



Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, of Lillydale, N.Y., Grand Worthly Wise Templar, and Member of W.C.T.U., tells how she recovered by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and who can to-day thank you for the fine health I enjoy. When I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe backache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well, and reading of the cures your Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built me up and cured me entirely of my troubles. "My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female trouble, and am satisfied that your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—Mrs. ELIZABETH H. THOMPSON, Box 105, Lillydale, N.Y.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The Rhyme of Pure Reason.

A Christian Science Proselyte,  
Alone upon the mountain height,  
Was Pondering upon the vain  
Belief in non-existent Pain,  
How nervous Dread of any kind  
Was an Illusion of the Mind,  
When coming down the mountain side  
A dreadful Lion he espied.  
The Proselyte said, "Mercy me!"  
And quickly Scuttled up a Tree.  
Next morning at the rise of sun  
There came an Unconverted One  
Who saw the Proselyte at bay  
And drove the hungry Beast away.  
The Cynic said, "Aha! I see  
Your Claim has got you up a Tree."  
"Your judgment," said the Proselyte,  
"Arises from Imperfect Sight."  
"A Lion to a Soul refined,  
Is an Illusion of the Mind."  
"If that's the Case," the Cynic said,  
"Why show these human signs of Dread?"  
"Why pass the night, secure from harm,  
In yonder Elevated Palm?"  
"Friend," said the Saint, "If you but knew!  
This Tree is an Illusion, too."  
"When in a Jungle, far from Home,  
Where purely Mental Lions roam,  
"It puts one more at Ease to be  
Up some Imaginary Tree."  
"How great is mind!" the stranger cried,  
And went his way quite Eddy-fied.  
—Life.

BY A TRICK OF FATE.

BY IZOLA L. FORRESTER.

Since daybreak there had been no change in the ceaseless lurching of the yacht or the dull roar of the waves as they swept in long, heavy seas over its sides.

Twice Katherine had tried to leave her stateroom and reach the cabin and had been forced back. Once the white faced stewardess had come to her door. There was no immediate danger, she assured her. They would be notified at once if there were. If she was nervous, Mr. Hetherington said he would come to her. And Katherine had sent back word that she was not at all nervous, and Mr. Hetherington need not trouble himself at all about her.

When the girl had gone, she had thrown herself on the couch and given full vent to the terror that had haunted her all night long. She was afraid, afraid with her whole heart, of the great, lashing, hungry sea, that tossed and played with the yacht like some huge monster with its helpless prey and threatened every moment to hurl it down to death.

If Hetherington had been with her, if they two could have faced eternity in each other's arms, with the old love strengthening them, she would have known no fear. But as it was, a wild, unreasoning childish terror made her tremble at every crashing wave, and she longed for even a sight of his face before the end should have swept them irrevocably apart.

The week at sea had passed like a troubled dream. They were to have made harbor the previous morning, and the storm had driven them off the course down the southern French

coast. By this time she had thought everything would have been over—the brief, tearless parting with Hetherington, the meeting with her mother in Paris and the trip to Berbec.

Dear, lovely, lovely little Berbec up on the Normandy coast! The two summers she had spent there, in old Martigny's classes, had been the happiest of her life. "She loved even the memory of the crescent shore line, with the old boats drawn up on the sand and the nets drying in the sunlight and the brown skinned fisher boys and girls gossiping over their baskets of silvery scaled fish.

It had all been arranged and settled so decently, as Hetherington said. There had never been any open quarrels between them for the servants and public to gossip over, merely a quiet, courteous antagonism which required no explanation. The marriage had not been voluntary.

"It was the blessed, stupid mothers," Katherine said with gay cynicism at their last interview. "We're not the kind who settle down, Bruce, and be married and then do nothing but give house parties and dinner parties and yachting parties and all the rest of it. You were rich and nobody in particular, and I was poor and a Lorimer, and the wise little mothers simply saw a chance to found a dynasty of mutual benefit, and we drifted until they landed us under the orange blossoms. It is a little tangle of fate skeins. We can't go back and untangle it, but we do the Alexander trick and cut it."

He had agreed to the separation too readily she thought. Even acknowledging perfect indifference on both sides, a little hesitancy would have been desirable. He had almost seemed cheerful when he had asked her what she intended doing at Berbec.

"You haven't the ghost of a right to ask me," she had told him, "but there is nothing to conceal. Martigny keeps up his summer classes still. You know I studied under him there and in Paris, too, when we were poor, before"—She hesitated and went on with a light touch of bitterness—"before I was the fortunate Mrs. Hetherington. There is certain to be some of the old class left, and I can rest and study."

"And be happy," continued Hetherington. She had not answered.

She felt that he could not understand how she longed for the old quiet life away from the world. It was at Berbec he had first met her. Young and handsome, he had come to the little fishing hamlet on a yachting cruise and, with all the confidence of new riches, had expected to enter the little exclusive art and social coterie that gathered there. It had been her favor that had won him the entree, and before the ivy that clambered on Martigny's garden wall had turned to crimson they were engaged.

It was not until after the wedding in Paris at Eastertide that Katherine had realized how the world, her world, was smiling at her in polite amusement. It was so palpably a marriage de convenance. Not a breath of the sweetness of the wooing of quaint Berbec had reached it. It was merely that Kitty Lorimer had married Bruce Hetherington for his money, and all the host of nouveau riche Hetheringtons were to sweep into society under the shadow of the Lorimer wings.

And the knowledge of the world's judgment of them had bred a vague, mutual distrust, a fear born of love and pride that the other one might give credence to the world's rumor. After that the drifting apart had been swift, and the end had come deliberately. She had wished to spend the summer at Berbec alone. He had refused positively to permit it. If she went against his wishes, he would consider it final. Before she had fully realized what it meant she had tossed back her answer. It was final then. She would go to Berbec. The following week they had sailed for France.

A sudden, sharp rapping on her stateroom door startled her. She caught her breath as she rose unsteadily and clung for support to the side of the berth. The moment of danger had come, and they had sent for her. Not Hetherington, she knew. Until she called for him he would meet even death without a word. But if she could call, if there was only yet time, only a moment of grace, to reach him and tell him it was all a miserable mistake of pride, that she loved him with all her heart and wanted his presence with her now at the supreme moment when all the world had fallen away to nothingness, and there was only the mystery of eternity before her and his love to bear her on. The rapping sounded heavier and more imperative.

"Kit! Let me in!"

It was Hetherington's voice. She turned the lock with steady fingers, a sudden peace strengthening her. He paused in the doorway, tall and dark and storm beaten in his dripping oilskins, his face white and grim as he looked down at her.

"Has it come, dear?" she asked, lifting her face to him. I'm not afraid—with you."

He caught her to him closely and pressed his lips to hers with hungry intensity.

"Not afraid in death, Kit," he said bitterly. "Then why in life?"

She closed her eyes and shrank closer to him. Death had become a friend to be met with smiling eyes and welcoming happiness. As Hetherington raised his head she waited,

WOODSTOCK, N.B., AUGUST 21, 1904

expectantly. The lurching and groaning had stopped. She wondered if they were sinking and tightened the clasp of her arms about his neck as she smiled up at him.

"How dear death is together!" she said softly. "I'm not one bit afraid."

His eyes lighted with sudden comprehension, and he stood back, loosening her arms.

"The danger is past," he said. "I came to tell you we had made the harbor at St-Hilaire. You can reach Paris by evening."

For an instant she hesitated in the revulsion of thought, then held out her arms longingly.

"Not alone," she said; "not alone now, sweetheart. I am afraid in life, too, alone."

Sharper and Spendthrift.

It has been a source of wonder to many who have read recent disclosures, writes Adrian Ross in The Tattler, that the fools who are more or less swindled out of their fortunes are such an easy prey to the sporting gentlemen on the verge of ostracism from clubs and courses, who lure them on to little games of cards and billiards. But it is more easy to understand when we reflect that the knaves and the fools are really one and the same class. They differ very little in morality or intellect; the knaves have a certain amount of cunning and low cleverness, the fools think they have it in them to be knaves. For when we look at the true history of the pigeon we can see that the foolish fowl believes himself to be a formidable bird of prey; and the hawk, who preys on the pigeon, considers himself an eagle. He schemes to strip the rich fool of his inherited wealth that he may scatter it much as the fool did, only that he gets more for the money than the former possessor.

But we do not find a sharper laying aside or investing his ill-gotten gains to provide for his old age; he fleeces a gilded youth at baccarat or billiards and forthwith takes a town house or a shooting-box, buys—or at least orders—motor cars, entertains lavishly and scatters diamonds on the favorites of his fancy. Just in the same way the spendthrift does not as a rule pay up with a jest, and go on carelessly to fresh dissipation. When the next morning's headache brings remorse and a passing gleam of prudence he does not resolve to settle his losses and drop the whole business of gambling. No; he tries to wriggle out of paying by stopping cheques and protesting bills, and generally resorting to such of the evasive tricks of the swindler as he has brain enough to understand.

When the spendthrift has run through his property he will borrow from his family or his friends without a thought of how he is to repay the loans, and will involve the innocent in his own ignoble ruin. That shows that he is quite as dishonest at heart as the sharper. In fact, the pigeon, like the hawk, is both extravagant and unscrupulous. It is the same ignoble character, but the proportions of the mixture are somewhat different.

Experience of Two Nurses,

Who Have Splendid Opportunities in Their Practice of Testing the Merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Miss C. Stanley-Jones, professional masseuse and nurse, 283 Simcoe street, Toronto, Ont., writes:—"In my occupation as a nurse I have come across many cases in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has been used with extraordinary results. One case I recall was that of a child of sixteen months who was in a bad way with scaly head. It was a really nasty case, causing the child to suffer very much and to be very troublesome. I persuaded the mother to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in ten days the child was entirely cured."

"Another case was that of a lady who was greatly troubled with eczema on the face. The doctor was dosing her with medicine, which was doing no good. In this case cure was effected in seven days with only one box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Both of these cures were lasting."

Mrs. H. A. Loynes, nurse, Philipsburg, Que., writes: "I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment a perfect medicine. I have used it myself and as a nurse have recommended it in a good many cases for itching piles. It always gave perfect satisfaction in every case, and once people used it they would not think of being without it in the house."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Eimanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Canadian Gumption.

In an article on "Country Girls in New York," The New York Tribune says:—"There is one class of country girls constantly coming to New York and doing well. They are Canadians, who go into the training schools for nurses. The hospital training schools are full of them, and they all make splendid nurses, and stay here and do well. I have never heard any explanation of why Canadian girls take to this profession as they do."

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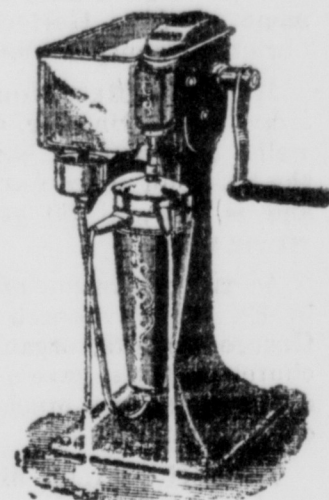
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