

## HOTELS.

**Wilbur : House,**  
MAIN STREET,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.  
LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS.

J. H. WILBUR, Proprietor.

**Queen Hot e**

J. A. EDWARDS, - - Proprietor.

QUEEN STREET,

FREDERICTON, - N. B.

**VICTORIA HOTEL,**

ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor.

**JUNCTION HOUSE,**

Newburg Junction.

Meals on arrival of all trains. First-class fare.

R. B. OWENS, Proprietor

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. J. McNALLY, M.D.C.M.,

Physician and Surgeon

BATH, - - N. B.

Office opposite Bohan's Store.

T. F. SPRAGUE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

COR. MAIN AND ALBERT STREETS  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

DR. P. T. KIERSTEAD,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

CHAPEL ST., WOODSTOCK.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

W. D. RANKIN, M. B. C. M.,

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

Chapel Street, Woodstock, N. B.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 9 a.m.; 4 to 6 p.m.

## DENTISTRY.

E. S. KIRKPATRICK,

(Two doors below Town Hall)

WOODSTOCK

ALL LATE IMPROVEMENTS. PAINLESS  
EXTRACTING.

W. D. Camber,

DENTIST.

Painless : Extraction.

Office: Queen Street.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public, Etc.

Office: King Street Opposite Woollen Mill.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

HARTLEY &amp; CARVELL,

Barristers, Attorneys,

Notaries Public, Etc.

Accounts collected and Loans negotiated.

Office: Next Exchange Hotel, Queen Street.

Fire and Life Insurance.

J. C. HARTLEY. F. B. CARVELL.

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc.,

REFEREE - IN - EQUITY.

QUEEN STREET,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

\$1.00 will pay from to \$100.00

## AGENTS WANTED

To buy and collect old Postage Stamps of  
New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward  
Island, Upper Canada, United States and  
Newfoundland. Stamps are worth from 10  
to 30% more if on the original cover or en-  
velope.Collectors, send for my stock list of stamps  
of the above countries.G. F. WATSON,  
Box 299 Woodstock, N. B.

## BUTTER TUBS.

The Finest Ever Seen.

Farmers wanting anything in  
this line will do well to call onW. R. WRIGHT,  
UPPER WOODSTOCK.

## "I DON'T THINK."

There's a pat and jolly phrase  
That is making quite a craze  
With the down-town chap and bachelorish miss,  
It's the penny cynic's wit,  
But they hold you up with it  
Like the highwaymen of old; it's simply this—  
"I don't think!"fit happens she's the maid!  
Whom you're trying to persuade  
That your life is not complete without her own;  
And you plead, "My Sweetest Bess,  
Don't you love me? Quick! say Yes!"  
"Oh, of course," she sighs, "I love you—you alone  
I don't think!"When your rich old aunt dies—  
Just the one you idolize,  
On whom for years you've lavished kisses and  
caresses—And the will is read you say,  
"Does that million come my way?  
How it thrills one when the lawyer nods, "Oh, yes—  
I don't think!"If you hail a friend with joy,  
"How'd you like my book, old boy?"  
"It was great!"—he smiles, and then follows with  
that gag:  
If you say, "Dear I'll not be  
Home to dine; pray where's my key?"  
She'll sigh "Yes, and 'till I come home without a  
jag—  
I don't think!"So in every walk of life—  
You can work it on your wife,  
Friend, sweetheart, any one, with skill expert;  
When the pearly gates you win,  
And cry, "Saint, may I come in?"  
He'll consult his heavenly Bradstreet, and say  
"Cert—  
I don't think!"

—The Chronicler in "Town Topics."

## THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT.

Sir Philip Stamer, aged 35. Ethel, his  
wife, aged 25Sir Philip (speaking outside)—Isn't the  
post in yet, Mary? (Enters.) O, how much  
longer have I to wait? What a coward I was  
not to let the doctor tell me at once; but I  
thought I couldn't bear it then, and so I  
made him promise to write me by the after-  
noon post; yet this suspense is harder to bear  
than knowing the worst. I have always sus-  
pected that I should go into consumption, and  
now I shall know if my suspicions are found-  
ed. (A bell rings.) Ah, there's the postman  
at last, I'm sure. (Goes to door.) Is that  
the post, Mary? Any letters for me? Thank  
you. (Comes back with half a dozen letters  
and opens them eagerly.) No, that's from  
my solicitor, that's from my brother; sh, here  
it is. Now to hear my fate (reads):Dear Sir—In accordance with your wish, I  
write to inform you of the opinion I have  
formed of your state of health from my ex-  
amination of you this morning. I am very  
sorry to say that your worst fears are only  
too well founded, and it is my painful duty  
to tell you that you are in an advanced stage  
of consumption.

Lest the letter fall to the ground.)

Then it's true! I must break the news  
gently to Ethel, who suspects nothing, and—  
(Enter Ethel quickly; Sir Philip hastily picks  
up the letter and puts it in his pocket.)Ethel—There you are Philip! I've been  
looking for you everywhere; here's an invita-  
tion from Freshleigh hall to join the house  
party for the shooting; shall we go dear?  
Sir Philip—I don't know, Ethel; that's a—  
that's a long way to look ahead, isn't it? We  
don't know what may happen between this  
and then.Ethel—A long way to look ahead, Philip!  
What do you mean? We are already in the  
middle of June and we must make our  
arrangements for the autumn, whether we  
decide to go to Freshleigh hall or elsewhere.Sir Philip—Ye-es, I suppose we must  
make arrangements. Don't you think these  
house parties are a very monotonous sort of  
amusement? How would you like a sea  
voyage this autumn instead?Ethel (decisively)—Not at all: why, Philip,  
how can you ask? You know I'm always a  
dreadful sailor. Whatever put this idea into  
your head?Sir Philip (hesitating)—I—don't know,  
I thought it would be rather nice for a—  
change; it would do me good, I'm sure.Ethel (laughing)—Nonsense, Philip; why  
you talk as if you were a confirmed invalid;  
you, who have never been ill since we were  
married.Sir Philip—No, darling, I've been too  
happy to have time to be ill, but, seriously,  
dear, don't you think I'm looking—not quite  
well?Ethel—Of course not; you are as well and  
as handsome (kissing him) as ever you were.Sir Philip (to himself)—How can I break  
it to her?Ethel—Well, you haven't told me yet  
whether I am to accept this invitation or not.  
Sir Philip—No, my dear, I'm afraid we  
shall not be able to go.Ethel (surprised)—Why not? I'm sure  
you always like the people we meet at Fresh-  
leigh, and if you don't go there where do you  
propose spending the autumn?Sir Philip (to himself)—I must tell her  
somehow. (Aloud) Wherever the doctor  
orders me, Ethel.

Ethel—The doctor?

Sir Philip—Yes, dear: I've thought for a  
long time there was something the matter  
with me, and yesterday, without telling you  
anything about it, I went to see Dr. Farlowe  
and asked him to write and tell me his opinion.Ethel (takes letter and reads)—O, Philip,  
my darling! (Bursts into tears) But it can't  
—it shan't be true; he's mistaken.Sir Philip—I'm afraid there's not much  
chance of that, sweet wife.Ethel—And to think that a few moments  
ago I was laughing at you for thinking you  
were ill. O, Philip, forgive me.Sir Philip (kissing her)—My dear little girl,  
how could you know?Ethel—I know, now; and O!—(crying)  
—what is it he says? (Looks at letter.) "In  
an advanced stage of consumption." (Pause;  
still looking at letter. Suddenly, jumping  
up excitedly) Philip, Philip!Sir Philip—My darling! What is it now?  
Ethel (trembling)—O, Philip, I—I knew  
there was some mistake. Look, look! the  
letter is 'nt meant for you at all; it's written  
to Richard Hall, Esq. Look, look.Sir Philip—So it is! But what does it  
mean? The envelope is addressed to me.(Looks at other letters in his hand) Why,  
here's another one from Dr. Farlowe. (Opens  
envelope, quickly reads.) Listen, Ethel.  
Here's the letter that was meant for me:Dear Sir—I am pleased to be able to in-  
form you that there is nothing seriously the  
matter with you, and all that is needed is a  
change of air to restore you to your normal  
state of health.Ethel—O, Philip, I feel as if I could cry  
with joy.Sir Philip—Don't do that dear; but give  
me a kiss, and we'll go to Freshleigh hall for  
the shooting after all.—(Black and White.Dyspepsia, stoppage  
of water and bow-  
els, fever, worms,  
rough hair cured  
by theGRANGER  
CONDITION  
POWDER

## The Wants.

"Your verses are very good, miss," said  
the editor, in his kindest manner, "but we  
cannot possibly use them. Our columns are  
too crowded.""Can't you leave out some of that stuff you  
publish under the head of 'Wanted'?" sug-  
gested the poetess. "It is very uninterest-  
ing.—(Chicago Tribune.

## A Baby's Life Saved.

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's  
Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville,  
Ala. Sold by Garden Bros.

## The Horseless Carriage.

A novel method for the transportation of  
passengers through the streets of Cleveland,  
O., is proposed. The plan embraces the use  
of horseless carriages on time schedules, with  
various lines in operation over certain streets.  
In effect, the carriages will be cars in opera-  
tion without rails, wires or cables; cars that  
can go into side streets and that load and un-  
load passengers at the curb. They are pro-  
vided with gasoline motors of the most ap-  
proved pattern.

## The Railroad Kidney.

Railroad employes, bicyclists, teamsters and  
other men who are subjected to much jolting are  
often troubled with pain across the small of the  
back. This indicates the "Railroad Kidney," an  
insidious precursor of serious illness. On the  
lightest symptoms of backache take one Chase's  
Kidney-Liver Pill—one is a dose—and thus obtain  
instant relief. For all kidney troubles they have  
no equal.

## Prof Koch.

Prof. Koch, whose tuberculin has been  
abandoned by physicians in most countries,  
will soon publish the latest results of his ex-  
periments and practice with that remedial  
agent. He has largely modified his tubercu-  
lin, both in composition and application in his  
large private and public practice, and his  
forthcoming book will probably contain  
enough surprising facts to induce the medical  
profession all over the world to take the  
matter up once more.

## A Good Deal in a Few Words.

"I paid a Toronto specialist on catarrh a large  
sum of money but I got no benefit. I tried them  
all, but finally, almost in despair, and assuredly  
without any faith, I tried Chase's Catarrh Cure. It  
is all that it is recommended, which is saying a  
good deal in a few words." Joel Rogers, clerk,  
Division Court, Boston. Improved blower in each  
25c. box.Don't forget to be temperate in all things;  
not only in eating and drinking, but in labor  
and pleasure, and in all the multifarious affairs  
of life.Probate Court,  
County of Carleton.To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any  
Constable within the said county, Greeting:—Whereas application by petition hath been made  
to me by Charles McLean of the Town of Wood-  
stock in the County of Carleton, a creditor of  
David W. Clark late of the Parish of Wakefield in  
the County of Carleton aforesaid, labourer, de-  
ceased, alleging that the said David W. Clark de-  
parted this life at Caribou in the County of  
Annapolis in the State of Maine, one of the United  
States of America, on or about the seventeenth  
day of February in the year of our Lord one  
thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, without  
having to the best of the Petitioner's knowledge  
and belief, made any will, and praying that  
Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effect  
of the said David W. Clark may be granted to him.  
You are therefore required to cite the widow,  
heirs, next of kin, creditors and all other persons  
interested in the said estate to appear before the  
Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton at a  
Court of Probate to be held at his office in the  
Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton  
aforesaid, on the twelfth day of May next at  
eleven of the clock in the forenoon to show cause  
(if any they have), why Letters of Administration  
of the Estate of the said David W. Clark, deceased,  
should not be granted to the Petitioner.Given under my hand and the seal of the said  
court this eleventh day of April in the year of our  
Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.  
LEWIS P. FISHER,  
Judge of Probate for Carleton County.FRANK R. B. CARVELL,  
Registrar of Probate for Carleton County.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Post  
Office at Woodstock, in the County of Carleton,  
on Thursday, the 16th day of July next, at the  
hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right,  
title, interest, property, claim and demand what-  
soever, either at law or in equity of David Elliott  
of, in, to, out of or upon the following described  
lands and premises, viz.All that tract or tract situate in the parish of  
Wilmot, in the County of Carleton, in the Province  
of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit:  
Beginning at a post standing on the eastern  
side of a reserved road, at the southwest angle  
of the western half of lot number twenty-six (26)  
granted to Adolphus Estey in Tier six Williams-  
town Settlement, thence running by the magnet  
chain eighty-seven degrees east twenty-five (25)  
chains to another post, thence south three degrees  
west forty chains and fifty links to a cedar tree  
standing on the northern side of another reserved  
road thence along the same north eighty-seven  
degrees west twenty-five chains to the eastern side  
of the first aforesaid reserved road, and thence  
along the same north three degrees east forty  
chains and fifty links to the place of beginning,  
containing one hundred acres more or less and dis-  
tinguished as the western parts of lots number  
twenty-seven and twenty-eight in tier six, Wil-  
liamstown Settlement.The same having been seized and taken under  
and by virtue of an execution issued out of the  
Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick  
at the suit of John Fisher against the said David  
Elliott.W. D. BALLOCH,  
Sheriff Carleton County.

Sheriff's office Woodstock Dec. 30, 1895.

## FOUND!

After a long and tedious struggle with the win-  
try elements, the festive youth of the golden hair at  
last found his way into Dalling's Jewellery Store  
where he says they are almost giving goods away.  
And it is a fact. We have got some of the handsom-  
est goods you ever saw, at prices that defy competi-  
tion. All branches of repairing attended to at rea-  
sonable prices.

H. V. DALLING.



## Bicycles. Bicycles. Bicycles.

THE COLUMBIA.

THE REGENT.

THE CLEVELAND,

THE CRESCENT.

What do you think about riding any one of the above wheels  
this coming summer? Of course, everyone knows of the now fa-  
mous Columbia, and if you do not care putting as much money in-  
to a wheel as in the case of buying this machine, either one of the  
three other makes must suit your purse. You must admire these  
wheels when you once see them. Kindly give us a call and learn  
our prices. We want to sell to you, and we feel confident we can  
make the price right.

## W. F. DIBBLEE &amp; SON.

OVER

1,000,000

FEET

—OF—

## Seasoned Lumber

To cut up at

Woodstock  
Wood-working  
Factory

in 1896.

## Orders Filled Promptly

For All Kinds of House Finish.

## R. K. JONES.

Woodstock, March 16, 1896.

## HARNESS

## Made &amp; Repaired

GREAT VARIETY OF

## HARNESS FITTINGS

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

H. V. MOOERS, Main Street,  
WOODSTOCK.

## NOTICE.

To inaugurate the CASH SYSTEM  
I shall begin with a genuine MARK  
DOWN SALE, and trust that my  
friends will assist me in my good  
intention by not asking for credit.This sale will commence on the  
First day of April with NEW  
PRICES, which will place you and  
me on better footing, and enable us  
to cope with any changes that may  
come. Yours truly,

R. W. BALLOCH.

Centreville, March 10, 1896.

## DO YOU WANT

Tinware,  
Stove Pipe,  
Hot Air Furnaces,

Or anything of that kind. If so call on

C. B. Churchill

You will find him in WOODSTOCK at

21 KING STREET,

—AND AT HIS—

New Store  
HARTLAND.

## WANTED.

Birch, Ash, Pine,  
Butternut and Spruce  
Planks and Boards.

I will pay cash.

JAMES HAYDEN, Woodstock.