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In need of an  
**Overcoat,  
Suit, or  
Pair of Trousers?**

If so you cannot do better than to leave your order with me at once. I am now better prepared than ever to supply you with anything in my line.

New York Fashion Reports received monthly.

Style, Fit and Workmanship guaranteed.

**McRAE, The Tailor,**  
Over Merchants' Bank, Main St.

**Sheriff's Sale.**

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick, on Tuesday, the Twelfth Day of October next, at the hour of Two o'clock in the afternoon:

All the right, title, use, possession, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of Coles Wilcox, of, in, to, out of or upon the following described land and premises, namely: "All that piece or parcel of land situate in the parish of Wicklow, County of Carleton, and fronting on the road leading to River de Chute, and being a portion of land granted to H. M. Campbell, commencing at a post on the north easterly corner of lot number three (3) owned by Thomas H. Welch, thence north three (3) degrees east ten (10) chains, thence north eighty-seven (87) degrees, west ninety five (95) chains and fifty (50) links or to American boundary line, thence south eighteen (18) degrees and twenty (20) minutes, west ten (10) chains and (49) links or to lot number three (3), thence south eighty-seven (87) degrees, east ninety-eight (98) chains and thirty (30) links or to the place of beginning, known as lot number four (4) surveyed by Deputy Charles Gardin in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four (1874) and containing ninety-seven (97) acres more or less."

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Carleton County at the suit of James W. Boyer against the said Coles Wilcox.

Dated this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1897.  
W. D. BALCH, H. Sheriff Carleton County.

**Summer Groups!**

The summer weather has probably directed your attention to PHOTOGRAPHS. I can do you a beautiful piece of Photography in a group or an individual, either out door or in.

**Campbell, the Photographer,**  
Next door to Dr. Manzer's office, Main Street, WOODSTOCK.

**WOOL!**

SEASON OF 1897.

We want

**50 TONS WOOL**

Will pay one half cash and bal. Goods at Cash Price. Must be clean and free from tag locks, etc.

We also buy Sheep Skins, for which we pay cash or goods, as desired.

Woodstock Woollen Mills Co., Limited.

**Our Specialties**

Are: Balsam of Horehound and Squills, for Coughs and Colds. Tonic Elixir of Iron and Quinine, a Stimulant and Blood Builder. Connell's Curative Compound, a Soothing Salve.

If you have not tried these remedies do so now if you have any of the ills they will cure.

Complete stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, Tooth Preparations, Pipes, Cigars, Tobaccos.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts Carefully Compounded.

**Connell's Drug Store,**  
Opp. Carlisle Hotel.  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**FOR THE BLOOD**

**BBB**

In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action.

**FOR THE BLOOD**

**BBB**

**FOR THE BLOOD**

**BBB**

**THE INDIANS OF KLONDIKE.**

How Bishop Bompas Deals With the Red Men and the Miners.

Whatever ills may befall them or foes beset them the tenderfeet who have gone into the Klondike country in quest of treasure need have no fear of the native Indians. Like the noble red man of the plains, the Indian of Alaska is by instinct and inclination a "man of leisure." His passionate opposition to all forms of work is only equalled by his profound contempt for cleanliness. Necessity compels him to work once in a while, but there is no law forcing him to bathe, and after years of practice and perseverance, he has so regulated his affairs as to obtain a minimum amount of work and a maximum amount of dirtiness. And yet if the tenderfoot is wise he may obtain in this dirty, shiftless vagabond a powerful ally and a loyal helpmate; one whose brain cannot be crazed by the glitter of gold, and who will serve him through frost and famine. Sometimes a pinch of tobacco is sufficient.

Once a miner gave a Yukon Indian a handful of flour and that Indian six months later tramped 40 miles over the snow and ice with a quarter of caribou meat on his back, and the thermometer 30 degrees below zero, to keep that miner from starving to death.

There are really only two nations of Indians in the Klondike and the Yukon—the Tannanas and the Yuktos. The last named are the more powerful, and although the two tribes were at peace with one another, the Yuktos outnumber the Tannanas and if possible are less poor and wretched. The gold which lies all around them and for which their pale face brothers are willing to freeze and starve possesses no charms for them. They had rather hunt for bears and foxes in the hills than for nuggets in the rivers and creeks. In the two tribes there are not more than 2000 braves, squaws and paposes, and from this number the two braves who are the wealthiest in blankets and trinkets are chosen chiefs. Sometimes it is necessary for a brave to accumulate 500 blankets before he attains the honor of head of the tribe, and even then the honor is an empty one, for the miners and the white men really are their chiefs and masters.

The Right Rev. Bishop Bompas of the Church of England is the spiritual shepherd of the two flocks of red men. Not only is he their spiritual guide, but their legal friend and guardian as well, and what Bishop Bompas says is conceded unanimously "to go."

A really remarkable man is the Right Rev. Bishop Bompas of the Church of England and the Diocese of the MacKenzie River. For 40 years he has lived in the huts and wigwags of the American and Canadian Indians. In 1857 he was sent out by the Church Missionary Society of England to go among the nations of red men teaching them the doctrine of Christianity, and he has been going and teaching ever since, and for the most part among and to the Indians of the Alaska gold fields.

So long now has he lived among them that he has grown like them, and in his mode of living is one of them; even cleanliness he has sacrificed to a great and deplorable degree, and "the tubbing," so dear to the people of his own land, is now almost a forgotten luxury.

"I want to live," the Right Rev. Bishop Bompas oftentimes has declared, "just as the children of this wilderness live. If they can subsist on dried salmon and tea, with no soap or water, I can."

This determination once got the Right Rev. Bishop in an unpleasant family jar. A few years ago his wife made the journey from England to visit him. He was living then at Forty Mile with a young missionary named Toddey.

The Right Rev. Bishop insisted that dried salmon and tea was a sufficient menu for any chief to serve in Alaska. Toddey, the missionary, held that no dinner was complete without sugar in the tea, and Mrs. Bompas, just from England, declared that she would not dine at all if she could not have dried salmon, tea, with sugar in it, and bread with butter on it.

Whereupon the Right Rev. Bishop Bompas declared that chances of her not dining at all, with him, anyway, were excellent. She insisted, and it began to look ominously like a famine for her when Toddey, the missionary, came forward with a suggestion and two pounds of sugar and a loaf of bread.

"If we can't agree on a bill of fare," he argued, "there is no reason why we should all fast. We will dine separately." Toddey's suggestion seemed just and equitable, and all the time Mrs. Bompas remained in Alaska, there were three separate meals served at the same time in the rectory of the Right Rev. Bishop Bompas.

Whenever a miner befriends an Indian of the Yukon or Tannanas, or appears to take any interest in him, the Indian suggests that they become partners. It is a delightfully simple arrangement for the white man. If he agrees he immediately gives him a name, and the Indian trots off to Bishop Bompas to be christened. That part of the contract is often fraught with sore perplexity and distress for the good Bishop. Being in a land where there is little danger of the names which they bestow upon the Indians being announced in drawing rooms, the miners take great pains to select a title that will be both forcible and profane.

"Go-to-H—ll" is an extremely popular name, "Poor-damp-hool" is another one that has been in vogue for a long time, and there are any number of proud braves who today respond with pomp and dignity when addressed as "You-be-damned."

The Bishop now has become hardened somewhat to those rough witticisms, and they no longer shock him, but there was a time when they did, and when he had great difficulty in keeping his fists open long enough to bestow a blessing on the newly christened Indian.

Two years ago a party of miners went into the Yukon country, and one of them completely hypnotized a serious minded buck with a plug of tobacco. He insisted upon becoming a partner and having the miner give him a name at once.

"All right," said the miner; "how is 'You-be-damned.'"

"You-be-damned" pleased the serious minded brave immensely, and with his new partner he trotted off to find the Right Rev. Bishop Bompas.

"What is your name?" formerly asked the good man.

But the serious minded buck did not respond "N or M" according to the ritual, and his sponsor in baptism merely chuckled a wicked chuckle.

"You be damned" said the buck, thoughtfully.

"You be what!" yelled the Bishop.

"You be damned," said the buck, calmly.

The bishop could stand it no more. "I'll be damned if I will," he said with great frankness, and then there he squared away for a finish fight. And no doubt it would have been brought to a decision had not the wicked miner confessed and taken responsibility.

The partnership established between the white man and the Indian is all onesided. The Indian does all the work and the white man gets all the nuggets. In return for these he treats the red man kindly, feeds him and occasionally gives him a chew of tobacco or a smoke. Not only does the Indian mine for him; he hunts for him as well, and if he brings down a deer or a bear it is impossible for any miner except his master to buy it. He may receive an offer four times as great as he knows he is going to get, but he will shake his head and stolidly refuse to sell.

The Indians, as a rule, are honest, because it is somewhat more than good policy to be; it is fatal to be dishonest. Any buck caught stealing is, as the miners tersely express it, "a dead buck in Alaska." And the same necessity applies to the miners as well. They cannot afford to be dishonest. A miner may leave his cabin with gold dust worth thousands of dollars in it and he is gone for days, and when he comes back he is sure to find it. His provisions may be cached where anyone could steal them, but no one does—that is, they did not before the present horde swarmed into the fields. No one dared to. If he was caught it was sure death by starvation. A miners' meeting was held, and the thief sentenced to leave the country at once; and leaving the country up here meant to leave a starved body in the snow. No one ever got out alive.

He (telling a hairbreadth adventure): "And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves." She (breathlessly): "Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!"

**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,**



"It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it is sure to come out in print."—HAZLITT.

I would not wish to throw even half a spoonful of cold water on the public library scheme, but one of the conditions of the chief donor may be more difficult to get over than we, perhaps, anticipate. It is that no book hostile to the Christian religion shall be in the library. The adjective "hostile" will probably admit many books which the adjective "injurious" would exclude. There might be a struggle over Gibbon, yet what public library worthy of the name would exclude the author of "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." Nor would I like to see the works of that most loveable of all writers, Matthew Arnold excluded, yet he scarcely can be looked upon as a believer in Christianity, in the orthodox acceptance of the term. Voltaire is a writer with whom every one with any pretension to a classical knowledge, should have at least a bowing acquaintance. Will he be admitted? How many different definitions of the Christian religion would we meet with, if we consulted a dozen individuals who have studied the first rudiments of theology? It may be necessary to have a devil's advocate, such as is engaged when a canonization is proposed, whose duty it is to enlarge upon the sins and shortcomings of the proposed saint. In the case of our library he should examine the books for which admission is sought, bringing to the light any hostility that may be displayed towards Christianity. The fact is Christianity can stand all the attacks that have been or will be made upon it. It is as strong today as ever it was in the hearts of the people. I do not believe there will be any trouble on the score of this condition of Mr. Fisher, but a possible difficulty is here pointed out.

Nothing is more discreditably to our boasted civilization than the display made at funerals. If ever there be a time when pomp and vanity should be noticeable by its absence, it is when we commit to the care of Mother Earth, the remains of our fellows. Yet, so queerly and vainly are we constituted that even then we must be "in the fashion." An exchange gives the following anecdote more eloquent than any sermon on modern funerals:—"In connection with the present discussion of extravagant display at funerals the following story is in order: A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now what can I get for you?" With a wan smile he answered feebly: "Well, I seem to smell a ham a-cooking somewhere; I think I could do with a little bit of that." "Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly, "you can't have that." "That's for the funeral."

A contemporary says:—Dean Farrar, in his remembrances, has some notes on Dr. Short, Bishop of Sodor and Man, whom he knew when he (the dean) was a schoolboy in the Isle of Man. On one occasion, at a National School, Bishop Short asked the scholars to compare an adjective, and a boy promptly answered, "Short, shorter, shortest!" On another occasion he was questioning them about besetting sins, and rather impudently asked them "what they believed his besetting sin to be?" "Drunkness!" was the prompt reply. Thereupon he told them that that was a mistake, but that his besetting sin was pride. Peace be with him! He gave me, when I was a boy, many a happy hour."

THE IMP.

**Horse Dress**

Makes a horse look well, as woman's dress makes a woman look well.

**You Can Sell**

A Horse for twenty per cent. more if he wears a good Harness, even as a woman can marry twenty per cent. better if she is well dressed.

**You Need**

A New Harness anyhow, and I can sell it to you.

**ATHERTON BROS.**

**A LIFE SAVER TO MANKIND**  
is what Mr. George Benner, Warton, Ont., styles  
**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.**

Not that I am at all fond of having my name put in public places, but as a *life savor to mankind*, I hereby state what Dr. A. W. Chase's K-L Pills did for me. For nearly four years I was greatly troubled with Constipation and general weakness in the kidneys, and in my perilous position was strongly advised to use Chase's Pills, and to-day I can safely and truthfully state that they have saved my life.

GEO. BENNER.

To all who find themselves with health gradually slipping away, Kidneys and Liver so disorganized that they are incapable of keeping the system free from poisonous waste material, Stomach Disordered, Bowels Constipated, Head Aching, Back Painful, take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The quick way they help you back to health will surprise you.

All Dealers sell them at  
**25 CENTS A BOX.**

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Cabinet Photos \$3.50 to \$4 per dozen, according to finish.  
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Square Cards \$2.25 per dozen.  
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1x4 Mounts \$9 per dozen.  
10x12 Mounts \$7 per dozen.  
Cabinet Groups of more than two persons \$1 per dozen.  
Tin Types, 2 for 50 cents, 4 for 75 cents.  
The above prices will be strictly adhered to.  
A customer is entitled to two sittings, and 25 cents extra for every additional sitting.  
Deposit of \$1 must be made at time of sitting.  
E. M. CAMPBELL,  
B. R. WATSON,  
Photographers.  
Woodstock, N. B., June 25, 1897.

**MONEY to LOAN**

—ON—

**EASY TERMS.**

**G. FRED. WATSON,**  
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.

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