

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Gardiner, Maine.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease and weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation but I could not bear to think of it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R.F.D. No. 14, Box 38, Gardiner, Me.

So. West Harbor, Me.—"I suffered for years with painful periods, headache, nervousness, irregularities and inflammation. I consulted two physicians and one advised me to have an operation. I was completely discouraged when I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me a well woman. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, South West Harbor, Me.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



NEW BOOKS

FROM A MINING CAMP TO A CORONET

That is the wide scope of Arthur W. Marchmont's new Novel, dealing with American and English Life, entitled

The Case of Lady Broadstone

"This is eminently a story of action, bristling with dramatic situations and thrilling climaxes. A beautiful love romance begins with the opening chapter, and is carried on continuously to the end of the book."—Chronicle-Telegraph, Pittsburg.

IT WILL HOLD YOU FROM START TO FINISH

1 Vol. Illustrated 12 mo. Cloth and Gilt, \$1.50

EMPIRE BOOK CO., 68 Murray Street, New York

PUBLISHED TODAY

THE RECOVERY

A Story of Kentucky

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

AUTHOR OF

THE SUN OF SARATOGA A SOLDIER OF MANHATTAN A HERALD OF THE WEST THE LAST REBEL IN HOSTILE RED

"The Recovery" is a romance of love and politics in the author's native state of Kentucky, and is an advance over its predecessors in vividness, compactness, and dramatic power.

The story abounds in short but happy descriptions, and it contains many brilliant touches of humor. All of the author's novels are marked by that rare quality, humor, and nowhere does it show more strongly than in "The Recovery."

1 vol., 12mo, 356 pp.; cloth, gilt, \$1.50

At all booksellers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers

FRANK F. LOVELL CO., 68 Murray Street, New York

ON COOL, CHILL DAYS OF SPRING

You can't afford to allow your furnace fire to go out even though it is April—you need coal that will produce an easily regulated, well behaving fire—coal that will burn all up and not fill the furnace with slate and clinkers.

We have coal like that.

THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.

221 HOUSATONIC AVE. Telephone Down Town Office 154 FAIRFIELD AVE.

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER.

LADY ATHLYNE

Copyright, 1908, by BRAM STOKER
Entered at Stationer's Hall—All rights reserved

(Continued.)

One of these grumbling fits came on him now, and so engrossed him that he quite forgot to sign the letter. It was in the post box when he recovered the omission. He rejoiced when he did so that he had not written the lie. It was queer how sensitive his conscience was becoming. One immediate effect of the awakened conscience was that he went about a motor car that very afternoon. He had said to Miss Judy that he was getting one, and his words had to be made good. Moreover he had, in addition to the train of reasons induced by Miss Judy's mention of the Ogilvie's getting a car, a sort of intuition that it would be of service to him. Of service to him, meant of course, in his present state of mind with regard to Joy—of service in furthering his love affair. He had wished for a horse and got one, and it had brought him to this. Now he wanted a car. The chain of reasoning seemed so delightfully simple that it would be foolish to dispute it. Sub-conscious intuition supplied all the links. The logic of fact seemed to support that of theory. He looked in at his club to find the name of a motor agency. The hall he met an old diplomatic friend, who after greeting him said:

"This is good-bye as well." "How so?" he asked. "I am off for Persia. Ballymore got a stroke just as he was starting and they sent for me in a hurry and offered me the post. I was to go, but I refuse, so I am booked for another three years. I was promising myself a long rest, or a spell in a civilized place anywhere. It is too bad, just when I was expecting home my new Delaunay-Belleville car which has been nearly a year in hand."

"Do you take the car with you?" asked Athlyne feeling a queer kind of beating of his heart. "No. It would be useless there; at all events until I see what the country and the roads are like. I got out of the agents to tell them to sell it for me."

"Strange we should meet. I came here to look up the address of an agent. I want to buy a car."

"Look here, Athlyne; why not take over this? I shall have to sell it at a price which you will find to your advantage. I'll let you have it cheap; I would rather clear it all up before I go."

"All right, old chap. I'll take it. What's the figure?" "I agree to pay £1,000. You may have it at what you think fair."

"All right. Can you have it now?" "By all means." Athlyne took out his cheque-book and wrote a cheque which he handed to the other. "I'll have it made this for the full sum."

"Quite so! What else could I offer. Why man, do you think I would bet my own because you are in a hurry if there is any huckstering in it I who should pay. I get my car at once, the very car I wanted. I should have to wait another year."

Three days after, the car arrived. Athlyne had spent the time in getting lessons at a garage and learning something of the mechanism. He was a fair mechanic and a fine driver of horses; so that before another week out he had learned to know his car. He got a good chauffeur so that he would have no trouble in case of need; and before the next letter arrived from Miss Judy he was able to fly about all over the country. The new car was a beauty, a 100-110 h. p. and could do sixty miles an hour easily.

The next letter which he received from Miss Hayes was short and devoid, so far as he could discern after much study, of any cryptic meaning whatever. So this made allusion to the fact that he had not signed his letter.

"By the way I notice that you forgot to sign your letter. I suppose you were thinking at the time of my things." The latter sentence was underlined. The information in the letter was that Colonel Ogilvie and "his daughter" were expected in London on the Saturday following her letter and would stay at Brown's Hotel, Albemarle Street, where I have no doubt they will be happy to see you. You should chance to be in London at the time. I think Lucius intends to write you."

The latter sentence was literally gall to him. He knew that he must not be in London during their stay there. To be away was the only decent way of avoiding meeting them. He must not meet Colonel Ogilvie until he had made certain of Joy's feeling toward him, for he could not make his identity known till he had that certainty. He could then explain his position. The rest of the possibilities remained unspoken; but they were definite in his own mind. As he had to go away he thought it would be well to study up the various branches of the Ogilvie as well as of the Ogilvie family. He would then make a tour on his own account to the various places where were their ancient seats. As Colonel Ogilvie was interested in the matter some knowledge on his part might lead...

the child in the womb, so the thought of man. Growth without ceasing, in light or darkness. Logical development from the gates of Life to the gates of Death.

Joy was so deeply in love that all her thoughts, all her acts, all her hopes and feelings were tinged by it. Dreams need no physical basis some- where; and whatever is the outward condition of man or woman so will be the mind. Whatever the inward, so will be the outward; each is the true index to the other. Her father, though an acute enough man in other respects was sublimely unconscious of any change in his little spirit; indeed, in her in his mind as but a child to whom the realities of life had not yet presented themselves. And yet even as his father was feeling the effects of her developed affection. All the sweetness of her childhood had ripened. Somehow her nature had become more buoyant, more free from doubts and thoughtful understanding of his wishes seemed to breathe from her. Now and again were languorous moments when her whole being seemed to melt itself involuntarily to a wish outside her own. To a woman these are times of danger. For when the will ceases, passivity is no longer passive; it is simply a doubling of the external domination—as though an active spirit had breathed into inertness. There are many readings of the weeks had gone. When certain devils had been cast out and the house had been swept and garnished may it not be that spirits of evil were being driven out of there. May it not also be that there is a virtue in even selfishness; if only that its protective presence keeps out the evil which would fall into the house where it abides.

With a spirit of meekness Joy waited the coming of the friend who had been hidden. She had every confidence that he would come. True, she had not written to her; but she had seen his unsigned letter to Judy, and into his barrenness had read meanings of her own. How could he not come to her when she would have so gladly flown to him? Besides there was always with her the memory of that rapturous moment when she had spoken on her name: "Joy look at me!" It was not hard to remember that; it was the only time she had heard her name spoken in her mind for so long. It was not hard to remember that; it was the only time she had heard her name spoken in her mind for so long. It was not hard to remember that; it was the only time she had heard her name spoken in her mind for so long.

Her father waited also, though not in the same meekness of spirit. In- stead of being busy with the work of exasperation in which the feeling of gratitude was merging. He felt that he had done all that was right and that he should regard to the young man, he had gone out of his mind to do him; but with only the result of insult—that was the way in which he had treated him. He had faith in him, and where Faith reigns Patience ceases to be a virtue.

In her anxiety she took what was probably the wisest course; she kept her eyes fixed on the clock, and with her to see the signs of London. This was a pleasure which she had long promised herself—since the day when she had seen the young man in the added interest of having present a nice Englishman to point out and explain. This special charm had now to be foregone; and the denial made her secretly sad. However, the best remedy to pain is pain; but her anxiety regarding her father's case was a counter- balance to her own. Father and daughter were so busy morning noon and night, and the girl appeared to be so tired when the day's programme as a whole was exhausted that occasion was lacking for consideration of a disagreeable subject. Towards the end of the first week, however, Colonel Ogilvie's patience began to fall. He felt that he must speak of his own chance to some one, and there was no choice. Joy felt that the moment had come, and she did not flinch. She had a grim foreboding that the words would be something said which would give her pain to hear. Her hands were tied. She could not even mention that Mr. Ogilvie was in London, for she was sure to ask how she knew it. If he did so, she would not dare to tell him; for she knew well that if he learned that he was in London, he would give up his own letter in secret correspondence with the ladies of his own family—that is how he would put it—the fact that he had written to her would change chagrin to fury. And so she steeled herself to the quiet endurance of suffering.

The clock fell at breakfast time when her father had looked through the few letters which lay beside his plate. "Well, I do think that the young man is a good fellow. He may be a little slow, but he is a good fellow. He may be a little slow, but he is a good fellow. He may be a little slow, but he is a good fellow."

Joy looked up with a pleasant smile which belied the chilly feeling about her heart. She felt that she must pre- tend to be ignorant; her father might, in- stead, hold a too ready acceptance as suspicious.

"What, Daddy? Who? The best rudeness?" "That—that gentleman whom I asked to dine with us, Mr. Hardy."

"Perhaps he may not have got your letter."

"How do you mean, daughter? He must have got it; I directed it to the address he gave me himself."

"But Daddy, he may be away. You remember he told you at dinner that day in the Holland that he had important business. It may have been prolonged you know. He may not even be in London."

"Then he should see that his letters are duly sent on to him."

"Certainly he ought. But perhaps Daddy he's not as careful as we are. He may not be a man of business!" Colonel Ogilvie smiled: "I'm afraid that is a very bad argument my dear. You have just used the opposite."

"How so, Daddy?" she asked wrinkling up her brows. "You said he might be away on business?" He was so pleased with his combating of her argument that her purpose was effected; he abandoned

WHY

do the annual sales of Beecham's Pills amount to many millions of boxes? Why is it that wherever the English language is spoken, the world over, Beecham's Pills are so extensively used and are so highly recommended? Why is it that in many thousands of homes, Beecham's Pills have been the great household remedy for generations?

Beecham's Pills

owe their great reputation to their exceptional effectiveness in overcoming disorders of the digestive tract. They contain no new or mysterious drugs. They are simply a happy combination of the products of several well-known medicinal herbs, the proportions of which have been so adjusted as to produce unusually helpful results. They contain no Mercury, or other mineral substances, and they are entirely free from habit-forming drugs. They are quickly and freely soluble and do not become hard and worthless with age. They never irritate the bowels or leave them exhausted. They produce normal action, leave the bowels toned and strengthened and do not promote a physicking habit.

The remarkable effectiveness of Beecham's Pills for the relief of Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia and Intestinal Indigestion has gradually extended their reputation from country to country till now they

Are World Famous

In boxes, with full directions, 10c. and 25c.

JOHN F. FAY, 239 FAIRFIELD AVE. 4 Doors Above Broad St. High class Furniture, Draperies and Novelties, re-upholstering and refinishing furniture, Shades and Curtains in great variety. All kinds of bedding made to order and made over. The only store of its kind in New England. Telephone 732-8

FREE To Customers

If You are not one come in and become one now. We will give away absolutely free

- 1—ONE CORD WOOD
- 2—ONE TON OF COAL
- 3—ONE HALF CORD WOOD
- 4—ONE HALF TON COAL
- 5—ONE QUARTER CORD WOOD
- 6—ONE QUARTER TON COAL

For Particulars Call at

Vincent Bros.

COAL OFFICE, 7 ARCADE

IRA GREGORY & CO., Established 1847
Branch Office 972 Main Street
Main Office 262 Stratford Avenue

WAKE UP! STOP DREAMING ABOUT THAT COAL ORDER
Prices have advanced and will soon be higher. Let us fill your bins NOW
THE ARNOLD COAL COMPANY
Branch Office GEO. B. CLAR & CO. 30 Fairfield Avenue
YARD AND MAIN OFFICE 150 Housatonic Avenue

COAL and WOOD
Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, and RETAIL
BERKSHIRE MILLS.
Telephone 481-6

Try Sprague's Extra
ICE COAL WOOD
HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL
Sprague Ice & Coal Co.
East End East Washington Ave. Bridge
Telephone 710



and you will be SATISFIED
Good and Clean

WHEELER & HOWES, 944 MAIN ST. East End Congress Street Bridge

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Wants To-Rent For Sale, See 2 cent a word in Farmer Want Column