

## STOP, WOMAN!

AND CONSIDER  
THE ALL-  
IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers a great many years. Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for many years under her direction, and since her decease, she has been advising sick women free of charge.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

### Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice. When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me."

## The Way of Escape

By JOANNA SINGLE

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

John Kingdon was thoroughly angry. He pulled his cap over his eyes and rushed down a side street to escape Bradford, whose cheerful whistle seemed to be just behind him. He did not want to be pestered to play cards or golf or be pulled to the country club dance. He wanted solitude and his pipe and a chance to wonder why on earth Elizabeth Treynor should suddenly refuse to have anything to do with him after she had golfed and picnicked and sang with him all summer and after she had succeeded in getting him thoroughly in love with her.

He felt ill treated. He did not fail in love easily and in general he did not care for western girls, being a Connecticut man, Yale trained and European finished, before settling to practice medicine in the mid-west. Elizabeth was different, and as he reflected on the difference between her and all other girls in the world he heard Bradford whistling at the Treynor side gate for Jack and then asking if Kingdon were there.

Kingdon slipped over the fence in the twilight and clambered up the first conveniently low branched tree. Panting but triumphant he heard Bradford's account of how he had chased Kingdon and lost him somewhere, and that he wanted him to take Nell Somers to the dance they had just got up on the spur of the moment. And where was Jack's sister? Bradford wanted to ask her to go with him.

Startled by the sound curiously like a suppressed snicker Kingdon decided to climb higher. He reached up for a branch above him and seized a small, warm slipper that gave his hand a little kick.

"Keep still, can't you, and let go my foot?" a whisper admonished him. He looked up and saw Elizabeth sitting high and dry on a horizontal branch, swinging her feet and peering toward the house. "Sh-sh!" she warned again, for her brother Jack and Bradford came into the garden.

"Elizabeth!" Jack called. Then: "Confound girls anyhow! She was here five minutes ago, and her wraps are in the hall. She must be near." On the strength of Elizabeth's checkle Dr. John Kingdon climbed up and sat beside her. Her gray suit made her almost invisible in the growing dark, but she knew by heart the blue of her eyes.

the rich brownness of her hair and the coldness of her manner to him of late.

"What are you doing here?" She tried to get hauteur into a whisper and failed.

"What you are—escaping Bradford evidently. I wouldn't go to the dance because you were to be there." "Thanks," she replied. "Neither would I because you were to be there. That's why I'm here. One has to explain to Richard Bradford, and he always wants to know why."

"I'd like to know why myself." "Oh, be still. Why doesn't he go?" whispered the girl, for the eternal Bradford sauntered under their tree and lighted his pipe.

"Don't wait for me, Jack, old man. I'll wait around a bit, and if she doesn't show up I'll come out alone."

"The confounded idiot!" Kingdon whispered and put out a protecting hand when she seemed to sway a bit. She froze instantly, and he dared not venture excuse or protest.

The darkness had increased, and when the moon came sailing up Bradford swore at his luck and departed, clicking the gate behind him.

"Now, Dr. Kingdon, I think you can make your escape."

"But I don't want to—now! May I not stay long enough to apologize for intruding on your tree solitude?" He spoke softly, with a delicate clipping of the r's. His fine, dark face bent toward her. "I have not meant to persecute you, but you did not answer my letter. I will never trouble you again, but will you not be fair enough to tell me just what I have done? You could do an enemy that justice!" To his surprise she grasped his arm.

"Father and mother?" she murmured. "You'll have to stay. I couldn't explain to them why I am here!" Kingdon hardly breathed, for she forgot to loosen the blessed hold on his sleeve.

Mr. Treynor walked in portly pompousness beside his anxious little wife.

"Elizabeth worries me so," she complained, and they seated themselves on a rustic bench. "She's so difficult! I can't lay it to college and her trip to Europe, for she was lively till just of late. Now she doesn't enjoy society and is getting interested in the poor. And what do you suppose is her reason for refusing to have anything to do with that nice Dr. Kingdon?" "Some fool notion," her father grunted.

"And taking up with that Bradford? I hope she won't marry him. I don't care if we have always known him—he doesn't seem quite nice. Well, he told Elizabeth that Dr. Kingdon said at the club that western girls hadn't reserve enough—that he disapproved of co-education because it made girls too free and easy with men and a lot of stuff like that!"

"She needn't be a fool if he did. He never meant it for her."

"No. I'm from New Hampshire, and she has lived there half her time during the last six years. I wonder where she is now? Probably at Anne's. She's safe enough. Jo, if you're going to sleep we might as well go in. I don't like talking to the air, and I don't like Dick Bradford, and I wish the children were home. Listen to that, now!" Two men, laughing and yelling, drove past in a cart at a furious pace.

"It's Sam Brown," continued Mrs. Treynor. "I wish they didn't live next door. He's sure to kill some one sooner or later. He'll come back drunk about midnight and chase the family out doors. I think the public ought"—Her voice died away as she entered the house with her husband.

Then Kingdon turned and faced the still, proud girl beside him. She held her head high, her beautiful face full in the moonlight.

"Is that true—what your mother said? Is that why you treat me so? Won't you be fair enough to tell me?"

"Well, yes," she admitted. "I don't like being called underbred. It's not true, and you wouldn't like it yourself."

"It was a careless statement, exaggerated by Bradford, and made when I had met only a few girls of the Molly Racer type. You know perfectly well that it never applied to you in my mind or anybody's. I saw at a glance that you were thoroughbred—that you added to the older culture of the east the frank courage and honesty of the west; that you had the poise to be a law unto yourself—and unto me. Oh, I shall finish now, for I shall never speak to you again till you say you wish me to. You are a girl I could adore and be proud of, east or west. I would bear anything for one willing word of love from you. You know me—my pedigree, education and behavior—the best of their kind. I haven't much money, though I shall have, but I have pride—as much as you."

He paused. Elizabeth looked straight at him.

"I was unfair, and I am sorry. I want you to"—A furious rattle of wheels, a sound of cursing and yelling, and Sam Brown's cart careened dangerously as the terrified horse crashed into the fence just beneath. Kingdon started to leap down, then caught the girl's face to his breast and covered her ears with his hands to

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

\$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

is equally good with hard or soft water.

If you use Sunlight Soap in the Sunlight way (follow directions) you need not boil nor rub your clothes, and yet you will get better results than with boiling and hard rubbing in the old-fashioned way.

As Sunlight Soap contains no injurious chemicals and is perfectly pure, the most delicate fabrics and dainty silks and laces may be washed without the slightest injury.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto



5c. Buy it and follow directions 5c.

Your money refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

spare her the sight and sound of the drunken brute being dragged to death. The horse broke loose and dashed away. A crowd gathered, and Kingdon whispered, "Stay here—I'll be back in a moment and get you down." He slipped down into the alley and out into the crowd.

In about twenty minutes—ages to the girl—he again scrambled up beside her.

"I did what there was to do—told them the life had gone out. He never knew what struck him. It's under-taker's work now. This has been miserable enough for you. Let me help you down and to the house." As she did not speak he looked at her. She laughed and held out her hand.

"Will you speak to me—now that I ask you to? You are—the nicest man—I know." She took his hand and climbed down, he after her. "Wait," he commanded, swinging down before her. "I shall lift you down." She was just in easy reach of his arms. "And—another thing—I want you to—kiss me!"

His masterfulness took her breath. "Why should I?" she laughed at last. "It's improper—reason enough for a western girl!" he teased.

"Impertinent and won't stand," she decided. "Another reason."

"Well, Elizabeth—do it—because you want to." He held out his arms, and she could not find it in her heart to deny him.

### Jean Ingelow and the Nightingales.

One evening at dinner Jean Ingelow confessed that though she had often written poems about nightingales, she had never heard one sing. Every one commented on this as extraordinary, and we agreed that a poetess' imagination was a marvelous gift, but we determined that not another night should pass without remedying this grievous omission. It was in May, and about 9 o'clock we led forth Miss Ingelow to the lime avenue, where the nightingales were singing in scores.

We all held our breath to listen as one after another, far and near, broke into song. Presently Miss Ingelow asked anxiously: "Well, are they singing yet? I don't hear anything." It transpired that, being a Londoner and uncertain of unknown shrubberies on a chilly spring evening, she had defied drafts by the simple expedient of putting cotton wool in her ears before venturing out—at least, she said it was on account of drafts, but I thought at the time and still think that her determination to be betrayed into nothing that could savor of sentimentalism had had something to do with it. However, she never minded being chaffed about it and enjoyed the joke as much as any of us.—G. B. Stuart in Lippincott's.

### Sea Gulls as Pirates.

There may be an advantage in birds living in colonies, but I cannot see how any other birds would want to live near a colony of gulls. A gull in his own country will steal like a politician and murder like a pirate. They swarm about us like vultures after a battle. The minute our approach drove a murre or cormorant from its nest the saintly looking scallawags swooped down to eat the eggs and young.

While the gulls are freebooters and robbers on the island, it is only when other birds are frightened from their nests that they have a chance to carry on their nefarious trade. Eternal vigilance is the price the latter pay for their eggs and young. Except when they are frightened by the approach of some person, their possessions are never left for an instant without a guard. But the fittest manage to survive on the rocks, and these gulls are the most useful birds in the bays and rivers about the waterfronts of our cities. They are valuable as scavengers and should be protected in every way. Three of them are equal to a buzzard. Ten of these gulls are equal to a pig.—The World Today.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. BROWN, CHICAGO.

### Feats of the Avalanche.

One still January night a number of people in a tiny Swiss hamlet of the Canton Valais quietly abandoned their homes, and shortly before midnight the avalanche broke loose with plunging roars. It started many others in its downward roll, left the usual track, broke through and destroyed an old straggling larch forest and completely buried a big chalet in which twenty-six persons had taken refuge. Of these nineteen were killed and seven saved. This avalanche found a final resting place in a lake which its broken masses struck with terrific impact, causing thousands of fish to rise to the surface, quite dead. This reminds me that yearly tens of thousands of chamois, foxes, marmots and all kinds of birds, including even the lordly eagle himself, are destroyed by avalanches and their attendant hurricanes. Last season at Andermatt a superb mountain eagle was dug out of an avalanche alive, together with the sheep upon which it had been preying.

### The Romantic Air of Frisco.

San Francisco is permeated with an air of romance and adventure. Nowhere may one turn without being reminded of the legends that have been woven around the forty-miners and their immediate followers. The names of the streets and of the business blocks, such as Kearney, Sutter, Montgomery, Dupont, Flood, Crocker and Sharon, bring to the mind of the visitor long forgotten stories of riot or adventure and of fortunes whose vastness once excited his wonder or made him incredulous. To read the words that are painted upon the street cars of San Francisco is to be carried back in fancy to the time when the city was peopled only by those who, having turned from all else that men hold dear, had gone in search of fortune and found it, always just as they were about to give up in despair and die of starvation or succumb to the hardships with which human endurance could no longer cope.

### Tiaras Made Over.

It may be realized by purchasers of diamond tiaras and the like that styles in settings change almost as frequently as in a woman's hat, and every other year at least must see the precious diadem rebuilt. This adds to original cost, for no self respecting jeweler changes the setting of a costly piece of jewelry without adding a few new stones to the first amount, thereby increasing its value. Of course famous crowns, with associations attached, that have recently come into the possession of very rich Americans remain as first designed, for even an American shows some sentiment when it costs him a fortune to indulge in rich historic jewels, but otherwise diamond and pearl and emerald tiaras are constantly made over.—Boston Herald.

### In Press.

The printer held her upon his knee. As fair a type as you'd wish to see. To objection he said with derision, "Tis now the hour of going to press, But I can hold the form, I guess, To await an important decision." —Judge.

### Breakfast Food.

First Freshman—How's the board over at your place? Second Freshman—Oh, all right, I guess. Tastes just like board, anyway.—Lippincott's Magazine.



AGENT—JOHN W. LUCAS

### To Cure Rheumatism

Free the system from the poison which causes Rheumatism—and then prevent its formation. Learned physicians will tell you this is the only way—it is the way by which DR. SHOOT'S RHEUMATIC CURE brings relief and cures—makes an end of pain and swelling—an end of suffering—an end of Rheumatism. It is put up in handy tablet form, convenient and economical. Begin to use this remedy today. The results will be lasting. Sold and recommended by

T. B. TAYLOR.

## NORTH END BAKERY.

We were never better prepared to supply the wants of the public in everything expected to be found in an up-to-date

Bakery and Confectionery.

— x x —

Candies of All Kinds

Fruits in Season.

Nuts From All Nations.

Cigars That Please Particular Smokers.

Wedding Cakes That Delight Bride and Groom.

— x x —

Your Orders will Receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

S. E. THOMPSON.

Get the Blood of Lord of the Manor, Hambrino King, Proctus, Chicago Volunteer, etc.

IN THE STUD-SEASON 1906.

CANADA'S CHAMPION ROAD STALLION

WALNUT MANOR,

Son of Lord of the Manor and Grandson of Hambrino King

Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1904. Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1905. Winner of first prize and sweepstakes at Toronto 1905.

### DESCRIPTION OF

Canada's Champion Road Stallion

WALNUT MANOR is one of the handiest trotting bred stallions in Canada. His sire, Lord of the Manor, is a sweepstake winner three times in London, three times in Toronto, Orange County Horse Show, N. Y., and Madison Square Garden. His grand sire, Hambrino King, was the most handsome horse in the world. Proctus, the sire of his dam, was a sweepstake winner at London and Toronto. It is no wonder that Walnut Manor is a horse of such grand style and beauty.

WALNUT MANOR is a brown stallion, nearly 16 hands high, and weighs 1,150 lbs. He is a perfect gaited trotter, with perfect legs and feet. Foaled May 1st, 1903. He has a clear-cut, fine shaped head and neck. Through the dam of his sire he traces to the blood of Beautiful Bella, Green Mountain Maid, Alma Mater and Jessie Pepper. Parties wishing to breed to a fashionable road horse would act wisely by seeing this young stallion.

### PEDIGREE

WALNUT MANOR, sire, Lord of the Manor, sire of John Martin 2:22, and Lord Reta 2:18; and full brother to Lady of the Manor 2:04, the world's ex-Champion pacing mare, which record she held for five years; he by Hambrino King, the sire of 50 in the 2:30 list, and the dams of 70 in the 2:30 list, he by Hambrino Patchen, he by Hambrino Chief, he by Hambrino Paymaster.

1st Dam—Nelly M., by Proctus, full brother to Romaine (destroyed by fire), showed his ability to trot in 2:10.

2nd Dam—Maggie R., dam of Nettie D., trial 2:19, by Chicago Volunteer (2011), sire of Hawley 2:23, 16 in 2:30, he by Volunteer (56), sire of St. Julian 2:10, he by Hambrintonian 10.

3rd Dam—Nellie R., dam of Fusilier 2:50, a three-year-old by Tompest, sire of Fulton 2:58, by Royal George (9), sire of Toronto Chief 2:34, and 5 in 2:30.

4th Dam—Dollie, by imported Sir Layton Sykes.

5th Dam—Lady McQueen, by Grey Messenger, by imported Messenger.

### ROUTE.

TUESDAY, MAY 1st—Will leave his own stable and proceed to John Maddock's, lot 6, con. 8, Brooke, for noon; thence to Inwood for night.

WEDNESDAY—Will proceed to the Bevere House, Alvinston, for noon.

SATURDAY—Will be at the Roche House, Watford, for noon.

He will be at his own stable, lot 16, con. 10, Brooke, the rest of the week.

### TERMS.

To insure a mare with foal \$10, payable 1st Jan. 1907. All mares must be in a healthy condition, otherwise not accepted. Mares must be returned regularly to the horse. Parties disposing of their mares before foaling time will be held responsible. All accidents and escapes at owner's risk. No second price.

D. G. MADDOCK, — WALNUT, ONTARIO, Proprietor and Manager.