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The  
GEO. S. PARKER  
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PEN.

## CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—one will a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: "I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day: Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night's sleep; they cured me."

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

DR. CHASE'S

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PURIFY YOUR BLOOD  
ONE CENT A DOSE  
BACK-ACHE

KIDNEY-LIVER

BACK-ACHE  
CURE 25 CENTS A BOX  
KIDNEY DISEASE  
BACK-ACHE

PILLS

## WOMAN'S NEED

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, unsuspected, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes pro-lapsus, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder.

Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and stay well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the

source and sustainer of health. It cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence by those of delicate constitution.

One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

For purifying the Blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

## SPRING.

April cold with dropping rain,  
Willows and lilacs bring again,  
The whistle of returning birds,  
The trumpet-tinging of the herds;  
The scarlet maple-keys betray  
What potent blood hath modest May;  
What fiery force the earth renews,  
The wealth of forms the flush of hues,  
What joy in rosy waves outpoured,  
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord.  
—Emerson.

## A MODERN MEDUSA.

You gentlemen (nodding at Hearn and me) both knew Hugh Herrick before he and I started for Paris, together to study medicine. Everyone predicted a brilliant career for him—he was so clever, and handsome, and daring—and when the news of his death was sent back, eighteen months later, it was a great shock to them all. In fact, it was deemed almost unaccountable, for he was in perfect health when he left home, and was not given to dissipation. When I came back, two years later, they all probed me, but I only said, truthfully enough, that I had been with him only at the last, and that he was unable to tell me the nature of his malady. But there was something most strange behind it all—something I could not tell his people, and that is what I am going to tell you. Perhaps the professor will be able to explain it; I can't. I suppose you gentlemen will think it is a cock-and-bull story; but I am willing to take my oath on what I saw, and you know I'm not given to yawning.

Well, as soon as we got to Paris, and were fairly settled down to work, Herrick had the good luck—or, as it turned out, the misfortune—to cross the path of a woman with whom he at once fell madly in love: a woman who was beautiful enough to turn a stronger head than his, and whose chief and crowning glory was a head of the most magnificent hair I have ever seen. It was of a curious reddish color, and its thick, silky masses seemed almost like some live thing, curling, and winding, and glinting in the sun. It reached nearly to her heels, and, together with her eyes, which were of a curious topaz hue, gave her a strange witchery which brought all Paris to her feet. Men fought for her favor and pleaded for a lock of her hair, but she never could be induced to part with a single strand; and one daring youth, who tried force and strategy in his desire for that golden fleece, was found dead by his own hand the next day. It was said that she was a Persian, with a dash of the gipsy in her, but she herself would never tell. "I am a child of the Wanderer, *mes amis*," she would say for all answer, and it ran in Paris that the possessor of one of those golden locks would find that a fate went with it, which did not deter them in the least from striving for the prize.

As for myself, I was not overburdened with funds, and had no time for nonsense; but Hugh, the spoiled darling of his family, was kept liberally supplied with money—and you know what that means with the rich Herricks. He spent it all on La Meduse, as she was called, and the clinics saw him but seldom. I expostulated with him once or twice, but he would listen to no reason, so I gave it up. I never thought that she loved him—but he was sure of her, with the true Herrick audacity, and she led him on, despoiling him of everything, and fairly sucking the life-blood out of him. He lavished upon her every thing that a woman could wish; she was life, and soul, and heart to him—poor Hugh! But I studied her a little, unobserved, and I could never bring myself to believe that she was what he thought her. There was too much fire, and passion, and subtle mystery in her nature for her to find in the boyish, daring adoration of Hugh Herrick the master-love such women will die to have. And it turned out that I was right.

There was a man who had come to Paris at the same time that she made her appearance there—a tall, dark, sinewy fellow, distinctly foreign-looking, and withal a man of the world. There was something odd about him—for he was either constantly with La Me-

duse, or gone on sudden journeys, whose purpose no one ever knew. He was declared by the men who met him to be possessed of brilliant powers and all the ten talents; and one or two had told queer stories of most curious occurrences in connection with him, which could be described only as mysterious and accounted for occult. You couldn't puzzle him with science, and he had the bearing of a gentleman; but he was always thought to be partly Oriental, at least, and his relations with La Meduse were understood to be of a purely platonic nature. "He guards my jewels," she would say, with her impenetrable smile, so he was looked as a sort of body-guard and none of her lovers troubled their heads about him.

I had met the man but a few times, but I understood that Hugh was not partial to his company, for some unexplained reason. Once in October, when I returned from the clinic, I found Hugh in great excitement at my den, and was staggered upon being demanded as his second in a duel with M. Oural, as the dark man was called. "I depend upon you, old man, to stand by me in this," he said. "We have quarrelled about La Meduse—I can't tell you what it was—but he challenged me, and he shall have his satisfaction."

He ended abruptly, and started about the arrangements. "His second will call on you tonight—it will take place early tomorrow morning; fix on a safe spot on the outskirts of the city; as the challenged party I have the choice of weapons, and have decided on pistols. We won't need a surgeon for you can do double duty, and I want to have it as quiet as possible for her sake. I'll go now and write to her, and arrange for a safe leave of France in case anything happens;" so in spite of my protests and dislike for the affair I was obliged to do as asked.

The next morning at dawn we met in a secluded little field outside the city—M. Oural, cool, but with an unfathomable look in his dark eyes; Herrick, frankly eager and scornful; the other second a witness, and myself. Well, never mind about the paces or the shots—Oural was killed—shot through the heart—and as I could do nothing for him, his second and the other witness took him in the carriage to the house of La Meduse—according to his previous orders, it seems, though we did not know it at the time; and Herrick, returning to the city, took the fast train for the north, and escaped, till the danger should be over, into Germany.

I went to my den sick at heart and apprehensive of the outcome. But the affair was never followed up, and I was not disturbed; for there were no friends of Oural to give information, and it was supposed that he had departed on another of his mysterious journeys. I never could find out what became of his body. At the same time La Meduse disappeared from Paris, to the desolation of her devotees, and was never seen there again. Herrick I did not hear from. So I plodded along and passed my first examinations a few months later, and then obtained leave to go to Germany for the hospital service. I was hard at work for eight months, and then went to a little town near a noted resort for a few days' rest. And it was there that I found Hugh Herrick, and found him dying. He had only a few more days to live, the doctors told him; and when I ran across him in the old hotel he clung to me with a pitiful hopelessness, and told me what there was to tell.

He had got a way to Germany in safety, and had gone to an obscure little village in the south till the affair should blow over, and it was there, the first night of his arrival, that there was brought to home a note from La Meduse. How she knew his hiding-place was a mystery to them, as he had gone in utter secrecy; and moreover, though the letter had not come by the post, he could find no trace of her or of her messenger. But the strangest part of all was that enclosed in the parchment-like fold of paper was a tress of hair from the head of La Meduse—long, and silky, and clinging—what he had often begged for in the days of their love, but in vain, and this was what the note contained:—"You have killed him, and I hate you, for he was the prince of my people and I loved him. What were you to dream you had my love? I despise the justice that this country deals in, so I let you go—to face what I shall send you. I give what you have so long desired, that it may be your curse as it has been mine. I go to my own—and search is useless." It was unsigned, and I discovered one long, glistening hair clinging to the sheet; the rest was none.

"How could I know she loved him?" said Hugh, bitterly, when I had read it. "I cursed his presumption and killed him for

her sake. Since then I have suffered tortures enough to satisfy even her."

I asked him about the lock of hair. "It is gone," he said. "I lost it soon after—a spasm of agony wrrenched his heart, and he could not finish."

When he could speak again he got my promise that I would examine his heart when he was gone and see what had killed him. "Just you alone, old fellow," he said; "don't call in anyone else—and don't let them know at home about it all, you know; tell them anything you like;" so I gave my word.

Gradually the iron band tightened round his heart, and in two days he died—groping for the golden locks of La Meduse, and stroking them in imagination with his hand. And now comes the strange and almost incredible part of my story; for I did as poor Hugh asked me, and unknown to anyone held a post-mortem examination; and when I made my incisions and laid open the chest, there lay his heart, still and scarlet—and round and round it, agonisingly tightened, binding and compressing it in its deadly hold, was wound a long, clinging strand of red-gold hair.

I will not tell you what I thought and felt; but I set myself to work and disentangled that shining web—unwound it without breaking a single strand—and then laid it on the red coals on the hearth and watched it curl and shrivel like a living thing, till it sank into a blackened little heap. Hugh's heart I restored to its place, freed of the bonds which had choked it—and no one ever knew.—*Florence Elliot Molire, in the "San Francisco News Letter."*

## K. D. C. imparts strength to the whole system. Bicycles Supplant Horses.

That the bicycle has come to stay is unquestionable. Its value has been generally recognized by all classes and by both sexes, by military authorities, the church, the professions, and the labouring man. It has become a factor in regulating fashion in dress and health in mind and body, and is already an important agent in the improvement of roads in both town and country. It is interesting to note that the municipal authorities in Chicago have lately acknowledged its value, the following appearing in the columns of the Chicago Times-Herald:—"The mounted police at Lincoln park will ride bicycles instead of horses. So much has been settled. The grave question now agitating the Park Board relates to the costuming of the bicycle corps of the force. Some of the commissioners favor bloomers; some want the men to wear knickerbockers and leggings; some say the old uniforms should be retained and the men should tie ropes around their trouser legs when they mount their wheels. So far the policemen have been given no opportunity to express an opinion. They have, in fact, had no time to think about the costumes they are to wear. They have been busily engaged in learning how to ride, believing that thus they will best earn the approbation of the commissioners."—*Mail and Empire.*

Leading medical authorities indorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine.

## No Cause for Alarm.

Anxious Mother—"I'm afraid, doctor, that poor Willie has got his death. He ate too many hard-boiled eggs yesterday."

Doctor—"Ahem? How—ah—many did he eat, mam?"

"Oh, he says half a dozen, but I fear the dear child is deceivin' me."

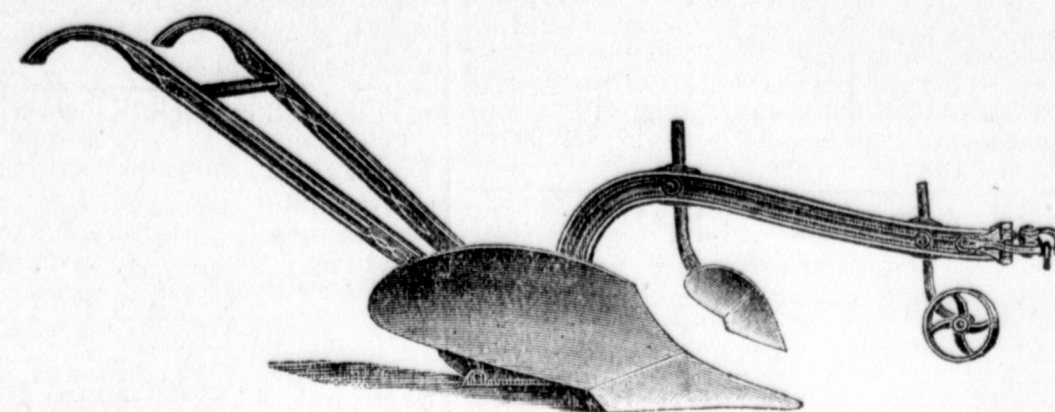
Willie (from pillow)—"I—et—two—dozen—hen aigs 'n—"

Mother—"Mercy on us! And what, child? Willie—"An' two goose aigs!"

Doctor—"There is no need of my services, mam! I thought the boy had overeaten, mam. But you evidently don't know the Easter boy, mam! Should he become nervous during the night give him a couple or three good-sized doughnuts and half a dozen apples. Good evening mam!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

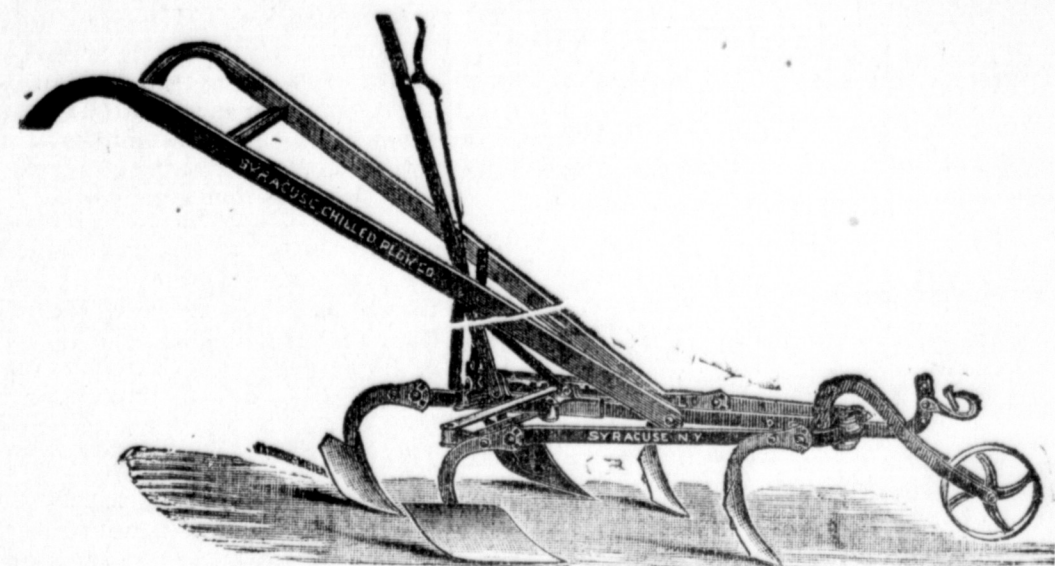
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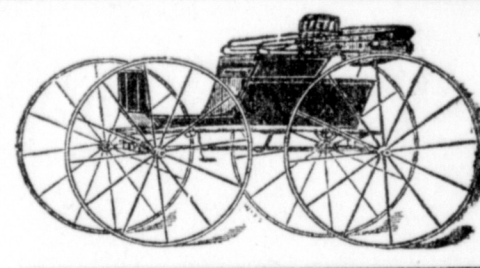
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We thank those who have been our friends in the past, and given us their business, and hope to have them continue with us, together with all other good people who want good work.

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