Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S Page

AN ATTRACTIVE SEALSKIN QUARTETTE.

Lucky is the woman who can have her scarf muff, hat and purse in a set. This is one of the feminine freaks of the winter's advancing. A particularly charming set was recently constructed for a girl of twenty. The furs used in this set were seal and ermine. The dark colored belt was used for the hat, scarf, muff and purse, each in turn being edged with the white. The hat was a crushed affair, having at one side a large white osprey, while the muff and purse had two tiny ermine heads as decorations.

Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

Splitting Hairs.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. What will keep hair from splitting at the ends? 2. What will make hair grow? 3. I am 16 and look 18. How shall I wear my hair? 4. Is it right for me to keep company with a young man whom I have never heard a word against? 5. Give recipe for tooth-wash. A READER.

A.—1 and 2. Get the hair in good condition and keep it that way. Use egg shampoo frequently or wash with a good soap. Brush thoroughly every night before retiring and braid loosely for the night. Never go to bed without doing this. Massage the scalp every night, using a good hair tonic at least twice a week. Sun and air the hair and scalp frequently. 3 and 4. Wear your hair down your back just as other girls of your age do. Don't think because you are as large as girls of 18 that you are privileged to have beaux and do your hair up. Stick to your studies, learn to help mother about the house, read good books, and just forget about the boys and being grown-up until you are several years older. You will be glad some day that you were wise enough to follow this advice. 5. There are several good dentrifice preparations on the market. Your druggist will recommend one.

Man Is a Wary Game.

Dear Miss Grey: I became acquainted some time ago with a young man through my mother, his mother being a firm friend of the family. I have spoken with him since about three times, stopping no longer than fifteen minutes at a time. I love the young man dearly and would like very much to encourage his feeling toward me, without his becoming aware of my intentions. —E. W.

A.—Encourage him to be your friend. You can do this by being interested in him. Ask him to come to see you. Do not give him a definite invitation, as this might be too pointed on such slight acquaintance, but let him understand that you would be glad to see him at any time.

One is always pleased to find that one is wanted and welcome, but a man does not like to be sought after. If you are judicious and do not push matters, I would not be surprised if you gained not only his friendship, but also his love.

Make Him Do the Courting.

Dear Miss Grey: I am 17 years old, and fell love with a young fellow one year my senior. He told me he loved me very much. But lately we had a quarrel, and I ran after him very much to make friends again. We are friends now, but his love does not seem to be as strong as it was before our quarrel. Do you think it was proper for me to run after him? I love him very much. How can I make his love strong for me? HEART-BROKEN.

You made a mistake, but one which can be rectified. When a man feels a woman to be too eager, his interest weakens. Be friendly, but let him know that he must seek you out.

Do not be at home to him every time he calls and do not always accept his invitations.

Interest yourself in other men to show him that he is not the only man whom you like.

Remember, a woman must make the man do the courting. If you follow my advice I believe you will win him back.

No, Certainly Not.

Dear Miss Grey: I am 21 and have been keeping company with a young man about one year. This young man is quiet and also settled in his way. I am jolly and love to go out. We are not engaged; still he expects me to pay all attention to him. I like him better than any other young man I have ever met, but I do not think he is the man for me. Would it be improper to have other young men call on me or take me out? He thinks so, because I have told him how I feel. LUCILE.

A.—No, certainly not, Lucile. You are not engaged to him; in fact, are convinced he is not the one for you.

Her Honesty Is Commendable.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a young man of 20. I have been keeping company with a young lady two years my junior. I love her dearly, but one day she told me she considered me only as a friend. If it were not for my mother, I don't know what I would do. P. R.

A.—The girl is right, and I am glad to hear that she considers you as a friend and nothing more. That is just as it should be, and you have every reason to be contented.

You may be in love with her, but are you in a position to marry her?

If you are, ask her to marry you; if not, you must not speak of your love to her. For the present you have her sincere regard; her friendship for you proves that; do all in your power to gain her admiration; respect her above all, and I think, with the aid of your friendship, you will eventually win her love.

WINTER DEARIES

There are plenty of women who are beauties all summer long, but who have the faculty of good luck, call it as you like, of attracting masculine admirers to their homes as soon as winter begins to establish itself. "Why do you suppose I am more pleasing to men in winter than in summer?" a woman writes to me.

To be candid with her, I would say: I think her quite as fascinating, probably, at any and all seasons of the year.

There is a class of men who club together and who have no end of good times, with no women about to bother them, when the days and evenings are fine and warm, but who see the desirability of knowing many women at whose homes they can call on a winter evening to pass the time away.

To such young men the girl with the cozy home is a sort of a godsend. Could it be wondered that she finds little difficulty in persuading him "to call very often?" The young man who completely ignores a girl in summer, when he can go everywhere else, should not imbue her with the idea that he is in love with her even if the rollicking, biting winds do blow him often to her home in winter.

While I advocate, with all my heart, the delights of the men who make a study of a girl at her own fireside, if he has not steeled his heart against the possibility of love and marriage, I do decry the habit of men calling on girls regularly in winter time who have no idea of marrying.

Women are impressionable, they are sure to associate love with marriage, therefore he who has secretly determined to remain a bachelor should seek a winter evening at a club rather than at a girl's home at the expense of her hopes.

A few calls at irregular intervals are permissible. He should let it go at that. He should have a score of girls on his calling list, candidly admitting that fact to each one rather than devote his meaningless attentions to any one woman.

It is granted that no two persons could rationally look, love and agree to wed the first time they met. There must be many meetings for each to come to the conclusion that the world would be cold, dull and dreary without the other, and that their friendship is but the stepping-stone to matrimony. When they can do without each other there is no heart interest between them. If the winter caller is on marriage intent, it does not take him long to make up his mind to propose marriage when once he finds just the kind of a girl who can make him happy.

Women should not pin their hopes upon the man who suddenly evinces an interest in them when the winter cold sets in; aye, not until he frankly confesses his love and asks her hand in wedlock. There is always safety in having many winter callers.

The PRODIGAL JUDGE

The Famous Novel by

VAUGHAN KESTER

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"If things go wrong with us there's be a blaze at the head of the bayou; does that satisfy you?"

"And what then?"

Murrell hesitated.

"What about the girl?" persisted Slosson, dragging him back to the point at issue between them. "As a man I wouldn't lift my hand against any good-looking woman except in kindness, but she can't be turned loose; she knows too much. What's the word, Captain—you say it?" he urged. He made a gesture of appeal to Ware.

"Look for the light; better still, look for the man I'll send." And with this Murrell would have turned away, but Slosson detained him.

"Who'll he be?"

"Some fellow who knows the river."

"And if it's the light?" asked the tavern-keeper in a hoarse undertone. Again he looked toward Ware, who, dry-lipped and ashen, was regarding him steadfastly. Glance met glance, for a brief instant they looked deep into each other's eyes, and then the hand Slosson had rested on Murrell's shoulder dropped at his side.

The judge's and Mr. Mahaffy's celebration of the former's rehabilitated credit had occupied the shank of the evening, the small hours of the night, and that part of the succeeding day which the southwest described as soon in the morning; and as the stone jug, in which were garnered the spoils of the highly confidential but entirely misleading conversation which the judge had held with Mr. Pegloe after his return from Belle Plain, lost in weight, it might have been observed that he and Mr. Mahaffy seemed to gain in that nice sense of equity which should form the basis of all human relations. The judge watched Mr. Mahaffy

Mr. Mahaffy watched the judge, each lustfully placing the regulation of his private conduct in the hands of his friend, as the one most likely to be affected by the rectitude of his acts.

Probably so extensive a consumption of Mr. Pegloe's corn whisky had never been accomplished with greater high-mindedness. They honorably split the last glass, the judge scorning to set up any technical claim to it as his exclusive property; then he stared at Mahaffy, while Mahaffy, dark-visaged and forbidding, stared back at him.

The judge sighed deeply. He took up the jug and inverted it. A stray drop or so fell languidly into his glass.

"Try squeezing it, Price," said Mahaffy.

The judge shook the jug, it gave forth an empty sound, and he sighed again; he attempted to peer into it, closing one watery eye as he tilted it toward the light.

"I wonder no Yankee has ever thought to invent a jug with a glass bottom," he observed.

"What for?" asked Mahaffy.

"You astonish me, Solomon," exclaimed the judge. "Coming as you do from that section which invented the wooden nutmeg and an eight-day clock that has been known to run as much as four or five hours at a stretch. I am aware the Yankees are an ingenious people; I wonder none of 'em ever thought of a jug with a glass bottom, so that when a body holds it up to the light he can see at a glance whether it is empty or not. Do you reckon Pegloe has sufficient confidence to fill the jug again for us?"

But Mahaffy's expression indicated no great confidence in Mr. Pegloe's confidence.

"Credit," began the judge, "is proverbially shy; still it may sometime be increased, like the muscles of the body and the mental faculties, by judicious use. I've always regarded Pegloe as a cheap mind. I hope I have done him an injustice." He put on his hat, and tucking the jug under his arm, went from the house.

Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed. Mahaffy considered this a good sign; it didn't take long to say no, he reflected. Another ten or fifteen elapsed. Mahaffy lost heart. Then there came a hasty step beyond the door, it was thrown violently open, and the judge precipitated himself into the room. A glance showed Mahaffy that he was laboring under intense excitement.

"Solomon, I bring shocking news. God knows what the next few hours may reveal!" cried the judge, mopping his brow. "Miss Malroy has disappeared from Belle Plain, and Hannibal has gone with her!"

"Where have they gone?" asked Mahaffy, and his long jaw dropped.

"Would to God I had an answer ready for that question, Solomon!" answered the judge, with a melancholy shake of the head. He gazed down on his friend with an air of large tolerance. "I am going to Belle Plain, but you are too drunk. Sleep it off, Solomon, and join me when your brain is clear and your legs steady."

"Stuff your pistols into your pockets and come on, Price!" he said, and stalked toward the door.

He flitted up the street, and the judge puffed and panted in his wake. They gained the edge of the village without speech.

"There is mystery and rascality here!" said the judge.

"What do you know, Price, and where did you hear this?" Mahaffy shot the question back over his shoulder.

"At Pegloe's. The Belle Plain overseer had just fetched the news into town."

Again they were silent, all their energies being absorbed by the physical exertion they were making. The road danced before their burning eyes; it seemed to be uncoiling itself serpentwise with hideous undulations. Mr. Mahaffy was conscious that the judge, of whom he caught a blurred vision now at his right side, now at his left, was laboring painfully in the heat and dust, the breath whistling from between his parched lips.

"You're just ripe for apoplexy, Price!" he snarled, moderating his pace.

"Go on," said the judge, with stolid resolution.

Two miles out of the village they came to a roadside spring; here they paused for an instant. Mahaffy scooped up handfuls of the clear water and sucked it down greedily. The judge dropped on his stomach and buried his face in the tiny pool, gulping great thirsty swallows. After a brief instant he stood erect, with drops of moisture clinging to his nose and eyebrows. Mahaffy was a dozen paces down the road, hurrying forward again with relentless vigor. The judge shuffled after him. The tracks they left in the dust crossed and recrossed the road, but presently the slanting lines of their advance straightened, the judge gained and held a fixed place at Mahaffy's right, a step or so in the rear. His opulent fancy began to deal with the situation.

"If anything happens to the child, the man responsible for it would better never have been born—I'll pursue him with undiminished energy from this moment forth!" he panted.

"What could happen to him, Price?" asked Mahaffy.

"Good knows, poor little lad!"

"Will you shut up!" cried Mahaffy savagely.

"Solomon!"

"Why do you go building on that idea? Why should anyone harm him—what earthly purpose——"

"I tell you, Mahaffy, we are the pivotal point in a vast circle of crime. This is a blow at me—this is revenge, sir, neither more nor less! They have struck at me through the boy—it is as plain as day!"

"What did the overseer say?"

"Just that they found Miss Malroy gone from Belle Plain this morning, and the boy with her."

"This is like you, Price! How do you know they haven't spent the night at some neighbor's?"

"The nearest neighbor is five or six miles distant. Miss Malroy and Hannibal were seen along about dusk in the grounds at Belle Plain. Do you mean to tell me you consider it likely that they set out on foot at that hour, and without a word to anyone, to make a visit?" inquired the judge, but Mahaffy did not contend for this point.

To Be Continued.

Latest Fashions

Ostrich is in high favor in the realm of millinery.

The most popular trimmings for hats are features of all sorts. Big bows of black or of white lace and of ribbon are also used, as well as the drapings of velvet and the shaggy plushes.

Most of the new fashionable silks have the satin finish.

One-piece dresses are increasing in popularity. They are suitable not only for morning wear, but for the more dressy occasions.

Taupe (mole) is an old favorite costume color now brilliantly revived.

For the young girl the dainty pastel shades are preferable in evening wear to the more brilliant colors which are now with us.

In thin materials the skirts are cut a trifle wider at the base, but in tailored costumes the skirt is still conspicuously narrow.

The use of fur trimmings on evening gowns is quite marked.

Chenille embroidery is coming prominently to the front this year.

Velvet is the predominating feature in the realm of fine tailored suits.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold all over the world.

Medicines that aid nature are always most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It allays the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. Sold by all dealers. 2

Lest You Forget

Bright and delicately colored fabrics are often ruined in the process of laundering by soap being rubbed upon them or a bit accidentally adhering to them. To prevent such a mishap, keep your bar of laundry soap, while washing, tied up in a small sack of thin material. Better suds can be made in this way and also every bit of soap can be used, preventing all waste.

For a sick room two or three covers for dishes sent up on the tray are made of embroidery hoops with cheese cloth stretched tightly between them. Several squares of the cheese cloth in exactly the right size are a convenience. They should be hemmed.

Bottles which have contained olive oil are cleaned most satisfactorily with ammonia.

To clean white felt hats brush the hat thoroughly with a soft, clean brush. Take some flour which has been dried in a slow oven and mix it with breadcrumbs; rub this into the felt with your hand. When all marks have disappeared, brush the hat briskly and it will look almost like new.

Here is a solution for ironing a buttoned frock, shirt or in fact any garment that has a row of buttons. Fold a Turkish towel into several thicknesses. Lay the garment with the buttons downward on the towel and iron it on the wrong side. The buttons will sink into the towel and the garment will be smooth and well ironed.

To keep a hydrant from freezing take a piece of an old stove pipe and put it over the hydrant, leaving the faucet exposed. Then fill the pipe with mulching from the barn.

Girls who get little meals in their studios or small apartments will save much of the grime that results from them if they put all the refuse into paper bags and wipe each dish with tissue paper before it is washed. This saves grease from going down pipes which were not calculated for dish water. Some women who do their own work do this after every meal.

Exterminate Flies Now

Surprising as it may seem, mid-winter is the time to start a campaign against that pest of the summer months, the house fly. Armed with a step-ladder and a copful of soapsuds one should try now to rid the house of the half-dead flies that linger in the dark corners of the ceiling. These flies, a doctor says, are the ones that hibernate forth families in the spring, and means should be taken to exterminate them at this season when they are in an inactive state. To deal with them the best way is to take a cup of suds and simply knock them into it, for the flies in their present torpid state will offer little resistance. When the ceiling is too high for step-ladder work, a cup is fitted to a long pole and filled either with benzine or soapsuds and worked the same way. A large number of flies may be bagged in an hour or so and the housewife who follows this method will not regret the time spent, for when the warm weather comes she will find her house free from the noxious pest.

A Clever Scheme

At one of the debutante teas the hostess, a woman noted for her fastidious dressing, tore her gown so badly that repair was necessary. A friend accompanied her to her room to sit and chat while the mending was going on. The maid brought out a sewing-case filled with needles threaded with silks and cottons of all colors. It took but a moment to select the required color, and the repairs were quickly made. The guest thereupon remarked on the advantage of having threaded needles ready at hand. The hostess proudly admitted that this was her own brilliant idea, as it made her nervous to see a maid try and try again for a needle eye when she was hurried. She says she not only has a stock of needles threaded in black and white, but on the day a colored frock is worn needles are threaded in that color and placed in the work basket. It takes only a few moments on a bright day to thread the needles, and the system really saves time, eyesight and—most precious of all—patience.

The Royal Bassinette

When the news of the birth of the present Prince of Wales was announced to the late King Edward, his first action was to telegraph to the late Queen Victoria and request that the old-fashioned "bassinette" that had been used for himself and his brothers and sisters might be sent for the occupation of the new arrival. This is neither hung, as is the modern style, nor is on rockers. To it is affixed a silver plate with the inscription: 'This bassinette was made for Victoria, Princess Royal (the late Empress Frederick of Germany), in 1840, and was used by all her Majesty's children, and was given by the Queen to the Duchess of York in 1894." It was beautifully furnished for the use of the prince. The sheets were of the finest Irish lawn, embroidered in the corners with the royal arms surmounted by the crown and trimmed with valenciennes lace. The pillows were to match. The blankets were of white Yorkshire wool, likewise bearing the badge of the royal arms, and several eiderdown quilts accompanied the gift. In this dainty cradle, by the way, each of the children of King George and Queen Mary has slept, and her Majesty has passed many happy hours by its side. It has now been carefully stripped of its hangings and packed away until such time as the Prince of Wales can have it passed on to him.

WORLDLY WISDOM

It tickles a man's vanity to be referred to as a leading citizen.

And many a man has money on the brain instead of in his pocket.

The woman who does her own housework generally has a good servant.

Before you can make some men pay up it is necessary to run them down.

Never look a gift horse in the mouth. Get busy and trade him for a load of coal.

A girl who is more ornamental than useful can at least keep some fool man guessing.

Actions must speak louder than words in order to make themselves heard above the boasting.

Our idea of a misguided individual is one who thinks his friends are as glad to have him visit them as he thinks they are.

THE ADAPTABILITY OF THE PAPER BAGS

The adaptability of the Ermaline System to special classes of the community is recognized. For instance, many women who are fond of cooking and of experimenting with new dishes are deterred from it by the dislike of the smell of cooking or the headaches caused by the heat of the range, or the mess made of the hands by contact with greasy pots and pans, hot air, etc. Many cannot spare from outside duties the time involved in cooking in the usual way.

Ermaline cooking for dwellers in flats and in single rooms is the solution of many a difficulty. One of the chief drawbacks to flats has been the difficulty of avoiding the smell of cookery. With the paper bag there is no smell. In the small flat kitchen there is little space for pots and pans. None are needed for Ermaline cooking. Girls and women living alone in single roms, typists, clerks and school teachers would rather dine or sup on a bun and glass of milk than face the trouble after a weary day of cooking a meal and washing up afterwards. They may provide themselves with a simple and sufficient meal in half an hour, and have nothing to wash but a plate and a knife and fork, if they procure the new paper bags.

Sweetbreads au Naturel — Take four lambs' sweetbreads (English), blanch them in boiling water. Take off the skins. Grease a bag thickly. Dust each sweetbread with salt and pepper very lightly, and pour over each sweetbread a tablespoonful of cream. Slip the sweetbreads into the greased bag, cook in an only moderately hot oven slowly for 40 minutes. Open bag. Slip out gently on to hot dish. Surround with border of green peas and serve.

Fowl—Savory crumbs. Wash the fowl out well inside with plenty of cold water. Dry well, put the liver and a small shallot inside the bird. Have ready a large tablespoonful of white breadcrumbs. Add to them a lump of butter the size of a big walnut. Pepper and salt to taste, a teaspoonful of finely-minced chives, and a teaspoonful of well-washed and minced tarragon. Mix all together and put into the bag with the bird. Cook gently for 65 minutes. Open bag. Slip bird and crumbs out gently on to a hot dish and send to table with new potatoes and salad.

Do you know that fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, and require no internal treatment whatever? Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely and see how quickly it gives relief. For sale by all dealers 4

A SIGN OF INSANITY

Will Work for Less Than She Can Get or Work for Nothing.

Toronto, Jan. 3.—"Insane because she will work for less than she can get or will work for nothing" is the report of Dr. Claire, of the asylum, who examined Emily Tyler for insanity. Three times the young woman has been remanded to be examined and three different reports have been returned by doctors. The jail doctor says she is insane and dangerous to be at large; another doctor says she is only simple-minded, while the asylum doctor gives the best report of the lot. Magistrate Denison committed the woman to the asylum as a lunatic today. "If she's not insane they can let her out in a week," said he.

CHAPPED HANDS & COLD SORES

One thorough application of Zam-Buk at night will bring ease by morning. Zam-Buk stops the smarting, heals the cracks, and makes the hands smooth.

PROOF—Miss Hattie Bertrand, Galesburg, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with chapped hands and arms and nothing ever seemed to heal them thoroughly until we found Zam-Buk. It has cured them. My father has also used it for several skin troubles and injuries, and thinks there is nothing like Zam-Buk."

Mothers should see that their children use Zam-Buk daily, as there is nothing like prevention. A little Zam-Buk lightly smeared over the hands and wrists, after washing, will prevent chaps and cold sores.

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin diseases, eczema, itch, ringworm, blood-poisoning, piles, and for cuts, burns and bruises. 50c box at all stores and druggists, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.

ZAM-BUK EVERY HOME NEEDS IT.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES NUMBER 23 THE PROP

HOLBROOKS Imperial Absolutely SAUCE

Makes a Bad Cough Vanish Quickly--or Money Back

The Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy You Ever Used. Family Supply for 50c. Saves You $2.

You have never used anything which takes hold of a bad cough and conquers it so quickly as Pinex Cough Syrup. Gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate, deep-seated cough in twenty-four hours. Guaranteed to give prompt and positive results, even in croup and whooping cough.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other healing pine elements. A 50-cent bottle makes 16 ounces—a family supply—of the best cough remedy that money can buy, at a saving of $2. Simply mix with home-made sugar syrup or strained honey, in a 16-ounce bottle, and it is ready for use. Easily prepared in five minutes—directions in package.

Children like Pinex Cough Syrup—it tastes good and is a prompt, safe remedy for old or young. Stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative—both good features. A handy household medicine for hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, etc., and unusually effective for incipient lung troubles. Used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy.

Pinex has often been imitated, but never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will gladly get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Gifts that Last

To get forks, knives, spoons and fancy pieces of quality and beauty ask for 1847 ROGERS BROS.

This brand is known as "Silver Plate that Wears"

To buy this ware is to get the utmost service and satisfaction and the heaviest silver plate. Known for over 60 years. Sold by Leading Dealers

KEEP YOUR Kitchen HYGIENICALLY CLEAN

NO CAUSTIC OR ACIDS IN Old Dutch Cleanser

See full directions and many uses on large Sifter-Can 10¢

INFLAMMATION AND PAIN

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa.—"I was troubled for a long time with inflammation, pain in my side, sick headaches and nervousness. I had taken so many medicines that I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. A friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to health. I have no more pain, my nerves are stronger and I can do my own work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me after everything else had failed, and I recommend it to other suffering women."—MRS. WM. SEALS, 605 W. Howard St., Creston, Iowa.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.