

MRS. ANDERSON TELLS WOMEN

How Backache and Periodic Pains Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Leslie, Sask.—"For about a year I was troubled with a distressing down-bearing pain before and during the periods, and from terrible headaches and backache. I had to go to a doctor, and as I knew several women who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results, I finally bought some and took four bottles of it. I certainly do recommend it to every woman with troubles like mine. I feel fine now and hope to be able to keep my medicine on hand at all times, as no woman ought to be without it in the house."—Mrs. OSCAR A. ANDERSON, Box 15, Leslie, Sask.

Mrs. Kelsey Adds Her Testimony
Copenhagen, N. Y.—"I read your advertisement in the papers and my husband induced me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to get relief from pain and weakness. I was so weak that I could not walk at times. Now I can do my housework and help my husband out doors, too. I am willing for you to publish this letter if you think it will help others.—Mrs. ELIZABETH KELSEY, R. F. D., Copenhagen, N. Y.

An Indispensible Favorite

OR

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXIV

The month of May, with its nipping east winds and its chestnut blossoms and its bright, cold sunshine, has lapsed into June, sweet, placid, odorous June, with all its bright-colored blossoms and its perfumes and its balmy south winds, stirring the fresh green leaves and the flowering grasses; and the grand old crimson roses, in gorgeous clumps beneath the veranoeas, are all growing and nodding their royal heads and sending forth their faint, sweet honey-scents to the warm breeze.

And Yolande Glynn, wandering about under the sycamores and past the clumps of peonies, and the old-fashioned lilac bushes and golden pendants of laburnum blossom which hedge about the lawn and gardens at Fair View, feels on this fair June morning that her heart is gladsome for a brief space, that smiles come to her face unforced; and even some words of an old half-forgotten song ripple over her lips.

"It's a hundred times nicer here than in London; don't you think so, Aunt Keren?" Yolande says, brightly. "Yes, my dear," Aunt Keren replies, dutifully.

"I hope you are not fretting and troubling about all that grand furniture in London, aunt," Yolande says, soothingly. "I am sure you needn't. The Taylors will use it well, seeing how fresh and handsome it is."

"Use it well!" Aunt Keren repeats fretfully. "If the way they have treated the furniture here is a sample of good usage, I don't expect one of those carpets nor a bit of that splendid olive satin furniture in the drawing-room will be worth looking at! They'll wear it out more in six months than we should do in six years, unless we had—with an accession of ire and bitterness at the retrospect—a few housemaids like that last horrid creature who never put a tea-tast on the floors when she swept them and told me not to bother her with dust-covers!"

"She was a very impudent girl," Yolande says, trying to soothe her aunt, and wishing wearily that she would leave the troubles of her London house in her London house, seventy-five miles away, and not bring her anxieties about fine furniture and careless tenants and saucy housemaids into this June morning, with the scents of the lilacs and peonies floating subtly sweet, and the shadows falling across the warm sun-lit paths.

Riches have wrought an unpleasant effect in poor Miss Dormer's nature, as in many another's. She has grown fussy, anxious, irritable with the weight of added cares. Her grand house in Rutland Gardens, her grand furniture, her servants, are all portions of a long nightmare which presses upon her waking hours as well as upon her sleeping ones. Between the

nightmare and the east wind she has broken down in a sharp fit of illness her second this year, from which she has scarcely recovered at the present time. Her doctor ordered change of air, and so it came very opportunely that the tenants to whom Fair View was let furnished wanted to come to London, and delightedly exchanged the old-fashioned small county house for the large new-fashioned and rather gorgeous town house; and poor Miss Keren-happuch Dormer was thus restored to her familiar well-beloved household gods, desecrated though she grieves to find them by careless servants, uncleanly children, and an easy-tempered master and mistress.

She grieves quietly though deeply about Yolande's unhappy marriage, which is to her a distressing mystery that she is seldom able to forget—never indeed for hours after one of Mrs. Sarjent's visits, at that excellent lady is up in arms with zeal and indignation, curiosity and excitement on the subject of Captain Glynn's "abominable behavior."

"He's done something horrid—that's why she won't live with him," she remarks, with a nod of assurance. "She found it out during their honeymoon. I saw a change in her look and manner the very first minute I laid my eyes on her. He has run away with some woman," Mrs. Sarjent adds, in a sepulchral whisper, up in poor old Miss Dormer's bedroom, where she lies ill and helpless, and fevered with the suggestions her visitor pours into her ears. "And she was in the right!" Mrs. Sarjent says, determinedly, believing her own story thoroughly. "Shows a proper spirit in the girl not to put up with such conduct from any husband, no matter how high and mighty and well-born he was!"

Silas Dormer, too, frets about his niece and his niece's husband, immersed in business, in money-making and money-losing though he is, and, man-like, he relieves the discomfort of his mind by being very cross and low-spirited at home—it would not do to wear such a face in the city as he wears among the goshberry-bushes at Fair View. After one serious remonstrance with his niece, and a request that she will allow him to interfere and "bring Captain Glynn to book," which Yolande refuses with earnest tears, Mr. Dormer desists from further interference.

"My husband and I have agreed to part for a while, uncle. It was my wish. It is no fault of his that we are not living together," she says, and hopes she is saying only the truth. "We

did not care much for each other after we were married, and we are better apart. He will come to see me soon, I dare say, and then you can talk to him, uncle, if you wish."

"I don't understand that sort of talk!" Mr. Dormer rejoins grumpy, his provincial accent coming out strongly. "When young folks are married, it's their duty, Yolande, to care for each other."

Back again in dear old Fair View, with its lack of anything like a view, and its peaceful walls and homely doors and flower-scented gardens, as in the old, peaceful days, are love and misery made themselves her acquaintances. Yolande does not feel sad, neglected, and lonely as in London. Hope is waited for her in the intangible edginess of the soft wind; there are whispers of sweetness and happiness in the dancing leaves and nodding flowers, in the white narcissi swaying in the breeze, and the pyramids of lilac bloom. When earth is so beautiful, heaven cannot be far off.

Yolande has written again, not to Dallas, but to Lady Nora, telling her, in as gentle and delicate terms as she can employ, that Dallas and she are parted through a misunderstanding, "in which I own I was much to blame," writes poor Yolande humbly; "but the grief I have suffered since has been, I think, punishment enough for my fault, and Dallas knows how truly I love him."

She blushes at the sentence as it stands written; it looks so much like a miserable confession of "unreciprocated affection"—it looks so much like what it really is, though it is written concerning the man who is her lawful husband, and written to his mother. But on the writing and despatch of that letter Yolande has sown a grain of hope which has sprung up like the prophet's gourd vine, blossoming fair and high above her head in the course of a single day and night.

It was only on the day before yesterday she wrote that letter; but it is quite possible, she thinks, that she may have a reply from Lady Nora this forenoon.

"And I feel somehow that I shall have an answer very soon," Yolande says to herself with a dreamy smile, wandering away from Aunt Keren in her techy mood among the lilacs and acacias that grow in clumps near the garden gate. "I feel sure there is some news for me, as if something very good were going to happen to me!"

(To be continued.)

PIMPLES ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

Hard, Large and Scaled Over, Itched and Burned.

"My trouble began with a breaking out of pimples on my face which were healed by Cuticura Soap. Some of the pimples were hard and large and scalded over. They caused much itching and burning, and my face was sore and red.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in two weeks I could see an improvement. I continued using them and in six weeks was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Flora Newcomb, Box 22, Fairview, Maine, Feb. 7, 1922.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets are all you need for all skin troubles. Bath with Soap, scrub with Ointment, use Tablets without soap. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold every-where. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold every-where. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold every-where.

Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

Mind and Body.

(By Lord Riddell, in John O'Leary's Weekly.)
Dr. Cotton, Medical Director of the New Jersey State Hospital, has made a remarkable contribution to that long and much-debated subject—the relation of body and mind.

Aristotle expressed the opinion that the solution of this all-important question depended upon a wider and more accurate knowledge of human functions. For 2,500 years little progress was made in solving the enigmas. Religions and philosophical conceptions held the field, and it is only during recent years that physiologists have attacked the problem of how thoughts are manufactured in the human laboratory. The prevailing idea was that body and mind were distinct entities. Mind was not regarded as a function of the individual as a whole.

The early Christians, for example, believed that insanity was caused by the presence of an evil spirit which had entered the body and had to be driven out by violent methods. Strange as it may seem in these enlightened days, traces of this weird belief dominated the treatment of the insane until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Tuke, the English Quaker, and Pinel, a Frenchman, initiated a new order of scientific treatment, based on the theory that insanity is a disease. Before their time, physicians, when treating lunatics, prescribed as many lashes or other atrocities, in the same way as so many pills. The implications are obvious. Mind was mind, and body was body. If the patient was out of his mind, he had to be brought back by castigation and correction. No one dreamed that mind and body were so intertwined that the illness of the former was due to some defect of the latter. Insanity was a disease of the spirit to be treated as such. Since Tuke and Pinel great progress has been made in the treatment of the insane, and Sir Frederick Mott and others have discovered that thought depends upon well-defined mechanical and chemical processes.

Now for Dr. Cotton and his little book, with its grim title, "The Defective Delinquent and Insane" (Oxford University Press). Dr. Cotton writes for medical men, but the book is easy reading for the layman. In short this is what he tells us: Several types of insanity are admittedly due to brain injuries caused by disease. These are visible on post-mortem examination. The causes of other types are more obscure, because the brain gives no indication. In 1876, however, Sir George Savage, an English doctor, suggested that these types were due, in many cases, to chronic poisoning of the patient's system. This line of inquiry was developed by Roger, a Frenchman, Sir Frederick Mott, Dr. Hunter, Henry S. Upson, and others. The result has been a revolution in the treatment of certain prevalent types of insanity. The removal of septic teeth or tonsils, or cleansing abscessed internal organs, often turns a lunatic into a sane person. This treatment has been carried out most successfully on a large scale by Dr. Cotton, whose percentage of cures since its adoption has risen from 66 to 87 per cent. Most of the cures have proved permanent. Britain has not been behindhand, similar methods having been adopted at several of the great asylums, notably by Dr. Goddall at Cardiff and Dr. Graves at Birmingham. Unfortunately many asylums are not suitably equipped with the necessary laboratories and staff. A movement is on foot to remedy this defect, and it is obvious that the expense would be more than recouped by the consequent reduction in the number of patients who would otherwise be a charge on the ratepayer.

"Edna says she uses lemon-jules on her face for her complexion." "I wondered what gave her that sour look?" Employer—"So you want the afternoon off to go to your aunt's funeral?" Typist—"Yes, please, sir—42 is doesn't rain."

"What is a flirtation?" "Attention without intention."

The Diary of a Journalist

GENE OF HUMOUR BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

(Tri-Bits.)

One of the funniest stories told by Sir Henry Lucy ("Toby, M.P.") in "The Diary of a Journalist" (Murray) is that concerning Mr. Lloyd George and his chauffeur. It was night, and Mr. Lloyd George was returning home through the country. The chauffeur was ordered to light the lamps.

As the process took some time, Mr. Lloyd George got out of the car and went round to the back to see if all was right with the rear lamp. At the same moment the chauffeur, concluding that his passenger was inside, started off at full speed and the car disappeared in the distance.

Mistaken for a Lunatic.

Mr. Lloyd George set off to walk home, a present, reaching the county lunatic asylum, he sought the aid of the authorities for a lift.

The porter shook his head, and prepared to close the door. "But," said the wayfarer, "I am the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Yes, yes," said the porter, gruffly, "we've got six of 'em inside. You'll go out the gate turn to the left, and you'll get home before morning."

Here are some more stories told by Sir Henry:—
A doctor in Bristol was engaged by the War Office during the war to examine the condition of a wounded man sent home from the Front, and report upon the possibilities of his being again fit for military service. He replied that having had an arm amputated the man was permanently incapacitated. Back came the searching official inquiry: "How do you know Private _____ has only one arm?"

"Sir," replied the medical man, "I counted it!"
One day at luncheon at the home of Prince Bismarck, the Princess went up to her husband and deftly adjusted his necktie, which had got almost under his right ear.

"For fifty years," said Bismarck, "I have been battling with my necktie. The bow will never remain in its place, but always turns round, and ends to the same side."

In a certain club an old Admiral was pointed out to Sir Henry Lucy as a man who had an extraordinary habit of contradicting anyone with whom he conversed. He once, Sir Henry was told, flatly contradicted Queen Victoria.

He attended one of the Queen's receptions and was presented to Her Majesty, who had heard something of his propensity.

"I hear, Admiral, you contradict everyone who speaks to you," said the Queen.
"Your Majesty is misinformed," replied the Admiral, gruffly. "I do nothing of the sort."

A Postcard Comedy.

An American lady, whose husband was a millionaire, saw a vase for sale priced at \$1,000. She wrote to her husband in Chicago, giving a glowing account of the treasure and asking him to telegraph if he were prepared to pay so much.

Back came the reply. "No price too high."
Jubilantly replying to the auction room, she became the proud possessor of the vase. It was afterwards learned that what her husband had telegraphed was, "No; price too high."

Lord Harcourt ("Loulou") once showed Sir Henry a postcard which had reached him and which read: "Many thanks for your note with enclosure. Sir Edward's message sent to me at Members' Mansions, was duly forwarded. We shall be up on Wednesday at noon and will lunch in the study. Ask Lang at stores to give you a tender steak (narrow cut, such as I choose), and boil some rice for one o'clock lunch."

Inquiry brought a quite reasonable explanation. Interrupted when halfway through the missive, the lady, after a brief interval, returned to her desk and, being under the impression that she had started a postcard containing instructions for the cook, contained the message on the card addressed and duly delivered to the bewildered valet. The signature was that of Sir Henry's wife.

At a garden party Sir Henry once met Mr. William Lowther, father of the ex-speaker of the House of Commons (Lord Ullswater), just after the son had become speaker. Sir Henry asked if the new speaker was at the party.

"No," was the reply; "he has gone to play croquet."
"Well," was the rejoinder, "I do hope the ball won't catch the speaker's eye."

Princess Mary Robbed.

Sir Ernest Shackleton was once presented to the ex-Kaiser at Berlin. Before being introduced, he was warned that he must refrain from controversial any of the Emperor's statements. The Kaiser made inquiries as to the habits of white bears in the region of the South Pole.

"There are no white bears there, Your Majesty," said Shackleton. "No white bears!" exclaimed the Kaiser, regarding the explorer with a withering glance. "Why not?"

On the evening of Coronation Day, Princess Mary was met on the stairs at Buckingham Palace by one of the gentlemen in attendance, who remarked: "Well, little lady, so it's all over."

tea

when properly infused is a healthy, invigorating beverage and the true flavour of the fresh young leaf is an exquisite revelation.

"SALADA"

has a pure fragrant flavour that is most refreshing and you will be delighted with it.

For 31 years we have been blending this unique tea, and today its sales are larger than those of all the other packet teas combined.

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IN SEALED METAL PACKETS ONLY.

Sunburn and a Cure.

I just love a real good, hot, scorching summer—the days when the air is still and misty, and you feel hot even if you sit in a garden doing nothing. Delicious! But every rose has its thorns, and one of the sharpest thorns belonging to this sort of weather is the way in which we get sunburnt. I don't mean a nice, moderate kind of sunburn, which brings out little freckles and turns your skin to a pretty healthy brown. I can look at myself in the glass quite complacently when I am sunburnt in that form. But the sort of sunburn that takes the skin off your nose, and, worst of all, makes the low neck which your dress leaves bare a brilliant crimson, is difficult to endure with calmness. I got my neck burnt early this year, and since then I have been religiously trying every remedy that my acquaintances told me to try it. All and with no effect whatever. But at last—at long last—I found something! A tried and true bottle the other day which would do the trick, and it did it on two or three times—the sunburn has nearly gone, the wonderful stuff has been paid by a country chemist. It serves to make his fortune, and he will.

Keep the files from your Parliament, using Wire Dish Covers at lowest prices. See the fact that the Daily Telegraph is the most satisfactory and complete reference can be published.

MIXED MIXTURE
Duggan, Government
Farmers, 2; Inver-

Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Pure, full-cream country milk combined with sugar, that is Purity Brand. The ideal milk for use in all recipes that call for both milk and sugar. Besides adding a distinctive flavor, it is decidedly economical.

Keep a Supply in the Pantry



Cotton of twelve different grows in Peru.
In seven years the entire tax has yielded \$27,600,000.
Three thousand merchant by the Japanese flag.
Cucumbers contain approximately ninety per cent of water.
The English language contains between 400,000 and 500,000 words.
The first astronomical year Moore's Almanack was published 1897.
Forty thousand tons of tobacco smoked in the United Kingdom year.
A butterfly's eye has been photographed by an amateur scientist.
A strong hive of bees will contain 60,000 insects. A queen bee is fed to lay about a million and eggs during her lifetime.
Limestone bearings are being in Germany on railway carriages in other pieces of machinery.
The bearings work under high pressure.
During recent tests an ant lead shot 300 times its own weight to equal this feat, a man was to move along with fifty tons back.
Insects which live on vegetable foods are slow and unattractive, those which feed on animal foods are very active, pitiless, and some.
Under a will "father" had in sixteenth century the Mayor of Lingham receives stipend of the to a certain church service, the of the husband of the woman.

After Every Meal WRIGLEY'S

All the goodness, flavor and quality that goes into WRIGLEY'S at the factory IS KEPT IN IT FOR YOU.

The sealed package does that—You break the seal.

WRIGLEY'S is pure chicie and other ingredients of the highest quality obtainable. Made under modern sanitary conditions.

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FREE STATE... LON...
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