



## FIBROID TUMORS CURED.

## Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice." (Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

## Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass. \$5.000 forfeit if original of above letters proving genuineness cannot be produced.

## Angeline's Aspirations.

Oh, Angeline owned property,  
A railroad and a mine,  
"If I had but a title, why,"  
She sighed, "that would be fine!"

A Baron popped to Angeline,  
And asked her for her hand.  
"If I could be a Lady, why,"  
She cried, "that would be grand!"

A Viscount then asked Angeline;  
She really thought she might.  
"If I could be a Viscountess,"  
Why that would be all right!"

An Earl proposed to Angeline;  
She thought she'd met her fate.  
"If I could be a Countess, why,"  
She cried, "that would be great!"

A Marquis he asked Angeline,  
And begged of her to wed.  
"Oh, shall I be a Marchioness?"  
Is what the lady said.

A Duke proposed to Angeline;  
She hadn't seen him since;  
For Angeline rejected him;  
She said: "I want a Prince!"

But no Prince came to woo her, so  
She sought the Duke once more;  
The Duke had wed another girl;  
She cried, "Oh, what a bore!"

She hunted up the Marquis, and  
She found that he, too, had  
Been married to another girl.  
She cried, "Oh, that's too bad!"

She thought about the Earl again;  
But then she saw his name  
Appearing in the papers as  
A bridegroom. "What a shame!"

She cried: "The Viscount I will take!"  
The Viscount he was dead!  
I really do not dare repeat  
The thins the lady said.

In desperation then she sent  
The Baron billets-doux.  
He wrote back that he was engaged;  
The air was vivid blue.

A man proposed to Angeline,  
Plain John Brown was his name.  
When once his bride with joy she cried:  
"I'm married just the same!"

—Town Topics.

## A LAUDABLE MISTAKE.

(C. W. Rankin, in the 'Paris American.')

Judith, with her inexperienced fingers webbed like duck's toes with the stickiest of bread dough, cast appealing glances at her immaculate brother-in-law, a well favored bachelor of twenty-eight.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, eyeing her imprisoned hands with repulsion. "It's getting colder and clammy and stickier every minute."

"Where's Bridget?"

"I discharged her. I gave her a week's warning, but the mean, inconsiderate thing went at once and left me literally, with the bread on my hands. I never cooked anything in my life; but I thought any goose could knead bread. Oh, that's just like a man to laugh when one's up to the elbows in trouble."

"I'd help you if I could," said Phillip, peering helplessly into, but keeping a safe distance from the flowery pan. But what can I do."

"You could go somewhere and find me a cook; if Edward were home—"

"I'll do that," returned Phillip, visibly brightening. What sort of a cook? Any choice in the matter?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm very particular. She mustn't be too big, because this kitchen's so tiny, and, and if she's very tall she won't be

able to go down the cellar steps without doubling backward. She must be neat in appearance, and, Phillip, try to select one that will look well in a cap. Bring her right home with you. Simply insist on her coming—Edward had Bridget here in just an hour and a quarter from the moment he left the house."

"I'll beat him," declared Phillip, from the doorway. "You'll see me back, perspiring but triumphant, and with Bridget's successor at my heels, in exactly sixty minutes."

Phillip, who entertained a great opinion of his own executive ability, sought, without loss of time, the nearest employment agency.

"I'm looking for a medium-sized cook," said he, to the woman at the desk. "One that would look well in a cap."

"Come this way," said the woman, repressing a smile, and leading the young man to an adjoining room.

Eldridge looked, with a critical eye, at the long row of waiting applications. Under his earnest scrutiny three of them blushed, two giggled, and a sixth frowned resentfully. Perhaps it was an off day for cooks, but the assortment offered was not promising. One of the gigglers, however, displayed a good set of teeth.

Phillip, whose faith in his ability to return with a cook was beginning to falter, had almost decided in her favor, when he remembered Judith's cellar stairs.

"Would you mind standing up?" he asked, courteously.

The maid with the teeth again showed them in a generous smile, as she obliging rose to a height of six feet two.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't fill the bill," said Eldridge, apologetically. "I'm sorry, but my instructions were very exact."

As Eldridge was wavering between a red haired German with an alarming pompadour and a thickset Hibernian with a phenomenal upper lip, the door opened, and a neatly dressed young woman entered, and, after a moment's hesitation, seated herself in the vacant chair at the end of the row.

"Why! You're just the girl I've been looking for," cried Phillip, joyfully, as he caught sight of the newcomer. "Not too stout, not too tall, not too anything. You'd be adorable in a cap."

"But," objected the girl, "I'm—"

"We'll pay you bigger wages. Here," said Eldridge, thrusting a dollar into the agent's palm, is your fee. I'll take this one—she fits me right down to the ground."

"But," began the girl, "I'm—"

"Now, don't say a word. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Eldridge, wants you at once. I'll explain as we go along—come, please, we must catch the next car. You see it's a case of—of bread. I left poor Mrs. Eldridge up to the elbows in dough—she's not accustomed to dough—and she must be rescued at once."

"I see," said the girl, suppressing a riotous dimple as she followed her impetuous employer to the street. "But, please, sir, how do you know I'll suit?"

"I like your looks," said Phillip, candidly. "You're neat and intelligent—and short enough to go down the cellar stairs. You see Mrs. Eldridge gave me the plans, dimensions and specifications for the desired cook, and you fit them exactly. Here's our car."

Eldridge well satisfied with his expedition, seated himself beside his prize, leaving, as a concession to convention, a proper space, between them.

"I was instructed," said he, with a sudden accession of dignity, "to ask you a few questions. First of all, can you make bread?"

"Yes—I mean, yes, sir."

"Can you cook—er—other things? Salads, you know, and—er—soup?" Eldridge was plainly out of his element.

"Yes—sir."

"Um. How long were you in your last place?"

"Four years—sir. The young woman choked down an emotion that Eldridge classified as grief at parting with her late employers."

"When did you leave, and why?"

"This morning. I was dragged away—I mean I—I was wanting a change—"

"Of course. Now what is your nationality?"

"American to the last—hum—I was born in America, if you please, sir. In Boston."

"Then everything's all right," Eldridge, having carried out Judith's instructions to the letter, retired, with dignity, behind the morning paper, thus intimating, gently, that the conversation was finished.

Suddenly Eldridge looked up to meet a pair of dancing brown eyes. The dimple he had surprised in the nearest rose tinted cheek whisked itself, in some mysterious fashion, out of sight, and the dark eyes became instantly sedate.

"Poor thing," thought Eldridge, complacently, "she's delighted at finding a situation so quickly. Gad! it's a shame for such a pretty girl to be compelled to earn her own living. With a little education, she'd adorn any station in life."

Phillip opened the front door with his latch key and led the new cook straight to the kitchen. Judith, still plentifully besprinkled with flour, and laboring under a mistaken impression that she was kneading bread, was poking reluctant fingers into an unwieldy mound on the bread board.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 27, 1904.

"I've got her," announced Phillip, "and I guess you'll admit, Judith, that I know a good cook when I see one. It took just fifty-nine minutes!"

"Good!" cried Judith, wheeling about. "Why, Helen?"

In another instant, mistress and maid, locked in each other's arms, were industriously exchanging kisses. Phillip, petrified with astonishment, gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the pair. The maid whispered explanations into the ear of the six months' bride, whereupon both young women went into gales of musical laughter.

"I wish," demanded Phillip, somewhat humbly, "that you'd explain your joke—if it is a joke."

"This," said Judith over the cook's shoulder, "is my dearest friend, Helen Hunter, of Boston."

"The same."

"Then what was she doing among those—"

"Looking for a waitress for my aunt, Mrs. Blake," explained Helen, demurely. "I meant, when my errand should be finished, to come here to surprise Judith—thank you so much for your assistance. When you mentioned Judith's name, I knew at once who you were or I should never have permitted you to carry me off in that unceremonious fashion, although I'm not sure you wouldn't have used force if persuasion had failed. Afterward I couldn't resist deceiving you—you wouldn't let me explain, you know—but do forgive me."

It is probable that forgiveness was forthcoming, for a few weeks later the heiress, of the Hunter millions signified her willingness to become, not Judith's cook, but Judith's sister-in-law.—Carroll W. Rankins.

## Feared a Separation.

(E. H. B. in Town and Country.)

Her father had read her the parable of the sheep and the goats at the day of judgment. She made no comment, but that night a sound of weeping came from her room. Her mother went as consoler.

"Why are you crying, dear?"

"About the goats! Oh, I'm afraid I'm a goat!"

"Why, no, dearie, you are a sweet little lamb, and if you should die tonight you would go straight to Heaven." With this and like assurances she was finally pacified.

The next night the same performance was repeated, and again her mother inquired the reason."

"It's the goats; I'm 'fraid about the goats!"

"Didn't I tell you, dear, that you were a little lamb?"

"Oh," she sobbed, "I'm not crying about myself, but I'm 'fraid you may be a goat."

"THIRD NOTICE."—Every editor has received them. The postmaster sends them to the editor. The editor is not to blame. For instance there is a man by the name of—well say Tim Short—who sends us three notices to stop his paper. He did not want it any longer. We wondered what was the matter. Upon investigating our subscription book we find that Tim was short \$5.70. He never paid a cent and yet he stopped his paper as a matter of economy to us. A few evenings ago we stepped into the church and Tim's melodious voice rang out loud and clear in the old soul-stirring song "Jesus paid it all." We might have been mistaken, but his earnestness impressed us. The next day we sent him a receipt in full, begging his pardon for not knowing that he had made an assignment of his liabilities to the Lord.—Exchange.

## Candor.

Artist, at work—"Now, give me your honest opinion of this picture."

Visitor, who fancies himself a critic—"It's utterly worthless!"

Artist, dreamily—"Y e-s—but give it, all the same."—"Punch."

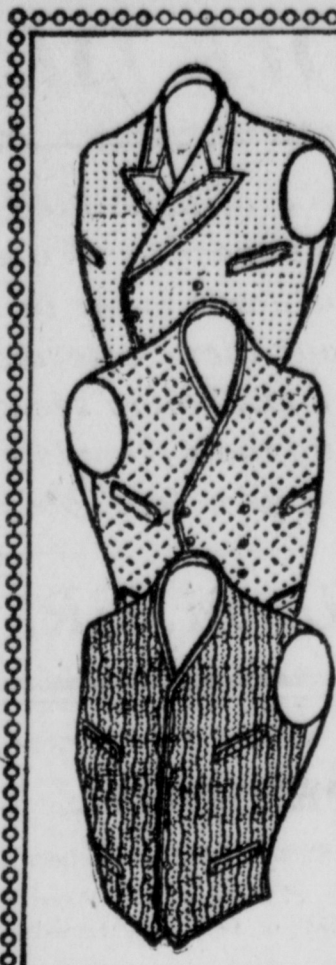
Proprietor—I want you to make a picture of my summer hotel.

Artist—Can I see it?

"Heavens, no! It might prejudice you."



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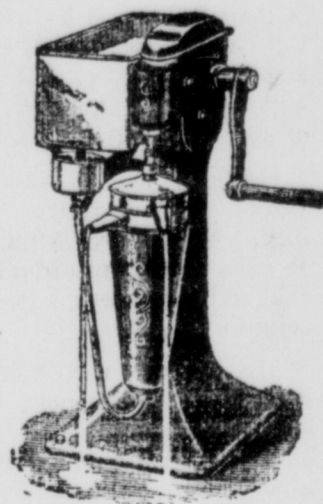
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