



Young women may avoid much sickness and pain, says Miss Alma Pratt, if they will only have faith in the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Judging from the letters she is receiving from so many young girls, Mrs. Pinkham believes that our girls are often pushed altogether too near the limit of their endurance nowadays in our public schools and seminaries.

Nothing is allowed to interfere with studies, the girl must be pushed to the front and graduated with honor; often physical collapse follows, and it takes years to recover the lost vitality,—often it is never recovered. Miss Pratt says,—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to tell all young women how much Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was completely run-down, unable to attend school, and did not care for any kind of society, but now I feel like a new person, and have gained seven pounds of flesh in three months.

"I recommend it to all young women who suffer from female weakness."—MISS ALMA PRATT, Holly, Mich. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

THE HUNGER OF A MAN'S SOUL.

It was after the play, and they were waiting in the quiet little cafe to be served. She leaned over to draw in the fragrance of the red roses, and to avoid his eyes, which were persistent. He was thinking of how young and lovely she was. How could he expect her to love him? The mirror opposite reminded him of his years.

Yes, he would tell her—save her all painful explanations. A young fellow would make her happier. Once, in a burst of girlish confidence, she had told him how she hated young men and new houses. It was childish of him, he told himself, to expect her to know her own mind.

"What can I eat?" she beamed at him with shining eyes. "Anything from a nice young man to an oyster!" Here was the opening, sooner than he expected.

"Judith," he began gravely, "it is of the young man I wish to speak now. Did—did they say it is young Travers? Shall I release you?" The last, to the ear of the girl, seemed an anxious, frenzied appeal for freedom. So this was what made him so gloomy, so unlike himself. He was tired of her; he wanted to be free. She was pulling a rose to pieces and fitting the petals over her finger tips. "Shall we ring the curtain down on our little comedy?" he asked in an "it's-all-for-the-best" tone. She nodded slowly. She was beginning to see more clearly every minute, just as one's eyes grow accustomed to darkness after first bewilderment. He wanted to be free.

"Judith," he said, "I shall ask only one favor of you—" he hesitated.

"It is granted," she returned coldly. "Perhaps I shall have the honor of congratulating you—also"—the also was added as an afterthought.

"It is that you will tell it all to me." He hesitated, through a sense of delicacy. "If you mind, dear," he added, gently, "then don't!"

Did she mind, she asked herself. No, she gloried in the opportunity. If he sighed for freedom, he should have it. She would make no effort to hold him, but he should understand before she let him go that other men thought her desirable. Then he could go with his freedom—and she would marry any one of the others. It made no difference—she would take the one who next asked her. She was 18 and infinitely young. The middle-aged man opposite felt that he would barter his immortal soul to be 24—to be young with her.

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" she asked in weary tones. He winced.

"No," he replied, "that would include me. Spare me that." There was a long silence. "It is of Young Travers; your engagement—"

"Until tonight," she reminded in a dull voice. "I was engaged to you. But—" her voice stuck. He was waiting for her begin.

"Mrs. Carr from New Orleans was at the Springs," she began; "she is one of my mother's oldest friends. Mr. Travers is her nephew. It was at one of her receptions that I met him first. Shall I tell you every-

thing?" Her voice had a new ring. He thought it was from speaking of her lover.

"Your roses came just as I was starting," she continued. "I wore the blue dress, the one you liked me in—"

"Child," he interrupted, "you do not understand—"

"Yes, but I do," gaily. "I remember it, every bit, you told me that first night I wore it—do you remember it?—what you whispered out there on the gallery about my 'milk white arms and shadowy hair?' It is a pretty dress. I wore your roses to the reception—they were glorious ones." She was leaning on her elbows on the table, her big eyes full of mystery.

"When Mrs. Carr presented Mr. Travers," she proceeded, "he told me that he had been knowing me for a long, long time, and waiting for me to come, because his hands were tied, as it were, and he couldn't come after me. Then I laughed, because it was such a good joke—really; Bob, he said it very much nicer than I can remember. Then he went on to tell me that it was before the war he had known me. He just graduated two years ago. I am afraid I rather encouraged him in the nonsense. It was such a relief from talking to the women, and I can't help being silly, you know, Bob." His heart felt old and musty and faded, and her every word was giving it a fresh blow. She had made a little pyramid of the rose petals, and was nervously tearing it to pieces to reconstruct it.

"He was very nice," she continued. "We went back to sit on the stairs to listen to the music. That was the beginning; he came next day for me to drive with him and told me that he loved me."

"The impudent young—" he forgot that it was of her lover he was speaking.

"He said he couldn't help it," she apologized for him in world-weary accents. "But they all say that." There was no trace of vanity in the remark. The red of the roses found brilliant rivals in her cheeks. "Then—then one night," she hesitated, "it was moonlight—down on the beach—he kissed me—"

"He kissed you?" the man exclaimed. "How dare he—how dare you?"

"Don't be too hard on him," she pleaded; "he said something about men not despising a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." Bob had risen angrily; a determined little hand pulled him back.

"Remember," a cold voice reminded, "you desired me to tell you."

"Judith," he reproved sharply.

"And that wasn't all," she flashed defiant eyes at him. She remembered how jealous he had been. Once she laughed and asked him if he thought the enamored air went sighing after her, too. But that was when he had really cared for her. Now he was trying to get rid of her. "I had numerous other lovers at the Springs, Bob. It may be," she tapped a gay little tune with her fan, "that you might find them diverting. There was Dave Cary," she assigned her little finger to him, "and Fred Langles" the next finger to him, "both of whom proposed to me at the picnic on the Fourth day of July. Then there was Mr. Greyner, who proposed to me at the dance at Judge Birrow's son's birthday—the son also proposed, for that matter. Dr. Spaulding set my wrist when I sprained it, and when he dismissed me he asked me to be his wife. That's all the proposals I had at the Springs. There were five more when I stopped to visit Luck Kildare on my way home." The man made a gesture of entreaty. Truly, he had not dreamed of it being this bad. His heart felt like a church on a week day. How could he have ever been fool enough to expect Judith to love him against all these young men?

"If you marry Travers—" it was a cowardly subterfuge to get her away from the others. His voice stuck. She sat alert, with brilliant eyes.

"If I marry Travers, what?" she asked.

"I don't know," miserably.

"I haven't exactly decided which one I shall marry." She leaned back languidly. She was pushing her hair back and trying to pin it in place. "It's really very hard to make up one's mind, Bob. It's the number of them that confuse me." She laughed deliciously. His hand tightened around his glass. "Bob," the girl suddenly demanded, "what's that you told me once about love lying deep?"

Could he release her. "The hunger of a man's soul" kept running through his head. Could he do it. Wasn't she in crying need of a protector to shield her from this very hunger?

"Bob," she tossed him a rose, "have you forgotten the lines?"

"Love lieth deep," he began. "Love dwells not in lip depths. Love wraps his wings on either side of the heart." There was a long silence. Somehow the silences of Bob were more eloquent than all the lip talk of the others. She was beginning to understand. She thought vaguely of ships cut loose from their moorings. She hated young men.

She remembered the first time she ever saw him. She was doing a skirt dance before the long gilt mirror in the back parlor. She turned to get a sidewise view of herself, and



"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 McLauchlan, Woodstock, and C. J. Greene, Bath.

Orange Meat

The delectable breakfast cereal dish. Scientifically prepared and ready to eat.

MADE IN CANADA

From the

Best Canadian Wheat Grown in Canadian Fields

and combined with malt honey by a new process. Served with cream and sugar.

DELICIOUS

SATISFYING

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

Lumbermen's Supplies

IN STOCK.

50 doz Chopping Axes, Single and Double Bit.
Steel Wire Rope,
Iron and Wood Blocks,
10 tons Steel Cable Chain,
30 doz Tubular Lanterns,
20 doz Horse Blankets.

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

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

Plenty of Fertile Eggs

and plenty of strong, healthy chicks, repay the use of SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Money-making poultry raisers know its power to bring pullets to early laying maturity, and to pile up winter eggs when prices soar. Try it—hens and pullets will thrive. Ask your dealer for it. Or we will send 1 pkg. 25c; five, \$1. 2-lb. can, \$1.20; six cans, \$6. Express paid. Sample best poultry paper free.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MAS

Sheridan's CONDITION Powder

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, 3 mo.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

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

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOV. 9, 1904.

there in the door he was calmly watching her. The others were at the table. The occasion was a dinner party, and he had committed the unpardonable offense of being late. That was the beginning. He very much preferred staying with her, he declared, if she didn't mind. That was the night started loving him. Hadn't he spent weary hours over the intricacies of toe dancing to coach her?

Didn't Bob always understand? The thought that he was just across the table and not engaged to her any more almost suffocate her. She couldn't stand it.

"Bob," she said with all that perilous youth shining in her eyes, "have you forgotten that toe dance you taught me years ago?" No, with weary resignation, he had not forgotten it.

"Bob," with cruel persistence, "when you told me that night you had rather stay with me than to go with the old ladies, did you mean it, truly?"

Yes, he was sure he meant it truly. The cafe was deserted. Only Francois, the waiter, lurked in the background, and he couldn't speak English.

"Bob," moving nearer and laying a confident hand on his arm. "Bob, does your love lie too deep for words? There was a pleading quality in her tones not to be resisted.

"Child," he was holding her chin in his most comforting hand and examining her eyes.

"Jack Travers didn't kiss me, truly," she comforted, patting Bob's old gray hairs tenderly. Francois had discreetly withdrawn, fully remunerated. "He said that before I told him about—about how I loved you—I—I told him all about us, Bob—" But she didn't finish. He understood. Bob always understood.

"Child," he whispered, with eyes in which youth had come home to live, "you must be the oldest person on earth! You are straight from the Garden of Eden—with youth that is fresh and genuine and eternal! Yes, you are, child!"—Copyright, 1904, by Campbell MacLeod.)

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter 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.

The Disenchanted Don.

A novel illustration of the saying "Listeners never hear any good of themselves," comes from the London Tatler. An Oxford don, more highly esteemed for intellectual activity than modesty, was asked to speak into a phonograph.

A little later the machine was turned on again, and he was requested to listen to his own voice.

He listened in silence, then turned to the company.

"It is very strange," he said, in a tone of mingled surprise and resentment. "I can't understand it, but through this machine I am made to speak in a peculiarly bumptious and affected manner!"

The Companion Informs and Entertains.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION uses entertainment as a means rather than an end, conveying always in its fiction and its articles some convincing truth or some contribution to the useful knowledge of its readers.

The 225 men and women enlisted to write for THE COMPANION represent an infinite variety of talents and callings. Through THE COMPANION they address not only the young and impressionable, but the fathers and mothers of the nation. The entire family claim a share in the good things which fill THE COMPANION's pages.

Full Illustrated Announcement, describing the principal features of THE COMPANION's new volume for 1905, will be sent to any address free.

The new subscriber for 1905 will receive all the issues of THE COMPANION for the remaining weeks of 1904 free from the time of subscription, also THE COMPANION "Carnations" Calendar for 1905, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 144 Berkeley Street, BOSTON, MASS.

An Epicure in Condiment.

It was in the dining-room of a country hotel, the Chicago Record Herald says, and the brisk waitress held a glass pitcher above some steaming buckwheat cakes she had placed before the guest from town.

"Sir?" she asked.

"If you please."

"Will you have it round and round, or in a puddle?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Round and round, or in a puddle?"

"I—I—in a puddle, I think."

The golden stream began its sticky descent on the center of the cakes, and as she poured the waitress included the guest and her work in one friendly contemplative glance.

"Some prefers it round and round, but I like it best in a puddle myself," she said, graciously, as she shut off the stream of sirup with a dexterous turn of her wrist.

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. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment