



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."

—Miss GUILA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all.

The Worst Kind.

Mrs. Matilda Neucoign was one of the most recent arrivals. Before she landed in the millionaire class she had been plain Tilly, and the days when she went to the county fair and wore a white organdie with blue ribbons were marked in her calendar with a large black mark. Matilda's parent on her father's side was celebrated for the number of worldly goods that he did not possess. When he felt like it and wasn't busy saving the Government he gave a weak imitation of a man working for a living, but most of the time it was Matilda's mother who kept the wolf at arm's length. Tilly's early occupation was dallying with a clothes-wringer and holding up one end of a large basket Friday night when it came time to deliver the goods. In other words, Tilly's mother took in washing, and all because she had been taken in by Tilly's father.

Having landed in the wrong side of the money herself, that good lady took pains to impress upon her daughter the fact that it was not only ungentle, but also very inconvenient, to support yourself and a husband with an adult appetite to the bargain. Therefore Tilly determined that when she had arrived at years of matrimonial discretion she would look around for a long while before she finally settled down in any particular nest for keeps. The parental roost was preferable to any nest that she had to maintain by her own unaided efforts. Now it must be known that Matilda was a long way from being the worst looking piece of humanity that ever inhabited a shirt-waist. Not only was she possessed of the usual number of features and general attributes of the ordinary human being, but these members were distributed over her face and person in such a manner as to secure the best possible results from the standpoint of a student of the human form divine.

It follows as a matter of course that Matilda had the usual number of opportunities opened to her for entering into the matrimonial state. Some men think that the only way that they can show their appreciation of a handsome woman is by asking her to marry them. It's something like testifying to your enjoyment of the Venus di Milo by tying her to a leg of the kitchen range. Matilda, however, as we have intimated, had her own ideas as to what constitutes a happy home, and was determined that nothing short of a three-story brown stone front would do for her.

In the course of time and summer boarders Matilda got her eye on a young millionaire who wore his brain in a Psyche knot and drove a yellow automobile with red trimmings. He had had the cool sense to select a father who could make money faster than three ordinary men could spend it, and when the old man died he had his son carefully salted away beyond all fear of want, with a guardian and three trustees sitting on the lid to see that he didn't throw any of the coin at the little birds—or the cold bottles. To see was to enter into possession with Matilda. There was nothing slow about her. Her intended was temporarily beyond the reach of his guardians, so when Matilda told him

what she had in store for him the best he could do was to put up a feeble yell for help and trot off for the license and the clergyman to do the trick.

The proper play for Matilda after she had landed the coin, according to the story books, would have been to transform herself forthwith into an edition of Lady Bountiful and shower riches on all her relatives and buy a clean shirt and a pound of chewing tobacco for her father on the day of her wedding. If anyone here present thinks that that was what Matilda did or should have done he might as well fold up his ears and go home, because there is nothing more coming to him. What Matilda actually did was to inform the members of her family that it was all over between them. She said that she had no particular objection to their continuing to inhabit the same globe, and possibly even the same hemisphere, but she wasn't going to be troubled with them around her back door asking for a suit of clothes or a handout after dinner. The brown stone for her, but for theirs, it was back to the woods, and the farther back the better.

Having broken the news gently to her family she started out to increase the amount and rapidity of circulation of the currency of the United States. Her husband being a rather weak-minded individual, had never had any idea of the number of things that you can buy with real money, or of the amount of real money that it takes to buy a number of things. Matilda could make a hundred dollar bill look like a last summer's straw hat, and then wonder what had become of it. She didn't seem to be able to think in sums of less than a hundred, and her idea of a good time was governed entirely by what it cost. Her husband's trustees, guardians, conservators and other attendants and superintendents had allowed the matrimonial contract to be signed under the delusion that Matilda, having had an early training in economy, would help save her husband's money. Not any saving for her! She politely informed all concerned at the first chance that she had served her time at the savings bank; if it was true, as she had heard, that money talked, she was determined to hear it speak up good and loud before she died.

In justification of Matilda it can only be said that if money does talk for ordinary people it stood on its hind legs and fairly yelled for her. If one of her neighbors gave a thousand dollar luncheon Matilda countered with a dinner party where each guest walked off with a gold mounted toothbrush as a souvenir. When she went to the theater nothing would do for her but a whole tier of boxes, with special attendants to serve champagne between the acts. She could give the whole millionaire class points on the best way to keep your money from getting rusty, and what she didn't know about the number of things that could be and were done to her husband's bank account wasn't really worth anyone's trouble to find out.

Some of the dames whose forefathers had walked over in advance of the Mayflower and were waiting on Plymouth Rock with a brass band and an address of welcome, were inclined to think that Mrs. Neucoign was dreadfully vulgar, doncheknaw, and were for giving her the marble heart and the chilly mit and the other commodities dispensed in polite society for the purpose of showing you how much below the average you are—in income. That was where they were foolish—not knowing Matilda. When she heard that a bunch of Daughters of the Revolution were after her with their tomahawks she simply laid herself out to make them look a lot of circuit chasers. If one of the bunch gave a dinner, Matilda was right after her the next night with a spread that made the dame's look like a free lunch; as a result Matilda's affairs got half a column, while the dame's was let down for half a stick. Every time they tried to cross her bows she blanketed them and sent them off on the other tack looking for a fresh breeze. Matilda never had any trouble raising the wind whenever she wanted it.

The general outcome was that even the people whose ancestors had been hanged by Oliver Cromwell had to admit that while Matilda might not be able to put up a family tree that would cast much of a shade, yet when it came to delivering the goods she had all the rest of them up their trees and yelling for help. She has settled down to a steady pace now, and is almost as uninteresting as though she had been rich all her life. Her career is a standing proof of the important fact that bullionitis, like lots of other childish diseases, is a whole lot worse when it is contracted late in life.—Baltimore "American."

Ellen Terry and G. F. Watts.

The romance of the career of the late G. F. Watts, the artist, who died last week, was his marriage with Ellen Terry nearly forty years ago, when she was seventeen years old. The union with the fascinating actress lasted only a brief period. The high-spirited girl found the sedate, poetic life irksome. She was unable to throw herself into her husband's enthusiasms. He was then middle aged and devoted to his art. The incident that finally brought about their separation

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 20, 1904.

was typical. Watts at the time was painting his beautiful wife as Ariel, and was describing in his studio one evening to a group of artist friends how the picture absorbed him. In the midst of his rhapsody his wife, who had been present, retired and suddenly reappeared on a balcony in the studio as she had been sitting to her husband, in extremely scanty attire, with wings on her shoulders. This indiscretion resulted in a separation and eventually divorce. Watts married, in 1889, Miss Fraser Tytler, a Scottish woman.

Cronje's New Role.

San Francisco's News Letter: "General Cronje, recently a Boer soldier, hero at Magersfontein, has accepted the offer of an American theatrical manager to try to be an actor. He is to exploit himself before the footlights of a St. Louis playhouse for a stated sum of money per week in the leading role in a representation of the fall of the stronghold at which he was out-generaled, out-fought, and shorn of fame as a great general. For money, he is going to try to re-open the issues between Englishman and Boer, and revive animosities that should not be disturbed in their silent tomb of forgetfulness, over which are growing the flowers of good-will, mutual helpfulness, and a desire to rehabilitate the waste places in the Transvaal's social and industrial concerns. Better for General Cronje had a bullet ended his life while defending Paardeburg than that he should parade a mimic presentation of the bloody affair before a gaping crowd of sensation seekers."

Disproportion in Expenditure.

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss was talking about the world's custom of spending more on armies and navies than on education.

"I once heard this custom epigrammatically condemned by an Irish priest," said Bishop Foss. "There was under discussion a bill to appropriate \$36,000,000 for battleships and \$12,000,000 for schools. The priest spoke against the bill, and his speech ended in this way:

"Friends, consider this proposal. Its absurdity is evident. For education, \$12,000,000; for warfare, \$36,000,000. That is to say \$12,000,000 for putting brains in, and \$36,000,000 for blowing them out."



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.

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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.

Intercolonial Railway.
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D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B.,
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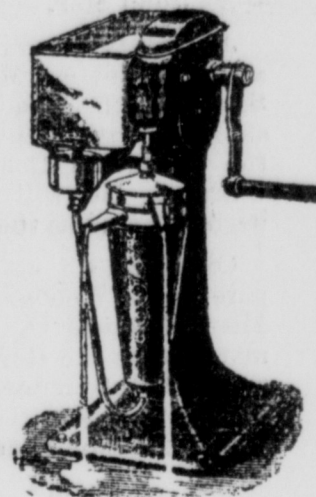
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