

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JUNE 8, 1904.



Miss Hapgood tells how she escaped an awful operation by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for four years with what the doctors called Salpingitis (inflammation of the fallopian tubes and ovaritis), which is a most distressing and painful ailment, affecting all the surrounding parts, undermining the constitution, and sapping the life forces. If you had seen me a year ago, before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and had noticed the sunken eyes, sallow complexion, and general emaciated condition, and compared that person with me as I am today, robust, hearty and well, you would not wonder that I feel thankful to you and your wonderful medicine, which restored me to new life and health in five months, and saved me from an awful operation."—Miss IRENE HAPGOOD, 1023 Sandwich St. Windsor, Ont.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries or fallopian tubes which adjoin the ovaries may result from sudden stopping of the monthly flow, from inflammation of the womb, and many other causes. The slightest indication of trouble with the ovaries, indicated by dull throbbing pain in the side, accompanied by heat and shooting pains, should claim your instant attention. It will not cure itself, and a hospital operation, with all its terrors, may easily result from neglect.

How to Succeed, Though a Failure.

His name was Andrew, but he didn't seem to be able to connect for all that. Names are all very well in their way, but sometimes they are too much in the way. That was the case with Andrew. His middle name began with a C, but that is a subject into which it is not necessary to enter. There's no use in rubbing it in. The whole sum and substance of the matter was that he was constantly being reported among the else rans, if he was fortunate enough to get away from the post at all. He was designed originally for the busy world of business, but someone had blundered in the original designs, and the result was that Andrew had about as much business ability as a four-months old baby in the Congo Free State.

His idea of the way modern business was conducted was that the captain of industry sat at a roll-top desk in the shadow of a pure Havana and sent out orders to buy steel and sell stock, occasionally reversing the process as occasion or the nearness of the presidential election demanded. This theory contains a germ of truth to the extent that there are a few men whose participation in the manufacture of steel and other necessities of life is comprised in one or the other of these two activities. What Andrew fell down on was the fact that the way to the roll-top desk and the clear Havana lies over the top of the scrap heap. That was where Andrew stopped and where he was usually found the morning after.

Then he decided to have a try at the law. It seemed easy, but he was destined to discover that it was the clients and not the profession that are easy. A lawyer is about the hardest proposition that a poor man ever stacked up against. Andrew's idea was that the only equipment necessary for the noble pursuit of Blackstone was an impossible array of digests and reports bound in half calf and a habit of standing with one foot on the lower round of the chair and looking at the ceiling whenever he was talking to anyone. At least that seemed to him to be about all that the majority of lawyers do business with.

When he butted into the inner ring he found that he had been basely deceived. While it is true that a lawyer doesn't need to know an injurious amount of law, he needs to be aware of a lot of things that are incidental to the law itself. For instance, he needs to know just how near the edge a man can go without being pushed over. For the performance of this feat it is necessary to know not so much what the law is as what it is not. Also he must be able to lay out a contract in such a manner that no one can tell what it means and afterward to demonstrate that it means something entirely different from what everyone else supposed. The only thing that Andrew was right on was the supposition that a lawyer's principal occupation is charging, but in his active practice he never seemed to be able to get that far.

In despair of ever illuminating the legal profession perceptibly Andrew decided that he was cut out for the practice of medicine. That bore all the earmarks of an easy graft and that was what he was looking for. All

that a disciple of Esculapius had to do, according to Andrew's preconception, was to fit out a reception room with half a dozen chairs, which would give the patients lumbago at the very least if they ever tried to sit in them, and a bunch of magazines three months old. His part was to sit in the cubby hole at the back and ask people what they liked to eat. Then he would tell them to give it up and take a little of the powder after each meal. The powder was to keep them from finding out that there wasn't anything the matter with them.

There may be elements of truth in the picture of the noble art of healing that Andrew drew in his mind, but he didn't fill it in enough. The first day out of the medical college, where he had learned the names of most of the component parts of the human frame divine and could take the said frame to pieces and put it together again without leaving out more than half of the works, he ran up against a case that put him out of court without a chance for a rehearing. A portly dame with an enlarged appetite called him in to straighten out the kinks in her head after a simple little supper with frequent vinous appendages. The embryonic doctor being new to the business, advised bromo seltzer and cracked ice. The dame had called him because she had thought that she could count on a beginner being diplomatic. Old doctors sometimes tell the truth in moments of desperation and just to see if they had forgotten the formula. Andrew's practice departed on a protracted journey up the flume at that particular moment. Then and there he learned the sad truth that the principal business of a doctor is to tell people they have one thing and treat them for something else. Only millionaires and corporations can afford to tell the brutal truth to their customers.

Andrew's future was now obscured by a large and lowering crowd. He had tried everything in sight but journalism, and that was out of the question because he objected to working for a living. What he wanted was a place where he could rest between meals and make out bills after supper till he got sleepy. At this point some alleged friend told him that the ministry was just the place for him, and pointed out the tremendous salaries that ministers received for preaching once a week and drinking tea and reading poetry to the ladies of the church between times. In sheer desperation Andrew butted in. By dint of unusual exertion he managed to drag himself through a theological seminary. He could spell out a little Greek with the aid of a dictionary and could even recognize a small amount of Hebrew if he examined it closely, and what he didn't know about what somebody else thought about the destructive effects of higher criticism wouldn't have made even a plank in a political platform. If there is anything smaller than that it isn't perceptible to the naked eye.

Having made the seminary without serious damage to himself he began to look for one of those warm-hearted city charges that his friend had told him about. He had no trouble in finding charges, but they were all headed the wrong way. Added to this was the fact that none of the city pulpits seemed to be yearning for a fresh, untutored youth to beat the dust out of the cushions. The preachers' union is opposed to letting any man in for full membership who hasn't served a long apprenticeship in a country parish where he is paid in produce and worn-out clothes. Andrew tried the country for six months and concluded that it was a choice between continuing to preach and continuing to live. Being naturally of a narrow, bigoted disposition he preferred to live and therefore resigned his charge.

By all the laws of the universe he should now have retired into an almshouse and spent the rest of his days criticizing the government and telling how cold the winters were in the early seventies. At the psychological moment, however, someone presented him with a breakdown typewriter. Having a large quantity of blank paper in the house Andrew forthwith jumped at the conclusion that the literary life was the life for him. That was five years ago. At the present moment he is sitting in his study smoking a thick-waisted Havana and waiting for the footman and the butler to bring in the morning's instalment of checks in a clothes-basket. Later in the day he will dictate a couple of chapters of his new book on "How to Get the Most Out of Life, or Publishers Made Easy." He already has four novels in the half million class and is interviewed at least once a week, besides contributing a column of "Helpful Talks With Young Men" to the weekly "Step ladder." His first novel was illuminating exposition of the character and career of a successful merchant prince. He followed this up with a legal novel, a romance of medicine, and a story of the pulpit that put the late "Robert Elsmere" clear out of the running.

It isn't fair to Andrew to give away the formula, but we cannot refrain from offering a bit of worldly advice to the young men of the country in a few and mercifully brief words. If at first you don't succeed get out of the business and buy a typewriter. Then you can write a book and tell all about it. The people who have succeeded will fall all over themselves to buy the book.

The Outdoor Christian.

God, forgive me for an Upstart
That I do not plead for grace,
Nor bask with purring praises
In the radiance of Thy face.
I am so busy living, Lord,
And loving, night and day,
I cannot always find the time
To kneel me down and pray.

God, forgive me for a Bungler
That I cannot tune my chime
To the anthem and the chantry
Of the dressy Sabbath time.
I know the sword of sea and sky,
The note of dell and nook,
But cannot seem to catch the air
Of olden altar-book.

God, forgive me for a Trifler
That I will not blight my path
With the worry and the wonder
Of Thy fabled might and wrath.
My heart is such a joyous place,
So glad with sap and flame,
I cannot seem to wilt before
The terror of Thy name.

God, forgive me that I love Thee
As the flowers love the light,
With a seething, silent rapture,
With a dear but dumb delight.
You bred my faith so staunch and strong,
My creed so brave and gay,
I dare to love and praise Thee in
Mine own untrammelled way!
—Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, in Lippincott's Magazine.

A Useful Convert.

Peace-lovers though we be, to us all there is virtue in skilful fist-fighting in a just cause. Therefore the thrill is at least pardonable which one feels on reading this episode which Doctor Rainsford relates in his book, "A Preacher's Story of His Work." The episode was in the midst of Doctor Rainsford's vigorous struggle on the East Side of New York.

I remember one man in particular—a big, strong fellow. He came in and sat down in the Sunday-school. I had some of the very best teachers I could find, and I always put the best workers I had there. He began to talk in a way that a man should not talk to a lady. He was a little drunk. I saw the lady's face flush; I walked over and told him to get out. He would not move. I said: "We are here to help you people; we are paid nothing for it. Now you are enough of a man to respect a lady. Why do you sit here and make it impossible for her to teach those boys?"

He swore at me and would not get out. "You don't want me to call a policeman, do you? Go out quietly."

He jumped to his feet, and I saw I was in for a row. He was as big a man as I am. I did not call a policeman, but I hit him harder than I ever hit a man in my life, and knocked him down. Then I stood over him and said:

"Have you had enough?"
He said, "Yes."
"All right," I answered. "Now get out." And he went.

About three weeks after that we got into a scrimmage outside the Sunday-school room with some toughs, and to my horror I saw, elbowing his way through the crowd, this same burly fellow, and I began to feel that between him and the others I should be killed when, to my astonishment, he walked up to the ringleader and said:

"The doctor and me can clean cut this saloon. You get out."



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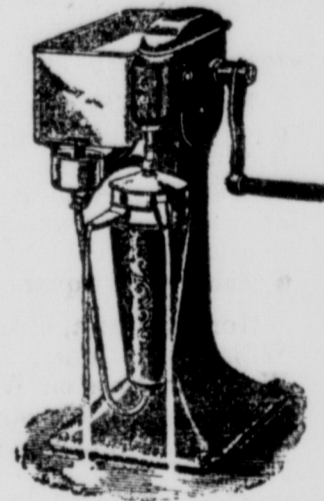
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Washing Machines.



Judging from the very number of Washing Machines we have sold during the last year, we know that of the many useful mechanical helps that contribute to the comfort and happiness of the well-appointed modern home, the washing machine is by no means the least important, and if it could not be readily replaced, would be one of the last of such aids to be parted with. Any Washing Machine is preferable, tenfold, to the washboard.

The above cut shows the Re-Acting Washer, with round body—the cover is open to show the internal working parts.

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