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If you want to get strength and purity you will find our stock of Drugs the best in the vicinity. Our Drugs are bought with the greatest care, and we take pains that none but Pure Drugs reach our shelves. McKeen's Quinine Iron and Wine and McKeen's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, a Skin and Blood Remedy, are confidently recommended to the public for spring disorders. CHAS. McKENNEN, Druggist, Woodstock.

The Women Who Love Men.

Other things being equal, the woman who love men—with discretion—are far and away the best of their sex. Those who love them overmuch and to distraction come into another category, to be dealt with further on. But the woman who love them in purity and honor have a certain charm wholly wanting to the bloodless dolls on the one side, or the ramping devergondées on the other. They have that sweet desire to please which is so delightful in either man or woman—that innate self-abnegation which is part of the highest disciple of life—that noble power to reverence, to obey, to respect authority, to accept a chief, which is one of the fast-vanishing virtues in our modern life, self-assertive and generally rebellious as we are. Those women who love men, and look up to them as their natural leaders, are the real women—the women celebrated in poetry and conspicuous in history. They are not of those who try to make themselves bad copies of the sex they can never hope to equal in strength of body or power of mind—nor do they stand in that shrewish attitude of defiant antagonism which advocates the "painless extinction of man" as a creature too base to live. They are neither of the "dear old chappie," hail-fellow-well-met order, nor yet of those who concentrate their whole heart of scorn in that hateful phrase of contempt: "Just like a man"—nor yet, again, of those who are tyrants because of their very weakness, and who require men to be their slaves, while they themselves give only the grace of acceptance. They are women content to be women; content to know differences and to recognize limitations; content to leave the organization of large things in the hands of men, while they perfect the details and help on the smooth working of the completed scheme; content to be loved and cared for, if not by the merely material means of good and yet by the thousand-and-one courtesies which men give to the women who neither spurn here nor demand as their right there—the women who are women, and who give back in meal what they receive in malt.

The attitude of antagonism to and contempt for men, adopted by certain of the modern women, is of all things the most extraordinary as a revelation of disloyalty and disrespect. We know what we should feel were a man to blaspheme his mother and rail against his wife and daughters. What is the difference between this and a woman's blasphemy against her father, her verification of her sons, her husband, her brothers? Surely sex alone cannot make that lawful in a woman which is vile in a man; and the whole meaning of filial reverence does not lie in a son's respect for his mother—leaving a daughter's for her father as a torn rag cast on a rubbish-heap. Men are not only betraying lovers or tyrannical husbands. They are protectors who fight in defence of the weak—workers who toil for the maintenance of the helpless—lawgivers who hold the scales of justice even—explorers who adventure their lives that those who come after them may prosper. Still the great work of life is done by them; and though being human, they are sadly defective, and mingle with their gold some terribly base bits of alloy; yet in this matter of composite mortality women are no nearer perfection; and if the pot be black the kettle is by no means white. That there should be here and there a woman so absolutely unwomanly and unsexual as to late men, is conceivable enough; just as it is conceivable that there should be here and there a man who hates women. But when we come to a sect—for all that is as yet but an anonymous sect—and to a literature mainly devoted to the abuse and vilification of men by women, then we feel that we have a little overstepped the bounds of the permissible and have wandered into the dangerous regions of the forbidden.

Wholesome and lovely in its fitting degree, the love of women for men may easily become unwholesome and ugly. We see it in society, where women are limp and uninterested when left among themselves—to brisk up in-

to life and animation only when the men appear. Many a Dodo who is all smiles and sparkles when talking to a man, be he no better than a groom or a counter-jumper, is as flabby as a jelly-fish when with a woman who is only a woman, and not a pal nor a Soul. She finds nothing interesting in one of her own sex, whom she does not seek to please nor think it worth while to shock. She keeps her risqué speeches and broad anecdotes for men only; which, perhaps, is as well; but she does not care to regale a woman with even her more modest little good things, and when left with her to entertain, makes that entertainment of the same character as a race run in fetters. The effort is as visible as its failure is patent. But, should a man come on the scene, our Dodo is straightway transformed, and, like the dry stick of the Indian juggler which blossoms out into flowers and fruit as you look at it, is once more all smiles and sparkles, eager to attract, glad to amuse, resolute to shine—a woman who does not so much love men as she desires their ambition—and something more.

Lower in the social scale than our Dodo, the women who love men more than is wise can make things exceedingly uncomfortable to their own sex. Go into a post-office served by women, and note the kind of attention given there to men and to women. Say that there are four women to serve and two men to be served, when enters a lady, of any age you like. The girls to the front are flirting with their men; the two to the back are looking on, making confidential remarks in whispers. The lady stands by the counter and states her wishes to the two disengaged. She might as well ask the winds for postage stamps, or the waves for a postal order. The flirtatious pair, giggling with the respective "toffs," have neither eyes nor ears for any one else. The two in the rear, whispering and eyeing, think the interruption a bore and resent it by ignoring it. Should a third man come in, the setting of the scene is changed, and in the race which is to serve him the lady has performed the attention of the loser.

So with servants. If you keep women servants, and find them as difficult to manage as they generally are—unpunctual, unreliable—get your nephew the Colonel or your cousin the Captain to come and stay with you, if you want your dinners well cooked and punctually served, your orders obeyed, and the whole thing to stand on velvet. The servants will do for the gentleman visitor what they will not do for the mistress; and the instinct which admonishes them admits of no denial, and no misleading explanation can alter it. This instinct extends to the nursery itself, where the boy is always the favorite, putting out of joint all the little feminine noses that may have sniffed and curled before her advent. Cissy herself, the eldest and consequently the first baby—usually the best cherished—has to yield the sceptre of sovereignty when the Boy appears. And what mother is there who prefers her daughters to her sons? Instinct speaks here as well as elsewhere; and when it is otherwise—when we find one of the New Man-hating women, whom Providence in its wrath has suffered to become a mother, prefer her girls to her boys, and spend her strength in equipping these for life's struggle, while neglecting and under-educating her sons, we look on her as a kind of sport—a something abnormal and unnatural, not to be admired, and by no means to be imitated. Ex

Never use a liniment for rheumatism, say a high medical authority. Don't rub it in—drive it out. Take something that removes the acid poison from the blood—take something that will improve your digestion, and build up the body to the perfection of robust health. That "something" is Scott's Sarsaparilla, a remedy that obtains the best results in the shortest time. \$1. of all druggists.

"If there is any one thing which I do not do that one thing is to pry into private affairs of my boarders," said Mrs. Eagerly to the gentleman who had applied for room and board under the roof of her "strictly first-class boarding house."

"My boarders," she added, "can rest assured that they will be entirely free from any prying curiosity while they are members of

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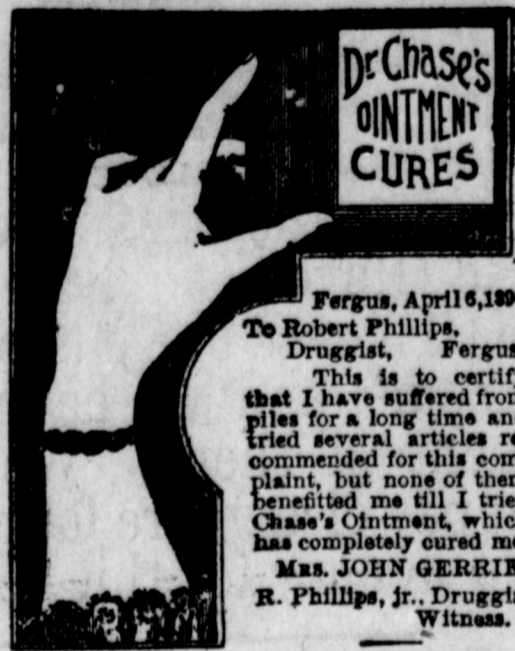
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Fergus, April 6, 1894 To Robert Phillips, Druggist, Fergus. This is to certify that I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me till I tried Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me. MRS. JOHN GERRIE, R. Phillips, Jr., Druggist Witness.

"My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the Remedy. We have used only one-sixth of the box, but the change is very marked; the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 112 Anne St., Toronto.

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what I like to call my little family. You are an unmarried gentleman?" "No; I have a wife."

"Indeed? I was under the impression that you wished board for yourself alone." "I do. My wife is staying with her parents at present."

"Oh! I beg pardon for suggesting it, but I trust that there is no domestic difficulty." "Not at all, madam." "I was sure not. And yet it seemed a little odd that your wife should not be with you, and yet—what did I understand you to say your business was?"

"I did not say anything about it." "No? Of course one naturally likes to know the occupation of the inmates of one's house. You are a business man, I presume?" "No, ma'am."

"No? A professional man, perhaps?" "I am a lawyer." "Oh, I might have guessed it. You have a partner perhaps?"

"No? I believe that, as a rule, lawyers do have partners, particularly when they are as young as you are, I should say that you were about 33." "I am 35."

"Is it so? Have you lived long in our city?" "I have just come here." "And you came from—?" "Chicago."

"Oh, indeed. Perhaps the climate there did not agree with you?" "Yes, it did." "Have you children?" "Yes, two."

"They are with their mother, I presume?" "Yes." "How you must miss them! I presume you will visit them as often as you can?" "I don't expect to see them very often."

"How very strange! But then I daresay that you have your own reasons for being away from them. I trust that your practice here promises to be lucrative. You have influential friends here perhaps?" "No."

"Of course it is no affair of mine and nothing could induce me to be inquisitive, but how do you expect to succeed here without influence or friends? But then I daresay that you have a private income on which you can live while you are securing a foothold?" "Yes, I have."

"An inheritance, perhaps?" "No." "The result of a wise and safe investment in stock or bonds then?" "No."

"What ever it may be, I trust that it brings you in—well, say \$50 a week? Of course I have no desire to pry into your private and nothing could induce me to do it, but then—what? You think you'll apply elsewhere for room and board? Let me tell you that you will look a long time before you find a place in which you will be free from prying curiosity as you would be free from it here. I make it a point never to—well, if he isn't gone! The close-mouthed thing! I've my suspicions about him, anyhow!"—Detroit Free Press.

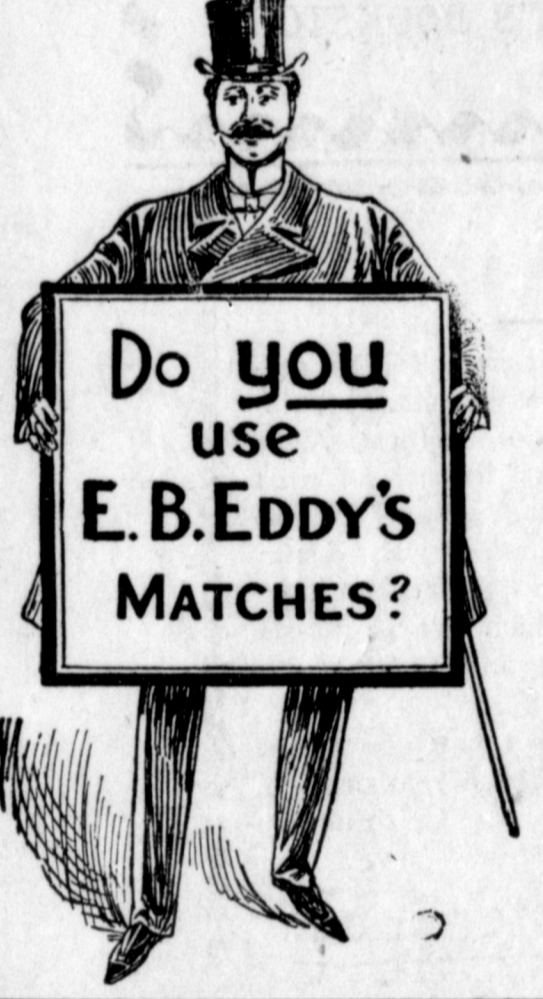


Wm. McKinley says:

"My wife last Spring was a very sick woman; had no appetite, her food distressed her, was failing every day. A friend advised her to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla and three bottles worked wonders. To-day she is a new woman." CUTLER, MAINE, June 4th, '96.

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