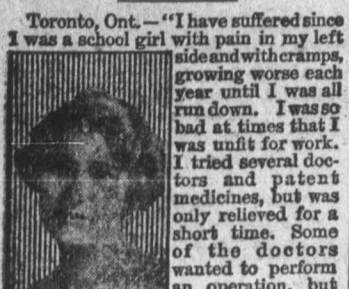


SUFFERING OF YOUNG WOMEN

This Letter Tells How It May be Overcome—All Mothers Interested.



Toronto, Ont.—"I have suffered since I was a school girl with pain in my left side and with cramps, growing worse each year until I was all run down. I was so bad at times that I was unfit for work. I tried several doctors and patent medicines, but was only relieved for a short time. Some of the doctors wanted to perform an operation, but my father objected. Finally I learned through my mother of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and how thankful I am that I tried it. I am relieved from pain and cramps, and feel as if it has saved my life. You may use my letter to help other women as I am glad to recommend the medicine."—Mrs. H. A. GOODMAN, 14 Rockvale Ave., Toronto.

Those who are troubled as Mrs. Goodman was should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Those who need special advice may write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. These letters will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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The Little Stenographer of Brockton

By WILL T. AMES

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"But, mother, I love her," Philip Gunter looked imploringly at his mother, an expression of suffering in his fine gray eyes.

"You don't really. No son of mine could possibly love a motorman's daughter. And think of the opportunities you have and are throwing them away for a little, middle-class, Brockton stenographer."

"Mother, I can't let you talk like that about Edith, and I'll ask you to avoid mentioning her in the future."

"Holy toby! How pompous we are, and as surely as you do marry her, I'll disinherit you and you can have love in a cot—the real thing."

"I don't care a snap of my finger whether you disinherit me or not."

With finality he rose to go, and frantically Mrs. Gunter cast about for another line of tactics.

"Ah, but Phil," she exclaimed, dropping her haughty manner and holding out her arms pleadingly, "you know how I love you, my only boy, and this thing will kill me. It will grieve me to death—you know my heart is bad—and my whole life is wrapped up in you. I lie awake at night dreaming about you and planning your future."

Philip winced and a cloud passed over his clean open face as he rose and put his arm about his mother.

"There, there, Mommy, don't get so worked up."

A maid tapped at the door and presented a card.

"Heavens! Mrs. Mangston's downstairs. Go and talk to her, Phil. I'll come in a minute."

Grateful for the escape, the young man greeted the caller warmly.

"How's it going?" the lady asked with motherly concern.

"Worse than ever. She's just made a dreadful scene and I feel like a murderer."

"My dear Mrs. Mangston, what a pleasure this is!" said the hostess cordially.

With a bow Philip excused himself and soon the two were deep in conversation.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gunter bitterly, "the boy's determined to marry this little stenographer in Brockton and as surely as he does it I'll cut him off without a farthing."

Her voice shook as she spoke and the heavy diamond brooch sparkled and glittered with the rise and fall of her breast.

"Even if you do cut him off that won't prevent his marrying her. What you seem to want to do is to prevent the match," said Mrs. Mangston thoughtfully.

"But how?" asked the other desperately.

"Another girl is usually the best cure," remarked the caller.

"But he says he's sick of girls in his set. He calls them artificial and empty-headed and won't look at them any more."

"Of course not; it'll take some new girl that'll sweep him off his feet."

"But where can we find such a creature?"

"Let me think," Mrs. Mangston pucker her brow as she stared absently at the floor. "Now, I have a sister who has just moved here," she went on after a moment, "and it seems to me that she said that she was going to have a little girl visiting her next week. I might get up a dinner in her honor and invite you and Phil."

"That would be wonderful if you could," said Mrs. Gunter, enthusiastically.

"Good! This girl's coming Monday; let's make the dinner Wednesday."

"You're really too kind," smiled Mrs. Gunter as they parted.

"Not in the least. I'm simply so devoted to Phil that I would do anything in the world to help him out."

Anxiously Mrs. Gunter waited for the appointed time, and after much coaxing, persuaded her son to accompany her.

"Dinners are always a bore, and I know more girls than I want to know," he grumbled as he jerked on his dinner jacket.

They arrived punctually and with covered eagerness Mrs. Gunter watched the meeting between her son and the girl and was gratified to note a glint of admiration in Philip's eyes as he took Randolph Parker's hand.

Later, she decided that she had never seen him so brilliant and entertaining as he was at dinner that night.

"It's working beautifully," she whispered to her hostess.

"But she's such a lovely girl, who could help being gone over her?" replied Mrs. Mangston.

"Who, indeed? Now, why couldn't

he have taken for a girl like that in the first place? How long's she going to stay?"

"Two weeks."

"Better than nothing."

As they took their leave the mother rejoiced to hear her son say:

"Have you any engagement for tomorrow afternoon, or may I take you out in the car and show you some of our points of interest?"

"I shall be glad to go," said Randolph, as she extended her hand.

"Isn't she the most fascinating thing you ever saw? And what beautiful hair and eyes she has!" raved Mrs. Gunter on the way home.

"She's all right," answered the man carelessly.

"I'm going to give a reception and dance for her Friday night," his mother babbled on. "We must show her a good time—let her see how hospitable our city is to strangers."

As the days passed Mrs. Gunter went into ecstasies to learn that practically every day her son took Randolph out, although he never mentioned it to his mother.

"I think they're simply crazy about each other," Mrs. Mangston told Mrs. Gunter toward the end of the visit.

"If we could only make a match of it before he gets his mind on his old flame again."

"It isn't wise to show eagerness," admonished the other woman.

"I know it, but how can you help it when your heart's set on a thing? I don't know a girl I'd rather Phil would marry."

Randolph was persuaded to extend her visit another week, but at last the day arrived when she had to leave.

Mrs. Gunter upbraided herself for having foolishly hoped to hear of their engagement.

"Three weeks," she scoffed to herself. "I'm an idiot to expect them to do it in so short a time."

She was interrupted by the sound of suppressed laughter followed by a knock outside her door.

"Come in," she called, and in walked Philip and Randolph holding hands like two school children.

"Mother, I want to introduce my wife!" said Phil happily.

"What! Why, it can't be possible! My dear children," she laughed and wept as she took them both in her arms. "I loved you the second I saw you, Randolph, and how I wanted you to marry Phil!"

"Mother, this makes me so happy," said her son, "because she's really Edith, you know."

Mrs. Gunter opened her mouth to speak, but no sound came forth as she stared at the girl incredulously. At last she spoke:

"I understand now why Phil was willing to give up his inheritance and defy his mother. Under the circumstances I should have done so, too."

"Mother, you're a regular trump!" exclaimed her son as he gave her a bear hug and waltzed her across the floor.

GUARD THE CHILDREN FROM AUTUMN COLDS

The fall is the most severe season of the year for colds—one day is warm, the next cold and wet and unless the mother is on her guard, the little ones are seized with colds that may hang on all winter. Baby's Own Tablets are mother's best friend in preventing or banishing colds. They act as a gentle laxative, keeping the bowels and stomach free and sweet. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent colds, or if it does come on suddenly their prompt use will relieve the baby. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MR. AND MRS.

What wonderful thoughts come up when these two abbreviations are printed in news item—what intense human interest these portray.

In the country weekly paper, they take the one big place in all items, from the simple visit to relatives, to the larger matters of human life.

"Mr. and Mrs."—the great news item of the universe, the bringer of recollection to the man far from home, who takes his old home town paper, and reads the items of Mr. and Mrs. and let's his mind wander back to the days when he knew the Mr. and Mrs. in knee pants and shall we say, short skirts.

It's the home town paper where the real Mr. and Mrs. news items occur—and to receive the home town paper week in and week out is to know the great happenings of the world, the doings of "Mr. and Mrs."

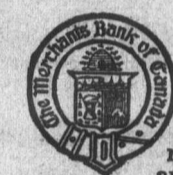
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