



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. If she would be all that she may, she must guard well against the signs of ill health. Mrs. Brown tells her story for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was; and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time, I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers Club.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

ALICIA.

"There goes Alicia," cried the girl in the tan raincoat, jumping up from her seat. "I'll call her."

"Don't you do it!" said the girl with the blue eyes, grabbing the flying belt of the tan coat.

"Why not?" asked the owner of the belt somewhat sharply, being jerked back into her seat thus summarily. "I thought we could talk over the yachting party."

"You might," explained the other, "only I shouldn't be here to join in the conversation. I'm not speaking to Alicia these days. My dear, that girl is a-a-a serpent."

"You don't say so! I never should have dreamed it, with her heavenly smile and appealing eyes."

"That's the very worst kind," asserted the girl with the sky-blue orbs positively. "I'm practicing that angelic glance myself. It's warranted to penetrate the armor plate of the very stupidest men. But I never quite realized it till the other night, when Alicia gave me a complete demonstration. Dick was there."

"She arrived early in the afternoon and said all her folk were away, and she was lonesome. Could she stay all night with me? It was very inconvenient, because I had asked Dick to dinner. All my folk were away, too, except my brother, and I thought it would be a good chance to show Dick that I—well, that I knew at least enough to manage a gas range in a flat for two. I had never said much about my cooking, but I wasn't ashamed of it, and it was just as well to bring it to his attention."

"He came early and did not seem as much annoyed to find an extra girl there as one might have expected. 'Well, who's going to get my dinner?' he asked. 'I know Sue can cook; she says so. But can you, Alicia? I don't believe it—you look too helpless.'"

"Alicia looked reproachful. 'Of course I can cook!' she said, indignantly. 'Perhaps not as well as Sue—she's so clever—but I do know how! Why—why, I'll get the dinner tonight, just to show you. If Sue will let me. You don't mind.' Of course I minded, when I wanted to show off myself, and I couldn't imagine what she was up to, for that girl doesn't know how to make an earthly thing but fudges in a chafing dish. It occurred to me it might be a good thing to let her go ahead and come to grief, so I smiled amiably and said she was welcome to take charge of the kitchen. You're not to step foot in it yourself!' she cried triumphantly, as she disappeared toward it. This suited me—I would have a lovely chat with Dick and keep cool and comfortable while I knew Alicia would get warm and miserable and unhappy. She deserved to."

"I should say she did—trespassing on your preserves like that!"

"But just listen! It was not two minutes before there was a wail from the kitchen. We rushed out and found Alicia had burned her hand lighting the range. Dick tore up his handkerchief and put on cold cream and bound up the wound, while Alicia let her chin quiver and looked brave. 'Poor little

thing!' said Dick, as we returned to the library, 'she has nerve, that girl!' Honestly, the burn was about as big as a ten-cent piece and scarcely noticeable."

"I'd just interested Dick in a new picture, when Alicia appeared in the door. She looked provokingly pretty, with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair. She pointed a knife at Dick and said he was to come out and peel the potatoes. He knocked over a chair getting there. There wasn't room for three in the kitchen, so I went back and read a magazine."

"It took him an awful long while to get those potatoes peeled. I heard her say in answer to his entreaties that he might wash the lettuce, and then he had to beat the mayonnaise. Maybe I was not righteously indignant, but what could I do? She kept him there till dinner was on the table. My brother came home and he beamed when I told him what Alicia was doing."

"But my spirits rose when he started on the dinner. The soup was so salt it strangled me. The steak was burned to a cinder and hard as a rock, and the potatoes, those French fried potatoes, were raw in the middle and soaked with grease. By this time I almost forgave Alicia. But those two men were eating like demons, and praising every mouthful, while Alicia looked pink and modest and protesting. She simply had them hypnotized."

"I thought they couldn't help but notice the salad—it was positively warm and the tomatoes weren't even peeled. And Dick said he'd never eaten better. Then there was a soggy pudding which they devoured enthusiastically. By this time I was faint with mingled emotions. I always knew my brother was an idiot, but Dick—I was glad I'd found him out in time."

"And Alicia was the belle of the evening when we got up from the table. You may be sure she never offered to help pick up the dishes. Not she! She piled all the sofa pillows in a heap and draped herself against them and let Dick and my brother gaze ecstatically at her for two solid hours. Oh, I was washing the dishes. Yes, it was a lovely dinner party! Dick's last word was an appeal to Alicia that she should cook him another dinner soon. I guess he's afraid she'd forget, for he's spent most of his time at her house ever since, reminding her. He says she's so cunning in a kitchen. Cunning!"

The girl in the tan coat looked properly sympathetic. "You poor thing!" she said.

Hot Shoots at the Russians.

Russian commanders seem not to know even on which side of the world Japan is located.—Baltimore Sun.

Russia is very sensitive about her prestige, but there is nothing that will send it zeroward faster than a panicky fleet on the high seas, with all the world watching.—Boston Transcript.

The charge against the Baltic fleet is "drunk and disorderly."—New York World.

Certainly Russia will apologize. And she will do the same trick over again at the first opportunity.—Wheeling Register.

It is evident that the Russian navy is too much for a fishing fleet, especially when the latter is caught in a state of unpreparedness.—Binghamton Leader.

Presumably the Russians of the fleet saw those torpedo boats as in a glass of vodka, darkly.—New York World.

Russia does not seem to be very much elated over the first victory which has been scored by her navy.—Baltimore Herald.

General Kuropatkin will never be regarded as a great commander until he removes his victories from the doubtful column.—Dallas News.

The fact that Admiral Rojestvensky lost his head is no reason why he should cut off other people's heads.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If the Russians at home drink the same sort of stuff as is furnished their sailors they probably can come in touch with the spirit of the dreamland explanations for sinking those Hull fishermen.—Baltimore Sun.

The Combes Ministry after driving the monks of the Chartreuse from their hereditary monastery pretend that they have discovered and now possess the recipe of the monks for the manufacture of their liqueurs, and about to ship them to foreign countries under the old label. In these circumstances Messrs. H. Riviere and Co., of 50 Mark Lane, London, write to say that the secret and process of the manufacture of their liqueurs have been preserved absolutely intact by the monks, and that "the French Government is neither manufacturing nor about to sell such liqueurs." The genuine liqueurs are now being made in Spain by the Chartreux monks, and are being shipped under this label: "Liqueur fabriquee a Tarragone par les Peres Chartreux. This liqueur is the only one identically the same as that made at the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse in France previous to the expulsion of the monks, who have kept intact the secret of its manufacture."

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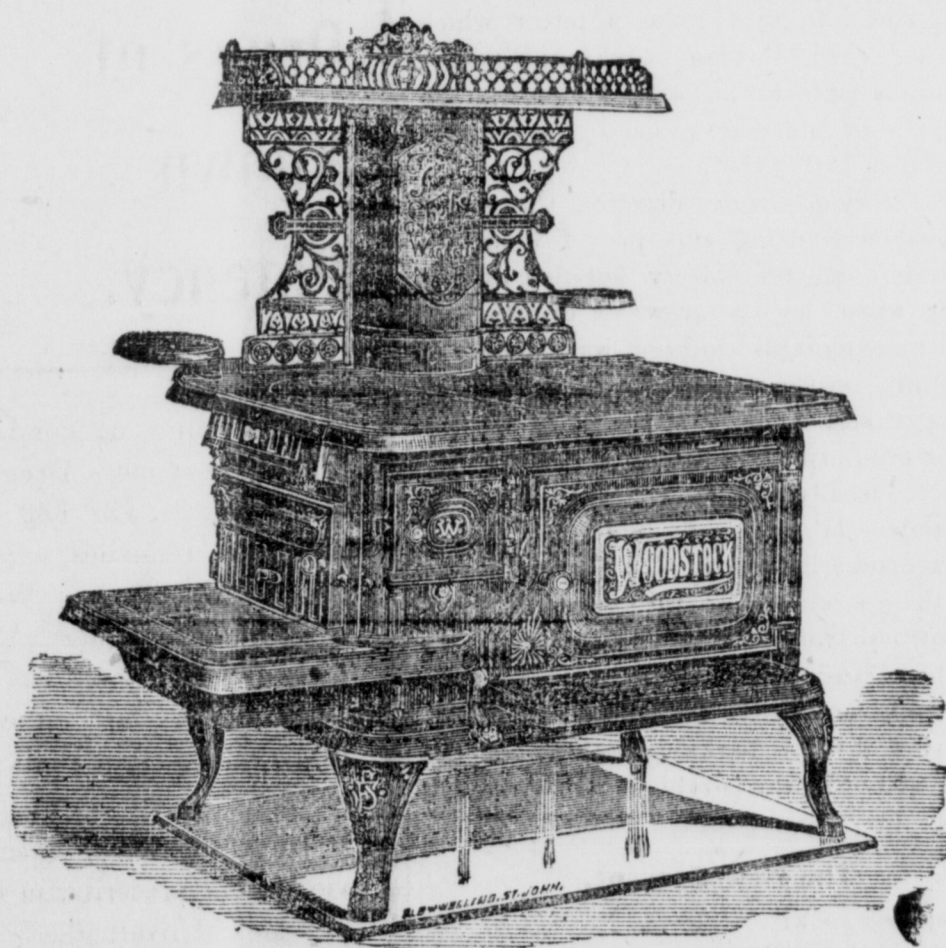
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THE WOODSTOCK RANGE.



The Methodist Parsonage, Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 11th, 1902

Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Gentlemen,—After upwards of thirty years experience with a large variety of cook stoves, none has ever given the satisfaction derived from your "Woodstock". It is a perfect heater and baker, keeps the water tank hot day and night, with less fuel than any stove we have ever had in our parsonages.

Yours faithfully, JOHN C. BERRIE.
P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

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MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

Fortune In Shoe Blacking.

About 150 years ago there resided in the town of Doncaster a certain barber named Martin. To him there came one day to be shaved a soldier, who mentioned in the course of the conversation that he was obliged to return to his regiment at York on foot, as he had not the wherewithal to pay his coach fare. Mr. Martin, having himself known poverty in his younger days, loaned the man sufficient money for his purpose and a little while later received it back according to promise. But there was something else in the envelope, a crumpled paper on which was written a recipe for a certain preparation which, explained the sender, he had long used with very good results upon the boots of men of his corps.

The barber at once made a small quantity accordingly to directions, found it excellent, entered into partnership with a friend of his named Day, a harnessmaker of the Tavistock street, London, and was rewarded for his enterprise by seeing before he died the firm of Day & Martin, blacking manufacturers, blossom forth into one of the biggest businesses of its kind in the world.

A Question of Clothing.

Mr. Jones was very fond of a kind of boiled pudding his wife made, so, says London Answers, when she had gone away for an afternoon and evening she promised that she would leave one of favored pudding in the saucepan, for his evening meal.

"Well," she said, on her return, "and how did the pudding go down?"

"Soo-preme!" said Tom, smacking his lips at the recollection. "Twas as good a pudding as you have ever made."

"That's good," was the gratified response of Mrs. Jones. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. What did you do with the cloth?"

For a moment Mr. Jones solemnly surveyed her.

"What," he said, "did it have a cloth on?"

The Boy Problem.

A boy's manifestation of courage should not be repressed. It takes principally the form of fighting.

Do not fill the churches with little prigs. Early risers in a spiritual sense are conceited all the morning and sleep all the afternoon of their lives.

You will never make a nation of inventive children who have to do what you like.

The child is a bundle of instincts, not a sheet of white paper.

The least little bit of fun at a boy's awkwardness, and out of his heart you go.

The youth who does not learn to dress neatly between seventeen and twenty-two years of age will not do so in after life even if he became a millionaire.—G. A. Archibald.

Good Rules For All.

A cap worn at a rakish angle is no sure sign of a riotous disposition, but some persons think it is. The better way is to take no chances, and if one is willing to regulate his cap—and other things—by good authority, he may profitably heed these rules which the president of a New England railroad company has issued to his trainmen:

Don't wear your cap over your ear.

Don't wear your cap tilted down over your eyes.

Don't wear your cap on the back of your head.

Don't wear your cap askew.

Wear it firm and square on the top of your head.

Keep your shoes polished like a mirror.

Wear a linen collar, and keep it clean.

Wear a dark necktie.

Crease your trousers.

Brush your clothes.

Wear a glad smile, and live up to it.

The New York World draws attention to the increased cost of living in the following striking manner: On July 1st, 1897, not quite four months after the Republican party began the lease of power it has held over since, the average cost of food, clothing, and other necessary articles of consumption was \$72.45 per head of our population. On September 1st, 1904, after a little over seven years of the blessings of Republican rule, it was \$97.84, an increase of \$25.39 per head or \$126.95 per family of five. These are the official figures published by the Department of Commerce and Labor, lately under the control of Mr. Cortelyou. They show an increase in the necessary cost of living of over 35 per cent. That means that it takes \$1.35 now to buy the things a dollar would have bought in 1897. It means that in order to be just even a man who was earning a dollar a day in 1897 ought to be getting \$1.35 now, that one who was earning \$2 ought now to be getting \$2.70 and that one who was earning \$3 ought to draw \$4.05. The question is, is he?

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMONDSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

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