



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—MRS. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1907 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

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A FLOWER OF THE PRAIRIE.

A handful of earth was thrown up against the window of Anna Mansell's room; a moment after the light sound was repeated. Anna threw up the window noiselessly and looked out.

It was very early morning; the sky was a pale, keen sheet of steel; the wide half-circle of prairie she could see beyond the town was quivering awake, as the fresh June wind rippled over the green, grey grasses.

"Why, Dick, is that you?"

The golden-haired girl leaned from the window and met the upturned eyes of the young Englishman who stood beneath her.

"What does it mean?"

"Anna!" was the whispered reply. "Listen, your father and I had hot words last night, and—he's turned me off! He's always been down on me since he knew we cared for each other, always; he says I'm the wrong sort of a farm hand, and so I am; the loneliness was fairly killing me; so he's turned me off, and I've come to say good bye."

In his voice she detected a note of boyish excitement and love of change.

"What are you going to do, dear?" she asked. "What money have you saved?"

"Nearly a hundred dollars; he paid me up to the last cent. Do! I'm bound to make things hum wherever I land, with youth to help me, and strength and—love."

He reached up the frame wall with his right hand as far as he was able, and she stretched hers down towards him; somehow this brought the coming separation vividly before them. The two young faces grew very sad and yearning.

"My dear! My dear!" cried the girl. "Don't go away from me. Don't, don't."

"Hush, hush," entreated her lover; "Anna, come with me! We can't live apart; I know what a hard kind of life it is for you here; you shan't ever regret it, I swear before heaven! Dearest, sweetheart!"

His voice broke in his eagerness and love; with her heart beating again, her side she sank on her knees at the window, faint and trembling.

"I shall hire a team," he whispered, "and drive over to Brandon to pick up the main line train. Where the trails divide, clear of the town, I shall wait for you."

There was a sound in the stillness of the house. Anna instantly closed the window; Dick Harcourt, after lingering for a few moments, stole away.

Anna flung herself on the bed, beside which was drawn the crib of her baby sister. She lay with one hand pressed over her eyes, the other resting across the child, so that it rose and fell with every breath of the little sleeper.

Anna Mansell sat at one end of the breakfast table, and her father at the other. She had the baby in her high chair at her right hand, on the other side her sister Theo, the little pale, flaxen-haired, lame sister, with her crutch resting against her chair. Jess faced the boys, Frank and Wally. They were all painfully constrained by the presence of their father, a hard-featured man of middle age; with huge hands, knotted and brown, a

heavy brow and shrewd eyes, the lower part of his face concealed by a short thick beard and moustache, streaked with grey.

"Bin cryin' again, Anna?" he said at least, to let her know that he noticed her red eyes and the tear stains on her soft cheeks. "Why, you didn't cry so, not when your poor mother died."

"I didn't see much to cry about at mother's getting a good long rest at last!" she said deliberately.

"Always frettin'," continued her father, "and all because I won't have you take up with a good-for-nothing Englishman not worth his salt."

He pushed back his chair and raised his voice as he rose heavily to his feet.

"Oh I don't want to talk," returned the girl, bitterly.

Her father hesitated; he thought he would not tell her after all that Herbert was leaving so he only said, I'm drivin' over to the farmhouse as usual, I shan't be home till night."

Anna nodded silently as she, and Jess commenced to clear the table.

"Time for school, boys" she cried, presently, standing at the open door. "Here are your books, Wal; can't you lace that boot, Frank?"

With a sudden tremor at the thought of leaving them she knelt down and pushed aside his small, clumsy, sunburnt hands. She watched the boys swing away side by side, when her heart was rent by the sudden thought. "Is it for the last time!" Jess came bounding down the stairs. Anna took her by the arm.

"Why, whatever is it?" she asked.

"Nothing, dearie," returned Anna. "only I made you that dress last summer, didn't I?"

"Why, of course you did," answered Jess, looking down in surprise at her print frock.

"Do let me go; I'm dreadful late."

Anna released her, and watched the fair curls tossing on her shoulders as Jess ran down the street to overtake the boys.

"For the last time," she thought again. She knew her father so well that she was sure, having once taken this rash step, that her home would be home no more. "It's just as if I was going to die!" she said, as she stood in the kitchen, fragrant with the sweet scent of summer that came in with the wind at the wide opened window.

"Jess will be home at noon," she thought. "She'll get the dinner for the little ones. I'm real glad I baked those pies yesterday and that my fruit's all down."

She went upstairs and set all to rights there, and then opening cupboards and drawers, she sorted out and laid a pile of clothing on her bed. She wrote on a sheet of paper, "To be sent after me," and pinned it to the sleeve of a muslin dress; then she put on her hat and, taking her light sack across her arm, stole down the stairs.

On the threshold of the room where they had breakfasted she paused, and, listened to the two best beloved little voices within. She laid her cheek against the door. "I can't bear to kiss you, darling," she thought, "or I'll never go."

On the trail Dick Harcourt was waiting for her; his joy was all the more fervently expressed for the uneasy doubts he had had, that she might fail to come; he helped her to the seat beside him, and the two young lovers drove away, in the light, open cart, towards the glowing sun.

Anna took off her hat and sat with it in her lap; the fresh western wind lifted the golden hair on her forehead. The wild roses grew thick and sweet on low straggling bushes near in the ground; the pert little gophers scampered across the trail; the great green circle of earth seem to be swinging under the arching sky in the luminous sun-filled air; the only sound was the sharp rap of the horses' hoofs on the white trail.

Presently Anna laid her cheek against Dick's shoulder.

"I guess you weren't a mite sorry to leave the old farmhouse this morning?" she questioned, wistfully.

"Not a bit," he answered.

"Mother died there," said the girl. "All the little ones were born in that house; we only moved into town, you know, for the boys to get their schooling. Father's always been a hard man."

Dick clasped his disengaged hand over hers as they lay in her lap.

She looked out at the line where the bountiful earth met the vivid sky.

"I've been a kind of a mother to those children for four years," she said.

She was growing very thoughtful.

"Can I get down a minute, Dick? I want some roses."

He drew rein and helped her out of the cart. He watched her as she stooped to gather the flowers, the blue of her dress very bright against the rose and green.

Presently she came back and laid her handful of roses on the seat beside him.

"Dick," she said, "I'm going right home." He looked wonderingly into her serene eyes.

"I can't do it, dear," she continued with a convincing simplicity of tone.

Then her face changed, a tide of color flooded into her cheeks and her eyes filled. She pressed her clenched hands to her temples.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MAY 25, 1904.

"If I left them now, Dick, there are two sounds I should hear until I died. I should hear baby crying for me and the tap of Theo's little crutch. I should wake in the night and hear them plain and there is no city you could take me to where the roar and the voices would shut them out."

The womanly passion of her voice and eyes impressed him deeply.

He bit his lip and turned his face away.

"You see, Dick," she said again, "I've been a kind of mother to those children for four years."

"You don't love me," he flashed out. "I've lost you."

She put up her kind hand and touch his hair; she had known trouble and death.

"You're just a boy," she said, tenderly; her eyes fell on the handful of ruddy flowers.

"It will never be summer again until you come back," she said. "I shall be waiting for you here."

She made him leave her, encouraged him, cheered him bade him go. After the last good-bye he drove away alone; drove away at a gallop and the light cart rocked from side to side. She watched him, and the golden luminous haze was blurred by the tears she dashed away to watch him still. Then she set her face towards her father's home.

That same evening John Mansell was driving across the prairie. He held the lines loosely in his rough hand, and his mouth was grim over his grizzled beard. Today the old house had been full of ghosts: the tread of tired feet on the worn stairs, the sound of a passionless voice, the weary eyes of the woman who had been his wife.

He drove between the fields, where the wheat grew green and high. As the moon, a silver sickle, swung among glowing stars, the whispering of the wind and the stir of the little live creatures died out of the world.

Mansell thought much of his daughter and her lover. Harcourt was gone, and a troubled fear—a foreboding of evil—would not be silenced in his mind that Anna would be gone, too. He grew so sure that he would not find her in her accustomed place that he dreaded every mile of the way that brought him nearer home.

He drove through the town, skirted his house and gave the horses into the care of the hired man.

With a queer hesitation he was half ashamed of, Mansell lingered at the window. The blind was up, and in the light of the lamp he saw Jess and the boys and Theo gathered around the table. He turned away with a drag at his heart-strings. His children heard his heavy step, and the click of the latch, as he stumbled heavily up the shadowy stairs.

His hand shook as he turned the handle of the door of Anna's room. At the quiet picture he beheld there his heart leapt in his throat. Beside the crib his daughter sat, her cheek resting on the white coverlet and her faithful eyes adoring the child who slept within it.

She trembled at the sound of her father's voice.

"Anna," he said, "young Harcourt is gone."

"I know, father," she answered, quietly. "If," said the harsh old man, "you should be writing to him, you can say he'll be welcome—to spend his Christmas here."

"I'll write and tell him, father," replied Anna, with a queer little smile.

Then she slipped on her knees and pressed her lips to the flushed cheek of the sleeping child.



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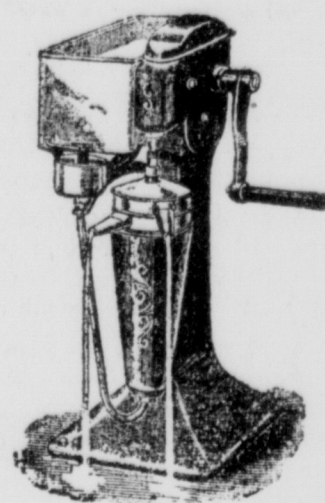
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