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**CURE**  
**BILIOUSNESS**  
**CONSTIPATION**  
**SICK HEADACHE**  
**AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES**

As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

PRICE 25¢ OR 5 FOR \$1.00

**STRENGTH**



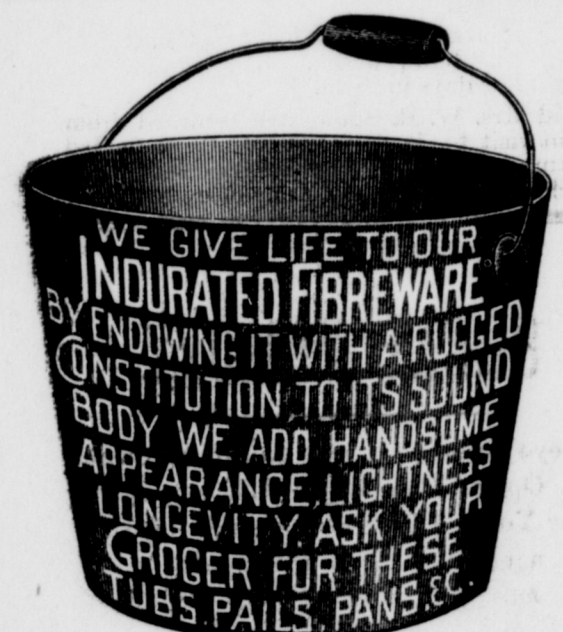
If you want to get strength and purity you will find our stock of Drugs the best in the vicinity. Our Drugs are bought with the greatest care, and we take pains that none but Pure Drugs reach our shelves. McKee's Quinine Iron and Wine and McKee's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, a Skin and Blood Remedy,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

CHAS. MCKEEN, Druggist, Woodstock.

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# NOTICE.

Having purchased the good will Meat business of Forrester McLean we shall in the future keep

**Beef, Pork, Mutton,**  
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**Ham, Eggs and Sau-**  
**segas in their sea-**  
**son.**

Also, in addition to the above we propose keeping Pickled Pigs' Feet, Lambs' Tongues and Tripe, with sundry other articles. After getting our business fairly started and market thoroughly painted and cleansed we would respectfully solicit a fair share of the public patronage. Our aim will be to so treat our customers that there may be a degree of confidence between buyer and seller.

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# GETTING TO KLONDYKE.

## A Vivid Description of the Chilcoot Pass.

The Toronto World of a recent date contained two letters written by a young Torontonian who had gone to the Klondyke. We give an extract from one, in which he describes the Chilcoot Pass, and the other letter in full. Mr. G. Osborne Hayne is the writer of his trip last spring. He says:

"And now comes the tug of war. If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the ascent of the Chilcoot. Step by step we crawled up the pass. Each step had to be cut in the snow and ice. A misstep, and you would be hurled down the mountain. I looked back several times, and hardly believed that a human being could crawl up that precipice of ice, but we did it some way or other. After crawling for six hours we reached the foot of the summit, and then began the part of the ascent that is so steep that in looking up, if you dare to, it seems to be falling back on top of you. This last stretch is only about half a mile, but it seems like a thousand. We were unfortunate in the day, as a snow storm was raging when we reached the foot of the summit; but we had to push on, as not a stick or brush of any kind was in sight. Nothing but snow, as far as the eye could see (which was only six feet). The storm was blinding, stinging, burning, as the wind whistled and blew around the summit of the coast range. My face was very sore from the wind and snow, and became very painful. Snow glasses are indispensable, as when the sun does break out the effect is dazzling. We reached the summit at 10 o'clock, after six hours' struggling. I threw myself down behind a small box lying on the snow and tried to keep warm. I wrote a note to you then, to let you know I had gotten safely so far on the journey. I expected to get my death from exposure, but I guess I am tough, as I came off all right, with only a slight cold. We started down from the summit after paying off the Indians, which was an awfully hard job in the snow storm, as there was not a vestige of shelter. The Chilcoot is not really a pass, but a trail right over the summit of the coast range."

Dawson City, Yukon River, N. W. T.

Aug. 1, 1897.

My Dear — Your letter came up on the boat yesterday, so you see it took about two months to reach me. After quite an exciting trip I reached here June 27, seven weeks after I left Toronto. I was almost frozen to death on the summit of the Chilcoot Pass as we were unfortunate enough to cross in a blizzard. Then, in shooting the White Horse Rapids, we had a very close call. There is quite a graveyard below them now; and, lastly, I thought the time had come to pass in my checks, in prospecting up a small creek near here when we were surrounded with a bush fire, which had to be crossed five times; so I think I had my share of picnics coming in. After leaving Juneau the trip was a succession of tough times, but I enjoyed it all the same. Crossing the summit was an experience which I shall not forget. Everything had to be packed by men up the steepest part, the angle of which is so great that the hill seems to lean forward. You have to hang on by your eyebrows; every step has to be cut by the trail is glassy, and when you have a pack of 60 to 75 lbs. on your back, you can imagine what it is like for 2½ miles. One Indian who packed for us carried 165 lbs. Some of them carry 200, which seems hardly credible. Crossing the ice-bound lakes, just the other side of the summit, was our next trial, with heavy laden sledges, sinking in the slush and water. Esquimaux dogs are used in drawing the sledges, and they are certainly indispensable for travelling in winter time.

The chain of lakes are perfectly beautiful, surrounded by snow-capped peaks, and the shores with a very luxuriant growth of underwood, pines and beeches. Then comes Yukon, which in June looks like a tropical river, much to my surprise, the shores covered with wild roses and all sorts of wild flowers, tall trees, etc. In fact, the river is beautiful. High mountains on either hand, which are often sheer precipices of 2000 feet or more, and glaciers and all sorts of things. Then comes the Klondike, Dawson City, and lastly, the creeks or gulches where all the yellow stuff is. The town is only a few months old, but it has sprung up like lightning. The houses are nearly all log cabins, the chimneys stuffed with moss and mud roofs.

The diggings are marvelously rich. I have seen them myself and panned out gold all over the country, but they are no easy thing to get to, through bogs, marshes, moss three feet deep, brush, etc. Mosquitoes are indeed an awful pest. If it were not for them the country would be a pleasant summer resort, but they make life unendurable, while you are among them. They attack you in crowds of millions, and are so vicious that cheese cloth is the only thing to keep them away from your head. They last till the middle of August, and then the gnats come. So you see the insects, these little things are a great drawback to the country.

The prices here are perfectly enormous. Here are a few samples: A meal, \$2.00; eggs have sold for \$1 apiece; bucket of spring water, \$1. The water of the Yukon is muddy here, besides, the town is too close for it to be good.

Clothing is away up; in fact, everything is from five to ten times the price in New York City. The cheapest thing here is gold. They keep it in buckets and old tin cans and leave it lying around while the provisions are locked up.

On the first boat that went out about \$1,500,000 was taken out in gold dust. As am working in the store they are slinging around sacks of it, ready to take on board the river steamer. Well, you may want to know what I am doing. I have staked several claims, but have not prospected them yet. I shall be in the diggings this winter, either working my own claims or some one else's. If I strike it rich, I won't do a thing but sit down and let men work for me at \$15 a day. That is what the wages are in the gulches; in town, \$10. If I don't make a strike, I am coming out next spring, but I won't be much poorer, as I think I can earn about \$2500.

You see, you can't tell what is going to happen in this country. You're a beggar one moment, and a multi-millionaire the next. One man whom I can see walking up the street now with blue jeans on is worth \$20,000,000. Even a man with a claim among the good ones on Eldorado is a millionaire. It is awfully hard to believe, and I can hardly realize it, but all the "fairy" tales about the Klondike are true. They are the richest diggings ever discovered. I am going to record a claim on Eldorado, which, by this time, I suppose, is famous. Now I must close. I would like to write volumes, but the boat is going in a moment. Don't expect me home till you see me. I want a "sack" first. You carry your money in little gold sacks, about 8 to 12 inches long, and when you buy anything you toss over your sack and they weigh out so much. If you don't hear from me, don't be worried; mails so irregular.

# A Joy That Endures.

Cures Made By Paine's Celery Compound Are Permanent.

Recent Testimony Of a Lady Cured Years Ago.

Some years ago Mrs. D. O'Connor, of Guelph, Ont., suffered from the tortures of indigestion, neuralgia, heart trouble, noise in the head, sleeplessness, despondency and weakness. Her case was an exceptionally serious one, as her troubles had been dragging her down for over twenty-five years. At the time her case quite baffled the skill of the best doctors.

Getting wearied with medical treatment that gave no promising results, she was fortunately directed to that life saver, Paine's Celery Compound, and like thousands before her, she found a new life. Mrs. O'Connor was recently asked the question, "What is your present opinion of Paine's Celery Compound?" She answered as follows:

"In reply to your communication regarding Paine's Celery Compound, would say that I cheerfully recommend it to any one afflicted as I was. It did for me all that was required. My advice to every one I come in contact with is, 'Always keep a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound in the house.' Several people have used it on my recommendation and have been benefited. You can use these lines in any way you desire."

# Biggest Farm on Earth.

The biggest farm in this country and probably in the world is situated in the southwestern part of Louisiana. It extends 100 miles east and west. It was purchased in 1883 by a syndicate of northern capitalists, by whom it is still operated. At the time of its purchase its 1,500,000 acres were a vast pasture for cattle belonging to a few dealers in that country. Now it is divided into pasture stations or ranches, existing every six miles. The fencing is said to have cost about \$50,000. The land is best adapted for rice, sugar, corn and cotton. A tract, say half a mile wide, is taken, and an engine is placed on each side. The engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plows. By this arrangement thirty acres are gone over in a day with the labor of only three men. There is not a single draught horse on the entire place, if we except those used by the herders of cattle, of which there are 16,000 heads on the place. The Southern Pacific railway runs for thirty-six miles through the farm. The company has three steamboats operating on the waters of the estate, of which 300 miles are navigable. It has also an ice house, bank, shipyard and rice mill.

# ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor.—Please inform your readers, that if written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, particulars of a genuine, honest, home cure, by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from nervous debility, sexual weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank heaven I am now well, vigorous and strong, and wish to make this certain means of cure known to all sufferers. I have nothing to sell and want no money, but being a firm believer in the universal brotherhood of man, I am desirous of helping the unfortunate to regain their health and happiness. I promise you perfect secrecy. Address with stamp, WM. T. MULFOLD, Agents' Supplies, P.O. Box 59, St. Henri, Que.

"Go away and let me alone," said the giant beetle which the entomologist had pinned to the wall. "I will, I don't think," retorted the anarchistic fly. "This is too good a chance. If there is anything I hate it is a stuck-up big creature."

Why Don't we see Things in Their True Light?

Consult the eye expert for the world renowned Lemaire Optical Company of London, Paris, and New York, and have your eyes properly examined by the above authority on optics. Can be consulted free of charge at Garden Bros., sole agent for Woodstock, Oct. 8 and 9. Consultation and examination free.

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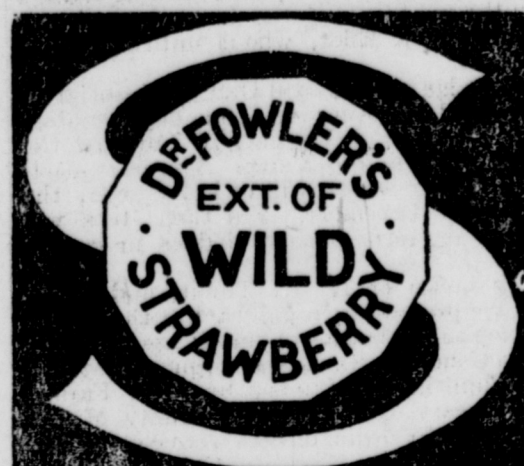
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# BABY WAS CURED.

DEAR SIRS.—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.

MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

# THE HEAD MASTER

GENTLEMEN.—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

R. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charles, N.B.

\$18,000.00 IN CASH \$18,000.00

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# NOTICE.

All bills due the firm of Drs. Colter & Hand between April '91 and '95 if not paid before Sept. 1st 1897 will be left for collection.  
DRS. COLTER & HAND.