

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations, and similar conditions are bound to ensue.

By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart as severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief."

"I am glad to say that from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic."

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says Laxa-Liver Pills cured her of Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.

5 & 10.

For a first-class variety of 5 and 10 cent goods, come here.

Glassware, Tinware, Woodenware, Novelties of all kinds.

MRS. R. B. GIBSON,

Opp. Opera House.

Queen St., WOODSTOCK.

Be sure to inspect our LADIES' JACKETS before purchasing. They are just beautiful this year, surpassing all former selections. Prices moderate.



C. M. Sherwood, Centreville.

An Awful Disaster.

There was an awful tornado in the Island of St. Vincent W. I. last week. The London Times says the following letter from Mrs. Thompson, the wife of the Administrator of St. Vincent—forwarded by her father, Mr. Bosworth Smith—contains a vivid description of the disaster:—

"Government-house, St Vincent, West Indies.

"Sept. 12.—We have just been through the most terrible experience, but it has pleased God to preserve us all in safety. Perhaps the papers may get the news by telegram before you get this, and I hope they will put in that Government-house was safe, so that you might conclude we were safe too. On Saturday, September 10, the glass fell alarmingly, and we heard a curious ground swell from Stubbs. The night was blowing, but nothing extraordinary; but at 5 a.m. the wind became violent. We got up quickly and then ensued a time of suspense which was I think almost worse than anything. We closed every shutter and window and prepared the cellar. At 9 o'clock I saw a tree top go, and I insisted on every one going to the cellar. The three horses were brought into the covered gallery in front of the cellar. From 9 till 11.45 the wind was awful, but I think the hurricane was at its height at 11 o'clock. I must tell you now because I wish to put it from me and forget if I can. This is Monday night; I have been in bed some hours but can't sleep for horror, and I shall be glad to have written this letter. I can't describe the scene; it is like an evil dream already. First there was a shock of earthquake then the shipping in the bay got adrift and some went out to sea, some broke up on shore. The magnificent palms, the pride and delight of our eyes, lost every portion of their crowns and now stand like hideous scarecrows; their great limbs flew from every big tree; the sound was indescribable. It was what one would picture hell—a boiling, whistling howl that drowned the world in horror. I saw a vast tree fall near but could hear nothing and the room where we dined at Montrose blew over like a card house, but we could hear nothing but this frightful wind. It came in gusts of frantic violence: the poor horses were terrified, shivering and mad to escape. I felt inwardly mad with terror, but one had to be quiet for the servants' sake. Humanly speaking we were quite safe; even if the house had blown down I think the vaulting would have stood. It was very cold at times, and yet I felt I could not breathe for horrible oppression. The servants behaved admirably—so quiet and resigned and sensible. At 11.45 came a lull; we thought it was over, and came out. Such a scene of hideous desolation. The lovely gardens laid level to the ground and there below nothing but stripped trees broken limbs, and a grey hurrying sky. We saw at once that two houses—the C.'s on Dorchester-hill, and the C.'s on the Fort-road—were obliterated. There was great rain all the time. He said he must go off down to the town at once and see what damage was done. I would have given all I had to keep him; but it was his duty and I did not ask him to stay; but I remembered something about the back-rush of the hurricane. We got upstairs and tried to get a meal. Two black families came round for shelter; their houses were down and they had escaped with their lives only. In about half an hour it grew dark again and the wind come back this time from the south and west: the first time it came from the north and east. I got them all down again into the cellar and the horses brought round again—only just in time. They would not come, I had to drive them all; it was like an awful nightmare, and then it burst on us again a hundred times more violently; but the agony was I knew H. had not time to lave got into the town, and I felt for two hours that I should never see him again. I just spoke to the poor souls and told them to ask God's protection, and then A. says I sat like a dead person for the awful two hours. I pray I may never live through such again. We stayed there till 5—it seemed a year—and one could not trust the gradual abatement of the storm. When we came out the desolation had increased a hundred fold. The great tree by the stable was stripped of its enormous boughs; the mahogany grove above nearly all down. Every ridge in the view denuded, misery everywhere, and then one began to realize what it had been. H. sent me a scribbled line saying he was safe. The house stood the gale marvellously, but it looked as though a river had been through it. It was so strange to see parts of the drawing-room in perfect order, flowers arranged, and everything so fresh and pretty. Well, we tried to get things dried and a meal at last. And then poor souls came for refuge. Finally we sheltered 30 houseless creatures, but as it was Sunday it was hard to get them food. And they brought awful tales, but in the confusion they hardly knew what had happened. They knew people were dead under their houses in many places, and everywhere the same expressive words 'Chauncey village is all flat,' 'Towmans is all flat,' 'Sharps is all flat.' H. got back at 8 in the dark, struggling over the trees that blocked the roads. He said there was hardly a house untouched in Kingstown. The hurricane caught him as he crossed the market, and it was all he could do to get to the police barracks. It blew him down, but, thank God, he was safe. When it abated, he

got out, and began to organize shelter and relief. The chapels and churches, though they were partly unroofed, were filled at once, and he got the stores open for biscuits in barrels for them. They came in with the same awful tales, and then all last night it deluged, and what the wind had not destroyed the rains washed away. We hardly slept, but I think today has been worse. Even now we have no news beyond Barrouallie and Sans Soucis; in the one three houses are standing, Calliqua four houses left; Prospect levelled to the ground; all the works, as far as we know, on all the estates gone absolutely, and lives everywhere; we are quite unable to guess how many. H. began his labors at 7 a. m. and got home at 8 p. m. I rode down for four or five hours as best I could, and we visited all the refuges and talked to hundreds of poor souls. They have escaped with their lives only; in most cases with only the wet rags they are wearing. There are many of them cut and mangled as if by shells. It is like an awful battlefield, the houses all unroofed, all the trees unlimbed or down. I should think six houses in all that have not suffered. I felt yesterday God had forgotten to be gracious, in spite of His mercy to just ourselves, but I can't tell you the misery of it. H. arranged for two meals a day to be served at the refuges of all comers, so they can't starve; and all day it was a long procession from the country of poor naked creatures, drenched, injured, and heart-broken, stretchers with dead people. The hospital was partly destroyed and, as the doctor said, 'it is a charnel house.' I went there alone and spoke to nearly all, but I was utterly overcome by it; one could not help crying so, and it made one deadly sick. The doctors and all the clergy and most of the officials and, above all, H. have risen splendidly to the emergency. Tonight we have over 30 black guests; one poor old soul I met crying in the road, her husband buried under one house, her son under another, and no one would help to drag the bodies out, somewhere in the Buccament Valley. 'We have two deads,' she told me. She is here now. A. and L. are so good. A. cooked 27 dinners quite quickly for them. Then we have two poor Miss D.'s, who went through awful horrors yesterday, and poor Mrs. P., who was alone with her baby at the Fort in a bath all yesterday, her husband in the Cags expected back, when the gale came. She has lost every garment, even her wedding ring, and is rigged out in my things. Mr. P. got up safe—an awful passage. I daresay we shall have many more tomorrow. The S.'s were at Prospect and escaped by a miracle; the whole house fell in, even into the cellar where they were. They all looked like people who had been dead a week—I think we all do. I can't fancy ever sleeping again. Oh, these horrors are cruel, cruel. I can't describe it, no one can see it in their minds. They must help us from home. Here we have 40,000 poor souls, who have lost their all, on our hands—for it comes to that, and the place was bankrupt before. I suppose H. will have gangs all over the country clearing the roads, but I fancy the estates are done for now. They all say this is far the worst and longest hurricane known here—ever worse than the '32 one. No destruction could be more complete. What we suffered ourselves was nothing compared to what nearly everyone else did. They say three big ships are ashore to windward. . . . I said good-bye to you all in my heart that day, one could not know what was going to happen. I will add latest news but I shall be busy all day time and can't sleep. . . . Thank God we had moved back here five days before; we might have escaped from Montrose but we should have been in awful danger.

"Tuesday Night.—It is again the middle of the night. We have had another sad, sad day. We hear Barbados has been swept, but know no details, and can't get on to Grenada yet. This evening only men got in from Georgetown; the same story—very few houses left standing, many deaths all along the way, and no news of the further north, and in Chateau Belair everything down. Mercifully those who are in authority in those parts are alive, and medicines, &c., were sent there by boat to day. H. has gangs starting to work and clear in all directions. He was 12 hours at work again. I rode round the shelters again; the awful smell made me all but faint as I was leaving the last, but the kind S.'s were so good to me as I was passing the park and doctored me up with port wine. We think we know of 100 deaths. It has been a lovely fine day, and the people dried their clothes and some began to rig up shelters again. The sufferers in the hospital are marvellously good and patient and resigned. I say to them in their own words, 'Thank God for life,' and they all answer fervently, 'Yes, yes, my missus,' though they have lost everything in the world they possessed and are suffering from hideous wounds many of them.

When Beauty Fades.
In response to repeated inquiries from ladies with whom Dr. Chase's Ointment has become so popular for skin diseases, asking if face powders are injurious and can be used while using the ointment, we state that while the majority of face powders are injurious we can recommend the recipe given in Dr. Chase's supplementary recipe book on page 45, which will be sent to any address on receipt of 5c. in stamps. Dr. Chase's Ointment is the ladies' friend for all skin diseases. Address Dr. A. W. Chase Co., Toronto.

Let the men who despise religion learn first to know it; let them see it as it is—the inward happy crisis by which human life is transformed and an issue opened up towards the ideal life. All human development springs from it and ends in it.

The following notice appeared in the "agony" column of a certain newspaper: "If the gentleman who left the Stilton cheese in the cloak-room, six months ago, does not call to take it away, we shall kill it." This reminds us of the order shouted in a restaurant: "Bring some more bread; the Gorgonzola has eaten the last."

Write to DR. ROBERTZ, he is THE DOCTOR WHO CURES weakness of men. Expert scientific treatment. Instructive book free. Address G. H. ROBERTZ, M. D. 252 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Have You Seen the **BOSTON SHOE STORE?**

And have you seen our New Fall Styles of **Boots and Shoes?**

FOR ONE LINE WE WILL NAME THE **AURORA,**

Made by the Sorosis Company, on the Mannish Last for LADIES. We carry this shoe in Button and Polish, and without doubt it is the most Stylish and Comfortable Shoe ever made. Call and see them.

Another line of Button and Polish for Ladies is the shoe called the **HEPTAREAN,**

from the Greek word Hepta, meaning seven, is given to this splendid shoe, because of the "Seven Points of Excellence" in its manufacture.

We are sole agents for these two lines. You want to see them.

We sell the **N. Curtis & Co's Fine Shoes for Gents,** and for Style, Comfort and Durability they excel all others.

Remember we sell the W. S. Johnson NEVER RIP SHOES for Men and Boys. Every Pair Warranted.

When you want Footwear of any kind call and see our stock and get price.

The Only Exclusive Shoe Store in Houlton. COURT STREET, OPPOSITE PIONEER BLOCK.

A. T. SMITH.

Eat Wholesome Meat

And be happy. Well killed, well taken care of, is all our meat. Your wife can cook it well and you will thrive on it.

Roast, Steak, Lamb, Fresh Pork, Sausages, Tripe, Liver, Bacon, Pressed Corned Beef.

We can give you anything in this line usually kept in cold storage. Telephone 18-2.

BROWN & RAYMOND, Connell Street, Woodstock.

General House Finishing.

DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDINGS, FLOORING, SHEATHING, SCHOOL DESKS, CHURCH WORK.

James E. Barter & Co. Avondale, N. B.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate. APPLY TO D. M'LEOD VINCE, Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

An East Florenceville Item.

CHARLES M. BURNHAM has a fine stock of light summer dress goods and he is selling them away down in price. Prints, Cashmeres, Gingham, Outings, Wools, Wrappers, Undervests, Underwear, Hosiery, Light Shoes. **East Florenceville.**

HOTELS

JUNCTION HOUSE, COLIN CAMPBELL Prop. Excellent Accommodation.

McAdam Junction. QUEEN HOTEL, J. W. SMITH, Proprietor. St. Stephen, - - - N. B.

Opposite Post Office, two minute's walk from C. P. R. Depot. Newly Painted and Renovated, most convenient Hotel in St. Stephen for Commercial Men. \$1.50 PER DAY.

VICTORIA HOTEL, Carleton Street, - - Woodstock, N. B. T. J. BOYER, Proprietor.

Within a stone throw of Queen Street Station, overlooking the St. John River. Sample rooms in Opera House Block and in hotel. 42 Terms \$1.50 per day.

Hotel Stanley, J. M. FOWLER, PROPRIETOR, TERMS MODERATE. 47 AND 49 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Queen Hotel, 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

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

October 2nd, 1898.

DEPARTURES. (QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A. MIXED—Week days—for Houlton, McAdam, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.

8.35 A. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook Junction, Presque Isle, etc.

11.28 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

1.20 P. MIXED—Week days—for Perth, Plaster Rock, etc.

1.40 P. MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

4.18 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint John, Fredericton, St. John, Vanco-boro, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on the Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

5.35 P. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Junction, etc. (STARTS FROM OLD STATION).

8.05 P. MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.50 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam Junction.

10.50 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Plaster Rock, etc.

11.20 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, etc.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

2.55 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.

4.15 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, etc.

9.35 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, St. Stephen, Portland, etc.