



The letter of Miss Merkley, whose picture is printed above, proves beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared, and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well. My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

TEA LEAVES.

She sat listlessly in the drawing-room. Tea had been brought in, but she lay back in her chair indifferently, even lacking the energy to pour it out. She was physically tired, for she had been dancing all the previous night, but it was not this that made life seem so dreary to her—which laid that dead weight of despair on her heart.

She reviewed the events of the preceding evening, and tried to look on them dispassionately. He had seemed so eager to secure her dances—he had been so charming, so delightful, during the first one—it had seemed, from the day he spoke, as if his whole life were wrapped up in her, and he could scarcely hear her out of his sight. At one time they coupled his name with Laura Forbes, and she remembered what a detestable girl she had thought her. But now all was changed. "That detestable girl" was there at the dance last night, and he scarcely seemed to know that she was in the room.

It had pleased her, too, to see his unreasoning jealousy of Capt. Hilton—Capt. Hilton, with whom she danced several times because his step went so well with hers and not because she cared too straws about him. He bored her, in fact—he was the most uninteresting man in the world to talk to—so different—so very different from him. He might have known.

And then came his dance next—such a little way farther down the programme. And how she had been looking forward to it! She had stood and waited for him near her chaperon, and—he never came up. Suddenly she saw him dancing in the centre of the room with Laura Forbes. He had actually cut her dance!

A very passion of anger took possession of her, and she turned to welcome Capt. Hilton eagerly when he came up to ask her what she was doing standing alone.

Her partner had not appeared, she explained, with a reckless laugh. Of course he might have—it they must begin at once—it was her favorite waltz—too much had been lost already; and, still talking breathlessly, she had been whirled into the midst of the dancers.

And the rest of the evening had been passed in a passion of excitement and anger. All his dances had been given to Capt. Hilton, and how the evening had dragged—dragged!

He had come up to her once with some story about a mistake, but she would not listen. She waved him aside. "Please don't apologize," she said airily. "I enjoyed my dance much more as it was. Capt. Hilton dances so beautifully." And she was whisked off before he could say any more, and he did not attempt to go near her again.

And so she sat in the drawing-room desolate and dreary. He had proved faithless and there was no more happiness left her in life.

The door opened suddenly and he was announced. In a moment she had started up out of her huddled position. The lastitude left her face and a brightness and hardness came into her eyes.

"Ah, how d'you do," formally. "So good

of you to come today. Here am I all alone, and consequently indulging in a fit of the 'blues.' One soon gets tired of one's own company, don't you find?"

She threw herself down again in a chair, her pretty chin raised a little higher than usual, while a fever spot burned on each cheek. Her words came rapidly and breathlessly, as if she were anxious to avoid a pause.

He took a seat opposite her and looked at her curiously. He had never seen her in this mood before.

"It depends on one's thoughts," he answered. "If one can build castles in the air one's company is very nice, but if, instead, there are nothing but plans for dungeons, they are not pleasant to contemplate."

She gave a little sigh. "Well," she said, "I ought to have very happy thoughts today, thinking over the experience of last night. What a delightful dance it was!" insinuatingly. "Wasn't it?"

"Very," grimly. "I don't know when I have enjoyed a dance so much," with unnecessary emphasis. "You will have some tea, won't you?"

"Thanks," he answered monosyllabically. He seemed to have no conversation this afternoon. But the fact did not seem to affect her.

"What a good dancer Capt. Hilton is," she said enthusiastically. "Far and away the best in the room."

"Is he?" drastically. "I don't know—I have never danced with him."

"I didn't suppose you had," she answered, crossing her head. "But I thought you knew him. He is so amusing, and his tales about South Africa are so interesting."

"Oh, yes, I know him—well enough, anyhow to avoid him. As far as I have heard, his tales all centre around himself, and have no point at all. In fact, the only person who saved South Africa seems to be Capt. Hilton. I think he is the most consummate bore in Christendom."

She laughed rather artificially. "What different points of view you and I have for looking at things!" she said.

"Yes," he agreed, "for looking at things."

She thought it better to change the subject. "And Miss Forbes," she went on, "how nice she looked last night."

"Did she?" without warmth.

"Oh, yes," gathering courage. "You can always pick her out in a room. In that red dress yesterday she looked like a pillow box—shape and all. 'This last with a flash of spite she could not control."

"Yes," he answered diplomatically, "she is growing very stout."

"But then," pointedly, "she dances so well!"

"No. I think she is very heavy," he replied. "I was quite tired when my dance with her was over."

She paused for a moment, but she threw him quite a friendly look. This did not sound much as if he were in love with Laura Forbes.

The silence grew oppressive. He did not seem inclined to break it, so she had to hunt about in her mind for something to say. She took up her cup and looked wonderingly at it. "Such a lot of tea leaves," she said, twisting the cup round and round. "Have you ever had your fortune told by tea leaves?"

He shook his head. "Never," he said. "Do you know how to tell it?"

"I know a little about it," she answered. "My old nurse taught me long ago. She believed in it thoroughly, and it was an extraordinary thing how many of her prophecies came true."

He drew his chair a little nearer hers and held out his empty cup. "Tell me my fortune, please," he said.

She took it from his hand and twisted it round and round, as she had done her own, and then she drained the last drop of tea from it and began gazing down intently into the cup, so that he was able to look at her sweet face undisturbed.

"I can see a shamrock," she said slowly, after a pause of some minutes; "that means happiness, and there is good luck shown several times. There are letters coming for you—one, two, three—and one of them contains money. There is a journey in the future, but you will not be alone. You will have a companion with you—I think, it is a woman. There is also a heart, and a ring." She hesitated for a moment. "That means marriage," she said at last.

"Does it?" he cried eagerly. "Ah! now you are promising me the best luck of all. Can you tell me what my wife will be like?"

She shook her head. "I am afraid that is not possible with tea leaves."

"Oh, do look again," he entreated. "Tell me that her hair has imprisoned the sun's rays, that her eyes are like stars, and that her mouth is the sweetest mouth in the world."

She still gazed into the cup, but she was not looking at the tea leaves. Her heart was beating so loudly she was afraid he would hear it. What did he mean? Whom did he mean? Her hair was golden; but then, Laura Forbes was very fair, too.

She twisted the cup round in her fingers. "You have some one in your mind, then," she said slowly. "The tea leaves are true prophets, and your marriage will be soon."

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MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

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

Are you engaged already?" And she asked the question with studied carelessness.

"No," he answered with a sigh. "I am too faint-hearted to ask her." He looked down at the girl with his soul in his eyes, but she still kept her head bent and did not see.

"Then you will meet the fate of all faint-hearted," she said, trying to speak lightly, "and some one else will come and steal your 'fair lady.'"

"But she is so proud and sometimes very cruel," he said. "I am afraid she does not care for me."

"Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing an attempt," she quoted.

He looked at her and his hopes flew high. Words rushed to his lips, but with an effort he choked them back.

"It means so much," he cried. "I have her friendship now—at least, I had it yesterday—if I ask for more I may lose all."

"But," she said somewhat haltingly, "you might gain everything."

"Who am I, to expect that such a girl could love me and would be my wife?" he cried, "a girl who had everything—wealth, position and the whole world at her feet if she desires. Don't you think that the mere idea of my asking her to link her fair life with mine would be presumptuous?"

She was still twirling the cup round and round in her fingers.

"You forget to mention the one thing that really matters—the one priceless thing that you have to offer. Surely she cannot be worth winning if your—love does not count for something?"

He looked down at her fair head, with its coil of golden hair, and was silent for a minute or two.

"Do you advise me, then," he said at last, "to speak to her—to ask her to be my wife?"

There was another pause, and the silence grew eloquent. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked aggressively loud. Was it possible that she was holding a brief for Laura Forbes?

"Certainly I do," she answered, and her words seemed to come with difficulty; but she bravely raised her face and looked at him for a second. But her glance wavered, and fell suddenly, for there was that in his eyes which she could not meet.

"I will take your advice," he said quietly. "Dear, will you marry me?"

"I?" she said a little incoherently, for the relief had come so suddenly. "Do you mean you want to marry me—do you mean to say that I am the girl you were talking about just now?"

"Of course I do. As if I could love any one else in the world after having once met you. Dear, didn't you know—didn't you understand—that I have loved you from the first moment we met, and that it was you I was speaking of all the time?"

She turned her head again and looked at him. A beautiful flush had dyed her cheeks, her eyes were shining, and her whole face was radiant with happiness.

"No," she said. "I—I didn't know. I was so afraid—ah! dreadfully afraid—that it wasn't."

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Noisy Dogs And Noisy People.

"Noisy dogs invariably belong to noisy people. Noisy people will, of course, deny this, but listen to them some day when they scold a dog for barking. Whose voice is loudest? whose fiercest? whose harshest? I have heard people disciplining dogs for growling, and I have been much more frightened of the people than of the dogs. When from a front door I can hear a dog inside a house begin to howl and bark the moment that the bell is sounded, I know very well that he has caught the trick from some one in the house.—From 'The Manners of Domestic Animals,' by Lillie Hamilton French, in The Delineator for November.

Japanes Naval Rations.

It is, says George Kennon writing in the N. Y. Outlook, the popular impression in America that Japanese soldiers and sailors live wholly, or largely, upon rice; but, so far at least as the bluejackets are concerned, the impression is erroneous. The naval ration is a most generous one, and includes bread, meat or fish, rice, barley, and potatoes. In order to supply the fleet with bread of good quality the officers of the Sasebo naval base have established a bread-making plant, with up-to-date machinery and appliances, which has a capacity of 20,000 pounds of fresh bread per day. This bread, if it were bought in the open market, or made by contract, would cost the navy three cents per pound. It is turned out by the naval bakery at a cost of only one and three-quarters cents. We were shown also through a lemonade-bottling plant, where the aerated lemonade that is so popular in Japan is made in large quantities for the refreshment of the sailors at the front.