

## THREE FACTS For Sick Women To Consider.

First.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful periods, displacements of the female organs, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

Second.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.

For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, inflammation of the female organs, weakness and displacements, regulating the periods perfectly and overcoming their pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the change of life.

Third.—The great volume of unsolicited and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by periodicals, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

**Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.**—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. From symptoms given, your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.—Mrs. Pinkham is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease she has been advising sick women free of charge. Out of the vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

## How do you know you do not need

## BU-JU The Gentle Kidney Pill

If there is pain in the back and through the hips, you need Bu-Ju. If the hands and ankles are swollen, you need Bu-Ju. If there are headaches or neuralgia, you need Bu-Ju. If you are nervous and do not sleep well at night, you need Bu-Ju. If there is a constant desire to urinate, you need Bu-Ju. If the urine is reddish, cloudy, milky, hot and scalding, you need Bu-Ju. Especially if you are tormented with inflammation of Muscular Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, you certainly do need Bu-Ju.

If you have any of the above symptoms, don't hesitate, don't delay. Take Bu-Ju, and cure yourself.

I am anxious that you should know the relief and benefit I have derived from taking Bu-Ju. The effect has been marvelous. I had suffered severely for years with pain in the back, especially on rising in the morning and I am pleased to say that the pain has completely disappeared. Before using Bu-Ju, I had tried every remedy I heard of for kidney trouble, without obtaining relief. I would strongly advise anyone suffering from kidney trouble to take Bu-Ju without delay.

It costs only 3c. a day to take Bu-Ju, and your money refunded if they fail to cure. 50c. a large box. At druggists, or sent on receipt of price.

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WINDSOR, ONT.



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Makes light white bread, dainty appetizing biscuits, retaining all the healthful properties of the best wheat. Makes the daintiest luxuries, Pastry and Cakes—so tempting that one bite invites another—yet so wholesome. 38

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## AS A MAN SOWS

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BY HELEN WALLACE.

Author of "The Greatest of These," "Their Hearts' Desire," Etc

"I have merely spoken to her. Being so young and already engaged, they didn't take her about much," he said, suavely. "She struck me as being very shy and timid, though I know some people go further and hint—"

"That she wants something of the shilling Vi misused there sent for him with her usual loud laugh.

Mr. Ashe found this method of getting information without committing himself to direct questions or statements a very useful one.

"Oh, no, of course not; dear Isobel, as you say, is very shy and timid," she said, rolling her fine eyes upward to the faint blue film of her cigarette smoke. "But I should like to know," sitting more erect and speaking with sudden rancor, "what induced her to leave home in that extraordinary fashion, or, since I understand that she'd walk into the river if anyone had her do it, perhaps I should say who induced her?"

Young Lane, who had the entry into that charmed circle on the verge of which his hostess was still uneasily hovering, had been captured by a mature lady who coveted youthful homage, so that Vi could unburden her tongue—not that she ever subjected it to much restraint.

"If I were Basil Conyers, I'd like to know that," she went on; "but perhaps he thinks it wiser not to ask too many questions; for, if he wants Stormont, he's got to take her with him—not that he needs it, for he's not plenty of his own; but that never hindered any man that ever I knew from wanting more," said Vi, shrewdly.

And how much more eagerly a man wants it if he had nothing, and how much more excuse there is for him. Evelyn Ashe may have been thinking as he lay lazily back amid the dry, springy heather and pined Miss Rudgeley.

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ley with questions, which, to the limit of her knowledge, and far beyond it, she was but too ready to answer, and the story lost nothing in suggestiveness by passing through Vi Rudgeley's mind and coming from her lips.

"Why, is it time that we were making a move already?" she explained, with genuine surprise and regret, as the keepers began to huddle suggestively about, and the men got up with more or less alacrity from the heather.

Ashe was one of those who fingered a little. He could afford to lose a little of that golden afternoon, for he had spent what might prove to be a most profitable hour, and, though the knowledge might not be very flattering to his self-love, he was conscious that by simply encouraging her ill-natured gossip and her railing against Stormont pride and Stormont exclusiveness, he had made more progress in Miss Rudgeley's good graces than by his most careful and carefully prepared address.

And to progress in Vi's good graces was of the utmost importance to the Hon. Evelyn Ashe—some people laid a slightly ironical emphasis on the courtesy prefix. Of the great army of those who live by their skill, the skilful practitioners devote themselves to a special class—the young, the old men or women—and it was among the last that Mr. Ashe found his subjects, and for his chosen walk in life he was well equipped. An effective personality—a tall figure, slight and graceful without being unmanly; a well-featured face, with somewhat remarkable eyes of an opaque slaty gray, which could look molting and the would-be mocking as occasion required, but which were always, as one of his fair friends dubbed them, "inscrutable," a definition which, as supplying a touch of mystery, added sensibly to his stock in trade. That hint of mystery had been judiciously heightened by vague rumors of some romance, some quixotic conduct which had hindered his advance in life. How such reports had originated it might be uncharitable to inquire; but fortunately for Mr. Ashe, "hawks do not pick out hawks' eyes," and, though a good many men despised him, and still more disliked him, those who knew did not take the trouble to disclose his baseless floating fictions were.

In his own class he was well enough received because of his birth and connections, while amid the great and ever-increasing army of the "nouveau riches" and the "nouveau nobles" he posed as an authority upon the great world, and his services were eagerly sought after as guide and adviser in its untrodden ways. Of course, his life was a wealthy marriage, but rich women are too well watched, or proved themselves, as Vi Rudgeley had as yet done, much too wary and too well aware of the price they could command.

Now, as the autumn afternoon burned away in its brief glory, his thoughts were busy, though he showed his usual excellent form as a shot, not only for his own credit and pleasure, but to pay for his invitation in recognized fashion by running up the price of a big bag. Vi Rudgeley's talk, half heedless, half malicious, had suggested what appeared a very profitable opening for his special talents.

He topped a long slope, and as the wide view burst upon him he stood still. Far away in the sunny distance he could see the great house looming over the broad valley, and at the thought of all it implied he drew a deep breath. For a moment he let his racing fancies have full play, then, calculating reason pulled them up. He had better have something to go upon before he played Almahar; meantime the first thing was to get a footing at Stormont, and then feel his way with the girl herself.

A bird rose, though almost beyond range. He took a swift and steady aim, and as it came pitching earthward a mass of ruffled feathers, which had been a thing of life a moment before, his thin but well-cut lips drew to a reflective smile, as if he had brought down more than a bird on the wing.

CHAPTER VI.  
On the Terrace.

"Then she remembers nothing—nothing at all! It seems impossible. Of course, one has heard of such things, but I always thought it was story-book rot."

"So did I," said Lady Stormont, "but Dr. Purves says it is by no means uncommon, and so does Sir Hugh Weston. I did not write to you that we had had him here," as Conyers started slightly at the mention of the great brain specialist. "I thought if I told you that you might fancy things were much more serious than he thinks them to be."

"And what does he think?" eagerly. "He says that this loss of memory, like the loss of speech, is only temporary, and has likely been caused by some shock, a fall, perhaps, and that like the other it may soon pass. She speaks with perfect ease now, so that makes me very hopeful. But even if her memory should not return for some time, he says that we must not regret it, that it is far better that she should forget what she has passed through. It is giving her mind an absolute rest; she is making a new beginning—starting life afresh, free from all morbid fancies. I see a great change already, and I am sure it will strike you, too. But she knew no one—not even her father nor me."

"That is how. How does Sir David take it?"

Lady Stormont's face clouded. "He is taking it dreadfully to heart. He can't see it, as it seems to me, that after all it is a comparatively small price to pay for a great permanent good. It was terribly strange at first. She had to be shown her way about the house and among her own little possessions as if she were the veriest stranger. Her whole life—everything—is a blank to her before that moment when she opened her eyes in the hall,

but she is so grateful for kindness, for affection. It goes to my heart," the quick tears starting to her eyes, "when she thanks me for a word, or a look even, which she would never have noticed before, she was so passive often, poor child, but now it is quite different. Sometimes I say to Sir David, smiling through the unshed tears, 'that if I did not know she was my Isobel, I should think it someone else in her likeness.' Her very voice seems a little changed, but Sir Hugh says that will soon wear off; that by some freak of memory she has retained the accent she has been hearing laid, though everything else has gone truly," with a shiver. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made; indeed, one hardly likes to think of the tricks our faculties can play us."

"But she is better—really better?"

"In health, you mean? Yes, I think she is perfectly well, I thought she would have had all those terrible illnesses after all she must have suffered, but she reminds me of nothing so much as a child waking, fresh and happy, from a long sleep. But you would like to see her."

"If I may; but—but she won't know me—how shall I—what shall I—"

"She knows of you, at least, and (smiling) 'I think she will guess the hour to her own surprise, for her memory—instinct, for example—with which you men are always so ready to endow us,' with a laugh, 'but perhaps I had better go first and tell her.'"

"No—stop," putting out a detaining hand. "Unless you think it might be a shock to her, would it not be better if she were not prepared? Perhaps it might bring something back—might waken some memory."

Lady Stormont looked at him with rather a wavering smile.

"You will think it very strange of me, Basil, but I do not know if I am very anxious that the past should return to her, for a while at least. At first I hurt me terribly that she did not know me, I felt as if some change had taken the place of my Isobel, and I fear that that is what Sir David is still feeling; but now when I see her so sweet and happy I can hardly find fault with her peace. However, with a sigh, 'perhaps you ought to try,' you will find her on the south terrace."

"Don't be afraid, I'll be very cautious," and with a reassuring nod Conyers turned and hastily left the room.

He had but newly returned to Stormont after a few days' absence. Having been assured that there was no need for anxiety in his cousin's condition, he had been able to leave his parents and child alone together. The "business" which he pleaded as a reason for departure was no mere pretext, as that hard-worked word frequently is, but a real and experienced annual difficulty in giving his mind to it, and his agent found his employer very pre-occupied and indifferent. Possibly the young man found the state of mind somewhat puzzling to himself. He had been engaged to marry his cousin, therefore, of course he loved her, he would have said, if he had ever thought about the matter, but he had been quite content when separated, he had been in Norway, before the terrible news came, had in truth thought very little about her.

But now Isobel's face when she had raised her head from his shoulder, Isobel's look when her eyes had not his, haunted him, and brought back that strange tumult of the blood, that thrill and jar through all his being, of some new force coming into play which would take its place in the unknown to him.

From the sheltered south terrace the Italian garden, with its formal beds, its quaintly trimmed shrubs, its fountains and urns and statues, sloped down to the river, which sparkled by, broad and swift and shallow, a contrast from the black, sullen depths of the Alder Pool. Here, when there was sunlight at all, it seemed to hug the garden, and the hallen, exotic charm of the old-world garden, which on this placid, tranquil autumn afternoon seemed steeped in slumbrous peace.

At the farther end of the terrace some warm-lined rugs were spread, and a basket chair or two, heaped with cushions, stood suggestively about. Conyers glanced at them first, expecting to see a slim, languid figure reclining on one, but they were empty, and Isobel was standing straight and tall beside the mossy balustrade, and with her head turned away, was gazing out across the river.

To Be Continued.

LITERARY NOTES

The Red Book Magazine which continues to grow in popularity has inaugurated a department that should make this lively publication valuable to its subscribers. It is entitled "The How and the Why of Motoring." Its editor, E. Ralph Estep, is one of the foremost authorities on this latest popular pastime. Portrait studies of handsome women and a variety of complete stories continue to be notable features of the Red Book.

Hunting and hunting topics just now fill a considerable share of the waking thoughts of sportsmen throughout Canada. Consequently at this particular time, nothing could interest the lover of "the wild" more than a perusal of the fine fall hunting number sent out as the October issue of Red and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont. Besides the valuable information and suggestions it contains, it is a handsome volume, and the whole combination is such as to explain the reason why the magazine has gained and retains its position in the front rank of sporting publications.

The most remarkable feat of travel in the whole history of creation, with a single exception, is the invasion of the Americas by the American people. History, and the paleontologist in charge of the museum's recent expedition to Egypt, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, has written fully for the October Century of "Hunting the Ancestors of the Elephant in the Egyptian Desert." The article is freely illustrated with

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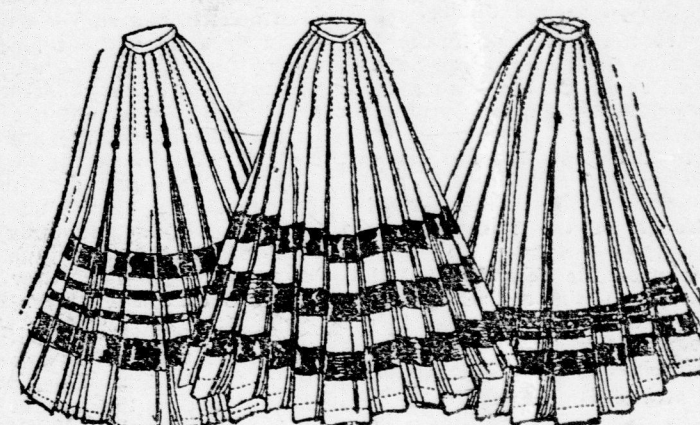
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50-Inch Broadcloth Coats, in loose-fitting styles, lined to waist, velvet collar. Brown, navy and green..... \$15

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