

CHARLES C. PROCTOR
TAILOR,
Hartland, N.B.

FINE CUSTOM WORK ONLY.
LADIES' GARMENTS A SPECIALTY.
GOOD WORK GUARANTEED.

HARTLAND CASH STORE
NEW STOCK JUST ARRIVED.

Ladies' Astrachan Jackets,
Fall and Winter Clothing,
Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.
AT LOW PRICES FOR CASH.

A full stock of
GROCERIES, GLASS & HARDWARE.
Clearance Sale at Cost of
Ready Made Clothing.

A Large Line of Blue Felt Yachting Caps.
FLOUR (PRAIRIE KING, and FIVE ROSES).
BLANKETS From the Woodstock Woolen Mills.

\$1.00 invested at the Hartland Cash Store will bring better results than anywhere else.

W. F. THORNTON, Prop.

Fall and Winter GOODS!

New and Complete Stock Now on Hand.

Fur Goods

Of all descriptions.
Everything Suitable in
HEAVY WEAR and WOOLEN GOODS.

Glasgow House
HUGH HAY.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William H. Lewis of the parish of Wicklow county of Carleton, and province of New Brunswick, and Louisa his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern.

There will be sold at public auction in front of the office of Hartley & Carvell, attorneys at law, in the town of Woodstock in the county of Carleton on **MONDAY, THE FOURTEENTH DAY OF JANUARY NEXT**, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon all and singular the following described premises, to-wit:—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate and lying in the parish of Wicklow, county of Carleton, and province aforesaid, and bounded as follows, commencing at a marked cedar tree at the north east angle of lot number three in the first tier of Andrew Blair's survey of Big Presqueisle settlement, running thence north fourteen chains of four poles each, thence west seventy-nine chains to a reserved road, thence south fourteen chains, and thence east seventy-nine chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less: Also all those pieces or parcels of land situate in the parish, county and province aforesaid, and conveyed by deed to the said William H. Lewis by Henry Lewis, bearing date the eighteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and lying on the south side of the first mentioned premises; Together with the buildings and improvements thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances thereto appertaining.

The above sale will take place under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the eighteenth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, made between the said William H. Lewis and Louisa his wife of the one part, and the undersigned Henry Good of the other part, and recorded in Book "O" number three of said Carleton County Records, on pages 506, 507 and 508, the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1891, default having been made in the payment of the moneys thereby secured.

Dated this second day of October A. D. 1894.
HENRY GOOD,
Mortgagee.

HARTLEY & CARVELL,
SOLICITORS FOR MORTGAGEE.

Mrs. Julius Caesar
Was above suspicion, and so is the Singer Sewing Machine. It took fifty-four first awards at the World's Fair, Chicago, for durability, appearance, neatness and light running. Alex. Mathews, Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

THAT WALTZ ON VON WEBER'S.
Gaily and gaily rang the gay music,
The blithe, merry music of harp and of horn—
The mad, merry music that sets us a dancing,
Till over the midnight came stealing the morn.
Down the great hall went waving the banners—
Waving and waving their red, white and blue—
As the sweet summer wind came blowing and blowing
From the city's great gardens asleep in the dew.
Under the flags they floated and floated,
Under the arches and under the flowers,
We two and we two floated and floated
Into the mystical midnight hours.
And just as the dawn came stealing and stealing,
The last of those wild Weber waltzes began—
I can hear the soft notes now appealing and pleading,
And I catch the faint scent of the sandalwood fan
That lay in your hand, you hand on my shoulder,
As down the great hall, away and away,
All under the flags, and under the arches,
We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day.
But why should I dream o'er this dingy old ledger,
In this counting-room down in this dingy old street
Of that night and that morning, just there at the dawning,
When our hearts beat in tune to our fast-flying feet?
What is it that brings on that scene of enchantment,
So fragrant and fresh from out the dead years,
That just for a moment I'd swear that the music
Of Weber's wild waltzes was still in my ears?
What is it, indeed, in this dusty old alley
That brings me that night or that morning in June?
What is it, indeed? I laugh to confess it—
A hand-organ grinding a creaking old tune.
But somewhere or other I caught in that measure,
That waltz of von Weber's and back it all came,
That night or that morning just there at the dawning,
When I danced the last dance with my first and last flame.
My first and my last, but who would believe me?
If down in this dusty old alley today
Twixt the talk about cotton, and the markets and money,
I should suddenly turn in some moment and say
That one memory only had left me a lonely
And grey-bearded bachelor dreaming of Junes,
Where the nights and the mornings, from the dusk
to the dawns,
Seemed set to the music of Weber's wild tunes.
—Nora Perry.

WHY?

"What I want to know is this," he said apologetically to the live-stock editor, who was busy on a leader entitled "A Plea for Higher Art." Why shouldn't my wife have the same rights, social, political and industrial, as I have?"
"There is no adequate reason for depriving her of them," indulgently replied the L. S. E.
"Why shouldn't she have an equal voice with me in the affairs of her country?"
"Why, indeed," echoed the scribe, commencing a new paragraph with just a tinge of impatience upon his fluent and classic tongue.
"Why shouldn't she go to the polls," continued the man with his pants tucked into his boots, argumentatively, "and put herself on record for this or that principle?"
"Or even the other," put in the editor absent-mindedly, writing up the pedigree of a prize hog between the description and the history of a Pompeian piece of tapestry.
"Why shouldn't she cast her ballot for this or that reform, go in for this or that movement, and voice her sentiments for all she's worth with the rest of us?" went on the farmer belligerently.
"You tell me and I'll tell you," impatiently returned the other, discovering a black Spanish hen on the portico of an ancient Greek mansion in his "Plea."
"Why shouldn't she have the same right to do everything that a man does?" went on the woman's champion, persistently. "Hain't she got as much sense?"
"More," emphatically exclaimed the live-stock editor, "give her a chance."
"I will; it's been refused her too long, I'm going home to give my wife the chance she's been aching for, plumb quick. I didn't agree with her at first, but I do now, and I'm going to see that she uses her opportunities for all she is worth," he cried warning to his subject.
"She has just as much right to hustle out into the potato patch at 4 o'clock in the morning as I have. Her claim to trudge behind a plough sixteen hours out of the twenty-four is as great as any bejupated member of her species. Her call is just as good as mine to clean out the hog-pen, currycomb the horse, chop down timber, and do the lifting and hauling about the farm to her heart's content, and, by hookey, I'll see that she does it. Yes, sir, I'm a woman's rights man from this on."
Although the moderna woman loves to imitate a man
In appearance and behavior and in every way she can,
She appropriates his style of dress, his manners and all that,
But she doesn't tip the waiters, and she doesn't tip her hat.

For immediate relief after eating use **K. D. C.**

SHORR WHINBOWS

Woodstock Woodworking Factory.

We will take measurements in town and put the windows on if desired.

R. K. JONES.
Woodstock, Nov. 21, '94.

Landing

At my Salesroom the following Goods:

200 BARRELS N. S. APPLES,

Comprising Pippins, Baldwins and Russets.
20 Kegs Malaga Grapes,
10 Kegs Canadian Cider,
1 Case Figs,
100 Boxes Raisins and Currants,
15 Barrels Onions,
50 " Alexander Apples,
25 " Fameuse Apples,
150 Packages Confectionery, Walnuts, Filberts, Brazil and Peanuts, and Cocoanuts.
100 Baskets Salem and Catawaba Grapes,
And numerous other articles comprising Oranges, Lemons, Pears, &c.

U. R. Hanson.
Woodstock, Nov. 12, 1894.

THIRTY DAYS CHEAP SALE!

Wholesale and Retail Jewelry Store,
CONSISTING OF—
Jewelry and Silverware.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

given in—
Plain Gold Wedding Rings, during the month of September.
Chain Lock Bracelets in Gold, suitable for Engagement Presents.
Brilliant Necklets and Sword Pins, something new and elegant for Ladies' Wear.
Stick Pins and Studs, all varieties and sizes.

L. N. FLETCHER, Proprietor.
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES.

FEWER BROS., PLUMBERS,
Steam, Gas and Water Fitters.

Orders Promptly and Carefully Filled.
Prices moderate. Work warranted.

EMERALD ST., OPP. WILBUR HOUSE
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE,
H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props.

Outfits for commercial travellers. Coaches in attendance at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates.
A First-Class Hears in connection.
Wilbur House, (Main St.) Woodstock, N. B.
N. B.—Orders for coach left at stable or sent by telephone will receive prompt attention.

How the Mortgage Came.
[The Khan] is the *nom de plume*, under which one of the most original writers in Ontario writes.]

"This is only squaw winter," said the Chickadee, as he stuffed one of his dainty feet into his downy bosom to warm it, "it'll soon pass away and we'll have a spell of nice weather yet before winter sets in."
"I hope so."

"Nothing surer. I hear the dogs killed nine sheep last night? Too bad. I tell you what you might do, if it isn't too much trouble. You might tack up a bunch of tallow on the end of the barn. It will come handy to peck at when the wood is all frozen solid."

I thanked the Chickadee for the suggestion and assured him that I would do it in the morning.
"You won't lose anything by it" said the Chickadee, as he changed feet and tucked the cold one under his vest, "Chickadees bring luck, and I never knew of a colony of swallows in a mean man's barn."

"I was talking last night to Bradley's farm. They have just put a mortgage on it and it hurts worse than a home-made mustard plaster on a school boy. Bradley's farm feels terribly down in the mouth."

"How did it happen?"
"Oh, the old way. It wasn't Bradley's fault, nor it wasn't the farm's fault; they both did their level best."

"Was it too much style, top buggies, pianos, etc?"
"No, it wasn't that. I like to see the boys drive a nice rig and the girls have a piano if they want it—they deserve it. A nice buggy and a good piano are as necessary to make life bearable on a farm as a binder or a sulky plough. That isn't what caused it. The farm is getting old, it has been worked too hard, it has been made to give, give an' got nothing back. For instance, old man Bradley has raised nine of a family on that old farm and started them all in life. A hundred acres Ontario farm ought to be numbered with the nine wonders of the world. It not only keeps its own folks, but helps to keep the rest of the dominion. When the girls got married they got an outfit, some cows and sheep, and perhaps, a wad of money. All this came out of the farm. When the boys married three of them went off to Manitoba and the Northwest. The old farm furnished them with car loads of cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, seed implements, furniture and money to start with. Consequence was the old farm had to stand double crops, sometimes two in a season, to make up for it. One of the boys bought fifty acres next door and the old farm had to whack up to make the first payment. The old farm was getting kind of weak and sulky about this time. The youngest boy got it into his head that he would be a doctor—nothing would do but he must be a doctor. Then it was that the iron entered into the old farm's soil. They put a mortgage on it to pay the young cub's expenses to college. It took \$2,000 to make a jack rabbit doctor out of him, and now they will have to put another mortgage on the old farm in order to buy him practice and furnish him with good clothes and the tools of his trade. That's pretty hard on the old farm, especially when it has been asking for the past twenty years to have the big meadow underdrained, and the barn is shouting for a new roof and the fences are clean crazy. Then there is the 50 acre farm—the boy can't pay for his farm and wants to sell out and turn preacher—another thousand dollars. This will finish the old farm."

"As the old farm said to me last night, 'Here I be in my old age raisin' nothing but interest, thistles, ragweed and squirts. I'm pretty near done for.'"
"Did you ask the farm what it thought was the primary cause of the trouble?"
"Yes; farm said it was edjication. Too many High Schools an' Collegiate Institoots, an' colleges and universities. Old farm said that this here country was getting educated to death. The young folks could draw a map of Siam with their eyes shut, but they couldn't go under the barn and feed the brindle heifer in the dark; they are fitted to keep books for a grocery store, but I'm jiggered if they can tell what it cost to raise the old man's crop of pertaters. Some uv 'em can drive over the asses bridge like Sam Hill but they can't drive the hay rake, oh no. Nevertheless we haven't got enough doctors of the right kind. We want doctors who will medicine the old worn-out farms, remove skin diseases in the shape of weeds, stiffen up the muscles with good fences, tone up its stomach with lots of barn yard stuff, and—say get yer gun!"

"Why?"
"There's Bledsoe's cat just crawled into the wood pile—see her? She is laying for my old woman. The old lady has been poorly lately and she was moping round the yard yesterday trying to find a certain spotted bug, which she says is good for liver complaint when the cat just missed her by a hair and now she's got—"
Bang!
"palpitation of the heart along with the liver complaint, but that will cure both. Chickadee, ta ta."—The Khan, in Toronto Globe.

HOTELS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
This popular stand has been leased by Birdsall O. Dugan, and will be run in first-class condition. Excellent table, good sample rooms, convenient situation.
Queen street, on the way from railway station

Turner House,
SMITH & WALTON, Proprietors.
FIRST-CLASS PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARD. TERMS MODERATE.

14 CHAPEL ST. WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Wilbur House,
MAIN STREET,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.
LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS.
J. H. WILBUR, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor.

Sleds. Sleds.
We are erecting a large building at East Florenceville for a

General Carriage & Repair Shop.
We will also build SLEDS and TEAM WAGGONS of any description that may be required.

SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR SLEDS AT ONCE.
Bring your Sleigh or Carriage and have it Painted in a First-Class manner.
Money refunded if not satisfactory.

S. B. & W. S. CHARLTON.

Lee's Restaurant.

Meals Served
At all hours, including
Oysters, Baked Beans, Ham and Eggs,
And, in fact, everything that goes to make up a First-Class Bill of Fare.

I beg to call attention of the public to the fact that I have fitted up a Fine Dining Room in connection with the restaurant and we will be better prepared than ever to accommodate our many friends in the county.
Imported and Domestic Cigars, and a fine assortment of Confectionery constantly on hand; also Fruits of all kinds.

Thanking my many friends for their patronage during the last year, and soliciting a continuance of the same during the ensuing year, I remain, yours truly,
John M. Williamson.

Everett's

BOOK STORE.
ESTABLISHED 1870.

A Full Line of the following:
School Books, Slates, Pencils, Pens and Inks, &c.
Room Paper 5c. per Roll up.
Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Novels, Toy Books, Books of Travel.

Croquet Sets, Base Balls, Rubber Balls.
Fishing Rods, Tackle, Hooks and Lines.

PRICES LOW.

W. H. Everett.

JAMES HAYDEN

Has been placing some new Machinery in his Mill, and is now able to do all classes of work on Short Order.
Storm Doors and Windows a specialty.

Mouldings of All Kinds and Sheathing.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.