

WOMENS' NEGLECT

SUFFERING THE SURE PENALTY

Health Thus Lost is Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again: "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"



Miss Clara Beaubien

More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness or other female weaknesses.

These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result.

The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Clara Beaubien, of Beaufort, Quebec, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: For several years I have suffered with a female weakness which proved a serious drain on my vitality, sapping my strength and causing severe headaches, bearing-down pains and a general worn-out feeling, until I really had no desire to live. I tried many medicines, but did not get permanent relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In two months I was much better and stronger, and in four months I was well; no more disagreeable discharge, no more pain. So I have every reason to believe the Vegetable Compound, and I consider it without equal for the ills of women.

For twenty-five years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge. Her advice is free and always helpful. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The Guardian Short Story

A Preconcerted Accident

By JEANETTE WALDEN

Copyright, 1904, by May McKeon

"It's good to see you once more, Arthur!" Naoma Lake ran across the room, holding out both hands to the strong, dark young man who came forward to meet her. Her delicate face was alight with real joy.

"Good!" he echoed, taking her extended hands and drawing her to him. As he bent his face to meet hers she shrank back, flushing painfully. Then a smile flickered across her face, and she disengaged her hands, motioning him to a seat.

For a moment he studied her. "Forgive me," he said ironically. "You kissed me goodby, you remember?"

"I was young five years ago," she laughed as she sat down.

He threw himself into a chair opposite and drew his hand across his forehead.

"Perhaps we ought to be introduced," he suggested cheerfully.

At this he laugh rang genuine.

"Tell me about yourself," she commanded.

He shook his head. "Nothing—same old story. But tell me about yourself. There is something, I know, I want to seek my fortune. You already had yours in your face."

"She could not meet his eyes. "Same old story." She only attempted to laugh this time. "There's nothing to tell." There was a tremor in her voice.

He studied her face again.

"I've got a machine out here," he said, rising. "Come for a ride."

She sprang up with impulsive acquiescence. Then her gray eyes clouded suddenly. "Oh, I can't."

"But you want to?" he asserted.

"Yes, I want to, oh, so much, but—I have an appointment."

"It's been a long time since you rode with me. You need a change. Let the other fellow wait."

"The other fellow! You know, then?"

"I don't know anything," he growled. "Get your hat."

She obeyed.

As they went down the broad walk to the drive an elegant white car chug-

side when they chugged away, drowning the noise of the big white car that was flying in the opposite direction.

"Why did you do it?" he questioned after they had gone a half mile in silence.

"I wanted to," she replied.

"Wanted to quarrel with him?"

"Oh, no!" with widening eyes.

"Wanted to ride with me," he asserted.

"I—I hadn't thought about it." She glanced up at him, and he met her puzzled expression with an illuminating look. "Yes," she said simply; "I did."

There was a long silence. When they had passed into a quiet country road, he spoke again. "Can't you tell me more about it?"

"No, I forgot. Didn't you know?"

"Yes, I should have known."

"Fred, Mr. Hampton—in my fiancé. Uncle's going back to India again, and, you know, I can't live in that climate, and he didn't want to leave me alone, and so—and so preparations are being hastened for—"

"For your wedding," Boyd finished. Then he stopped the machine, fussed over the feed tank for a few minutes, and started on again.

They had gone only a few rods when there was an explosive sound, and the machine stopped short. Boyd got out, looked under it and tinkered at it here and there in a desultory fashion.

"Guess we're stuck," he remarked as he watched Naoma's face keenly. He seemed satisfied with what he saw there. "Shall we explore this mossy dell while we're waiting for a tow?"

"By all means," she was on the ground almost before he could help her.

"Isn't this glorious?" she cried after they had walked a short distance and she placed her hand on Boyd's shoulder as she jumped upon a low, flat rock. Her eyes were just on a level with his.

As they looked at each other a shadow came over the happiness of her expression.

"I'm afraid I've got you into trouble," he suggested.

"Oh, no," she replied wearily. "We'll make it up. We fall out periodically."

"Has there ever been a man in the case before?" He tried to make the question seem careless.

"No!" A new intelligence came into her eyes. She dropped her hand from his shoulder.

"Do you want to make it up?" He put the question calmly, quietly, but something in his face made her hesitate, made the bright color come into her delicate cheeks.

"Yes," she couldn't say it. "No!" Suddenly he swung her off the stone. For an instant she rested in his arms, and her face met his without shrinking.

As they went back to the road she looked up at him half reproachfully. "Why did you stay away so long?"

"Because I couldn't have you."

"Couldn't have me?"

"I couldn't ask you to marry a beggar."

She smiled indulgently. "But how is it different now?"

"Oh, I've turned out about a million and a half on that Arizona land deal and a few other irons I've had in the fire for the last year or two."

They had reached the disabled auto by the roadside.

All at once Naoma laughed gleefully. "It's the first time I ever saw a machine run itself out of the road before it broke down."

Boyd's eyes had a mischievous twinkle. "Didn't you realize that we'd turned out? I guess the thing's rested up now, and we can go back," he continued as he helped her in.

When they had started, Naoma was thoughtful. "I shouldn't think you'd want a wife that would turn a man down at the slightest excuse," she mused.

"I shouldn't want her to do it more than once," he laughed.

BEST SPECIALISTS IN STOMACH CATARRH.

Though often they fall to give even temporary relief, Mr. W. Seymour of Huntsville, Ala., cured himself with Ferrozone. "My trouble," he says, "was chronic catarrh of the stomach. There was constant bad taste in my mouth, I was constive and unable to eat before and after meals. I also had a gnawing sensation in my stomach. Ferrozone gave me great relief, and I also used Catarrhosone which is good for catarrh. Although it took a number of boxes of Ferrozone I got back my health and today am quite well." For stomach catarrh, indigestion and kindred disorders nothing excels Ferrozone. In a thousand cases it has proved a wonderful success. Try it yours—1/2 doz per box at dealers.

Arthur Boyd looked at Naoma. Her face was changing color.

"Is this your appointment?"

The blond man, with a faint, insinuating smile, was slowly, suavely lifting his hat. He raised it just high enough to expose a slight baldness, then settled it carefully upon his head again.

"Mr. Hampton, Mr. Boyd," Naoma's self control was perfect now.

Arthur Boyd received an expressionless handshake.

"You are ready in good time," Hampton spoke to Naoma in a voice that was as genteel as his dress. "I just left the decorator at the house."

These words sent a chill over Boyd. He drew back a little.

"But I can't go just now," Naoma's voice was firm. "Something quite urgent has turned up unexpectedly. "You will excuse me for a little while?" She smiled up at Hampton.

"I'll excuse her forty times a day to get that smile," thought Arthur Boyd as he advanced again to her side.

But Hampton drew himself up, and his face grew pink. He flashed a savage look at Boyd. "It will be impossible for the decorator to wait. I'm very sorry," he said to Naoma in the same genteel voice. Then he took her arm with the air that all was settled.

But Naoma drew back and surveyed him in frank astonishment.

"The decorator can wait better than than this new appointment. I must ask you to excuse me."

The pink in Hampton's face changed to crimson, and he breathed hard. "Naoma, what is this that's important enough to interfere with a plan that was made weeks ago? I demand an explanation."

The girl was angry. "Come," she said to Boyd, and he felt that things were opened up by the look she gave the recent recipient of her intimate smile.

She was trembling a little at Boyd's

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"I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT YOU INTO TROUBLE."

got up behind the machine that was waiting for Arthur Boyd. The occupant jumped to the ground before his chauffeur had time to bring the car to a stop and came to meet Boyd and Naoma. He was well proportioned, blond and dressed with absolute correctness.

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COMING EVENTS.

Red Rose meeting, Loder Prince Edward S. O. E. Tuesday, May 14th at 8 o'clock.

I show you the quality of the Machine in the VERY machine you buy. The Smith Premier Typewriter I sell you will be as good as any the Smith Premier Typewriter Co. ever made and better than any other Typewriter Makers ever made. A. Milne Fraser, 157 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S. 5-6d38

GLOVES

Are you wearing long gloves. The proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it, and the way that women buy long gloves this year is proof positive that they are not only dressy, but very comfortable. This season we are selling more of them than ever. Good reason, too. Quality and value—occasionally will be better, 40 cents to choose from in kid and silk. All sizes to suit one's dress. Jas. Paton & Co. 5-811L

The Sailor Blouse Suit, for little fellows, is always becoming, and we show many other fancy, desirable designs. One lot to clear off, fancy 2 piece suits half price. Jas Paton & Co 5-1d1f

St. George's Baking Powder

There, Madam! That's the name of the new Baking-Powder I have been telling you about—and it's a pure Cream of Tartar Baking-Powder.

You may call me a pure-food reformer if you like—but I don't like to ask anybody else to eat what I would not eat myself—and I don't want to eat the adulterations that are put in some Baking-Powders.

St. George's Baking-Powder is manufactured here in Canada, by The National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited—the largest wholesale and manufacturing chemical house in Canada.

There's no duty to pay, and so the makers don't need to adulterate it to reduce the cost. Then, the fact that the makers are right here, where we can reach them, insures their keeping the goods up to the mark.

You know, I keep the best of everything, and St. George's Baking-Powder is what I recommend every time.

Thank you! That one can will make you a permanent customer for St. George's!

QUICK SALE
Commencing Thursday, May 2nd.

As May is usually a quiet month, and we require a certain amount of cash at once, have decided to offer the whole of our stock of RINGS, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, Brooches, Clocks, etc. at large reductions to make a

Quick Sale

Tea sets, Butter dishes, Pickle knives, Cake Baskets, Cruets, Napkin Rings, Spoons, Forks, Pie knives, Trays and Salvers, Fern etc. etc 1-3 off,

Waltham, Elgin, and other watches 1-4 off.

Regina watches 10 p. c. off.

Clocks, nearly all at 1-3 off, the remainder at 1-4 off.

Souvenir goods 10 p. c. off.

Spectacles and Eye-glasses, 10 p. c. off. Opera glasses, glasses, Telescopes 1-3 off.

Brooches, rings, studs, Links, Pins.

Locketts, chains, 1-3 off.

Many articles will be sold below cost, but we shall at up the sale as soon as the amount required is realized.

Nothing will be marked up and our regular prices in plain figures will be left on the goods so that everyone can see that the reductions are genuine.

E. W. TAYLOR
South Side Queen Square.
5-2617th-21.

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