

Sick Women Made Well

Reliable evidence is abundant that women are constantly being restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The many testimonial letters that we are continually publishing in the newspapers—hundreds of them—are all genuine, true and unsolicited expressions of heartfelt gratitude for the freedom from suffering that has come to these women solely through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Money could not buy nor any kind of influence obtain such recommendations; you may depend upon it that any testimonial we publish is honest and true—if you have any doubt of this write to the women whose true names and addresses are always given, and learn for yourself.

Read this one from Mrs. Waters:

CAMDEN, N.J.—"I was sick for two years with nervous spells, and my kidneys were affected. I had a doctor all the time and used a galvanic battery, but nothing did me any good. I was not able to go to bed, but spent my time on a couch or in a sleeping-chair, and soon became almost a skeleton. Finally my doctor went away for his health, and my husband heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got me some. In two months I got relief and now I am like a new woman and am at my usual weight. I recommend your medicine to every one and so does my husband."—Mrs. TILLIS WATERS, 1135 Knight St., Camden, N.J.

And this one from Mrs. Haddock:

UTICA, OKLA.—"I was weak and nervous, not able to do my work and scarcely able to be on my feet. I had backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, trouble with my bowels, and inflammation. Since taking the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am better than I have been for twenty years. I think it is a wonderful medicine and I have recommended it to others."—Mrs. MARY ANN HADDOCK, Utica, Oklahoma.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman continue to suffer without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Curtain Lecture.
Miss Polly—When I was in the city I attended a vaudeville show, and it was just grand.

Villager—What were the names of the pieces?
Miss Polly—I don't remember all, but the curtain said the first piece was "Asbestos."—Buffalo Express.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

A taste of extreme joy is all right, but as a regular diet it loses its flavor.

From Plantation to Consumer Use Pure Tobacco

Avoid adulterated trust products that endanger health and happiness. Buy choice grown tobacco in its natural state direct from growers in heart of Blue Grass of Kentucky. Unexcelled for smoking and chewing. Shipped in cartons, parcel post prepaid at following prices:

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When ordering state preference; strong, mild and medium flavors. Send cash, money order or bank draft with order. Bank reference. Satisfaction or money refunded.

The Natural Leaf Tobacco Co. P. O. Box 413 Lexington, Ky.

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be imported from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position."

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and detailed railway rates, apply to the Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. S. NETHERY, 1000 Bank Bldg., Columbus, Ohio

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, at once kills all flies, mosquitoes, house flies, etc. It is a powerful disinfectant, and is used in all public places, hotels, etc. It is a powerful disinfectant, and is used in all public places, hotels, etc.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By O. E. BELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MAY 31

THE GRATEFUL SAMARITAN.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 17:11-17. GOLDEN TEXT—"Were there none found that returned to give glory to God save this stranger?"—Luke 17:15.

Jesus and his party are on their last journey to Jerusalem, a most eventful journey. It led him between Samaria and Galilee (v. 11, mark), and into, or through, an unnamed, unnamed village. To us this is the most heroic and momentous moment in history. Jesus knew that his hour was at hand. He knew all that awaited him in Jerusalem, yet he "set his face as a flint" and nothing could turn him from his purpose, his crowning work. Jesus, however, was never too busy or in too great haste to do a deed of compassionate mercy.

The Type of Sin.

I. A Great Need, vv. 11-14.—We are familiar with the awfulness of leprosy and that it is a type of sin. Like sin, leprosy begins within, is insidious in its progress; it defies, shuts men out of the society of the clean. It renders its victims helpless and hopeless, has no remedy and receives no help from men; in consumes and finally kills. This was a terrible spectacle that greeted Jesus' eyes as he entered the village, for these lepers were compelled to live on the outside. Notice (v. 12) that they stood "afar off" (Eph. 2:13). Indeed, so far off that they were compelled to "lift their voices" in order to make known their request, although it may have been that the disease had reached their vocal organs. The Mosaic law compelled the leper thus to stand afar off, Lev. 13:45, 46. Their salutation was the cry of the needy made to one in authority. The word "Master" here used is not that which usually means teacher, but rather one that would be applied to one in authority, an appointee or a commander. They must have either recognized his power or having heard of his miracles they appealed to him to exercise a like power on their behalf. There was no other who could possibly give them relief, even so the sinners' only hope is to meet Jesus. He, and he alone, can cleanse them from their uncleanness and wretchedness. Jesus never passed that way again, this was their only opportunity. Their need drove them to him. Ofttimes our distress and need are blessings in disguise in that they drive us to Jesus. Though afar off, and though only one drew nigh (v. 16), yet it was the privilege of them all, it is also our privilege to "draw nigh," Eph. 2:13. Their cry did not fall upon deaf ears (Isa. 59:1). It was a brief, but to the point, petition. They knew what they needed and drove straight to the point. Their appeal to his mercy met with immediate response, so also will the cry of the needy sinner meet with a like response (Rom. 10:13). The record does not tell us about the faith of these men and it is useless for us to speculate. The cry of faith will have its answer, Matt. 9:29. Their prayer was brief, it must have been humble, believing, earnest and specific, for when "he saw them" (v. 14) he gave directions as to the manner whereby they might be cleansed. He could have spoken or have touched them, but his way at that time was to utter a command. This resulted in (a) a fulfillment of the law, (b) a test for their faith, (c) a testimony to the priests. They showed their genuine earnestness by immediate obedience, they took him at his word. The record is wonderfully suggestive, "as they went they were cleansed." Faith and works, obedience and results. When we act upon his simple yet sublime word we, too, will receive a blessed answer to our every need. As we look to him, our great high priest, as we take our eyes off of self, we shall be cleansed, John 14:21, 23.

Born Witness Before Men.

II. A Grateful Heart, vv. 15-17.—The revelation of cleansing brought different results to these lepers. "One of them" came back at once to express his gratitude. Before he could scarcely speak his petition, now he cries with a "loud voice." This is a suggestion as to the completeness of his cure. He at once uses his restored voice to "glorify God," and it looks as though he bore this witness before he testified to the Jews (a) being healed, and also to have opened his eyes as to the character of Jesus. He not only returned thanks, but "worshiped him." Nor does Jesus refuse to accept such worship—Jesus evidence of his deity, see Acts 15:22, 26; John 5:23 and Heb. 1:6. The nine were too occupied in rejoicing with their friends, too busy with fulfilling duties from which they had long been separated, to express their thanks. It is significant that this one was a Samaritan—"a stranger." This is the one of whom less would be expected, yet Luke records other good things about the Samaritan, Ch. 10:33-35. (Luke, as the companion of Paul, shows us not only in his gospel, but in his life of Paul's Christ's outreachings towards the Gentiles.) The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans (John 4:9), but sin makes strange companions. Jesus expresses in his question (v. 17 R. V.), great astonishment, which was evidently twofold: (a) first the ingratitude of the nine and (b) the gratitude of this "stranger." It is interesting to recall that those three persons who, during his earthly ministry, received the Lord's special commendation were the heathen centurion, Matt. 8:10, the heathen woman, Matt. 15:24-28, and this Samaritan leper. This leper's thanks brought joy to Jesus, Heb. 13:15, 16, and in his departing he carried a still more wonderful blessing from the Savior. The ingratitude of the nine is indeed reprehensible, but we need to examine well our conduct before we condemn others.



SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States Army, on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmar, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Avray, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's plan is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father, who she insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north, accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a bear party and to a place from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

I stood staring at it, and then down into the face of the dead man. D'Avray: Her name! The same name she had given me! The face of the girl came back instantly to memory, distinct, living. There was a familiarity, a resemblance, none that I thus could need the two together. She had told me that she was a French officer's daughter, killed in action. Perhaps she thought so; had been deceived into this belief. Yet I was convinced now that this was the man; that he had been living up to a few hours before, and had met his fate here in the wilderness by a foul and treacherous blow. Her father! The knowledge seemed to shock me, to leave me helpless; I could not divorce my mind from the remembrance of the daughter. Where would she be that night? Safe at Harmar? or in the dark woods with Girty? Did she know about this hidden cabin? This island rendezvous? Surely this could be no mere coincidence of name and history, yet what was the mystery that enveloped both? Why was this Captain D'Avray hiding here, and why did she deny that he was still living? The more I thought, the more tangled grew the skein. Brady called me, and I stepped back into the other room, still dazed, grasping the medal in my hand.

"Well, what is it?" he asked gruffly. "What have you found out?"

I told him briefly, describing the appearance of the body, and handing him the medal. He turned it over in the light of the torch.

"French, ain't it? What does it say?"

"An army decoration for gallant conduct given to Capt. Raoul D'Avray, Fifth Chulassiers."

"You think it belonged to him?"

"Beyond doubt; it was pinned to his shirt—the one thing he treasured in his exile."

"D'Avray," he repeated, as if the name had familiar sound. "I've heard of him before. Wait a bit; now I have it—he commanded Hamilton's Indians at Vincennes when Clark took the town. I saw him once."

He got to his feet with my help, and braced himself in the doorway, looking intently at the upturned face, as I held the torch extended.

"That's the man," he said soberly. "I remember the white beard; some one told me the Wyandots called him the



I Stood Staring Into the Face of the Dead Man.

white chief. And he was in the French army? An officer? Poor devil! I wonder what happened to drive him to this."

He stared about among the shadows at the miscellaneous articles littering the shed, his trained eyes noting things I had overlooked in my excitement.

"He was murdered all right, lad," he commented slowly, "and by a white man. This was not Injun work. Here is the imprint of a boot heel; you can even see the nails. That's odd; I didn't suppose there was a boot worn in this

MADE GOOD DANCING MUSIC

Convivial Party Had Reasons for Delighting Further Rendering of "Watch on the Rhine."

The following story comes from Germany, and pretends to recite facts—only facts. Diagonally across the street from my lodging, says the teller of it, there is a restaurant, which has two dining-rooms set side by side, both very much frequented of a Broadway evening. One room is the show

The MAID of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH ILLUSTRATED BY D. J. LAVIN

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country except by British officers. What is that red garment lying on the box? I thought so; an English infantry jacket, made in London, and it never belonged to D'Avray." He held it up. "It was a big fellow who wore this coat, about your size."

I drew up the bench, and sat down. "There is more to it than you have discovered, Brady," I said, determined to explain. "Did you chance to see a French girl back at Fort Harmar?"

He shook his head. "Not as I remember; who was she?" "That is what I would like to know. I hoped you might have picked up some information. She was at General Harmar's office—a young girl, not much over twenty, I should judge, with dark eyes and hair, speaking broken English, her dress half Indian and half border French. She was one in a thousand, to my thought. What name do you suppose she gave me?"

"His eyes, interested, questioned me, but he was silent."

"Rene D'Avray," she explained her father was a French officer, killed in battle."

"And her mother?" "A woman of the Wyandots, but a half-breed."

"D'Avray! The same as the dead man yonder! And he was a soldier. 'T is an odd case. What else do you know about her?"

"Precious little, indeed, for she seemed an adept in deceit. She even pretended to know me, and actually spoke my name before it had been told her. How she ever learned it is more than I can guess. The little mix is full of tricks, but plays them so saucy that it was not in my heart to become angry. By heavens! one glance in her eyes would disarm any man—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "but whence came she there, and for what purpose?"

I told him all I knew, and he listened eagerly, his eyes on Schultz putting out the fire.

"She must have jested in her threat to travel hither with the renegade."

"I fear it was not jest," I said soberly. "She was in a mood to do even that, and I do not think she feared the man. They may be on our trail now; ay! close at hand, Brady, for they both know these woods better than either of us. 'T is my thought, now, the dead man yonder was the lass' father, and she would know his cabin."

His eyes turned to the door, and then to the food Schultz was placing on the table before us, but whatever he thought it remained unuttered. As we sat there eating, he was apparently turning it all over in his mind, trying to draw the tangled ends of the skein together. As we finished the meal, some newly awakened curiosity caused me to glance out again into the rear room. It was gloomy with shadows, the bodies of man and dog beyond view; yet what I perceived brought from my lips a sudden exclamation.

"Brady, some one has been in here! The outer door is unlatched—yes—and the soldier's coat is gone!"

We searched the room carefully, but discovered no sign of its having been entered, except for the door standing slightly ajar, and the disappearance of the red coat. We dare not carry a torch into the open, and the night was too dark for us to trace marks on the ground. Brady stood in the glow of the firelight, looking to the priming of his rifle, his face shadowed.

"I am going out awhile, Hayward," he said finally. "Yes, I am all right now. I meant to take you along, but I reckon it will be safer not to leave the Dutchman here alone. However, I don't think there will be any more visitors tonight."

He slipped out the back way, disappearing instantly, and I picked up my own rifle, bade Schultz remain where he was, and followed, with the purpose of scouting about the island. I could perceive the new danger we were in. Suppose the assassin, eager to save himself from suspicion, should be attracted to that camp of raiders, and, relying on their friendship for protection, charge us with the murder of D'Avray. What mercy could we hope for at their hands? Beyond doubt the band was composed of ambitious young warriors, who had already tasted blood, and under control of no chief able to restrain them, if their wild passions should be appealed to.

But I emerged into darkness and silence. Quickly as I had made this decision I was too late. The scout had already disappeared across the narrow open space, and vanished into the fringe of trees. There was nothing to guide me, except a vague sense of direction, yet I felt my way forward through the dense tree growth, hearing no sound of movement, and compelled to move slowly until I emerged at the shore, and could perceive the stars reflected on the surface of still water. As I lingered there clear of the woods' shadow, my courage gradually returned, and our situation appeared less desperate. Whoever the fellow was who had killed D'Avray he might have as much cause to fear the Indian raiders as we did. The mere fact that he wore a red coat was no direct proof he was a British soldier; doubtless many a forest renegade had picked up bits of discarded uniform. Besides, why should any soldier desire to kill

I knew you would be here; that was why I came alone—that we might talk to each other, and no longer lie. I stared at her face in the starlight, my memory suddenly reverting to the dead man within.

"You knew I would be here?" "I guessed it, and my instinct was true. Why not, monsieur? You alone knew the house was here, and who lived in it."

CHAPTER VII.

Mademoiselle Meets Her Father.

There was evidently no use of my groping longer in the dark. The girl was in earnest; she firmly believed me to be another. There could be no understanding between us until this mystery of identity was cleared away. Her discovery of me here had only served to increase her hallucination.

"Mademoiselle D'Avray," I said earnestly, and I stood bare-headed before her, "there is a serious mistake being made. I am not willing you should deceive yourself any longer. I am going to be perfectly frank with you, and in return I ask you to be equally frank with me. Who do you believe me to be?"

She gazed straight into my face, answering: "Monsieur Joseph Hayward."

"Of course," smiling, "you heard the name at Fort Harmar."

"But I did not; it was never mentioned in my presence. I recognized you."

"Which would imply that we had met before, yet I have no recollection, not the faintest, of such a meeting. You are not one it would be easy to forget."

"Unless one particularly desired to do so," she replied swiftly, "and that I am beginning to suspect is the case." She straightened her slender figure, throwing back her shoulders and using a clearer English than before, as if throwing off disguise. "You ask me to deal with you frankly, monsieur; very well, I will. Down in my heart I have never trusted you—never! My father did, and I made pretense to please him. But from our first meet-



"You Call Me a Spy, but I Am Not."

ing my womanly instincts told me you were false. Now I know it! You are not with us, but with our enemies; you are a traitor, a spy!"

"The words stung; they were like the thrusts of a knife. Was the girl insane—mad?"

"You call me a spy," I said soberly, as her breath faltered, "but I am not. To me this is all mystery. But what about yourself, mademoiselle? Why were you at Fort Harmar? What purpose brought you there?"

"I went there openly, and in no disguise," she replied, "restraining herself with an effort. 'I was not a spy, nor a victim of curiosity. I told the truth when I said I was seeking my father.'"

"Yet you left at once to return north without finding him?"

"Because I had learned he was not there, not in the American forts. I heard the general tell it to you."

"To me! The name was not mentioned. We spoke only of a medicine man—Wa-pa-tee-tab."

"Yes, the White Chief. He came to the Wyandots with the Christ message. He was there before the priests, and it is through his efforts there has been peace. Yet why should I tell you all this? You have met him in council, have eaten at his table, and shared his bed. He alone has stood, and blocked your plans of war."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "let us forget this controversy, this misunderstanding, for it is that, and be friends for this night at least. I wish to help you, and not be held as an enemy. You have been in my mind ever since we first met; I have not been able to drive you from memory. I must bring you evil news, but my heart is full of kindness and sympathy. You will believe this?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

day this happened, and auntie, feeling that liberty really was demanded, allowed him abundant latitude. At last, however, she felt compelled to remonstrate.

"Jamie, dear," she said gently, "if you balance things one on top of another like that they will fall down presently, and we shall have a terrible time."

"Oh, auntie," cried the boy, eyes big and color rising, "do be game and let's try it! Let's have a 'terrible time!'"

Just suited him. Little James had been reared strictly and only enjoys life when visiting his indulgent auntie. The other

Watch on the Rhine" twice over to their entire satisfaction there was a pause. Then the door—the door leading into the next room—popped open and one of the confectioners—an enthusiastic dancer—poked in his head.

"Play that bully two-step once again for us, please," he cried.—New York Saturday Post.

Just suited him.