

WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUGUST 3, 1904.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman.

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collierville, N.J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular."

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

JIM BLUDSOE.

These verses written about 40 years ago by Colonel John Hay, now secretary of state, are recalled by the burning of the excursion steamer General Slocum.

Wall, no! I can't say where he lives,
Because he don't live you see;
Leastwise he's got out of the habit
Of living like you and me.

What have you been for the last three years
That you have not heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludsoe passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He warn't no saint—them engineers
Is pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the Hill,
Another one here in Pike;
A keener man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row,
But he never fluked and he never lied—
I reckon he never knewed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
To treat his engine well;
Never he passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle again the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats had their day on the Mississipp
And her day came at last—
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
And so she came tearing along that night
The oldest boat on the line
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed—rosin and pine.

Fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For the willer banks on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
I'll hold her nozzle again the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore.

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludsoe's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness
And knew he'd keep his word.
And, sure, you're born they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Jim Bludsoe's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
Longside some pious gentleman
That wouldn't shook hands with him,
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it that and then;
And God ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

ONE OF THE EIGHT.

BY OTHO E. SENGAL.

Abraham Adams set his square jaws together in a manner not entirely pleasant to behold. He was not a handsome man at the best, and this expression of stern determination did not add to his attractiveness.

"This thing has gone far enough," he said aloud. "Oae way or another it shall be settled and settled tonight."

He stretched out his long, lean arm and looked grimly at the great, bony hands. "One of those fellows wears a ring and plays the piano," he thought, and a ghost of a smile touched the firm mouth.

He walked with long, slow steps to the mirror and gazed at the face reflected there. It was not unlike the man for whom he was named, with the high cheek bones, wide mouth, deep set eyes and large nose.

"You're not much to look at, Abe," he said, shaking his head at the reflection, "and Bruce is as handsome as a girl—and a good, square fellow, too," he added honestly.

Abraham Lincoln Adams had come from a

country home and a country lawyer's office three years before. He has passed the examinations with high honors and since his admission to the bar had been remarkably successful. He felt that he was now in a position to ask the girl of his choice to share his life and the honors he was sure the future held for him.

He had known the girl since childhood. He was a big boy studying algebra when she sat dangling her plump legs on the front seat devoted to the infants. He had taught one term in that same school, and she had tortured his faithful heart by an absorbing interest in a pink cheeked boy in her class and by an utter inability to master the mysteries of X Y Z.

He had left her with no word of love. He had his way to make, and the letters between them were few and unsatisfactory.

A year ago she had come to Boston to study music, and his honest soul had rejoiced. How happy he would be in having her so near. He could see her often and take her about a good deal, and it would not be long now before he could tell her of the great love that was in his heart, of his hopes for the future, his plans for her happiness.

But to his dismay he found Tillie hedged about in a most inexplicable fashion with formalities and conventions hitherto unknown.

Eight young women had rented a furnished house and with an aunt and uncle as housekeeper and protector were living in a little world of their own, superior to boarding houses, and with a fine contempt for "homes" and institutions. Adams wasn't quite sure whether the aunt and uncle were rented with the house or if they were really rented to one of these very modern young women.

He called several times and was cordially received, but upon every occasion at least three of the other young ladies were present and remained during his entire stay. Then he tried the plan of writing to Tillie, inviting her to accompany him to a lecture or a concert. The little notes he received in reply were sweetly courteous, but he felt somehow thrown back upon himself, chilled and repulsed.

"You must remember that I am only one of eight," was the tenor of the sweet little notes. "Not one of us accepts an invitation for herself alone. Which one of the girls would you like to include in your very pleasant plan for Thursday evening or Saturday afternoon?"

Then he settled down to a regular call on Wednesday evening. He met all of the young ladies and really had better opportunities for conversing with any of the others than with the one he sought. Bright, pretty girls they were, each earnest in her work, with high aims and youthful ambitions. An artist, a schoolteacher, a writer, a music teacher, a violinist, a kindergarten and an editor made up the list.

Often there were other men there, and Adams soon discovered that he was not the only one who would like to see Tillie alone. After awhile he began to wonder if the other men were as completely shut out as he, and the unwelcome thought suggested itself that Tillie might manage to see him alone if she really wanted to.

"Can it be that Tillie doesn't care to see me?" he asked himself uneasily. "If it were so wouldn't she tell me?"

His own nature was so simple and direct that this would seem the most kind and true thing to do. He could not understand the feminine complexity that led the girl to enjoy his unwavering, unspoken devotion. The protests of the other girls that she was unfair to the man and did not deserve such homage only increased her determination to hold him at this advantage and to ward off as long as possible the declaration she knew she must hear when once they were alone.

But now he was resolved. He would not be a plaything for a girl's whim. She must make known her decision, and he would abide by it.

Under cover of greetings from eight laughing girls he was able to ask Tillie if she would go for a short walk with him.

"With another of the eight?" she asked archly.

"No; alone."

Tillie shook her pretty head in refusal, but her heart beat faster. There was something new in the man's tone, something masterful and commanding, that she had never known before.

After a few minutes he wandered, with apparent listlessness, to the fireplace and, turning, faced the group.

"Tillie?"

At the sound of the firm, compelling voice eight astonished faces were turned toward him and eight pairs of bright eyes gazed at him in constrained silence.

He took out his watch and held it in his hand. He looked only at Tillie. For him the others were not there. Some foreshadowing of the greatness that was yet to be his fell upon the thin face and gaunt figure and lent a strength and dignity that awed the girl's soul and held her gaze captive.

"Tillie!" speaking slowly and clearly, "in exactly two minutes I am going to propose to you. If you wish your seven friends to

remain I have no objection."

A horrified, gasping "Oh!" in several different voices, a rustle of silken petticoats, and seven breathless girls scampered out into hall and up the stairs.

"Of course she'll refuse him!" cried the girl who wrote stories. "Isn't he horrid?"

"No," answered the woman who read stories. "He is manifesting the one needful quality, and Tillie will marry him."

"If she doesn't," chimed in the artist, "it will show that she isn't bright enough to recognize a great man in the days of his obscurity."

"In which case," added the girl with the violin. "I shall try for him myself."

This was the last and certainly the most astounding. Each girl went silently to her own room, feeling that a great crisis had come in the life of one of the eight.

Left alone at last with the girl he loved, Adams made no movement to approach her. His eyes had never left her face, and she had not been able to look aside even when her companions' fled from the room.

"Tillie"—the grave voice grew solemnly tender—"I have loved you for years, and you have known it. There was small need for me to declare a love that had been yours since childhood, and I would not seek to bind you by any promise until I could offer you a home as well as a heart. I am now ready to do for you all that a man can do for the woman he loves. Come to me, Tillie, and tell me that my love is returned, that you will be my wife, Tillie!"

He held out his hand, the great, bony hand that wore no ring and could not play the piano, and the dark, homely face was illumined with the mighty love and exceeding tenderness that only a strong man knows.

The girl rose slowly, her eyes still fixed on his, and moved toward him as if impelled by some stronger power. Half way she stopped and raised a pitiful, pleading face to his.

"Abe," she whispered, "Abe, are you going to make me come all the way?"

He had intended to, but the passionate, thrilling sweetness of his boy hood's name overcame his resolve. One long step and he caught her in his arms.

All the way, sweetheart," he answered, "but I will carry you the other half."

He did the talking.

A lively-looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping-car in the Pennsylvania station, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment and then turned to the man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to St. Louis, to the fair. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—"

"But, say, boss, I—"

"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground.

"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do the talking if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't going on that train."

One difference between a man and a woman is that a man always looks guilty when he wears a new suit, while a woman in a new suit always looks proud.

Some people take great pleasure in being sorry for themselves.



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