

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Relieved of Nervousness and Other Distressing Ailments by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four years ago, and am taking it now for the Change of Life and other troubles and I receive great benefit from it. I am willing to let you use my letter as a testimonial because it is the truth. I found your booklet in my letter box and read it carefully, and that is how I came to take the Vegetable Compound myself. It has given me quiet nerves so that I sleep all night, and a better appetite. I have recommended it already to all my friends and relatives. —Mrs. ENGLEMAN, 2632 Palmetto St., Ridgewood, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the woman suffering from nervous troubles causing sleeplessness, headache, hysteria, "the blues," Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine. For the woman of middle age who is passing through the trials of that period, it can be depended upon to relieve the troubles common at that time. You should give it a fair trial now.

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The progress of recent years in medical research is little short of marvellous. Bally science kills germs by the million. Daily, new ones are being discovered, isolated and exterminated by the march of medicine. Science is winning. What were once regarded as serious diseases are now laughed out of countenance by the doctors. Fearlessly they plunge naked hands into swarms of them, their only precaution being to rinse their hands afterwards with a reliable germicidal preparation. We are witnessing the birth of an era when the world will have little to fear from microbes. Absorbine Jr., besides being the all-purpose liniment that removes pain and soreness, and hastens healing, is a powerful antiseptic that is death to the microbe world. Absorbine Jr., is just what is needed in the house in case of accidents and to correct the many little household hurts that constantly occur. \$1.25, at your druggist.

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The Love Pendulum

(Continued from Page 10)

When I could get away and with a hired guardian, drive to all the quaint places nearby. But I was rarely allowed this. Father was proud of me because I was pretty. He put me in clothes too old and too fancy for my age—I was only 15 then—and took me into the great gambling halls. I remembered the spinning red and black roulette wheels, the great lighted chandeliers, the crowding men and women and the eternal singsong of the little man by the wheel—"Faites vous jeux, messieurs, messieurs, faites vous jeux," until his "make your bets" ran eternally through my head.

"I didn't like Monte Carlo," I answered. "It's strange to hear a young girl say she doesn't like excitement! But you like to dance, don't you?" "Yes," I answered, but my tone was doubtful.

I remember the winter. Always with my aunt, I went from dance to dance. They danced there. We went to luncheon in great hotels, where we danced between bites, and afterwards we danced at dinner and afterwards we danced at breakfast. My dear aunt was generous in many ways—an evening usually ruined one of the tulle frocks she liked me to wear and she never complained of the expense. She bought more frocks, always as delicate and perishable as the others.

"You see, I was to come out," I told my visitor. "Only I got sick. My aunt took me around a lot even before I was a regular 'deb,' mostly with her crowd, all older people. I couldn't go with the younger ones—I wasn't really out, you see." "She didn't and I went on," I said. "I was to come out in January, but I had a cold and she did not want to introduce me formally to society unless I looked well. I went away on a country house party, supposedly to rest up. But a lot of guests came, it was as bad as the city. Then she was to do it February, but I developed pneumonia—and here I am."

A MESSAGE

Chapter 4

Mrs. Taylor became a frequent visitor. From the nurse I learned that she was supposed to be quite wealthy, but that she lived in a little frame house in the village, in a very simple style, and that she gave away a lot of her money. "She went to the house when she was married and there she stayed, and you couldn't budge her," Parker said. "Sure, she's got a grown-up son—a handsome young chap he is. 'Too. He'd spend her money if she'd let him, but she hangs onto it tight. He did make her get a housekeeper, or she'd be doing her own work to this day. And now she's at me, lady with nothing to do, she says, so she spends her time bringing flowers out here to sick folks, and looking after the poor folks at the other end of the town."

DEPRESSION

Chapter 5

"I won't go to Europe," I announced. "But no one will make you." "Yes, they will. Dear Doctor Engel, won't you tell my family I must stay here all summer so you can keep on looking after me? I want to buy a little white house I saw today." "Your aunt has just written details of your illness," the letter went on. It was dated two weeks previous. "She said she would not cable me unless you were in actual danger, so as not to alarm me but would wait and write. She waited for that, too, until you were out of the worst of it, so you see, my dear child I have only recently heard of all this illness. I deeply sympathize and I am sorry I was not there. Though I suppose your aunt was competent enough and I would have been a burden at the time."

Thankful Mothers

Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little one she would use nothing else. The Tablets give such results that the mother has nothing but words of praise and thankfulness for them. Among the thousands of mothers throughout Canada who praise the Tablets is Mrs. David A. Anderson, New Glasgow, N. S., who writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my children and from my experience I would not be without them. I would urge every other mother to keep a box of the Tablets in the house." The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach; drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make teething easy. They are sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It seemed in a valley, until most disappointed because you one topped the hill, then it was evident that the town was really home. But I think that can wait very high for the nearby valleys until next winter, though you will see hundreds of feet lower than—be it 10 or 20 then? Meantime, I'll take you over to London well so fast they began talking about "allowing me to leave." But I thought I don't like the place much. To my aunt were not as optimistic as I might have made them. One day I took the car out alone for some shooting in the Fall. That "How wonderful that you can drive!" Mrs. Taylor said, as we over to your aunt.

"I hope you'll be quite well when you arrive, for I am helpless with an invalid about; I want you to look well and pretty too. Your last picture was charming, I showed it to Lord Rosedale, who quite raved about my aunt and wanted to meet you. You had her 50 and twice married! He has everything desirable—a title, wealth, a pedigree as long as a mile, a prize ferrier in a dog show. They say his first wife married him because she liked the looks of his family crest, and divorced him when democracy became the fashion and we put away our coats of arms and our mid-Victorian principles."

I stopped reading the letter. I was in no mood for father's cynicisms and flippancies. I remembered Lord Rosedale's very vaguely—he had been at Nice four years ago when father took me there. I was 15, he was nearly 50, and he was married to his second wife. I don't think she was along—he rarely lived together, I heard. He was very witty, but his wit carried a sting in it. He seemed tired of almost everything.

I did not want to go to Europe. I knew what it meant—a suite on one of the big steamers, Aunt Harriet would have nothing less. She would go, or else I should have a nurse to look after me. The travel salesmen who travel first class on the big liners would try to flirt with me, the stout ladies would "take an interest" in me because of my de luxe suite and my nurse. People would stare, we would all dress for dinner every night and sit around and look stupidly at each other. There would be dances on deck and an orchestra playing all the time.

The more I thought of it, the worse it seemed. I went out on the piazza and stood staring into space. Parker had to hunt me to bring me in to my tea. I went to bed still more depressed. I was not going to join Father in Europe, that I determined. I would invent some plausible reason. Yet the alternative seemed to be my aunt—and that meant a summer at fashionable resorts, and parties and bands and late hours—and I was so tired and bored with all of it.

I wanted to stay quiet—I wanted to live in the little white house in Wellsville. I went to sleep hoping, I would worry myself into a re-lapse. Then I could stay on where I was at peace.

The next morning came warm and full of sunlight and the fragrant freshness that only the early season seems to possess. I could not be depressed on such a day. There was the routine of the sanatorium to get through with. I rushed Parker through my bath and massage and waited impatiently for the doctor's visit.

"You look well enough to be sent home now," he told me. "Not quite home," I answered. "I have a plan—I'm going to stay on."

"What is the trouble?" he asked. "I don't know," I answered. "I don't know what it is, but I don't want to go to Europe." "I don't know what it is, but I don't want to go to Europe." "I don't know what it is, but I don't want to go to Europe."

Girls And Women Held By Anaemia

Rich, Red Blood Needed to Restore Their Health

There are thousands of growing girls and women held in the deadly clutches of anaemia. Slowly but surely a deadly pallor settles on their cheeks; their eyes grow dull; their step languid; their appetite feeble. Daily they are losing their vitality and brightness. Pains in the side, headaches and backaches follow, and life seems to be scarcely worth living. What is needed in cases of this kind is new, rich red blood which will bring back to weak, ailing girls and women the charm and brightness of perfect health. To obtain this new, rich blood try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Their action directly upon the blood; they supply the elements necessary to make it rich and red, and in this way they bring back the glow of health to the cheeks; brightness to the eyes, and a lightness and energy to the step. Among those who have found benefit through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Emma J. Johnston, R. R. No. 1, Clinton, Ont., who says: "In the spring of 1921 I felt weak and very much run down. It was with difficulty that I forced myself to work at all. I had head aches, was very pale, and felt constantly tired. In our local paper I ran across the testimonial of a lady who told of the benefit she had from using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. Very soon I felt a change for the better and by the time I had taken five boxes I felt like a new person. The tired, worn out feeling had vanished and I could go about my work from morning until night without any difficulty. I certainly cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and when I meet anyone weak and run-down I strongly advise them to give these pills a trial." You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Not a Blemish... Gouraud's Oriental Cream

here for the summer. You can have me under your supervision then, but I'm going to live in the village. As soon as I was permitted to go out, I sent for my car and drove to the little white cottage, took the name of the real estate man, and half an hour later, accompanied by him, I was going through the place. It could not have been better if it had been made for me. It was a cheery little, but perfectly good little house, one and a half stories high. It was of white painted boards with green shutters and a porch about five feet square with two wicker benches, one on each side of the door. Inside was a living room with a brick fireplace. This was half the house. On the other side, in front, was the dining room; then the kitchen completed that floor. Upstairs were two small bedrooms with sloping ceilings, and a tiny bathroom. The house was furnished with cheap but plain furniture.

It seemed it had been built by a young married couple, who had moved away to another city and had this place up for rent. I took it at once, even before I knew the rental. I thought it very cheap, though Mrs. Taylor told me the man doubled the price when he saw my enthusiasm.

Of course I had an almost unlimited allowance. So I could afford to beg the doctor to give me Parker for my housekeeper, at least over the summer. And in a week it was established in my little home—my first home, the only house I ever felt I could call by such a sacred name.

"You'll want to be doing every-thing, and you mustn't overwork," Parker had to say several times every day. For I was full of enthusiasm.

"It isn't too late to plant a little vegetable garden," I told her. "Late corn and late peas and lettuce will grow—oh, lots of things. I've a seed catalogue from the grocery store."

My aunt would have been horrified if she could have seen me! I wrote her that I was to be under the doctor's supervision all summer and would stay in Wellsville, where I had taken a small house, and my private nurse was to attend me. I wrote Father the same thing, so I wasn't fibbing, though perhaps I wasn't telling the entire truth.

My aunt sent me a lot of summer clothes, smart things fashioned by her own dressmakers. Most of them I put away, I did not want them. I bought a lot of big aprons made from cretonne, things that covered me like a dress, and decided to wear them all summer. My favorite books were the seed catalogue and the mail order catalogue.

And finally we were fixed. The cheap hangings I had taken down and I had put away all ornaments. Cool white muslin hung at the windows, and cretonne curtains and cushions and couch covers made the place as dainty as could be. It was wonderful what a difference I made in the house by a few such touches.

"And you can still have a garden and you can set out shrubs," Mrs. Taylor told me. So we did this too, to the greater transformation of the house. In no time at all it was one of the prettiest homes in the village.

And that marked the end of one sort of life and beginning of another. For when my little house was done over, I was quite well, though not very strong yet. It would take months of a quiet life to bring back perfect health.

Aunt Harriet consented to my idea, my Father was so far away that the summer would be half way through before he could get another letter to me.

"And now I want to learn to cook," I told Mrs. Taylor. "A splendid ambition! I wish all modern girls were as sensible as you are!" she approved. "I shall take great pleasure in teaching you."

"Then let's cook our own dinner here Friday," I suggested. "That's Parker's evening out. I'll help and you can show me."

"But Friday's my girl's day out. Come to my place—I have to go. Winthrop's dining." "Bring him here!" I suggested. "And that's now simply that happened. Indeed, that was the one thing that drew a sharp line between past and future for me. But I did not know it then—we never know the big things when they are happening to us."

I had not met Winthrop. I had seen him in the doorway of his house, in the brief instant I leaned over to start my car. So when the bell rang and Mrs. Taylor and I were busy in my little kitchen, I had no idea what my guest would look like. I answered the bell, opening the screen door to the front porch and holding out my hand in welcome.

ACQUAINTANCE Chapter 7

"I'm awfully glad to meet you at last," Winthrop said, putting his hat down on the table as I had suggested. He gave his head a little shake, to toss his hair back from his forehead. It was a gesture that was to mean a great deal to me later. This time I noticed it as a curiously attractive characteristic.

"Mother has talked so much about you," he went on. "She promised to bring you around sometime, but they seemed to keep you tied up in Dr. Engel's. He'll, Mother!" He turned from me as Mrs. Taylor came into the room and greeted her with a hearty kiss. I liked that about him—he seemed so sincere in his pleasure at seeing his mother. Of course, the men I had most perfectly mannered sons, but this was different. It was the difference between formal courtesy and the natural courtesy that comes from kindness.

"Everything's ready but the whipped cream," Mrs. Taylor announced. "And Win makes such good whipped cream I think I'll let him do it. His strong arms can beat it up in no time."

Chattering about the details of the cooking, she led us back to the kitchen. And Winthrop whipped the cream for desert while we put the dishes on the table.

It was one of the pleasantest dinners I ever remember. It was such a delight to eat things I had helped cook myself, and I enjoyed every bit of it.

"She's really such a fine little housewife," Mrs. Taylor praised me. "She's so quick at learning! And she can be a first rate cook. Cooks are born, not made."

"Now Mother, you say that every meal," Winthrop protested. "What are you doing, trying to make our hostess into a good housekeeper like yourself?"

"I'm no longer a housekeeper," Mrs. Taylor answered, her tones anything but cheerful. "I'm only a sort of boarder in my own house, now you've made me get a woman to do all my work."

"She turned around to me for sympathy. "He did. I never complained, I like to work. But he said we had so much money I had to have a housekeeper. He said it looked badly. I tell him it doesn't look nearly as badly as the way my house does sometimes when she doesn't dust. Besides, I like to cook for my son."

"Never mind," her son consoled her. "I haven't yet forbidden you to darn, and I have two pairs of socks that are all holes!"

"Oh, I want to learn to darn too," I announced. "At school they taught us embroidery, but I never learned sewing or darning or such useful things. I'm really very ignorant."

Winthrop stared at me. "Why should you learn to sew or darn when you don't have to?" "Oh, I want to. I know so little." He laughed suddenly.

"You know more than I. I don't know how to run a car. Mother never would buy one, she didn't like them. But since you've been taking her out in yours, she's beginning to like them—aren't you, brother of mine?"

He reached over and took her hand and patted it, an impulsive friendly act for which I nearly adored him.

"I don't mind them so much. It isn't that. But you're so hot-headed, you know how to run a car. Mother never would buy one, she didn't like them. But since you've been taking her out in yours, she's beginning to like them—aren't you, brother of mine?"

Paint is the greatest known preservative agent for both wood and metal and its proper use as a protective measure fully justifies the expense, for it is an investment that returns a very high rate of interest. The life and usefulness of practically all building material and implements the farmer uses is greatly prolonged.



Old Dutch Lye or acids. Soft and flaky won't scratch. A little does a long way. MADE IN CANADA

If given regular applications of a high grade and suitable paint (unprotected wood absorbs moisture, which promotes fungus growth and decay, and unprotected metal soon rusts and ruins. Paint not only prevents decay of wood and rust of metal, but it works like magic in transforming the appearance and enhancing the value of a thing. There is a good deal more than saving—the surface and improving appearance, for it is a well known fact that neatly painted buildings add a real money value to the owner's standing and credit in the community. This is not simply because of the saving that shows an element of business judgment in protecting one's possessions from the destructive action of the weather.

"Practice on mine!" I said promptly. "I'll show you how to run a car—she's so sure I'll smash the car I practice on."

"Will you show me?" He was as pleased as a boy. Mrs. Taylor smiled. When she smiled some of the grayness left her face, and she became very warm and friendly and delightful.

"That's an excuse," she said. "He wants you to show him so he can come around and see you."

"Do I need an indirect excuse to come and see you, Constance?" he asked. He called me so casually and naturally by my first name that I did not think anything about it. I was very glad he had used my name instead of the very formal "Miss Bennett," so glad, somehow, that I might have blushed a little at it—for I blushed very easily—except that it seemed the only name he could possibly use.

And long after they had left, and I had gone to bed, to lie there and read awhile, I found myself thinking more and more about him. He had called me Constance—as though he had known me always! Yet we only met that night. But I was so glad about it. It was part of the simplicity of the life here; he liked me, he wanted to know me—and why should he fence about as we did in the city and wait until we had met the proper number of times to be considered friends?

Were we going to be friends, this young man and I, I wondered. (To be continued)

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