

A SURGICAL OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary and many have been avoided by **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

For proof of this statement read the following letters.

Mrs. Barbara Base, of Kingman, Kansas, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For eight years I suffered from the most severe form of female troubles and was told that an operation was my only hope of recovery. I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has saved my life and made me a well woman."

Mrs. Arthur R. House, of Church Road, Moorestown, N. J., writes:

"I feel it is my duty to let people know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female troubles, and last March my physician decided that an operation was necessary. My husband objected, and urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day I am well and strong."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, and backache.

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

It takes more than an eye-opener to make the toper see the error of his ways.

RHEUMATISM PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of whiskey for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as some other ingredients can be had from their good druggist.

Everybody encourages the fads of the men who are willing to spend money on them.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of **BEASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of **Chas. H. Weston**. Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A Thanksgiving Day Story

"You are in my way," said Staniford, between puffs of cigar smoke. I moved from the couch on which he was resting his feet and backed up against the opposite wall.

"Am I in your way now," I asked, meekly. Staniford growled under his breath.

"You know what I mean," he said, savagely. "Somehow, I can't win the girl when you're around. You're a boodoo."

I went to the mirror and regarded myself reflectively. "Where do you see it?" I said.

Staniford took no notice of my flippancy. Evidence that he was deeply in earnest.

"I want you to leave town," he remarked, with great decision. This was more serious.

"You know I can't leave town," I said, severely.

"You can if you want to. Look here, didn't you say you'd be my sworn ally, and do all in your power to bring about the match? Before you ever saw Winifred didn't you promise to help me in any possible way? And now when I ask you to do a little simple thing like going out of town and taking a rest you refuse. I don't need your active assistance just now—in fact I think I can make much better without you. Now why can't you leave town?"

"That was a question. I had but one good reason and dared not tell it.

"I have a presentiment that I ought to remain," I said, weakly. "You may need reinforcements in the first skirmish."

"I'll send for you if I do," he growled, uncompromisingly.

"And then, too, Winifred—"

"Miss Lowes, if you please."

"O, pardon; you said Winifred."

"I should, and you should not, emphatically."

"Well, Miss Lowes might miss me."

Staniford got to his feet suddenly.

"I believe," he said, "you're in love with her yourself."

"Not hopelessly," I answered.

tell you a secret. Miss Lowes is giving a Thanksgiving dinner."

"Now, this was the reason I couldn't leave town."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" I asked.

"She is giving the dinner to her immediate friends, idiot."

"Am I not immediate?"

Staniford dropped hopelessly on the couch.

"It is like trying to explain to an intelligent stone wall," he murmured.

"Where must I go?" I put in meekly.

Staniford started to say something, then cleared his throat and growled, "Anywhere."

I sat down to think the matter over. Here was Staniford, my good friend, desperately in love with Miss Winifred Lowes. I had done all in my power to help along his suit—at least, I had gone to call on Miss Lowes several times each week for the express purpose of glorifying Staniford. How was I to blame when, one night after a half hour's uninterrupted eulogy of Staniford, Miss Lowes had turned red and exclaimed:

"I believe Mr. Staniford is a perfect prig!"

I told Staniford about her blushing, and he took it as an excellent omen. I really hadn't the heart to repeat what she said about his being a prig. He wasn't, by any means. He was inexpressibly worse than I had painted him. His virtues, like mine, were chiefly negative.

Well, here was Staniford, asking me to leave town just before Thanksgiving and eat my solitary and most likely unpalatable dinner in a strange hotel, not to mention missing Mrs. Lowes' dinner and the football game which promised to be of unusual interest. It was too much for human nature to endure. Still I wanted to do the right thing by Staniford.

"Is it absolutely essential that I leave town?" I queried. "Couldn't I quietly and unobtrusively eat my simple little Thanksgiving dinner at home and then, dressing myself most unpretentiously—couldn't I sneak in among the crowd to see the football game?"

"If you are here," said Staniford, unrelentingly, "she'll feel compelled to ask you to her dinner."

in a burst of confidence, "I'm going to propose after that dinner."

"Good," said I, shaking his hand. "I hope she won't turn you down as she did—me." Then, dodging the book he aimed at my head, I went out.

I wandered along until, strangely enough, I found myself mounting the steps of Miss Lowes' house. I really thought that, Thanksgiving day being so near, and poor Staniford on the awful verge of proposal, it would be a kind and generous thing for me to drop in and say a few more lovely things about his character and habits.

I found Winifred looking as sweet as a wild rose and full of enthusiasm over her Thanksgiving celebration.

"I'm just having a few of the girls and boys," she said, "not more than sixteen, and mother will lend dignity by presiding at the head of the table. Now, will you get me some chrysanthemums?"

"Why, certainly. But Staniford is so much better at selecting flowers than I am, don't you think he—"

She interrupted me with spirit. "Staniford! Staniford! I fairly hate the name! If he wasn't your friend—"

"He's a thousand times a better fellow than I. His aims are so exalted—his abilities so unlimited—his—"

"Stop it!" she commanded, "or I'll scratch him off the list!"

"O, don't do that," I cried in agony. "He is counting on—"

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says:

"For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Even a society bud doesn't care to marry a blooming idiot.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free. Sold by Druggists, etc. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Many a man makes a fool of himself by acting smart.

A good firm to ship your cream to. MILTON DAIRY CO., St. Paul, Minn.

HIDES TANNED FOR ROBES, COATS, RUGS, ETC.

Write for our Free Catalog No. 10, Foster Robe & Tanning Co., Minneapolis.

The highest salary paid to head millers in Denmark is \$1,000 a year.

Use Allen's Foot-Paste. Cures itching, swelling feet. 5c. Trial package free. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Wages in the British potteries are based entirely on the piece system.

Western Canada the Pennant Winner

"The Last Best West"

160 ACRES IN FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The government of Canada now gives to every actual settler 160 acres of wheat-growing land free and an additional 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. The 300,000 contented American settlers making their homes in Western Canada is the best evidence of the superiority of that country. They are becoming rich, growing from 25 to 50 bushels wheat to the acre; 60 to 110 bushels oats and 45 to 60 bushels barley, besides having splendid herds of cattle raised on the prairie grass. Dairying is an important industry.

The crop of 1908 still keeps Western Canada in the lead. The world will soon look to it as its food-producer.

"The thing which most impressed us was the magnitude of the country that is available for agricultural purposes."—National Editorial Correspondence, 1908.

Low railway rates, good schools and churches, markets convenient, prices the highest, climate perfect.

Lands are for sale by Railway and Land Companies. Invaluable maps and maps sent free. For railway rates and other information apply to Superintendent of Immigration Ottawa, Canada or to the authorized Canadian Gov't Agent: CHAS. FILLING, Grand Forks, North Dakota.

PATENTS

Thankful? Ah, yes, for many, many things, For flower that blooms, for little bird that sings, For thoughts that can be born in human hearts To lift them up on pure and radiant wings.

Thankful for every loving woman's eyes, Thankful for every soul to sympathize, Thankful for every man who smiles, and makes His quiet, uncomplaining sacrifice.

Pa'son preached a powerful sermon— Sort the women call "a pome"— Directed straight at us poor critters Providence decreed should roam, An' the choir, to rub it deeper, Sunk, just breathin', "Home, Sweet Home!"

Now, I ask you, ef it isn't Playin' not exactly square, Harrowin' up a feller's feelin's Till he's got to sry or swear, Givin' him no chanst to answer, Talkin' home an' mother till—well there! That Chatterbox won't vanish off the yarth 'Fore I git back to it, is all my prayer! —Catharine Burgess.

"Perhaps you mean by that she has already accepted you?" he pursued, ruthlessly.

"O, no; not yet."

"Laurence," he said, soberly, "you don't care for the girl. Now, go, and let me alone."

"But," I protested, "how can I leave home just now?"

"You reason in a circle," responded Staniford. "What earthly thing prevents your going—and staying forever, though I only ask of you a few weeks' absence?"

"My—my family," said I. "How could I break the family circle on Thanksgiving day, when we are wont to gather round the festive board—"

"Bah!" broke in Staniford, unfeelingly. "I'll wager your family will be greatly relieved to have you gone."

"I fear you do not appreciate my importance in the household," ventured I. Staniford looked black. Then he laid down his book and came close to me. I shrank at the menace in his eyes.

"Don't slap me," I pleaded.

"Laurence," he began, "listen to me seriously for one moment. It is of the utmost importance that you should be out of town Thanksgiving day. I will

Vast Difference.

"Money," said the cynic, "is the real trouble in life."

"It never impressed me as being anything like trouble," sighed the man who was broke.

"And why not, sir?"

"Well, it is very easy to borrow trouble, but did you ever try to borrow money?"

Sympathy.

It was in the art museum.

"Yes, Mandy," said Mr. Hardapple, as he referred to his catalogue, "this is a statue of Venus. You see, she hasn't any arms."

"Poor thing!" sighed Mrs. Hardapple. "I was just wondering."

"Wondering what, my dear?"

"Why, how in the world she ever carried her shopping bag."

Many an upright man has failed to score a downright success.

A Vanishing Tribe.

Once members of the great Creek family, the Seminoles of Florida have lost their tribe, their traditions and their homes. Their own people have forgotten them. The United States has ignored them since the Seminole war, when their roster was lost.

Payment of the government debt to their tribe made plutocrats of their brothers in the West, but never a dime reached the members of the little band who refused to be driven from their ancestral home. But their Spartan courage has departed and in the cowed and cringing remnant there is no spark of the fire that flashed in "The Seminole's Reply."

The government has no agent among the Seminoles, and the last guess at their number, made by the United States seven years ago, was 358. That fragment of the tribe has now shrunk to 275.

Wise Precaution.

The mercury was trying to ooze out at the top of the farm house thermometer and the old farmer was pitching chunks of ice into the pond.

"What are you doing that for?" queried the summer boarder.

"That's 't' keep 't' pesky ducks from layin' hard b'iled eggs," answered the rural philosopher.

Blessing Free.

"And will you give us your blessing?" asked the eloping bride, returning to the parental roof.

"Freely," replied the old man. "No trouble about the blessing, but board and lodging will be at regular rates."

Titular Coiffures.

"Talk about parting one's name in the middle."

"Yes?"

"Count Lasso Jeno Maria Henrich Simon Szschenyj could braid his."