OPERATIONS AVOIDED

Two Grateful Letters from Women Who Avoided Serious Operations .- Many Women Suffering from Like Conditions Will Be Interested.



When a physician tells a woman, suf-perfect health, saving me the pain of an operation is necessary it, of course, frightens er. fering from female trouble, that an oper-ation is necessary it, of course, frightens the same. Pray accept my hearty thanks and best wishes."

her. The very thought of the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart. As one woman expressed it, when told by her physician that she must undergo an operation she felt that her death knell had sounded. Our hospitals are full of women who

are there for just such operations! It is quite true that these troubles may

reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but such cases are much rarer than is generally supposed, because a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound after the doctors had said an operation must be performed. In fact, up to the point where the knife must be operation must be performed. In fact, up to the point where the knife must be used to secure instant relief, this medi-

cine is certain to help. The strongest and most grateful state-ments possible to make come from women who, by taking Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, have esca-ped serious operations. Mrs. Robert Glenn of 434 Marie St., Ottawa Ont writee

facing the river bank, their backs to Miss Emily's employer, who sniffed in baffled curiosity and gazed their way through a jeweled lorgnon. "Oh, the story is short enough," said Emily bitterly. "Selling daubs and

teaching youngsters in a Colorado town and making good with your brush in New York city are entirely different propositions. I saw it was starvation or real work and so"-

"Let me turn your chair around so

we can talk." Marston suggested, and a moment later they sat side by side.

"Being companion to a woman of her caliber is real work, eh?"

"She is really very kind at heart, and Mr. Maguire is just lovely to me.' At this juncture Mr. Maguire was

shaken with a violent coughing spell. "Emily," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire sharply, "where's the cough medicine?" But Emily Hunt was already digging into her employer's bag.

Deftly she poured the medicine and turned to bring a glass of water. Marston was at her heels, his own drinking cup filled to the brim.

dreadful cold while we were at Groton

The invalid was recovering from the paroxysm and there was nothing for Emily to do but introduce David to her employers.

Mr. Maguire extended a trembling hand. Mrs. Maguire raised her lorgnon. "From Chicago? In pork, I sup-

pose?" David's eyes twinkled even as Emily Hunt's cheeks colored.

"No, not exactly-in the law for pork men.'

Emily bit her lips and, returning to her chair, stared hard at the flying scenery.

"Forgive me, Emily, but I simply had to do it. She is impossible." "But you are in the law"-

"And for men in pork. I am going to Europe on my first big commission." "I am so glad you have found suc-

cess," said Emily in a calm voice, though her heart beat suffocatingly. She might have helped him to find it, but now he was going to Europe for a mighty corporation, and she was a companion, the most despised and inadequately paid personage in the Maguire retint

"Emily, ring for the porter and order clam broth for us all from the buffet Car."

"I don't care for any, if you will excuse me, Mrs. Maguire. I'll order for two."

"Nonsense!" said the domineering Mrs. Maguire. "A cup of hot broth will do you good. You're looking a bit white this afternoon, and we can't afford to have you sick on our hands now, with Maguire on the edge of pneumonia."

The piercing tones ran the length of the car, and there was smothered laughter up and down the lines. With crimson cheeks, Emily touched the button, but when the waiter arrived it was Marston who took the matter in hand and ordered a dainty luncheon. Mrs Magnire admitted that for a

Mr. Marston and I are going to be married tonight and sail for London in the morning. Mrs. Maguire gave vent to an excla-

mation that roused her husband to frightened wonder and made several men in the farther end of the car laugh aloud

The little bride in chair 11 leaned over and touched her husband's hand "Billy, dear, I believe there's a little

story going on right under our noses." Her husband patted her hand tenderly under cover of the friendly dusk.

"Wouldn't be surprised, sweetheart and all I've got to say is I hope that the young man is the sort who will not

gn 'Emily' to a drafty seat." "I hope he is just as dear and good as you are."

And down in the front of the car Marston and Emily Hunt sat gazing out into the night, too happy for words.

Origin of Kleptomania.

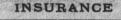
Kleptomania is occasionally induced by continued and close application to the study of a particular subject. A singular case was recently reported from Germany. A well known profes-sor was found to have transferred to his own private collection many of the valuable butterflies of which he had charge in his official capacity. The existence of mental derangement was clear from the facts that came out in the course of the investigation afterward made by the museum authorities. It was found that the professor had often sent his wife out all day to catch butterflies, so intense was his passion for these insects. On one occasion the professor, while hunting a butterfly, was nearly run over by an express train. At another time he fell into a river, and once both he and his wife fell into a pond,-Manchester Guardian CLEVER, BUT TROUBLESOME.

Characteristics of Red Ants That Invade the Pantry.

The small red ant, the pest of the pan The small red ant, the pest of the pan-try in country or town, is as clever as she is bothersome. Many a time a despair-ing housewife has marked a path of tar-around the legs of tables or refrigerators, to find next day that the engineering corps had brought grains of sand to build a bridge over the tar and that the work-are more merrily conf the sugar a bridge over the tar and that the work-ers were merrily carrying off the sugar, syrup or whatever they had decided to store away for winter. Once, when sand was lacking, it was found that "the work-ers had returned to their village and had brought over a drove of their cows and had stuck them in the tar, cheerfully sacrificing them to the urgent needs of commerce commerce

Learning that chalk lines drawn on the floor would keep the ants away, the acid in the chalk being too strong for the senitive ant noses, a man once drew a thick line around a party of ants that was foraging across the kitchen floor. He kept them there several days, as none would cross the line. Finally, feeling sorry for them, he chopped up some fine grass and dropped it in the circle, that they might eat and keep them from starving .- New York Tribune.

Where Can The Hired Man Wash His Feet.



J. H. HUME.

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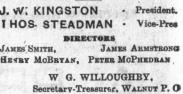
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Sole Agent for VICTOR and BER-LINER GRAMOPHONES.



ON BOARD THE FLIER By Marion Benton Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

Miss Margaret Merkley of 275 3d Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes : Dear Mrs. Pinkham :-

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:--"Loss of strength, extreme nervousness, severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps, bearing-down pains, and an irritable disposition compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination, said that I had a serious female trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation as my only hope." To this I strongly objected-and I decided as a last resort to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "To my surprise the ulceration healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared, and I and I cannot express my thanks for what it has done for me." Serious feminine troubles are steadily on Serious feminine troubles are steadily on

the increase among women—and before submitting to ɛn operation every woman should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice.

ped serious operations.
Mrs. Robert Glenn of 434 Marie St.,
Ottawa, Ont., writes:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham :-"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so well and widely known that it ation, falling and displacement, weakness, irregularities, indigestion and nervous prostration. Any woman who could read the many grateful letters on file in mast undergo an operation, but at I was unwilling to do this, I tried your Vegetable Compound.
Lynn, Mass., for advice.
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so well and widely known that it ation, falling and displacement, weakness, irregularities, indigestion and nervous prostration. Any woman who could read the many grateful letters on file in the doctors told merita it was unwilling to do this, I tried your Vegetable Compound.
Act Mre. Pinkham's Advice... Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

at their lodge in the Catskills, for the ARAN TANK BUTTON AND 'limited had stopped at the small town close to fashionable mountain fastnesses on special orders.

"You don't think anything will happen to Emily trying to cross the platman anxiously "It's a vestibuled train!" shrieked his wife. "I told her to stay until all three of the dogs had been properly chained. You remember the time we came- Oh, there she is!" There was much craning of necks as the third member of this interesting party came through the narrow passageway around the drawing room. Her advent promised further entertainment to travel bored passengers. Only one of the latter did not crane his neck. He simply sat staring at the girl, his hands gripped hard on the arms of the chair. she was a slender, refined looking girl, dressed in black from her dull calfskin ties to her stiffly tailored trav-eling hat. At her throat and wrists were fine linen bands. Marston recalled with a shudder that a maid who had opened the door for him at a fashionable Denver home had worn just such a black frock with white bands. The girl carried a bundle of canes, umbrellas and golf sticks. As she tilted them in the corner beside the elderly man she said something to him which he seemed to hear, though she did not follow his wife's example and raise her voice. He settled back with a contented air. "There's your chair, Emily," said the woman, waving her hand across the aisle. The girl turned, stepped across the aisle, looked at Marston, caught her breath sharply and sank into her chair, which she wheeled so that her back was turned squarely upon him. By this time David had recovered

"Thanks. Mr. Maguire took such a lodge.'

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"We'll take those three seats. I sup pose it's the best you can do. Lawrence, you sit there. No, no-on this There's a draft on that side." side.

"But I want to see the river." said the elderly man querulously and with a gesture akin to throwing aside a detaining hand, though his florid and verdressed wife had not laid so much as a finger tip on his arm.

"I tell you there's a draft on that mide," she said sharply.

"Well, you don't want to sit in a draft either," persisted her husband. "No; Emily can sit there. She is oung. Drafts won't hurt her."

David Marston raised his paper sudfienly to hide the smile that would come. He was sitting on the drafty side, too, right behind the chair in the parlor car which had raised the discussion. He, too, wanted to see the Hudson, the Palisades and other points of interest of which he had read and which he was enjoying for the first

time. "Where is Emily?" asked the husband, now settled unwillingly in the chair selected for him.

"She's making sure that there's a ice man in the baggage car to look after the dogs. She'll be along in a minute

By this time David Marston was not the only passenger interested in the domestic drama. Every man and woman in the car had laid aside paper or book, roused to attention by the piercing tones and dominating bearing of the woman. The shrill speech might have been forgiven on the plea that the husband was evidently very deaf. The manner was less forgivable. Newly acquired riches were stamped all over the tightly laced, middle aged figure. The characteriess face, due to much electric massaging, spoke of hours spent with beauty experts. Her frock,

wrap and hat shricked, "Paris!" Evidently the couple were going back to New York after_a brief_stay.

thought and speech. He rose, delib-erately walked in front of the girl and extended his hand.

"Don't tell me that a mere trifle like a beard makes me unrecognizable, Emily. I should have known you even if you had dyed your hair."

The girl's hand lay limply in his, then she pulled herself together and withdrew it.

"Oh, I knew you at once. But the shock"-

"Precisely. It was a shock to meto find you with them."

The gesture was slight, but Emily Hunt knew what he meant, and her cheeks crimsoned. "I can explain"-

man "in pork" he knew how to order. It annoyed her that she could not communicate this discovery to her husband. Later she said something of the sort to Emily, who had brought Mr. Maguire an evening paper picked up at Poughkeepsie.

Emily did not seem to hear the patronizing remark of her employer. Her mind had leaped forward to that moment when the train should pull into the Grand Central depot. Then she and the Maguires would enter the carriage held in waiting by liveried servants, and Marston would go his self made independent way. When she returned to her chair, the dull foggy dusk was settling down on the river. Pretty soon on the broad six track way trains loaded with suburbanites would be shooting past them, suburbanites going home to cottages and firesides all their own, where women who had never dreamed of artistic careers waited for them.

The porter received Mrs. Maguire's curt comment on poor gas with abject apologies.

"Suthin's sure wrong, but we can't, locate the trouble, but we'll soon be in town," he said and hurried on. He

knew the Maguire type. Emily started. Marston's hand was on her arm, not gently or as a reminder that he deserved her attention, but in a masterly, determined clasp.

"Emily, do you think for one minute I am going abroad and leave you with that-that sort of woman? I've got to sail in the morning. There is not much time, but you can get frills and frocks in Paris, and when we come home, if visiting art centers abroad has roused your ambitions once more, I'll have you study with the best"-

"I don't want to study; I have no ambitions: I just want"-Marston bent very close to catch the last word-"you."

"Emily, get a rug for Mr. Maguire," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire so sharply that the dozing passengers all woke up. Then as the girl leaned over to pick up the fallen rug Mrs. Maguire whispered harshly:

"I guess you forget where you are!" "No," replied Emily happily. "I've only just found out where I belong.

A hired man called at The World yester-day and asked tor the farming editor. He said : "I'm tired of all this talk of going back to the land, the good grub on the farm, the big pay that the farmer thinks he is paying us. I want to ask you, I want to ask every blooming farmer, one simple question, and I want a straight answer : Where 'can the hired man wash his feet ? I au what you'd call an ordinary man, but I like to wash my feet. But please do not answer by talking about the creek, or the rain-water barrel or the pump. The farming editor started throwing him self into continuous handeprings and is still

self into continuous handsprings and is still so exercising himself at the hour of going to press. The question was evidently superexcitatory.

Fits Your Case Exactly.

You know how you feel,—blue, sickly and heavy. Each morning you waken in dull "dopy" condition and wish it were night again. Your liver is wrong and needs fixing with Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they do cure all liver ills. At once the system is releved of poisons, blood is euriched and purpled 'appetite increases and direction is relieved of poisons, blood is enforted and purified, appetite increases and digestion picks up. Health and vigor return because Dr. Hamilton's Pills make the body proof against weakness and disease. For your liver, your kidneys, your stomach, for the sake of your looks and feelings, try Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box at any dealers.

Six Die In Mine Fire

Strathcona, Alta., June 12 .- The direst strathcona, Atta, June L. – The driss calamity in the history of Strathcona oc-curred here when six men lost their lives as a result of fire, which destroyed the equipment of Walters' mine, caused a loss of \$10,000, threw 50 men out of em-ployment and cast a gloom over the whole city.

whole city. The dead are all old countrymen.

Section Man Killed on Track.

S. Cerrille, Italian section man on the C. P. R., was instantly killed vesterday morning, near Port Credit. He stepped out of the way of a west bound passenger train and when it passed walked in front of an eastbound passenger train.

King's Attendant Dies.

London, June 12.—The gaieties attend-ing the International Horse Show of Olym-pia were saddened by the sudden death from heart disease of Gen. Sir Arthur E. A. Ellis, who was in attendance upon King Edward at the opera. General Ellis was born in 1847. born in 1847.





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