

WOODSTOCK, N.B., AUGUST 31, 1904.



Mrs. Weisslitz, Buffalo, N. Y., cured of kidney trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives. Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, woman's kidney troubles.

Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden. I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicine, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—MRS. PAULA WESSLITZ, 175 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

THEIR NIGHT OFF.

BY THOMAS E. HINCHMAN.

Twombly had been watching with silent satisfaction the very artistic smoke garlands he was reeling off his post-luncheon cigar. Suddenly his glance fell to the figure of the girl bending over the desk by the window. Evidently she was puzzled by the letter he had given to his father's Venezuelan representative. She shifted her position to throw a better light on the book. Incidentally it brought her profile out sharply against the early afternoon sunlight. Twombly forgot all about the smoke wreaths.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, "that's a profile for a sculptor. I wonder where she sprang from and where the governor found her?"

"The governor," otherwise Thomas Twombly, sr., had been called suddenly to London, and Thomas Twombly, jr., was spending his summer in the office, instead of at Newport or some friend's yacht, as was his usual custom. The summer nights in town was something of a revelation to the young man who, despite his city birth, knew little of city life, so much had he traveled with his mother.

The girl swung round to her desk and the typewriter clicked insistently. Tom laid down his cigar and bent forward, watching her curiously. It must be devilish hard to work like that when you know you are meant for better things, thought the young fellow, and the light of a strong resolution shone on his smooth, square-cut face.

"I wonder how she'd like to spend an evening as I do around town?"

Then he paused uncertainly. Would she have the clothes to wear? He remembered the filmy, extravagant gowns he had seen at the Casino the night before. Then he as quickly decided that she'd look well no matter what she wore. He strolled across the room to draw down the shades just a trifle.

"Beastly hot, isn't it?"

"Very warm," replied Miss Carruth, without looking up from her work.

"If I owned the stock exchange or controlled big business interests, I'd stop everything short in hot weather."

She looked at him with a grave smile.

"Then I'm afraid you couldn't own a yacht and a shooting box in the Adirondacks."

"That's so. The wheels of commerce must grind on the year around, I suppose."

"And what a lot of poor people they grind down." The girl spoke to herself rather than to him.

"Oh, but the town's not so bad in summer, he said. "It's corking jolly if you know the right sort of people. I've had some good things this last few weeks."

She looked at him almost pityingly, but he did not notice it.

"You know there are the roofs and the gardens, and nearly all the fellows in town have their automobiles. "Oh, it's not half bad."

"She did not answer but resumed her writing. He went back to his desk, but the idea of giving her an evening out had become

thoroly embedded in his mind. About 4 o'clock he rose with sudden determination. "Oh, I say, Miss Carruth, let's knock off for the day."

"Knock off," she said wonderingly, "I don't understand."

"Let's take a trip around town."

The girl swung around in her chair and looked at him in silent amazement. Twombly looked back at her with an engaging, boyish smile, and the faint flush which had come into her face died down again.

"I think we have been working pretty faithfully since the governor went away and we deserve a holiday. I'd be awfully much obliged to you if you'd have dinner with me tonight, and then we will go up on one of the roof gardens and see the show."

A faint smile curved the girl's lips, and he felt encouraged.

"It's awfully jolly, don't you know, and if you have never seen that sort of thing you'd like it."

"Oh, I understand," said the girl, "you're going to give me just a taste of the life you and your friends lead. But it might make me dissatisfied with my surroundings, you know."

Twombly found himself actually blinking at her. She put it so baldly.

"Oh, I say, that's not fair. Just for to-night I think we might be jolly good pals and forget that my father pays your salary."

The girl laughed. Twombly pulled down the lid of the desk with a snap.

"Wait," said the girl, "you must sign these letters."

"Oh, hang it!" he said, "I forgot."

While he despatched that work the girl was closing up her own affairs for the day, and when she took the letters from him and touched the bell for the office boy to carry them away, he noticed that she had her hat on and a neat pair of gloves were caught through the handle of her purse.

"We'll have time for a spin in the park before we go to dinner," he said.

"I must go home first and change my frock."

He looked her over critically. The shirt waist suit was simple, but it had an air. He didn't feel quite so safe about the finery she might deem necessary for evening wear.

"Oh, don't bother," he said quickly. "You look very fit in that."

She shook her head. "I must go home, because mother would worry and I have no way of telephoning to her."

Twombly saw that it was useless to argue the question.

"When and where shall I call for you?"

The girl flushed suddenly. "Oh, I will meet you at the park entrance. It's not far from our house, and I would much rather do that than give you the trouble of calling."

"All right," said Twombly, cheerfully, and under his breath added, "Ashamed of mamma and the little flat, I suppose. You can't exactly blame her when she's made something of herself."

At 6 o'clock she met him at the park entrance, and just for an instant Twombly felt actually dazzled. Her statuesque figure was draped in some soft, billowy, grey stuff. He knew somehow that it took an artist to design and make such a dress. Her face was shaded by a picture hat of softest grey chiffon clouding pink roses.

Twombly hailed a hansom and they drove rapidly through the park to the Casino. With a thrill of satisfaction he noticed that as they passed down the aisles between the lines of tables all eyes followed the slender, grey figure, and low murmurs of approval reached his ear. He wondered whether this was a twentieth century Cinderella, this graceful figure at his side transformed by shimmering grey silk from the tailor-made stenographer who had worked beside him for the past few weeks. She was perfectly self-possessed, only a slight flush and a singularly bright light in her eyes showed that she was excited.

All patronage died out of Twombly's bearing. He was genuinely anxious now to please her. As for the girl, she displayed a knowledge of books, plays and pictures of the hour which astonished Twombly. Wonderfully adaptive creatures are the American girls, he decided. That must be the reason why it was so hard to tell whether a family had been born to money or born to make it. Before they re-entered the hansom to drive to the roof garden he had decided that money really didn't count after all.

The roof garden seemed stupid and cheap. He looked at the girl at his side, then at the occupants in the boxes around him then he leaned toward her and whispered, "Let's get out of this. I know it's boring you. We'll go over to the Beauclair for a bit of supper and hear the mandolin club play."

She rose with evident relief and they walked through the quiet side street to an old, foreign-looking cafe on whose roof the mandolin and guitars tinkled limpidly. Here no lights blazed, for the moonlight flooded the scene.

The girl leaned back restfully in her chair, and Twombly smoked in silence, studying her profile the while. Somehow his father's brown-stone mansion on the avenue seemed very far away. His austere and critical mother faded into a background. It would

not be any condescension on his part, he decided.

They could slip away to Italy or Japan, or some other far-away place for the honeymoon, and the world would get through talking about it before they came back. A filmy cloud passed over the moon. The girl's hand, white and slender, lay on the table, temptingly close within his reach. He leaned forward impetuously.

"Hello, Twombly! What are you doing in town at this season of the year?"

Twombly scowled at the intruder; then his face cleared.

"Hello, Davidson. When did you land?"

The girl had made a move as if to rise, then she sank back in the chair, her face white and set in the moonlight.

"I came in on the Lucania yesterday, and thought I'd see something of little old New York before starting for—"

He had turned slightly toward Miss Carruth and just then the moon slipped from under the cloud and the clear light struck her face.

"Helen!"

He leaned heavily against the table. The girl's head was bent so low that he could not look into her eyes.

"Jack," she said softly, but not so softly that he missed either the words or the tender accent with which she lingered over his name.

They had forgotten Twombly's existence. Now the newcomer pulled himself together.

"I beg your pardon, old man, but Miss Carruth and I were once—very—good—friends, and—"

"I see," said Twombly, rising, looking amused, "and if you'll look after Miss Carruth for a moment. I'd like to have a chat with an artist friend I see buried behind a row of steins."

Without so much as a "thank you" Davidson dropped into a vacant chair.

"Helen, I've come back to look after you always, and dear if you'll forgive my selfishness, I'll promise you can study sociology and found working girls' clubs and endow industrial schools—anything, so you will come to me."

Twombly had forgotten all about the artist friend. He was leaning over the parapet, looking down on the flaring street lamps.

"And to think I pstronized her and thought there was need of a secret honeymoon in Italy or Japan. Tom, my boy, you're a fool!"

He glanced across the area of tables. The gay picture hat and a stiff, white straw were close together.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Charles M. Schwab, during a recent visit to Europe, met an impoverished French nobleman. The nobleman had no English, but Mr. Schwab speaks French well. Thus the two had many talks about the opportunities that America offers to the poor. The other day Mr. Schwab received a letter from his French friend. The letter was, to his surprise, in English. The nobleman said in it that he had been studying English with a tutor, and he ended with these sanguine words: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on the scaffold to lecture."

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1831. 1904.

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