



Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., escaped the surgeon's knife, by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

A Girl's Hero.

Every woman is by nature a hero worshipper. From the cradle to the grave she spends her time burning incense before some demigod, or some little tin god that she endows with heroic attributes. At times this causes her to make many kinds of a fool of herself, as, for instance, when she kissed the too-sweet Hobson into oblivion, and mobbed Paderewski to obtain a single precious hair from the flowing locks.

A girl's first attack comes on early, while she is still a little tot in short skirts and with her hair in pig-tails down her back. The inspirer is invariably some big boy who attracts her attention by turning cart-wheels before her on the pavement, or cutting figures of eight on the ice, or who can conceal the half of an apple in his bulging cheek when the teacher turns an investigating glance upon him. She looks on with awe and admiration at his feat, and thinks how strong, and clever, and wonderful he is, and betrays her adulation by hanging about him as much as the Great One will permit, taking meekly his snubs, and chalking his name up to fame on the bill-boards as she goes to and from school. This is merely a juvenile complaint, as innocuous as the chicken-pox, and it passes harmlessly without leaving a scar upon the heart.

The next hero of a little girl is the Fairy Prince, and little as the man so honored may realize or appreciate it, this is one of the most wonderful experiences that can ever come to him, for to be worshipped by the pure heart of a little child is to be a king among men. The Fairy Prince is always a grown-up, generally either a college friend of an older brother, or a suitor of a big sister, but he takes note of the child, and talks to her, and brings her candies, or takes her riding or to the theater, and she admires him for it. In her eyes he is an Apollo of beauty, a marvel of wit and wisdom, the hero of all her childish imaginings. It is then, for the first time, that love and marriage enter into her conceptions of life, and she dreams of herself as going away with the Fairy Prince to live in a candy castle, and feed upon chocolate creams forever and a day. When the Fairy Prince finally rides away and leaves her, she sheds salt and bitter tears, and refuses to be comforted by his promise to come back for her when she gets grown.

After the Fairy Prince has gone the way of all masculine flesh and married, there are several years in which the girl is immune from hero-worship. She scorns the grubby little boys of her own age. Her horizon is limited, and no knight of romance appears upon it, and so she arrives at the age of 16 or 17, when the feminine passion for hero-worship becomes an acute peril, for there is no telling then when she will be idiot enough to try to translate some of her imaginings into reality. The gentleman who wears the halo at this period of a girl's life is generally her professor. Preferably he is her music teacher, or drawing master, but it doesn't much matter, for at this stage of the game her appetite for heroes is so voracious that she can swallow anything, even a grumpy professor of mathematics. Give her a hollow-

chested and anaemic teacher, with lanky hair and broken English verbs, and she can see in him an unappreciated genius, pining away in an alien land, and picture herself as a benign angel coming into his lonely life, bearing love and sympathy in one hand and a bag of her father's good long green in the other, and thus lifting him into a region of ease and plenty, where his art would have opportunity for free expression.

If, on the contrary, the professor is fat, and middle-aged, and bald, it jars her ideals, but it does not smash them. She knows that he must be unhappily married, and she has visions of shuddering ecstasy in which she imagines herself as his affinity, renouncing love for duty, both victims of fate, yet leading a sad, sweet life of resignation uplifted by a glorious passion. Of course, the worship of the professor will be easily explained on the ground that he is generally the only man in sight in a girls' boarding-school. It is, however, extremely dangerous, and no man who is not a septuagenarian, and deaf, and dumb, and blind to boot, ought ever to be employed to teach girls.

The next hero that a girl worships is the preacher. Every boy goes through a period when he yearns to be a bloody pirate of the raging main, or a train robber, or some kind of a picturesque bandit. Similarly, girls pass through a stage in which they long to renounce the world, and all its vanities and pomps, and become sweet-faced sisters of charity, or grey-robed hospital nurses, or settlement workers with uplifted expression and year-before-last clothes.

These noble aspirations are inspired by a good-looking preacher, for it is notable that the piety of the feminine portion of a congregation is always in direct ratio to the personality of the clergyman. Under its influence a girl goes to church three times a day, prefers prayer meetings to balls, and regulates her life by what HE—a preacher worshipper always speaks of the parson in capitals—says. Fortunately, when a preacher marries he tumbles off his pedestal so far as the majority of his female flock are concerned, though there are some women to whom the preacher is a hero to the end, and who spend their lives breaking their alabaster boxes at his feet.

The matinee hero follows close on the heels of the clergyman. This marks a virulent stage of feminine hysteria. It is a malady that few women escape, and none ever remembers without wondering how the fool-killer happened to overlook them while it lasted. The outward symptoms are a mania for going to hear some particular actor or singer act the same play, or sing the same song, with precisely the same tremor in his voice, the same clutch at his heart, the same adoring glances and passionate outcries at the same cues, day after day, or night after night. Still, she is thrilled by it. She sits in the self-same place, and flatters herself that her hero must differentiate her face from the dull, uncomprehending faces of the audience, and she wonders if he is not conscious of her presence—if there is not some rapport between them.

When she has it very badly indeed, and has no kind friend to shut her up in a lunatic asylum, she writes him mash notes, telling of her love, her devotion, her willingness to leave home and family and friends and fly with him. At this time she also spends her allowance in sending him flowers, which he gives to other women, and in buying his photographs, before which she burns candles and says her prayers. Generally, the matinee-hero-worship craze does no particular harm. Sometimes, however, it is necessary to use violent measures to wake a girl up who is in a trance about some romantic actor. The best way to do this is to make his personal acquaintance under properly chaperoned conditions. A romantic actor with his upholstery off is about the least romantic person on earth, and a girl is forever after an apostate where the stage is concerned.

Following the matinee hero, and far more dangerous, because he has to be dealt with at close range across the parlor lamp instead of from the safe distance across the footlights, is the man with the dark and lurid past. No body can explain the great fascination that a bad man has for a good woman. Neither can anyone deny that it exists, and is especially potent with ignorant and innocent young girls. Charlotte Bronte was an unsophisticated country maiden when she created the wicked and sinister Rochester, ready to commit any sort of a crime to get the woman he loved, and that sort of a man always was and always will be the favorite hero of young girls. Heaven alone knows why a woman should find anything romantic in a man who has been a drunkard, or a gambler, or a rogue but she sees him through some sort of a glamor that makes his sins appear picturesque instead of sordid, and it is while she is under this hypnotic spell, while she believes that hero worship is a lasting passion instead of a passing fancy, that she is apt to make a marriage that she spends the balance of her life in repenting.

If she escapes this sad fate, if she chances to find out that her hero wasn't so black as he painted himself, or she has the good fortune to meet him when he is drunk, instead of hearing his poetic account of dallying with

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 6, 1904.

the wine cup, and it is because women hear about things instead of actually seeing them, that they make such bitter mistakes, she is generally safe for the next few years.

Then comes her final great performance as a hero-worshipper, the culminating triumph of the feminine imagination, that enables her to see in some perfectly commonplace man the ideal of all her dreams and fancies. She falls in love, and straightway the homeliest, shambling, tow-headed man that ever walked becomes a paragon of masculine beauty; his most stumbling speech becomes thrilling eloquence, and his occupation, no matter how prosaic, becomes a field of adventure. She has found her hero at last, and she sits down joyously to pour our adulation before him.

And it's up to the husband to offer up thanksgivings in the temples for his luck, for the choicest gift that fate can bestow upon a man is to make him a hero in his wife's eyes.—Dorothy Dix.

Growing Power of the Lobby.

In a speech recently delivered at Whitby, J. S. Willison, editor of the Toronto News, said that on a recent visit to Ottawa he was amazed and pained on observing the increased power which interests hostile to the public have secured in matters of legislation during the last fifteen years.

What Mr. Willison observed at Ottawa others have noticed in connection with the Legislature of Ontario. Fifteen or twenty years ago a session of the Legislature was not unlike that of a large county council. There was the appearance of close attention to public business and lobbying in favor of this or the private interest was almost non-existent. To-day the lobbies of the legislative buildings, while the Legislature is in session, are filled with representatives of one corporation and another, all seeking favors at the expense of the people, and control by the people of the course of legislation has decreased in proportion to the increase in power secured by private interest. The change is not confined to one party or the other. The influence of the lobby is seen on both sides of the House. And the evil will go on increasing just so long as present conditions continue. The people have allowed the selection of candidates and election of representatives to pass largely out of their own hands. They, in too many cases, allow a local machine, made up largely of office-holders or expectant office-holders, to do the nominating and permit those in control of the central organization to assume the direction of the campaign, including the payment of expenses out of a central fund largely created by contributions from corporations. Representatives chosen in this way can hardly be expected after they are chosen to have an eye single to the public welfare.

Gibraltar.

In the fortified rock of Gibraltar there are sixty-two miles of tunnels. They are stocked with an ample supply of arms, ammunition and provisions in readiness for a siege.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until Monday, July 25, 1904, inclusively, for the supply of Coal for the Dominion Buildings throughout the Dominion.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application at this office. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Ministers of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest nor any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary and acting Deputy Minister.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, June 24, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.



"Progress" Guarantee

Every clothier selling "PROGRESS" Brand Clothing, is authorized to guarantee each garment, bearing the "PROGRESS" label, to be free from imperfections in material and workmanship—to be sewed with pure dye silk—tailored by skilled workmen—and made of dependable cloth, thoroughly sponged and shrunk

Should any "Progress" garment prove not as represented—the money paid for same will be refunded

Sold by Leading Clothiers
Throughout Canada.



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

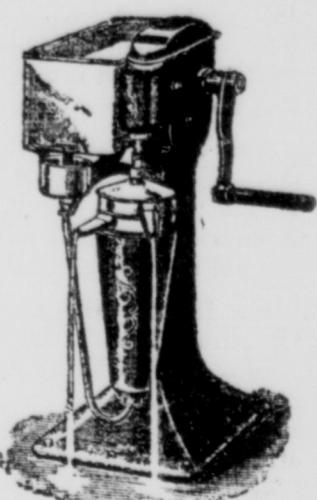
The TUBULAR is the BEST.

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.



Washing Machines.



Judging from the very number of Washing Machines we have sold during the last year, we know that of the many useful mechanical helps that contribute to the comfort and happiness of the well-appointed modern home, the washing machine is by no means the least important, and if it could not be readily replaced, would be one of the last of such aids to be parted with. Any Washing Machine is preferable, tenfold, to the washboard.

The above cut shows the Re-Acting Washer, with round body—the cover is open to show the internal working parts.

The Quickest Acting and Easiest Running Rotary Washer made. Every machine warranted to give Perfect Satisfaction.

W. F. Dibblee & Son,
Woodstock and Centreville.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

Pianos

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

C. R. WATSON, Agent,

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

In the future the Woodstock Papers will charge 50 cents per inch for all Advance Notices of Church Socials, Concerts, Lectures, etc., at which an admission fee is charged or collection taken.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR COAL HOUSE.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Coal House, Sydney," will be received up to and including

SATURDAY, THE 2ND DAY OF JULY, 1904,

For the construction of a Coal House with Hoisting Machinery at SYDNEY, N. S.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Station Master's office, Sydney, N. S., and at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., where terms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B.,
15th June, 1904.

CARRIAGE AND SIGN PAINTING.

I have taken the paint shop in the Marcy building on Connell street where I will do all kinds of carriage and sign painting in the best manner and promptly.

F. L. MOOERS,

Marcy Building,
Connell street, Woodstock.

Butter Paper, printed and unprinted in one and two pound wrappers, at this office