

Where Holiday Money Counts

We have only room to give an outline of the various lines that compose our holiday stock, but each of these lines contains scores of gifts that are worthy of your attention. Hundreds of suitable gifts for every member of the family from the youngest to the oldest. You cannot do justice either to those you buy for or to your own pocket book without seeing our magnificent assortment. We trust you can find time to see it soon.

If holiday pocket books could be stretched to correspond to holiday good will there would be no worry about selecting gifts.

We believe that this store comes nearer to solving this problem than has ever been possible heretofore. It offers a wide assortment of worthy goods—goods that possess every quality that a gift should have—beauty, durability, usefulness, novelty, and real value—and on everything we save you money. Genuine bargains on goods of honest quality is the principle we applied in selecting every item in our stock.

We shall be pleased to have you look over our holiday line as early and as often as you can. It embraces a number of items never shown here before and that you must see here if at all. We want you to see these new things whether you want to buy or not, so would request that you come soon.

In addition to an outline of our holiday stock we have indicated below lists of items especially suited for your friends of both sexes and of all ages. We are sure you will find these lists helpful and trust you will check them over carefully as well as the rest of the advertisement. You are sure to get hints that will save you both time and worry. Our superb assortment and low prices will make your holiday buying a very easy matter this year.

Toilet Cases,	from 75c to \$6.50
Travelling Cases,	" \$2.00 to 8.00
Shaving Cases,	" 75 " 4.75
Collar and Cuff Cases,	" 1.25 " 3.50
Manicure Setts,	" 2.00 " 6.00
Pocket Books,	" 10 " 3.00
Hair Brushes,	" 30 " 2.50
Hair Brushes (Military) per pair	" 1.75 " 4.00
Cloth Brushes,	" 25 " 1.50
Tooth Brushes,	" 5 " 35
Shaving Brushes,	" 10 " 50
Razor Straps,	" 25 " 1.00
Perfumes,	" 10 " 3.75

Cigar Cases	25c to \$3 00
Pipes,	10c " 6 00
Cigars (Box)	75c " 5 00
Tobaccos, all the best kinds.	
Tobacco Pouches,	25c " 60
Playing Cards,	10c " 50
Dressing Combs,	5c " 50
Pocket Combs,	10c " 25
Hand Mirrors,	25c " 1 75
Atomizers,	50c " 2 25
Whisks,	10c " 50
Soaps (Box)	5c " 75
Soap Boxes,	25c " 1 50

PERFUMES

Perfumes are always in wide demand at holiday time, and this is the time that quality should be insisted upon. We have an immense stock of perfume and it includes the finest odors of the best perfumers. We have the late specialties. We have fine goods in bulk and in bottles. A package of perfume is often one of the most suitable gifts where some small token is required. The size of the package does not matter so much so long as the quality is right. We make you safe on that point. We have perfumes in all sorts of fancy packages. Also have dainty bottles and atomizers which we can fill with bulk perfume. If you want Sachet Powders, Colognes, Toilet Waters, etc., you will find them in abundance here.

GARDEN BROS., Druggists,
Main Street, Opposite Queen, Woodstock, N. B.

When Elizabeth Went Home.

It was only five o'clock, but the wide, far-stretching prairie land lay swathed in twilight. It was too early for stars as yet, and the oncoming night hovered down unbroken by any point of light, unbelievably still, and to Elizabeth, unspeakably dreary. She stood with her face against the pane, gazing out absently into the deepening dusk.

"At home," she mused, and the word vibrated in her mind with an aching tenderness, "the electric lights are gleaming along the streets, the trolley cars are full of happy Christmas shoppers. Papa has come in now and hurries off to his room with various mysterious bundles; Alice and Dick are hobnobbing together in a corner over mama's present. After dinner, some of the crowd will come in, and there will be music and dancing, then later a jolly little supper around the chafing dish." She turned from her thoughts to the grey stretch outside. "Snow, stillness—country, country, country! I hate it!" she gasped, with a sob of self-pity. "I like noise and lights and good times and people. Oh, I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Her husband was coming now. She could not discern his figure, but she heard his whistle, the notes dull and spiritless, mere ghosts of his old-time runs and trills. "But he doesn't hate Dakota as I do," she thought resentfully. "He likes it. He is troubled only because I am."

Stamping the snow from his feet, he came into the warm room, seeming somehow to fill it with his large personality. He stooped and kissed her tenderly, trying to meet her averted gaze.

"You're nice and snug in here, Elizabeth," he began, with a tentative cheerfulness. "It's awfully cold outside." The girl-wife made no response, but began to set the table, and the man said no more until she summoned him to the evening meal. He looked at her from time to time as she sat opposite him, hoping that her somber mood would pass, but she kept her wistful gaze bent toward her plate, and the bitter lines of her mouth never relaxed.

"What a dainty meal, dear," he said, with an attempt at animation. "Quite worthy of the season. It doesn't seem possible that the day after to-morrow is Christmas, does it?"

"Please don't remind me of it, Robert, I beg," she cried, sharply. The man winced and put down his coffee cup, gazing with set

brows into its amber depths. Suddenly he gave his shoulders an energetic little shake, and sighed with the stress of a firm resolve.

"Elizabeth," he said, "let's hurry and finish, then we can spend the evening packing your trunk, for you must start home in the morning. You will arrive Christmas afternoon, in time for most of the festivities, and you can stay just as long as you like."

Elizabeth looked at him squarely now, with startled eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You know very well—"

"Just this, dear. You must take the seventy-five dollars we saved to get the new machinery in the spring. I'll manage about that somehow."

"Why—why, I couldn't do that," stammered Elizabeth in denial, but with hope mounting in her heart. "I won't do it."

"Oh, yes, you will," he replied, in his most masterful tones, and with an air of finality. And then his calmness broke, and cried from his heart, "Ah, dearest, don't you know it just kills me to see you sad and lonely, not to hear you sing about your work any more, or make little jokes and laugh as you used to do? I think I can get the machinery somehow, but let's not think of that now. Nothing matters except for my sad little girl to find her happy heart again."

With a cry of remorseful tenderness she threw herself into her arms.

"Oh, Robert, you're so good, so good! And what a poor wife I am! So selfish and unkind to you! But, Robert, you can't understand. You can't realize how I ache to go home. This snow and stillness and bigness of everything gets on my nerves. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy!"

"Yes, little girl, yes," he murmured, kissing her hair.

"It wasn't so bad in the early summer when the woolly buffalo-grass was so soft and pretty, and the sky was so blue; and when mama and Alice were here, it was fine, but, oh, this winter—" She broke off with a shudder. "And we've been married a year and a half, and I've never been home once! When we planned to go this Christmas, I was so happy, and then things went wrong and we couldn't afford it, and I thought I should die!" she cried with the extravagance of youth. "Oh, Robert, I know I oughtn't to go, but I do want to!"

"Yes, little girl, yes," he said, softly again; "and you shall go."

The girl clung to him, leaving her tears and kisses upon his cheeks.

"My dear, good, generous Robert," she murmured. "Well, I'll go, but I won't stay

long, and when I come back I'll be the best wife in the world."

So it was settled. The pretty trousseau, almost unworn, was prepared for the eastern journey.

"Are you sure you won't look shabby or old-fashioned?" Robert asked, anxiously, for pride was one of the strongest fibers of his being.

"Oh, no, they won't expect a fashion plate to come out of the wilderness," she answered, and Alice will help me furbish things up a little."

Stopping in her packing, she slipped on a little rose-colored evening gown, and opening her fan, peered at him coquettishly over its filmy edge.

"Why don't you ask me to dance?" she demanded. Obediently falling in with her mood, he caught her round the waist, whistled the bars of a lively two-step, and spun her gaily up and down the room. Elizabeth was transformed. He looked at the flushing, glowing, rose-colored girl-creature in his arms, and wondered if she could be the wan, heavy-eyed woman who had met him when he came in from his work. The great wide night held the little house in its clutch, and the wind moaned under the eaves like a soul debarred from Paradise, but for once Elizabeth did not hear it. Robert did. "What will it be when she is gone?" cried a voice in his heart.

Early the next morning they drove over to Wilkes, the nearest town, where Elizabeth was to take the east-bound train. It was a wonderful day—white and blue and gold. The sky was as blue as a gentian flower; the snow-crystals flung back the sun's rays from their glittering facets, and the air was a joy to the lungs. Even Elizabeth, now that she was saying a farewell to Dakota, admitted its charms.

"Yes, I suppose this trackless white is more beautiful than the mud and slush of my little Indiana city, but three cheers for mud and slush all the same!"

Robert laughed—with his lips. In his heart was an agony of loss. Arriving at the station, they learned to his dismay that the train was two hours late. To prolong this parting through two hours of dreary waiting would be more than he could endure. Besides, various duties urgently called him back to the little farm. Elizabeth divined his thoughts.

"Robert," she said, "you mustn't wait. Truly, I don't want you to. It would be too hard for us both. And there are so many things you ought to do back at the house."

She never called it home and the fact had stung him many a time.

"Very well, dear, if you wish it, but I'll telegraph your people before I go."

"Robert, if you don't mind, I'd like to do that myself. It'll help pass the time, and, besides, I want to send as funny and jolly a message as possible."

"Certainly dear, and here's a note I wrote

you last night. I was rather wakeful. Read it some time along the way. Well, good-bye, dearest one; have a good time and be happy. Good-bye." He kissed her with trembling lips, and then turned quickly, climbed as hurriedly into the wagon, and drove away without once looking back.

Elizabeth gazed after him with some of the brightness gone from her face. She tapped the sill of the station door discontentedly with her little feet.

"There really isn't much pleasure in going without Robert," she thought, and then looked curiously at the note in her hand.

"I believe I'll read it now," she decided. "He said any time." She went into the station, and sat down upon a hard bench. There was only one other person in the room, a gaunt, flat-chested German woman.

Elizabeth tore open the note and read:

"This is to be only a few words to bid my little wife God-speed, tell her how much I love her, and a few other things that I want to say now while I see them clearly. It has come upon me lately that I have wronged you in bringing you to this lonely place. My boyhood was passed in the country, and I love it. It seemed to me that there could be no freer, happier life than here in this virgin land. I knew that there would be privations, of course, but I did not fear them, and you, catching a little of my enthusiasm, were willing to come. So I refused the kind offer of your Uncle Henry. The stifling round of the office, the struggle of the world of men, fe-

vers me. To grapple with wind and dust and famine—that was the battle at thought of which every sinew of me thrilled.

"But you were differently made. You were born for the easier, more sparkling life of the city. All the pleasant and gracious things which society offers to a fair and sweet woman were yours by right.

"Therefore, dearest, I beg your forgiveness. The happiness of you is the happiness of me. It is a small thing to say that I would die for you; rather, I will live for you, and in the way that is most pleasing to you. If your uncle's offer is still open to me, I will accept it, if you so desire. But, dear, if you could find it in your heart to give this life a few more months' trial, I should be so glad. I feel sure that the crops will be as good this year as they were poor last, and then we will make the home more like your old one. Just until the autumn comes, Elizabeth, and you can stay with your mother as much of that as you wish. But if you feel that you do not desire to make the trial, then say so, and your wish shall be mine. For, after all, wherever you are is the sweetest spot in the world to me.

"Have a happy visit, dear. Stay as long as you like, and God keep you!"

Elizabeth's tears fell on the note before she had finished. "There is not another in all the world as good as Robert," she thought. "I won't try to decide now about the farm. I'll wait until I reach home. I'd better telegraph now."



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FOR VERY STYLISH MEN.

You won't see such Top Coats as we shall show you, in any other store in town; you won't see on the street, made by anybody, such goods as these Hart Schaffner & Marx overcoats.

You will be doing yourself a favor by looking at these goods now; and you'll be glad to pay a little more for them than for ordinary clothes.

You'll be grateful to us for telling you about them; drop in and thank us some day.

FOX BROS.
HOULTON,
MAINE.
Aroostook's Greatest Clothiers, Furnishers and Hatters.