



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—Mrs. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN."
Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.

YOUTH.

She had the fluttering eyelids
Like petals of a rose;
I had the wisdom never learned
From any musty prose.

She had the melting ardor
That hesitates, yet dares;
And I had youthful valor's look,
That is so like despair's.

She had the tender hearing
Of daffodils in spring;
And I had sense enough to know
Love is a fleeting thing.

She had the heart of tinder;
I had the lips of flame;
And neither of us ever heard
Procrastination's name.

She had the soft demeanor,
Discreet as any nun's;
And each of us had all the joy
God gives His foolish ones.

—BLISS CARMAN.

A WOMAN'S INTUITION.

True Story of What Happened to the Horse Editor for Scorning his Wife's Selection.

The horse editor of one of the metropolitan dailies had grown grey in the service of his paper. He was a remarkably quiet, mild-mannered man, yet a thoroughbred and a general favorite both in and out of the office. His name was Bell, but he was better known as "Hen," more affectionately as "Old Hen." The old man had a vein of good humor that endeared him to everybody but his wife. He was more devoted to the game of draw-poker than to anything else except horse racing, and could always be counted on for an office conference after the paper had gone to press.

In some respects he was an enigma. For one thing, we could never understand how he got the money to play poker or the races. He always had it and was always playing both at every opportunity. Yet his wife, a taciturn, sour faced woman, invariably presented herself at the office on pay day, marched arm and arm with him to the cashier, took his entire salary, except one dollar, then marched away from him with scant ceremony. Whether she gave him a further allowance before next pay day for carfare and lunches no one but himself ever knew.

While as a rule gentle-mannered, he had plenty of spirit on occasion, and we marveled at his meek submission to Mrs. Bell's evident domination, yet we would not refer to the matter in his presence. As for him, he never alluded to it even remotely under any circumstances. None of us ever came to know Mrs. Bell well enough to form a just estimate of her character, but she was certainly not an attractive woman. It was not very hard to see, moreover, that Hen, while always deferential and obedient, was not very fond of her. So, in time, we settled down to the conclusion that there was a skeleton in the closet, and that Mrs. Bell was something of a burden on the old man's shoulders.

While Mrs. Bell always appeared at the office on pay day, she not infrequently gave us the cooling influence of her presence on other occasions. In summer time that was well enough, but in winter it was depressing and we were strongly inclined to bribe the doorkeeper to shut the draught out. If, for example, a notable race was on the cards

Mrs. Bell might be confidently expected to show up before Hen could get away from the office.

Yet Mrs. Bell, figuratively speaking, not infrequently collared her weaker half and compelled him to take her. These intermittent fits of compulsory martial devotion undoubtedly subjected the old man to acute distress, and one of them ended in a catastrophe. Hen's utter dejection on his return to the office at the close of the fateful day plainly told that some shocking mishap had befallen him, but it was a long time before we could discover the real nature and full extent of his misfortune. Here is the story, as nearly as possible in the language he employed when at last induced to tell it to one of his most trusted associates:

"You probably know, my friend, though I have never spoken to you on the subject, how hard my wife has been on me in the matter of money. I am not prepared to say that a man should not give his wife the greater part of his salary, but there should be a limit even to the wife's exactions. However, that is a consideration depending on the disposition of the wife.

"Unfortunately my wife's views and my own on this subject have not coincided. That being the case I let her have her own way and found another way for myself. My way worked well enough until, in an evil moment, I yielded to temptation and lost the savings of years on the turn of a card.

"My wife has always had the better of me in money matters, yet when I try to get back a paltry fraction I am completely undone. Take my advice and never try to get the better of a woman. You will come to grief every time. A woman may not know very much, but she is liable to intuitions and to oppose her when she has one is like pitting a busted flush against four of a kind.

"I have referred to a plan I formed for myself when I found how grasping my wife was in money matters. It was to do a little outside work without her knowledge and husband the proceeds. As I told you it worked for a time. At length I had an even \$1200 in bank on my account, concerning which my devoted wife was delightfully ignorant. At least I supposed her to be, but, now I come to think, she must have had an intuition of its existence.

"Well, she has a mania for going to the races, and though I get rid of her whenever I can, for a woman on your hands when you have work to do is a nuisance. I have not been always successful. The last time I was so unfortunate as to have to take her we went to Long Branch. There was a big race on the card, with many entries, including a ridiculous outsider named Volcano, against which the odds were 120 to 1.

"You can imagine my astonishment when Mrs. Bell handed me a ten-dollar bill as I was leaving her on the grand stand and told me to put it on Volcano. I told her the horse hadn't a ghost of a show and it would be like throwing money away.

"Hen Bell!" she exclaimed, 'do as I tell you and keep your advice till it's asked for!'

"All right, my lady," I said to myself, 'I'll put this tenner where it will do the most good and I'll be so much in.'

"The evil spirit that controls Mrs. B.'s temper must have possessed me to put that money on the horse of my choice, but I felt he was a sure winner, because, besides having the pedigree, he was in the pink of condition, whereas Mrs. B.'s old plug was an ill-looking brute, with no pedigree at all. But, my eye! when the horses started the way that old plug went to the front made me dizzy, and when he came under the string an easy winner I believe I lost consciousness. When I came to myself I found an acquaintance holding me by the arm and asking, 'Why, Hen, what has happened to you?' 'Nothing,' I replied. 'Only shaken by an earthquake—I mean volcano!'

"It was not a case for argument. When I rejoined Mrs. B. I congratulated her and remarked that the ticket was too large to be cashed at the track. So the next day I drew my last cent from the bank and handed it over to the old woman."

Alcohol as a Food.

In a leading article under the title, "Is Alcohol a Food?" The Lancet sums up the question as follows: Alcohol has been proved to be a food in the sense that when used in small quantities the energy from its oxidation may be used for some of the body's needs; but if at the same time it interferes with the normal activities of a most important organ its food value maybe overbalances by its toxic effect. Sea-water may be used in the boiler of a steam engine, and the steam from its evaporation will transmit the energy of the fuel to the revolving wheels, but its corrosive action on the steel forbids use except in emergencies. We commend the analogy to our thoughtful readers before they commit themselves to a definite answer as to whether they should class alcohol as a food in the widest sense of the word.

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Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c. in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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the value of good clothes—the importance of dressing well. A lesson well learned, is seldom forgotten In dressing your boys in

"PROGRESS" Brand Clothing

you give them object lessons in economy, value and good taste. And you teach them the greatest of all lessons—"PROGRESS" They will never forget the little man climbing the ladder.



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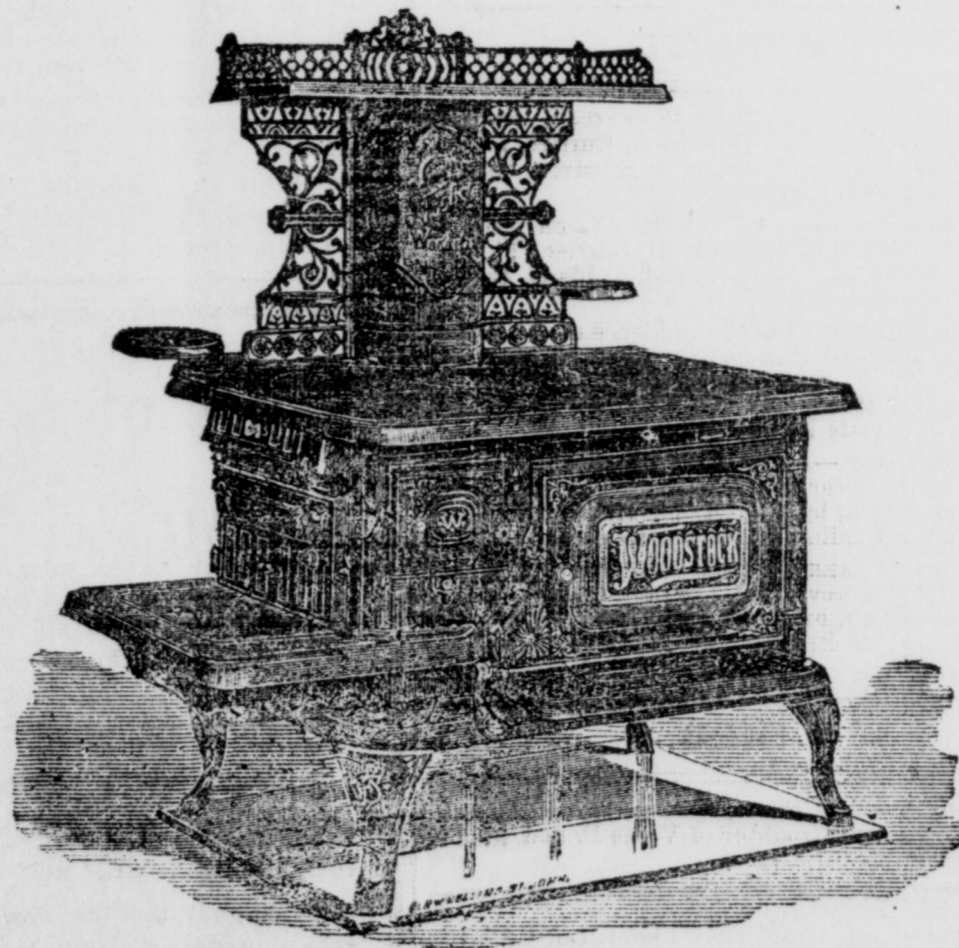
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Also a full stock of Sleigh Shoe Steel, Iron, Coal, Etc.

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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.

SMALL & FISHER COMPANY, Limited,
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FARM FOR SALE.

I am offering for sale one of the leading farms in Carleton County, centrally located, well watered, well wooded, under a good state of cultivation, buildings first class. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to J. W. ASTLE, Gen. Ins. Agent, Queen St., Woodstock. Sept. 21, mo.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. M'LEOD VINCE

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

"They Say."

PUCK.

Who says that Smith must beat his wife?
Who says Jones leads a double life?
Who says that Brown makes party strife?
They.

Who says the Blanks ill-treat the cook?
That Robinson some trust funds took?
That Newrich had a crooked look?
They.

Who knows the man that's bound to win?
Who knows the man that can't get in?
Who tells your every fault and sin?
They.

Who says the words that sting and smart?
Who incognito plies the art?
And yet of whom you are a part?
They.

Uncle Peleg on Slang.

I suspected, the very first day, there was something wrong with the young man," said Uncle Peleg to the friends who had been discussing the summer boarders. "My woman happened to show him her new steam cooker, and what you s'pose he told her? 'That don't cut any ice with me,' says he. 'Bein' as it wasn't meant to cut ice, but to boil sweet corn and such truck, I might 'a' found fault with his language right then and there. But that was nothing to what we heard before his fortnight was over.

"He was a well-meaning young feller, but his mind seemed to be sort o' shut up in a circle, and travelling right round in it. To show ye what I mean, suppose I asked him for partic'lars of some friend he'd chanced to mention. 'Oh, he's a white man,' he'd say, and that was just about as far as his gift o' tongues would carry him.

"All his friends were 'white men,' and people he didn't like were 'two-spots,' or 'four-flushers,' or 'dead ones.' We folks here at the Corner were all 'Reubens.' When he tried to talk business it was all about 'snaps' and 'fakes' and 'frosts,' and whether he wanted to describe Bear Mountain or praise a good meal o' victuals, it seemed as though he had to use the same pesky little slang words that apply to everything, more or less, because they don't mean anything.

"My notion of slang is that if you get into the way of using it, it sort o' drives out real language. Sometimes it's a short cut to what you want to say, and short cuts are handy. I grant ye; but what kind o' citizen would a man be if he always went 'cross lots—never stopped to slick up and make himself fit to be seen on the main road?

"He got so he used to make me think of a parrot, my young man did—saying the same words over and over, whether they fitted or not. Along towards the last of it I shouldn't have been surprised if he'd broken out any time with a 'Polly want a cracker.'

"Oh, he had his good points, lots of 'em, I don't deny that. And yet I felt kind o' relieved when he went home," Uncle Peleg added, frankly. "To tell the truth about it, he give me a pain."

A Bold Lady.

Many a marriage suggests to an irreverent curiosity the question, "Did the woman propose it?" But one seldom finds actual historic proof that she did. A recent delightful book on Scotland has an interesting and apparently authentic story of a case where the woman not only took the initiative, but took it in a high-handed fashion.

The young Countess of Carrick was left a widow by the death of her husband while on one of the crusades. The king became her guardian, and she had good reason to fear that he would force upon her a marriage of policy. She was a famous horsewoman, and often rode for a day through her own forest, attended only by a small mounted guard. One day she encountered a young man to whom she was at once much attracted. She asked him to return with her to her castle, but he had some gallant adventure already in hand, and ungraciously declined the invitation.

At a word from her, her men-at-arms made him a prisoner, and bore him off to Turnberry Castle.

Two weeks' imprisonment brought him to a proper sense of the charms of his fair hostess, and knight and lady were wedded, with the reluctant consent of the King.

The son of this romantic marriage was Robert Bruce, whose splendid patriotism and brave deeds are well fitted to justify his mother's courageous audacity.

No Longer on the Map.

"What makes you so late?" asked Tim's father, who in the boy's absence had had to see to the evening chores himself.

"Teacher kept me in."

"What for?"

"Cause I couldn't find Moscow on the map."

"Couldn't find Moscow? And I'd like to know who could, then! Why, I remember hearing tell o' Moscow being burned when I was a boy! It's an outrage to put such non-sensical questions to children what's there to learn something useful. I'll look into that, and let your teacher know I ain't been elected on the school board for nothing!"

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Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.