and must not put them anywhere else.

But usually the regulations are very precise. Bulldogs and other large dogs must always make their public appearances in muzzles and be led by a lease not longer than sixteen inches, and they must not walk on the pavement, but in the street. If your dog barks in the street after 10, a policeman runs up, shouting, "That—dog—must—not—bark!" If your children are making a noise in the street he soon lets you know of that, too. Waitresses must not chat with customers. Their skirts must be of a certain length and their collars of a certain height.

Your clothes must be seemly. In Berlin not long ago a Highlander set out for a party in full Highland evening dress.

He met the inevitable policeman. To the question: "What are you doing in those clothes?" he returned the answer, "Wearing them."

"Why?" The German policeman always asks "Why?"

"To keep myself warm."

In the end the Highlander was escorted back to his hotel in a closed carriage. It needed the British ambassador to persuade the police that there is a country in which Highland dress is not regarded as unseemly, and to get the usual fine withheld.

For all these crimes have a definite fine. The water troughs in the streets are marked "For Horses Only." If you mistook them for public baths or fishponds you would not puzzle the police. Every contingency possible and impossible is provided against in the bulky manual of police regulations that every town issues. This manual, by the way, points out precisely what breakages you may compel your servants to pay for and what you may not.

The fines are usually small. Some are as low as 2 cents, while few are higher than $2 25. But there is no worry. You always know exactly what you will have to pay for your fun.

CANADA'S GRAND OLD MEN.

The death of Sir George Drummond, at the age of 80, recalls the fact that a number of the still prominent men in Canadian affairs are past the allotted span of the Psalmist.

Sir Richard Scott, of Ottawa, who is almost as well known as the Parliament Buildings, was born in 1825, and is therefore 85 years of age, and still active. He has been senator for many years, and has been secretary of state for Canada since 1896.

Sir William Christopher Macdonald, of Montreal, is noted for his many donations to educational institutions, particularly to McGill, for his dislike to publicity, and for the unobtrusiveness with which he makes large gifts. He is now in his 80th year.

The Hon. William John Macdonald, who is just 80, is a senator for British Columbia, and has been connected with public affairs in Canada for over 50 years.

Another noted senior is Dr. John George Hodgins, I. S. O., M. A., LL. D., F. R. G. S., librarian and historiographer of the education department of Ontario since 1890, who was born in Dublin, August, 1824.

Sir Aemilius Irving, of Toronto, K. C., one of the most prominent men of the Queen City, is nearly 87 years of age.

Mr. Henry Bate, of Ottawa, who is well known in commercial circles, is also one of the most active veterans. He is well over 80, but has just started for a trip to the Mediterranean and Egypt with his three daughters: Mrs. Lansing Lewis, of Montreal; Mrs. Christie, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Aldous, of Winnipeg. Last summer he brought his three daughters for a visit to England, which he enjoyed immensely.

Sir Henry Strong, of Ottawa, is past 85; and Dr. Fisher, of Montreal, father of the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Dominion Minister of Agriculture.

No mention of Canada's grand old men would be complete without reference to Lord Strathcona, who is youthful at almost 90, and Lord Mount-Stephen, another veteran of splendid energies.

Professor Goldwin Smith, although not a Canadian by birth, is one of the veterans of whom the old country and the new are more than proud.

In the church, Canon Ellegood, of Montreal, is a remarkably active man for his years, which are several past 80.—Canadian Gazette, London, Eng.

CATARRH

The Source of Consumption Cured Permanently by CATARRHOZONE

It Soothes and Heals Every Part of the Mucous Membrane, Cures All Forms of Catarrhal Diseases of the Nose, Throat, Vocal Chords, Bronchial Tubes, Lungs and Deafness.

If you have Catarrh or a cold you cannot afford to be indifferent to its progress. Your unsatisfactory experiments with the old-fashioned treatments requiring the use of disagreeable snuffs, powders, washes, ointments, etc., should not influence you against Catarrhozone."

St. Catharines, Ont.—"Best thing for Catarrh of the Throat I ever tried."—Thomas Elliott.

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Halifax, N. S.—"Has cured my Catarrh. I recommend it to my friends."—W. P. Connors.

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Badly Crippled With Lame Back

COULD NOT WALK STRAIGHT.

Very few disease can cause you as much pain as a Lame Back. Sitting down is torture—getting up pretty nearly kills you—walking is agony. Even when you lie in bed, that nagging pain keeps up its ache, ache, ache—and when you roll over or try to get up again, well, it brings tears to your eyes.

Mr. Mackenzie, an old resident of Elmsdale, Nova Scotia, knows what it is to have a Lame Back—and he knows, too, what to take to cure it and be free of pain and suffering.

"I was badly crippled up with pains across the small of my back, I could not walk straight or lie comfortably in any position that I would place myself.

"I was recommended to try Gin Pills, which I did, and I received immediate relief after taking four doses, and by the time the first box of Gin Pills was finished they had made a complete cure.

"I can with pleasure recommend Gin Pills to any person troubled as I was.

"GEO. M. MacKENZIE."

Gin Pills cure Lame Back because they cure the Kidney. Lame Back is just another name for Sick Kidneys. Hard work and old age strain and weaken the kidneys. These important organs need help, and the acute pain in the back is a sign that they are being overworked.

Give your kidneys the help they need. Get Gin Pills and take them regularly. In a very short time you will be free of pain, the kidneys will have gained new strength, and the Bladder be in excellent condition. Dealers everywhere have Gin Pills at 50c a box—6 for $2 50.

We don't ask you to buy Gin Pills but to try them at our expense, and only buy them after they have proved their value.

Sample box sent to your address, absolutely free of charge if you write the National Drug and Chemical Company, Limited, Dept. G, Toronto.

SPRING BLOOD IS BAD BLOOD

HOW TO GET NEW HEALTH AND NEW STRENGTH IN THE SPRING.

Even the most robust find the winter months trying to their health. Confinement indoors in often overheated and nearly always badly ventilated rooms—in the home, the office, the shops and the school—taxes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thin and watery, or clogged with impurities. Sometimes you get up in the morning just as tired as when you went to bed. Some people have headaches and a feeling of languor; others are low spirited and nervous; still others have pimples and skin eruptions. These are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of order. Many people rush to purgative medicines in the spring. This is a mistake. You can't cure these troubles with a medicine which gallops through your system, and is sure to leave you weaker still. What you need to give you health and strength in the spring is a tonic medicine and the one always reliable tonic and blood-builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish spring ills, but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anaemia, nervous debility, indigestion, rheumatism, and other diseases due to bad blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body. Try this medicine this spring and you will have strength and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer.

Mr. Geo. W. Johnson, Hemford, N. S., says: "A couple of years ago when I came home from a lumbering camp, where I had been employed my blood was in such a condition that my whole body broke out in boils—some six and eight in a nest. These were so painful that I was confined to the house and for three months was treated by my family doctor. I got no better; in fact the sores began to eat into my flesh, and at times were so offensive that I refused to sit at the table with my family. A friend asked me one day why I did not give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and I decided to do so. I got six boxes and before they were all gone the sores began to disappear and my system was much strengthened. I continued using the pills until I had taken twelve boxes when every boil and sore had disappeared, and I have since enjoyed the very best of health."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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10c a package. At all grocers. Made in Canada.

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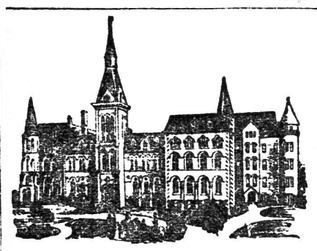

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Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
Atwater Station, O.—Mrs. Anton Muelhaupt.
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Mogadore, Ohio.—Mrs. Lee Manges, Box 131.
Dewittville, N.Y.—Mrs. A. A. Giles.
Johnstown, N.Y.—Mrs. Homer N. Seaman, 108 E. Main Street.
Burtonview, Ill.—Mrs. Peter Langenbahn.

Avoid Operations.

Hampstead, Md.—Mrs. Jos. H. Dandy.
Adrian, Ga.—Lena V. Henry, Route No. 3.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Bessie V. Piper, 29 South Addison Street.
Louisville, Ky.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 3523 Fourth St.
South West Harbor, Maine.—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, Mt. Desert Light Station.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Frieda Rosenau, 544 Meldrum Avenue, *German.*

Organic Displacements.

Mozier, Ills.—Mrs. Mary Ball.
Ligonier, Ind.—Mrs. Eliza Wood, R.F.D. No. 4.
Melbourne, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. F. D. No. 1.
Bardstown, Ky.—Mrs. Joseph Hall.
Lewiston, Maine.—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 56 Oxford Street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second Street, N.
Shamrock, Mo.—Josie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1; Box 22.
Marlton, N.J.—Mrs. Geo. Jordy, Route No. 3, Box 40.
Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.
Ocilla, Ga.—Mrs. T. A. Cribb.
Pendleton, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall, R.R. 44.
Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.

Painful Periods.

Goshen, Ala.—Mrs. W. T. Dalton, Route No. 3.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Tully, 465 Ogden Av.
Paw Paw, Mich.—Mrs. Emma Draper.
Flushing, Mich.—Mrs. Burt Loyd, R. F. D. No. 3; care of D. A. Sanborn.
Coffeeville, Miss.—Mrs. S. J. Jones.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. Flora Ahr, 1362 Ernst Street.
Cleveland, Ohio—Miss Lizzie Steiger, 5510 Fleet Avenue, S.E.
Wesleyville, Pa.—Mrs. Maggie Ester, R.F.D. 1
Dyersburg, Tenn.—Mrs. Lue Hilliard, R.R. 1.
Hayfield, Va.—Mrs. Mayme Windle.

Irregularity.

Herrin, Ill.—Mrs. Chas. Folkel.
Winchester, Ind.—Mrs. May Deal.
Dyer, Ind.—Mrs. Wm. Oberloh, R. F. D. No. 1.
Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1938 Lansdowne Street.
Roxbury, Mass.—Mrs. Francis Merkle, 13 Field Street.
Clarksdale, Mo.—Miss Anna Wallace.
Guysville, Ohio.—Mrs. Ella Michael, R.F.D.3.
Dayton, Ohio.—Mrs. Ida Hale, Box 25, National Military Home.
Lebanon, Pa.—Mrs. Harry L. Rittle, 233 Lehman Street.
Sykes, Tenn.—Minnie Hall.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Louise Jung, 332 Chestnut St.

Ovarian Trouble.

Vincennes, Ind.—Mrs. Syl. B. Jerauld, 508 N. Tenth Street.
Gardiner, Maine.—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R. F. D. No. 14; Box 39.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Chas. Boell, 2407 N. Garnet Street.
Plattsburg, Miss.—Miss Verna Wilkes, R.F.D.1.

Female Weakness.

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Woodside, Idaho.—Mrs. Rachel Johnson.
Rockland, Maine.—Mrs. Will Young, 6 Columbia Avenue.
Scottville, Mich.—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, R.F.D. 3.
Dayton, Ohio.—Mrs. F. R. Smith, 431 Elm St.
Erie, Pa.—Mrs. J. P. Endlich, R. F. D. No. 7.
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Mrs. W. P. Boyd, 2109 Seventh Avenue.
Fairchance, Pa.—Mrs. I. A. Dunham, Box 152.
Fort Hunter, Pa.—Mrs. Mary Jane Shatto.
East Earl, Pa.—Mrs. Augustus Lyon, R.F.D. 2.
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Nervous Prostration.

Oronogo, Mo.—Mrs. Mae McKnight.
Camden, N.J.—Mrs. Tillie Waters, 451 Liberty Street.
Joseph, Oregon.—Mrs. Alice Huffman.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. John Johnston, 210 Siegel Street.
Christiana, Tenn.—Mrs. Mary Wood, R. F. D. No. 3.
Pecos, Texas.—Mrs. Ada Young Eggleston.
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These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.