

Facts For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Belleriver, Que.—"Without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For five months I had painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the uterus. I suffered like a martyr and thought often of death. I consulted two doctors who could do nothing for me. I went to a hospital, and the best doctors said I must submit to an operation, because I had a tumor. I sent back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise."—Mrs. Emma Chateau, Valleyfield, Belleriver, Quebec.

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



All flour is made from wheat. But there are different kinds of wheat and several ways of milling.

Royal Household Flour

is made of the best hard wheat in its finest and purest form. It always produces uniformly light, wholesome bread or pastry because its quality never varies. If your grocer does not carry Royal Household Flour, he will get it for you.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal. 11

HER SECRET,

She Told It Frankly and Was Glad That She Did.

By BYRON H. KELLEY.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Virginia sat down before the glass and took stock of herself in minute and critical fashion. When a woman has reached her twenty-eighth year she is either at her worst or her best, and Virginia was at her best. Her glass told her that and the faces of her friends of her own age who had faded about her until she was left like the one perfect flower in a cluster, conspicuous by her brightness.

Her little sister had just announced that Mr. Bridges had driven up in front of the house and was waiting to take her driving.

But Virginia sat still. She had just been making a resolution never to go driving with him again, and here he was. She clinched her hands tight.

"Just this once!" she pleaded to her conscience. Her eyes met the longing ones in the glass. "Just this once, and I'll tell him. I will be honest. His heart shan't break even if mine does."

She turned to her sister. "Dorothy, dear, tell Mr. Bridges I'll be right down," she said gently. Then she rose and put on her hat.

It did seem so good to be sitting beside him again—if only it were not for that miserable thing which she had promised herself she would make known to him before the drive was ended. She looked at his face. It was such a strong, good face. Oh, it would be bitterly hard to tell him!

He seemed to have something on his mind, too, he was so grave and silent. And whenever he looked at her it was with quiet penetration.

Virginia leaned back against the thick cushion, trying to steady herself. She did not notice that Plume had stopped trotting and was walking slowly. But when a hand fell over hers she started and looked into the eyes of the man whose face had come suddenly near to hers.

"Virginia! Dear little girl!"

She knew what must come after those words, but she could not speak.

"Virginia"—his eyes held hers—"I love you!" Then he smiled his swift, gentle smile, as if her silence had reassured him.

That smile seemed to break the spell. Virginia remembered that she drew her hand from his and began to say something wildly, what she did not know until his changed, white face stopped her.

"Virginia, what are you saying? Promised—you? I will not believe it."

His stern voice braced her.

"Oh, but you must—you must!" she said.

"I will not believe it. I will not believe that you do not care for me—that you have led me on just for pastime. It isn't true, is it, dear?" His voice had softened again. He put his arm about her and drew her against him until her cheek touched his.

"Tell me all about it," he urged. "I must know it all. There is some mistake somewhere, I am sure. Tell me, Virginia."

He released her gently and waited. Virginia gathered herself together desperately.

"I'll tell you everything, Arthur," she said. "I promised myself that I would before this drive was ended. I should have told you before only I could not somehow. I shall begin at the beginning and tell it all, and then you may think what you please of me."

"It happened ten years ago, when I was about eighteen and Andrew two years older. We had known each other always. He lived in that little gray house next to ours until his father got into some financial difficulty and lost what property he had. Mr. Hall never could get along somehow. I always liked Andrew better than any other boy; he was so good hearted and gentle. One night when we were walking home from church he asked me to marry him." Virginia hurried a little.

"It was June, and there was beautiful moonlight. I had never dreamed of marrying him or anybody then, but he looked so handsome and he seemed so much in earnest that I promised before I thought. Then I was frightened, because I knew my people would never consent to it. My mother always said she was afraid Andrew would be just like his father and never amount to anything. So we decided to keep our engagement a secret."

"Just after that Mr. Hall was taken with a great desire to go west. He knew he could do something out there. I think he had an idea that gold nuggets could be picked up like acorns. Anyway he was perfectly crazy to go, and he went and took Andrew with him. We wrote back and forth pretty steadily for awhile. Andrew didn't like the west very well, and his father was disappointed, but they would have to stay there until they had earned money enough to get back home with. Well, I don't know—I was in school, and there were so many things to take my time that I guess I grew careless about writing, and Andrew seemed to grow just as careless himself. Besides, he and his father were constantly on the move. I think they must have traveled the west over pretty thoroughly. The last time I heard from Andrew was three years ago. He said he was still trying to get rich and talked of going to the Klondike. I answered the letter, but perhaps he never got it."

"You are the first person I ever told this to," she said, looking earnestly at Arthur.

"I see," he said quietly. He thought

he could understand what manner of map it was that would keep a girl to a foolish promise in this way for eleven years.

"You really think, Virginia, that Andrew will come back?" he asked.

"Yes; I really think so."

"And you will marry him if he does?"

Virginia turned very pale. "You see, Virginia," Bridges went on gently, "I have some old fashioned notions about these things. Unless you love him you have no business to marry him, were you twenty times promised to him. It would not be fair to him, and it would be most unjust to yourself."

Virginia never had thought of that.

"Now, I'll tell you what I shall do, for I think I have something to say in this matter. I will wait just one more year for Andrew to put in his appearance—just one year, not a day more or less—and if he doesn't come then I shall take you for myself. Do you understand me, Virginia?"

She looked at him with a brightening face. But the brightness quickly faded like the light from a sunset cloud.

"And if he does come"—she gasped.

"Why, then, that's a matter for your own deciding. If you love him enough to marry him, marry him. But if you don't," he smiled, "you'd better marry some one you do."

During the rest of the drive Virginia sat trying to realize things. She could not be thankful enough that she had told him and he did not despise her.

It was 6 by the clock when Plume trotted down the long street and left Virginia at her own door. She ran into the house, unpinning her hat as she ran. Her mother came in from the dining room with a dish in her hand.

"Virginia, guess who has come while you've been gone," she said.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Andrew Hall! Would you believe it? I thought I knew him when I saw him go by in the bus. Afterward Mrs. Ward came in and told me. He wasn't dressed any better than he was when he went away. I guess he hasn't brought much back with him except his wife. He's married!"

"Married!"

Virginia sank trembling into a chair. "So Mrs. Ward says. She's been over to the hotel to see them."

Dorothy danced in from the kitchen. "Mamma," she bawled, "the tea is boiling over!"

Mrs. Swift hurried out, and Virginia her hands pressed to her throbbing heart, understood the situation.

A few minutes later Arthur Bridges drove up to the house. He entered the library, where Virginia sat weeping softly from joy.

"My own sweetheart!" he exclaimed as he took her in his arms. "There is no one between us now. Andrew Hall has just come back with his wife."

"I know. Mamma just told me, and—and I am so glad, Arthur!"

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