



Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend your medicine."—Mrs. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., Pres. Household Economics Club.

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

The Favor of The King.

It is a widely known fact that the Duchy of Bowforest—or, as some say, Beauforest—has fallen into disrepute in social highways, and that the last two holders of the title have not been summoned to Court. But the reason is not, as many suppose, a political one; nor is it entirely on account of the misalliance of the late Duke, though it certainly resulted from that strange marriage.

The Kings of Aul-Atlantis have always been—well, gallant. When the Court is at Appledore, the capital boasts that the most beautiful faces of the civilized world are to be seen on the King's Highway at the fashionable hour, and the present monarch's manners to women could only have been acquired as an inheritance. But the last Duke of Bowforest, even as a young man, did not take the King as his model, like other of the younger nobility, and retired more and more to his enormous estates, where in his thirtieth year he completed the estrangement between himself and Society by taking a wife from one of the small fiefs dependent on the Duchy. There was no disguising the fact—though, at first, it was discredited in "smart" circles—the Duke had married a peasant! She was not even of the bourgeoisie, an increasing and powerful class whose wealth was gradually entitling them to consideration. The young woman was the daughter of a man and his wife who worked on the Duke's own farmlands; they were toilers of the soil, as the Duchess would have been had she not been raised to such an extraordinary position. Naturally enough the Duke retained his office as Hereditary Grand Almoner, for the dispensing of the King's charities was not seriously embarrassed by his wife's origin—the poor people, indeed, seemed to like it. But his position as Premier Duke and Chief Courtier dropped into abeyance, for he neither went to Court nor took the Duchess.

Having married Amoura, the Duke devoted the next year or so to educating her, and they lived very quietly on the immense estates of the Duchy, doing good, it was reported, and much loved by the common people. Amoura was said to be a virtuous woman, and beautiful. But that hardly excused the Duke from following the traditions of his race and country and marrying some lady of his own class whose name had escaped more than a little handling. He held strange views, that appeared to deepen rather than otherwise as time went on, and showed no inclination to display his beautiful wife in the glare of social life, though, being the duke of Bowforest and first in the nobility of Aul-Atlantis, no breath of opinion on the Court had ever been imputed to him. Old friends who claimed a welcome in the Duchy were sure to find it, and those who had stayed with the Duke and Duchess reported her as outshining all the fair faces which made Appledore famous. She was a large woman, built on a generous scale like her peasant ancestors, and her dull golden hair and wonderful white skin put admirers in mind of a white lily with a gold-centred.

When their first child was born, a larger

gathering than usual was assembled at Bowforest for the christening, and, from this, veritable and emphatic accounts of the glorious beauty of the Duchess reached the Court. The child was a boy, and as fine and fair as his mother, so that the Duke seemed, even to those who blamed the eccentricity of his marriage, a fortunate man. The baby was a year old, and as strong as a child of two, on the day when the Duke received notice of a more important visitor than any who had graced the house for many years.

The King had been on a hunting holiday, being passionately devoted to sport, and proposed paying a private visit to the chief Duchy in his Kingdom. All that Bowforest contained was at his disposal, from the famous red stags of the country to the hospitality of the host and hostess. The royal guest, however, had petitioned for a perfect lack of ceremony, and his suite was confined to four or five gentlemen, one of whom, his Equerry, Captain Saumarez, had brought the intimation of his advent.

It was a golden afternoon on which the King arrived at Bowforest. His Majesty drove in an open carriage with three of his suite, the rest being on horseback, and, as the party swept around the curve of the drive into view of the historical house, he was heard to utter an exclamation of pleasure.

"I have not been at Bowforest since I was a young man," he said. "How grand that West front is, Saumarez?"

"Yes, your Majesty," said the Equerry. But his eyes, following the King's, did not see the West Front, which is the boast of Bowforest, and looks its best in the sunset. Buttress and archway, stone carving and battlement, stood out nobly in the glow from the west, and under the winged horses that guard the threshold stood the Duke and Duchess—a strong man and a fair woman. Seen for the first time in the ripeness of her beauty, there was that in Amoura's face which made men gasp. She was something more than a picture to be admired—the human reality of her compelled something like adoration.

There was no ceremony in the King's reception. The Duke kissed his hand and presented the Duchess, who, in her turn, courtesied, nor was there any awkwardness in the peasant's greeting of her monarch. She had large, grave eyes, with a frank width between them, and they dwelt on his face with a softness that might have been respect or speculation, but was certainly not timidity. She spoke little at the dinner, during which the King sat on her right hand, but her attention to all he said was perfect courtesy. The King who was a good talker himself, found it the best of breeding.

For the few days the Royal party remained at Bowforest, the hours were chiefly given up to sport. The King was still a keen rider and loved shy game; his heavy figure was against him, but he was no laggard. Though middle aged he was still a handsome man, and his hairless, dusky face had the Royal attribute of dignity. He was pleased with his entertainment, the Equerries whispered; he rallied the Duke on his absence from the Court, and added that it was no wonder that he was satisfied to remain in retirement, having such home life; he admired the prosperity of the estates, and wished that all his kingdom were as wisely sub-governed as Bowforest; he—looked at the Duchess.

It was the King's custom to rise early. On the day of his departure he was abroad before breakfast, and strolled through the grounds enjoying an exceptional spell of fine weather. The Duke did not know of the royal fancy for early rising, and was not in evidence to join his Majesty. The Equerries knew it, but they had not informed their host. Perhaps the King was glad for once to be without companionship, for it is not given to monarchs to escape from the least surveillance very often. The King walked across the lawns slowly, and brushed the dew from the daisies with a heavy footstep as he passed into the rose garden. He had brushed the dew from other flowers, too, in the years of his reign that lay behind him.

On the further side of the rose garden he found a bower, the perfection of artistic rusticity, the wooden framework being so cunningly twined with roses and honeysuckles, jessamine and creepers that it was not visible. The place was a veritable shrine of Flora, and behold—Flora had come to grace it!

As the King approached, the Duchess turned round and showed him her kind, and beautiful face in all its morning freshness. She had been reading, it would seem among the roses, for she held the book in her hand, and stood aside, framed in leaves and petals, to allow him to enter.

"It is a lovely morning," said the King. "You will find none fairer at Appledore, sire," smiled the Duchess.

"No; one misses the freshness of the world in cities," said the King, breaking a spray of jessamine. He smelt it appreciatively, and tossed it outside the bower. The Duchess' eyes followed it with a large, grave glance. Something that might have been pity for the broken spray was in their slow comprehension but a snapped stalk in mid-bloom must be weighed against the favor of the kings.

"And when are you coming to Court?"

WOODSTOCK, N.B., NOVEMBER 17, 1904.

said the King, turning to the Duchess, with a smile. "The Duke has hidden you among the roses long enough, has he not?"

"My husband loves his gardens, sire," said the Duchess, who was very sweetly literal. "We should miss them in your capital."

"But I have gardens as well as the Duke," said the King, laughing, and his voice was the voice with which the kings of Aul-Atlantis have wooed and won. "You have never given my garden a fair trial!"

The woman, who was first a woman and then a Duchess, looked at the man who was first a king, according to the law; and her cloudless gray eyes were contemplative. She did not seem to comprehend the compliment that was being paid her; but her rich, white beauty was ravishing in its silence.

"I am also a lover of flowers," said a whisper at her ear. "The fairest flowers in the kingdom are said to be found in my garden—but I find now that it has lacked an Imperial Lily." Amoura's attentive face appeared to follow his simile. He stopped suddenly and kissed the Duke's wife, his eyes aflame.

"Will you come into the King's garden?" said the King.

The Duchess was a peasant, and understood no gradations. The slow peasant brain had followed him out to the full glare of the insult—that was to more refined minds a compliment. It takes generations of fine birth and breeding to appreciate the favor of the King. They of the soil call it by an ugly name unfit for delicate ears.

She did not answer in words. She lifted a beautifully moulded hand and boxed the royal ears as soundly as she would have struck an impertinent valet. It was the first time the King had been made to understand that he had made an error with regard to a woman. He drew back with instant and immediate courtesy.

"Madame," he said, "I beg your pardon."

But the Duchess had boxed his ears!

The King left Bowforest that day in a hush of reverence. The Duke kissed his hand, and the Duchess curtsied to the ground. The Equerries did not smile, but Captain Saumarez looked a little curiously in the King's face while his Majesty was thanking his host and hostess in his best manner for their hospitality. No man in his kingdom could equal him in charm when he made such a little speech.

"H'm!" said Captain Saumarez. "The Duchess has not appreciated the favor of the King!"—for he knew every shade and gradation of his Royal master's mind.

And that is why the Dukes of Bowforest do not go to Court.—Dolf Wyllarde, in The Sketch.

To Exterminate House Flies.

Scientists having proved that the common house fly is responsible for the spread of some of the most deadly diseases, it becomes the duty of every house keeper to assist in exterminating the little pests.

Many contrivances have been used for the purpose, including fly traps of many kinds, sticky paper, and different makes of poison, but although all will kill some flies there always seems to be as many left as ever. There is only one really effective way to kill them all, and that is Wilson's Fly Pads, being sure to follow the directions carefully. One ten cent packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has been known to kill a bushel of flies, and a few pads properly used will kill all the flies in any room in a few hours.

Royal Ridicule.

Queen Anne of England and her husband George, prince of Denmark, had great similarity of taste. The two subjects that interested them most were horses and dinner. A Jacobite allusion to these pardonable weaknesses runs thus:

There's Mary the daughter, there's Willie the cheater,
There's Gordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater.

That King George II. of England was no popular with his subjects is evident from the following epigram, which was published in London on the death of Queen Caroline:

O cruel death! Why has thou been unkind
To take our queen and leave our king behind?



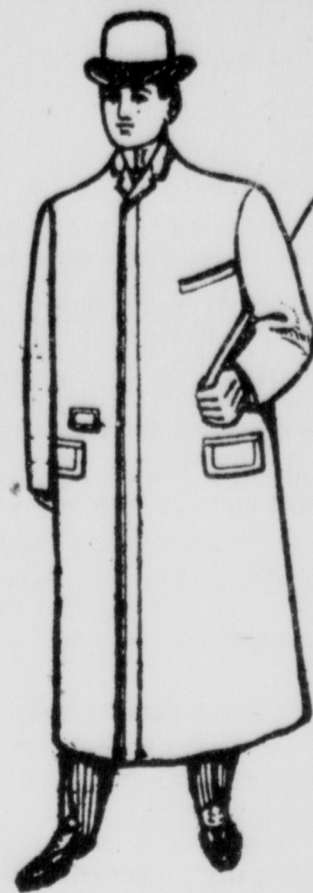
"PROGRESS"

Rain or Shine Coats

are simply indispensable. The only protection against damp clothes on wet days. And they are shapely, stylish top coats when the sun comes out. "PROGRESS" tailors convert the rich, imported, rain-proof fabrics into the handsomest of Overcoats.

The man who buys "Progress" Brand Clothing buys quality.

Sold by Leading Clothiers
Throughout Canada.



Progress Brand Clothing may be had from John McLauchlan, Woodstock.

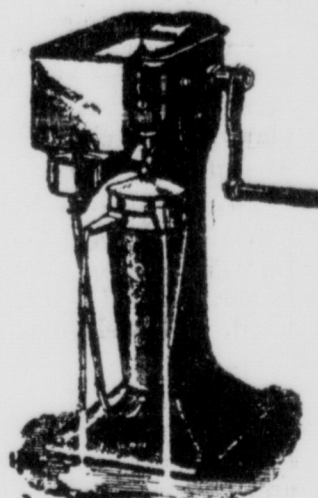
The TUBULAR is the BEST.

Cleans Easiest. Turns Easiest.
Low Milk Can, Skims Perfectly and
Above Rated Capacity, Is Durable,
Has ALL the Good Qualities and none
of the bad points of other machines.

LOCAL AGENTS

N. S. Dow,
Woodstock.

Herbert Harper,
Jacksonville.



1831. 1904.

McCORMICK.

While the history of wheat extends over a period of more than forty centuries, the history of harvesting machines embraces less than one century.

The McCormick Reaper

which was operated successfully in the harvest of 1831 was the first practical harvesting machine, and for seventy-three years the McCORMICK has been awarded the palm of excellence by reason of its superb and splendid work in the grain and grass fields of the world. The McCORMICK is the machine that has triumphantly stood the test of time, and today represents the highest attainment in the manufacture of harvesting machines.

W. F. Dibblee & Son,

AGENTS,

Woodstock and Centreville.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

Pianos

Mason & Risch, Bell,
Dominion, Karn.

Organs

Bell, Dominion, Karn.

Sewing Machines

The New Williams.

Violins, Mandolins, Harmonicas,
Banjos, Accordions. A full line of
first-class strings always in stock.

C. R. WATSON, Agent,
Woodstock, N. B.

LEARN TO DO FROM ONE WHO HAS DONE.

—THE PRINCIPAL OF—

Fredericton Business College.

Spent nearly TEN years as book-keeper
and office man in various mercantile and
manufacturing concerns. He is the man
to instruct YOU how to do office work.

Send at once for a catalogue of this
splendid school. Your name on a post-
card will bring it. Address,

W. J. OSBORNE,
Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

Bring in your

PUNGS

now and have them

PAINTED AND VARNISHED,

so that they will be dry and hard for
use this winter.

F. L. MOOERS,

over Loane's Factory,
Connell street, Woodstock.

From Bradstreet's annual report for 1903
it appears that 84 per cent. of the mer-
chants who failed during the year 1903 were
NON ADVERTISERS, and the other 16 per cent.
were weak advertisers, or didn't advertise
enough. It surely is a case of go in and win
or fall by the wayside.