

Take B.B.B. This Spring.

Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather.

There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing.

Of all "Spring Medicines," Burdock Blood Bitters is the best.

It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7 Big Mr. Wm. J. Hepburn writes Boils. from Centralia, Ont.: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood."

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.

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.

STRAINING A FRIENDSHIP.

It Was a Cruel Story to Recount Over a Soda Water Counter.

They were standing at the counter, and I couldn't help but hear.

"Talk about hard luck," said the girl with the hot chocolate, "I know a woman who had an awful thing happen to her over in New York."

"Oh, do tell me about it," gurgled the girl with the ice cream soda.

"Well," went on the chocolate girl, "she's not wealthy at all, you know, and she doesn't keep a nurse. So one day, when she had to go down town shopping, she took her baby and left it at one of these day nursery creche places. They gave her a check for it, and she went off shopping. She didn't come back to the creche till late in the afternoon, and when she went to take out the check it was gone."

"Good gracious!" said the girl with the ice cream soda, looking shocked. "What did she do?"

"Well," went on the chocolate girl, "they told her she couldn't take the baby without a check, and she'd have to wait till the other babies were taken away, and then she could have what was left. So she waited for hours and hours, till all the babies were gone but one, and when she went to get that—well, the only baby left was a colored baby."

"Oh, how perfectly awful!" exclaimed the girl with the ice cream soda, in accents of horror. "What did she do? Wasn't she perfectly frantic? My goodness, how horrible! Didn't she even get her baby back again? I should think she'd have been perfectly crazy! What did she do?"

"Oh, said the chocolate girl coolly, "she took the colored baby. It was hers. She was colored, you know."

And in the silence which followed I could hear the snapping of the bonds of a tender and life long friendship.—Washington Post.

Life Was a Burden

TILL MRS. LAMPMAN USED
PAINE'S CEEERY COMPOUND.

The Only Medicine That Gives
True Strength and Keeps the
Body Nourished,

A Letter that Tells of Trials
and Sufferings.

A New and Joyous Existence Ex-
perienced After Use of the Won-
derful Medicine.

Mrs. M. E. Lampman, of Woodstock, Ont., writes as follows regarding her rescue from suffering and agony:

"After serious consideration I think it my duty to acknowledge the great good that I have derived from Paine's Celery Compound. No living mortal can imagine the sufferings I endured for four months. That demon 'La Grippe' got a fast hold of me; I became nervous, and was so prostrated that I could not sleep night or day.

"I was reduced to a mere skeleton, and life became a burden. My appetite was very poor, and I was so extremely nervous that I could not bear to have any person in the room with me.

"One Sabbath afternoon I read one of your books, and found that Paine's Celery Compound had cured many people. I thought I would try a bottle, and bought one that afternoon, and commenced to take it according to directions. The relief was almost instant. I continued the use of the Compound, with the result that I now can sleep well all night and feel rested when morning comes. My appetite is good, I am gaining in flesh, and feel like a new person.

"I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your great Paine's Celery Compound, and for the wonderful cure it has brought about. I am 73 years of age, and can now walk five miles without feeling very tired. I am telling my friends and neighbors who are sleepless and nervous and suffering as I was, I wish you unbounded success, and hope this may be read by some one who is afflicted and anxious for relief."

The Endless Chain of the Farmer.

The following paragraph taken from the Farmer's Voice contains a point in farm practice that every farmer should weigh well:

"Asked why he bought so much land, one farmer, so tradition has it, replied: 'To grow more corn to feed more hogs.' 'Yes, and what then?' 'Why, to sell the hogs and buy more land!' This is too often the endless chain of the farmer, but never was the practice more absurd than in the light of modern education and tendencies. Today it is the intensive farmer who is the successful farmer. One man who had grown well-to-do on a ten-acre plot just out of Chicago recently told a friend that the addition of ten acres more had all but ruined him. 'I made money on ten, but when I came to make twenty acres pay that was a different proposition—I spread myself out too thin,' he said. The personal care, that attention to every detail, which had won such handsome returns from ten acres, could not be given to twenty—it was physically impossible—and the result

was the deterioration of the whole farm."

Is it not a fancy that many farmers are today working too much land and are spreading themselves out over too large an area? It is not the acres which a farmer possesses which makes him a successful farmer, but what he gets out of each acre. The "land poor" farmer is the poorest kind of a farmer and if he goes into debt for land when he has already enough for all practical purposes he runs a great risk of making a failure of the whole thing. Success or failure will depend upon what he gets out of each acre of land and how he conserves the productive power of his land. It will pay much better to work fifty acres of land well and have it yield a good crop than to work one hundred acres poorly and obtain only half a crop.

CHAPTER VII.

"TRUE AND TRIED."

What Better Evidence of Efficacy than these Words from a High Medical Authority on Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

1. In an article in the American Journal of Health,
2. Entitled "Plain truth about proprietary remedies"—by a prominent physician,
3. You will find this said of Dr. Von Stan's Pine Apple Tablets,
4. "The merits of them have been indisputably proved and
5. The household which places its faith in this remedy will not go astray."
6. "A true and tried specific for the cure of Dyspepsia—sour stomach—indigestion—sick headache—
7. Flatulency—and catarrh of the stomach."
8. "Facts warrant our endorsement for not only have we discovered that in a surprisingly large number of cases
9. The cure was remarkably rapid but the long list of patrons of this remedy includes very many persons,
10. Belonging to the best and most educated classes of the community." 35 cents a box.—60 Tablets.

Free samples at Garden Bros.

Boy's Rights.

The boy on the farm is not always to be envied. He is often obliged to work early and late, do the work of any other hand, and not receive any recompense whatever. This is plainly not right, and it is not surprising that so many leave the farm at the first opportunity in spite of father's and mother's entreaties.

The boy who is old enough to do more than chores, is old enough to receive some remuneration in a money sense, is old enough to be allowed some independence of thought and action, and should have a chance.

If you conscientiously feel that you cannot pay him in money, give him an opportunity to earn something some other way.

Let him have a small plot of ground to work for himself outside of the work he does for you or let him raise poultry, and not only let him do these things but encourage him to earn a little money which will be his own, which will tend to show him the value of money, and will raise in him ambitions and love of work.

Encourage him and help him all you can. Do not grind him down to a mere existence of servitude. Remember that he has rights, even if he is your son, and you owe him a good chance even if you don't feel inclined to pay him. It is a debt which you owe him as a parent, and for which there will be an accounting.

For over 40 years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been the great remedy for Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps and Colic. Always get the genuine. Imitations are dangerous.

Nonsense and Utterly Untrue.

The mother of the youthful employee in the senate glared at her offspring.

"I can read you like a book," said she. Then getting her slipper, she proceeded to turn over a page.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ignorant.

The most ignorant man in America lives in St. Louis. The other day he asked his employer, who was reading a paper: "Say, boss, which does you read, the black or the white?"—Kansas City Star.

A Case of Compulsion.

"Mack is dieting."

"What for? He isn't so big."

"Well, he is bigger than his last year's overcoat."—Detroit Free Press.

Slightly Different.

Mr. Waggoner—My wife is much given to throwing unpleasant facts up to my face.

Mr. Nagger—Mine uses tableware.—Town Topics.

How She Helped.

Hibbler—Does your wife help you in your work?

Scribbler—Yes, indeed! She always goes calling while I am writing.—Brooklyn Life.

Too True.

"Life is uncertain," observed the philosophic codfish; "we are here to-day, and tomorrow we are cod-liver oil or codfish balls."

Moth.—We're getting up a 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects and to Accomplish the Weeding out of Camphor.' Will you join us?

Potato Bug.—You bet your boots I will! if there's a clause in it against Paris green!

The Balance.

He was making a hollow pretense of being hungry at breakfast.

"Had to stay at the office to balance the books last night, my dear," he remarked.

She was gazing gloomily out of the window, and upon the lawn there were divers tracks.

"I hope the books were better balanced than yourself when you got through," she answered, not without bitterness.—Detroit Journal.

When you feel weak, run down, nervous, unable to work or think as you ought, take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They'll build up your health, and give you strength and energy. Price 50c., all druggists.

To Add to His Misery.

Fwedly was on his first sea voyage. For two or three days he had lain in his berth, moaning wretchedly and wondering why he couldn't die.

"Where are we, dear boy?" he asked feebly as Cholly came into the stateroom.

"We are passing the Bermuda islands," answered Cholly.

"That's where the onions come from," groaned Fwedly, with another paroxysm.

"Tell the captain to hurry by, for the love of heaven!"—Chicago Tribune.

NERVES PARALYZED.

Nervous Prostration So Severe, Lost Power of Hands, Side and Limbs, But South American Nerve Beat Off Disease and Saved Her.

Minnie Stevens, daughter of T.A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., of London, was stricken down with a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which resulted in her losing the power of her limbs. She could not lift or hold anything in her hands, and other complications showed themselves. Her parents had lost hope of her recovery. She began taking South American Nerve, and after taking twelve bottles she was perfectly restored, and enjoys good health today. Sold by Garden Bros.

A Private Matter.

Mr. Cittiman.—Look here, sir! Didn't you warrant the horse you sold me yesterday to be without fault?

Jay Green.—Yes; ain't he?

"No, sir; he is not! He interferes."

"Wal, I don't see as you've got any reason for complainin' about that;—he don't interfere with anybody but himself, does he?"

Toronto Firemen Testify.

M. McCartney, Lombard St. Fire Hall, Toronto dated March 4th, 1897, states:—"Am subject to very painful conditions of costiveness and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

A Tale With A Moral.

Once upon a time a tramp was sorely in need of something to eat and approaching a farm-house he spake unto the farmer, saying: "If you will give me the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, I will kill all the rats about the place." "Agreed," said the tiller of the soil, and he ordered his good wife to give the tramp a square meal. After the tramp had devoured everything in sight he went to the wood-pile and selected a stout club, then seating himself on the porch he said to the farmer: "Now bring on your rats."

Moral—Always have the details specified in the contract.—Chicago News.

UNABLE TO WORK.

Mr. Jos. Carrier, Victoria Harbor, Ont., writes: "I had Rheumatism in my knees, feet and elbows so bad I was unable to work. Nothing did me any good till I got Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. One box and a half completely cured me."

Andalusians.

A lady living in the country, who kept poultry, had, among others, some Andalusian fowls. One day she had one killed for dinner, which proved to be very tough. "Rachel," she said to her servant, an elderly woman, who had been with her for some time, "what fowl is this? It seems to be a very old one."

"Well, mum," replied she, "it's one of them Antedeluvians."

Hard Hearted.

"Why didn't you help the fat man to get up?"

"Pooh! He's used to slides."

"Who is he?"

"He's a trombone player."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why They Became Extinct.

Noah.—All the animals on board?

Japhet.—All but two—the Ichthy—Ichthy—gimme a pencil. (Writes, Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus)—there!

Noah (whispering).—Don't say a word about them;—they never will be missed.

Not Called For.

Mrs. Flynn—I wint up to give me condolences to Widder Murphy.

Mrs. Goggan—An phat for? Sure, wasn't the good mon insured?—Philadelphia North American.

Expensive Dignity.

Many a man loses a job trying to support the dignity he thinks ought to go with it.—From the Chicago Journal.

Poet—All I need is an opening, sir.

Editor—What's the matter with the one you just came through?—Brooklyn Life.

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. ROYER, Proprietor.

Within a stone throw of Queen Street Station, overlooking the St. John River. Sample rooms in Opera House Block and in hotel. 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. E. OWENS, Proprietor

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

October 2nd, 1898.

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A MIXED—Week days—for Houlton, McAdam, St. John, 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, St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vancorbo, 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.

4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton Place, 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.

New Magazines,

New Books,

FANCY, COMIC

Valentines.

Souvenir China,

Fancy Goods.

W. H. EVERETT, Woodstock.

No. 6 Main Street.

The Best News of the World

—IS FOUND IN—

THE BOSTON HERALD.

Subscription Six Dollars a Year, Postage Paid.

The cat can see well in the dark, and fortunately for the cat, the man with the bootjack can't.

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the Ostrich; "I have tips on nearly all the races." Indeed, there were races which were practically nothing else!