



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me, suffering from the ill peculiar to the sex, extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, but before I used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, Mrs. ROSA ADAMS, 819 12th St., Louisville, Ky."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

#### FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

#### Bess, Queen of Strategists.

The bushes at the top of the steep bank parted and a girl dashed down the faintly worn path, landing with a light spring on the narrow strip of pebbly beach. Without a breath of hesitation she seized the prow of the little steel boat, gave a vigorous push, a practiced lead, and stood poling swiftly over the shallows with one oar. The blue line of deep water reached, she dropped into the seat and rowed with long, strong strokes. Half across the arm of the lake that lay between the mainland and the little island toward which she was pulling she rested on her oars.

"Hm—m!" this in a tone of mind surprise. "The blood-thirsty pursuer doesn't seem to be gaining very rapidly! Not a sign of him yet. Guess I'll give him a little chance. I've excuse enough for wanting to remodel myself, goodness knows!"

And she raised her arms, bared to the elbow, and brown against the white of her gown, to a mass of tawny hair, very bewitchingly disheveled from the precipitousness of her launching.

"I'm morally certain he saw me, too," she reflected, braiding the heavy coils into a shining rope that more than reached the floor of the boat as she sat, "for he came around the corner of the piazza just as I crossed the road into the thicket. I should think he'd want to say good-bye after—after—everything. But I don't care! I said I'd never speak to him again and I shan't!" She seized the oars and pulled the remaining half-mile with vicious, snappy strokes.

It would have been much cooler back in the evergreens, but she disposed herself on the open sand, with the pillows, book and parasol which formed part of the boat's furnishings. The bright scarlet sunshade was thus unmistakably visible from the mainland.

The warm discomfort of her vigil was at length rewarded by the outputting of a boat with a single white-flanneled occupant. The scarlet parasol swung around and presented a broadside view to the water. When the oncoming boat was half across, the girl, her back persistently toward it, gathered up her belongings and betook herself calmly to the fridly shadows a few yards away.

The novel must have been intensely interesting, for she had apparently not taken her eyes from its pages during all the time that an athletic-looking fellow was beaching a boat, crossing the sand, and throwing himself on the ground at her feet.

"I came over to say good-bye, Bess," he volunteered to the back of the book.

No answer.

"And to ask you to forgive me."

Continued silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Bess?" with quiet earnestness.

Over the top of the book he was given an instant's burning glance of scornful eyes.

"Oh, I know you told me never to speak to you again, and I don't suppose you'll answer me, either. I was a fool not to get at least your forgiveness last night, but somehow I was too—too stunned, I guess. But

whether you'll speak to me or not I must have the privilege of saying a few things that I want you to know. If—if you'd just put the book down and let me know that you're hearing. Bess!" he pleaded.

The leaves of the novel turned the faster.

"I'm going on the 5 o'clock train," he said tentatively. "It seemed the only thing to do to make it easier—for both of us after—after—everything. But probably you heard that I am going. I was simply thinking that as we'll presumably never see each other again it wouldn't do any harm and would be so much more satisfactory if you'd just let me explain."

"Explain!" she flashed, unaware; then bit her lip and turned another page.

He smiled in spite of himself, though his anger was far from being an amusing thing to him.

"Yes, explain," he continued, evidently encouraged. "The first thing I should want to do if I knew I had your permission" (he paused for the response that was not vouchsafed), "is to tell you that, so far this has been the happiest summer of my life and to thank you for it. I've had such a good time, Bess! I'm working pretty hard, you know, since they made me a partner and wasn't intending to take any vacation. But when your aunt's note came, asking me for the house party, I was too deliciously glad to care a rap for the consequence. Because I knew what it meant, you see—that you had suggested it and wanted me to come."

She stirred uneasy, plumped up a cushion behind her back, snipped an ant from her skirt, then took up the book again, not seeming to notice that a score of pages had fluttered over.

"I suppose you'll hardly realize what it has meant to me." He was on his back, hands under his head and might have been addressing the tiny patches of blue that shone between the green boughs overhead. "I went into the business so very young and have been about so little. It was especially hard after I met you at the pier to know that I was so different from the others."

The soft end of the heavy braid lay near him and he fell to caressing it absently. As he still gazed overheard he could not see that the book was lowered and two shining eyes were regarding him stealthily.

"And then when I came you were so good. Better than to the rest, Bess. You gave me the most time and the most favors. It—well, I guess it turned my head, that's all! And when I came upon you unexpectedly in the shadowy hall last night—"

"Don't speak of it again Arthur Morton!" she cried, so vehemently that it brought him to a sitting posture. "Everything was lovely and we did have a good time, and then you had to spoil it all by t-trying to k-k-kiss me! I n-never was s-o d-dis-graced in my life!" Her voice choked with angry sob.

"Please, Bess? I can't bear to have you cry! Anyway, as long as we are having a final straightening up I'm going to finish the business. When I told you last night that I made a mistake, that I thought it was one of the housemaids, I told you a lie. There. Now I suppose it is up for good!"

"A lie! Then you did know? You did mean—but really, Mr. Morton, you must excuse me from discussing this disagreeable subject any further. I said all I had to say last night." She rose stiffly and went over to the boat for the tea things.

All the while that she was rather blindly laying out her dainty lunch, her most inconsistent heart was singing, "He did! I'm glad! He did! I'm glad!"

But the man sat very still, his face buried in his arms.

Then she watched for the boiling of the water over the spirit lamp with apparent fascination at its progress.

The man looked up at last.

"Yes, it was a lie," he said miserably. "I knew perfectly well it was you. It's hardly likely I should mistake anyone for you, Bess. I was just loving you very hard, and the moon was in the wrong quarter or something, and my head swam—and then it was all over with. When I said I thought it was the maid it was just a desperate attempt to make it easier when I saw how hurt you were. Above all, Bess, don't imagine for an instant that I ever thought you that kind of a girl. I had a feeling that things were different with us, that we almost understood each other—such a conceited fool is a man in love. It is for seeming to think so poorly of you that I want to be forgiven."

She turned on him a dazzling smile.

"I forgive you," she said. "And won't you have a sandwich? The water is nearly boiled."

Promptly he took—not the sandwich, but the hand that proffered it, also its mate.

After a perceptible lapse of time the girl said softly, "But I never could, if you'd believed it the housemaid! What did you expect, sir? Is a girl to be kissed by a man who's never even said he loves her and not say she's angry? Anyway, you've missed your train."

"Some day there'll be another," he answered comfortably.

They rowed back side by side in the man's



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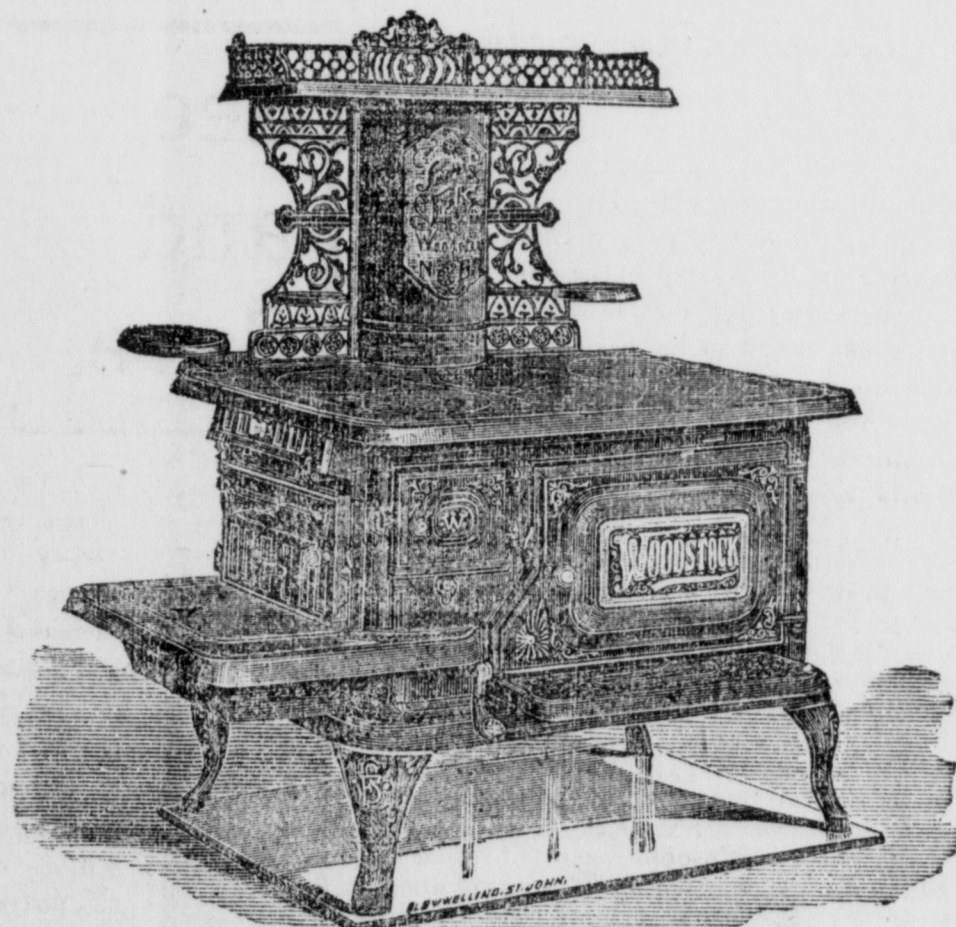
50 doz Chopping Axes, Single and Double Bit.  
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## W. F. Dibblee & Son,

Woodstock, Centreville and Hartland.

### 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,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

#### FOR SALE.

In Houlton, Maine, my eleven room house and stable, built two years ago, water in house, mail delivered at door. Lot 5x10 rods. The best bargain in town. Window shades, screens for windows and doors, storm windows and doors all go. All cash or part with easy terms. L. H. MUTCH, Mutch's Boarding House, 18 Bangor street, Houlton, Maine. Nov. 16th.

#### MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. M'LEOD VINCE

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

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOV. 30, 1904.

boat, towing the other, whose oars had mysteriously disappeared.

"Queer about those oars," reflected the man half-way across.

"I—I—dropped them overboard when I went to get the tea basket," said a very small voice. "I was afraid you'd start to go."

Here they stopped again, for the average rowboat is disinclined to move without some assistance.

#### Local News.

[From the Rome (Italy) Tribune.]

News is as scarce as hens' teeth this week.

As we go to press war is still raging in Carthage.

Work on the Appian way is progressing finely.

Tiberius Gracchus, who was on the ailing list last week, is some better at this writing.

J. Cesar, of this berg, has a new togar. It's a beaut, Jule.

Several cits from here attended Cicero's stereopticon lecture last night. Cic. is a swell talker, and a lovely time is reported as having been had by all present.

Cassius is on the sick-list.

For instruction on the violin consult Nero. Above the post-office.—Adv.

Cato is taking Greek lessons and making progress.

Some fiend in human form entered the house of Cornelia, Tuesday, and abstracted many of her valuable jewels. The demon is still at large but the constable has his eye on him, he thinks. Our generally quiet city is seldom thus disturbed, and we hope this is an end of crime.

Fine skating on the Tiber these nights.

Lydia was out riding Sunday. Ah, there, Horace!

The high-school eleven was beaten Saturday by Athens by a score of eighty six to forty. Tough luck, boys.

Augustus Cesar was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday, and left us three sester-tia to pay for a years subscription to the Tribune. Come again, Gus.

#### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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.

#### Jefferson's Interest.

Joseph Jefferson once told a friend that during his long stage career he had never been associated with any one showing undue familiarity with him save one individual, a man named Bagley, who some years ago was property man in the comedian's company.

This Bagley annoyed Mr. Jefferson very much by his somewhat offensive manners, but, owing to the valuable services rendered by him, Mr. Jefferson had always been loath to take measures more severe than a reprimand. But finally the familiarity of the property man increased to an extent impossible to endure, so he was summarily discharged. This dismissal occurred just before the opening of Mr. Jefferson's engagement one year in Baltimore.

That night Bagley got exceedingly drunk. Paving his way into the theater, he repaired to the gallery, there to see his old employer enact Rip Van Winkle.

The angry Gretchen had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turns, and, with a word of pathos, asks: "Den I haf no interest in der house?" The theater was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice was heard in response:

"Only eighty per cent., Joe, old boy, only eighty per cent!"

### Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box, at all dealers or EDMANDSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

### Dr. Chase's Ointment

#### A Cylinderless Thresher.

An Oklahoma farmer has invented and perfected a threshing machine without a cylinder, which is simple, perfect in action, and requires less power to run than the ordinary thresher. It may be run by any of the motive powers in use, is less expensive to the purchaser, and costs comparatively nothing for running expenses. The machine is a self-feeder. The grain is passed into corrugated drums, where wind is applied which passes it along metal tubes into a large separating drum. The force is centrifugal, and grain is thrown to outer edge of large drum and falls into funnel below; then is carried on to sacker or into wagons. The straw is handled the same as in the ordinary blow-stackers. When bundle grain is threshed, a spiral knife in feeder cuts the bands and powerful fans drive the grain through the different tubes and drums, where the complete work of threshing and separating the grain is done.—[M. L. K., in Country Gentleman.]

First Saloonkeeper—Can't ye contribute somethin' to our fund. Bill?

Second Saloonkeeper—What's the fund for?

First Saloonkeeper—Why a few of us are goin' to try to start a model church.