

Permanent Cure of Salt Rheum.

The permanent cure after permanent cure that is being published week by week has placed Burdock Blood Bitters far above all other remedies in the estimation of the sick and suffering.

Even the severest and most chronic diseases that other remedies fail to relieve yield to the blood purifying, blood enriching properties of B.B.B.

Salt Rheum or Eczema—that most stubborn of skin diseases, which causes such torture and is so difficult to cure with ordinary remedies—cannot withstand B.B.B.'s healing, soothing power.

The case of Mrs. Jas. Sanderson, Emerson, Man., shows how effective B.B.B. is in curing Salt Rheum at its worst, and curing it to stay cured.

This is what she wrote:

"Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Salt Rheum three years ago. It was so severe that my finger nails came off. I can truly say that I know of no more valuable medicine in the world than B.B.B. It cured me completely and permanently, as I have never had a touch of Salt Rheum since."

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.

HORSE BOOTS.

Winter Quarter Boots,
(3 different kinds.)
Shin and Ankle Boots,
Knee Boots,
Interfering Rolls,

WHIPS.

Whalebone,
Rawhide,
Java,
Stock Java,
Whip Stocks,
Lashes,
Bow Top Whips,
From 15c. to \$3.50.

ATHERTON BROS.

King Street,
Woodstock.

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned now offers for sale, his farm, located in the pleasant village of Jacksonville, about four miles from the town of Woodstock, 3 miles from superior school, store, post office and four churches. House, two story, well built and finished throughout, also barns and outbuildings in good repair. This farm contains 140 acres, divided into two parts, one 50 acres on main road, the other, containing 90 acres on cross road, within 40 rods of front place. These will be sold separately or together to suit purchaser. Also some farming implements. This farm will be sold at a bargain. Terms easy. WM. PAYSON.



FREE Our special packet of Sweet Pea Seeds contains all the best known varieties, including Fire Fly, Countess of Aberdeen, Crown Jewell, Eekarts, and many others, 10 cts. per packet. Send us your name and address and we will send you two dozen to sell for us, when all we send return the money to us and we will send you this elegant Watch and Chain FREE. We also give Violins, Accordians, etc.

NATIONAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 18. TORONTO.

The Banker and the Burglar.

William Winlow Sherman, the aged president of the National Bank of Commerce, New York, is a man who has seen the power of money exemplified in so many instances during his long and honourable career as a financier that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to say to a burglar who was ransacking his bedroom between 2 and 3 o'clock one morning, recently, and threatening him with instant death if he gave the alarm, "My friend, cannot we settle this thing on a financial basis?"

The coolness of the white-haired banker, his matter-of-fact tone and business-like proposition, struck the burglar so forcibly that he laughed. The ice thus being broken, as it were, the two were soon in earnest conversation. The result was told to a Tribune reporter last night by Mr. Sherman himself; no interview being obtainable with the burglar as yet.

"I was awakened," said Mr. Sherman, "about 2.30 o'clock by some one opening the door of my bedroom in my house, at No. 24 East Fifty-fifth street. I own a lot of solid silver tableware and some highly-prized silver trophies and cups, which my horses have won at various shows, fairs, and exhibitions. The value of these is considerable, and I do not care to leave them in my dining room on the first floor at night. I always have them carried upstairs to my bedroom in baskets at night."

"This silverware was in my room when I heard the door knob turned. 'Who's there?' I demanded. No reply. 'Is that you, Mentor?' I said, thinking it might be my faithful butler."

"For answer the door was pushed wide open and a man about five feet six inches high, and weighing perhaps one hundred and fifty pounds, put his foot across the threshold. 'You'd better keep quiet,' he said in a low, threatening tone. 'If you make no noise I'll do you no harm; but if you shout I'll shoot.' By the dim light entering my chamber from the street lamps I could see that he was pointing a revolver straight at my head."

"I am an old man now," said the banker, smiling, "and my nerves are naturally not so strong as they once were. It is unnecessary to deny that I was frightened at first, and the inclination to shout for help was as strong as instinct. I knew that my son, who was sleeping on the floor just above me, would rush to my rescue without one thought of himself, and I felt sure that my only manservant would not be far behind. There was an electric burglar alarm at the head of my bed, so placed that I could easily have reached it in the dark, without the burglar seeing me."

"I was just about to push the button when my wits came back to me, and I was able to recall what I had often read about burglars, that though they generally come armed, they prefer not to add murder to their crime, but will shoot when driven into a corner, and when they think it absolutely necessary to avoid capture. I reflected also that my son's life was worth to me much more than any amount of silver plate, so I said to the burglar: 'All right. I'll be quiet.'"

"Then the man, still keeping his revolver pointed at me, advanced into the room and shut the door. 'I'm going to strike a light,' he said. 'Cover up your head with the bedclothes. I don't want you to see my face.' He struck a match and lit one of my own candles. I had covered up my head, but not completely. I kept an eye on him all the while. He wore no mask, and seemed to be about twenty-seven years old. His clothes were not shabby, and he used excellent grammar. His accent was not what you call 'tough,' but his face was hard and forbidding. My eyesight is not good now without glasses, and I doubt if I could pick him out in a crowd. There was nothing out of the way about him to identifying him."

"The man at once began to take stock of the articles in my room. I expected, of course, that he would carry them all off. I suppose he had a confederate. This supposition was strengthened when he suddenly asked me, 'What is your name?' 'What in the world do you want to know my name for?' I asked, surprised. 'We might want to make restitution some day,' he replied, 'and then it would be handy to know your name.' When he said 'we' I felt glad I had not called my son. I told him my name."

"He verified it by reading my initials on the silver. He seemed to think the tableware rather too bulky for his purpose, however, and began to slip into his pockets two or three small ornaments, which I valued far more highly for their associations than for their intrinsic value."

"At this sight I began to feel injured. I am telling you this story just as it happened. It seems all like a dream, as I sit here now—a bad dream, too. I can look back at myself and recall my feelings almost as those of a third person. I pushed down the covers and resolved to reason with him, as man to man. 'Now look here,' I said, 'I think you would be foolish to take those things which are marked with my name and initials. If you pawned them, they would probably lead to your arrest. Why can't we settle this thing on a financial basis?'"

"That's sensible," he said. "Well, what do you propose?"

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I want money," he replied. "How much have you got?"

"I knew I had only \$4 in my clothes, and I thought of offering him a cheque on the bank, but dismissed the idea as soon as I formed it, because I saw he was too intelligent a fellow to fall into that trap, and it would only make him distrust my sincerity to propose it. I'll give you every cent of cash I have in my clothes," I said "and raise no disturbance till you are safe out of the house."

"Don't talk so loud," he said, threatening me with his revolver. "You might wake somebody in the other rooms."

"I could have summoned several persons long ago," I replied, "if I had desired to."

"Why did you not do it, then?" he asked.

"Because I did not want any of them to get hurt," I replied.

"You did right," he said. "They certainly would have got hurt. Where is your money?"

"I told him my pocketbook was in the inside pocket of my coat, and pointed out the coat to him, hanging on a chair. He put his revolver in his pocket then, opened my pocket-book, and took out two two dollar bills."

"Is that all?" he said, in a tone of disgust and with a strong accent on the 'that.'

"That is all," I replied.

"That won't do," he said, angrily. "You must have a watch, anyway. Give me that; where is it?"

"I did not want to part with my watch. It is a fine one. I hesitated about telling him it was under my pillow. The burglar pulled his revolver out of his pocket again, and, coming close to me as I lay on the bed, said in a determined, bullying tone: 'Tell me where that watch is.' Then I told him. He thrust his hand beneath the pillow and pulled it out. At that moment it flashed through my mind that there was an antique old watch lying on my bureau, and I wished that I had had presence of mind enough to tell him of that, instead of the one under my pillow."

"As if he had been a mind reader, the fellow said:—'You must have another watch. Where is that?' Then I told him about the antique time-piece, and he took that also. Near it his eye lit on two jewelled scarfpins, and he appropriated them, too, but put back the ornaments he had already pocketed, which bore my initials."

"I am going now," he said. "Don't raise an alarm till I am safe out of the way, if you don't want bloodshed." He blew out the light, opened my bedroom door, partially closed it, and walked downstairs. As soon as he was out of the room I got out of bed and watched him from my bedroom door. I wanted to be sure that he did not go upstairs. When I felt confident that he was out of the house, I shouted to my son. He came running, and I felt that I had taken the wiser course in not letting him tackle a determined burglar, who, after all, had not robbed me of more than \$300 worth of property."

This remarkable conversation between the thief and the banker lasted for almost half an hour. Mr. Sherman when seen last night showed no track of shock or excitement, which might reasonably be expected in a man of advanced years. He related his strange experience almost as a good joke. Those who know him best say his conduct was eminently characteristic of the man. Coolness and reasonableness are leading features of his mental make-up, and contributed largely in placing him at the head of the financial institution he has for so long directed. Mr. Sherman resigned recently his place as president of the National Bank of Commerce, much against the desires of his associates, but he felt that he needed relief from business cares."

As for the burglar, he got clear away, and left no clue for the police."

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets, at All Druggists, 35c a Box—60 Tablets.

CHAPTER V.

1. Have ye heartburn?
2. Have ye sour stomach?
3. Have ye distress after eating?
4. These are signs of advancing dyspepsia. At this stage the trouble is easily cured.
5. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets give instant relief. They aid digestion and banish the cause which produces Dyspepsia. These tablets come sixty in a box—sold at all druggists, price 35 cents.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets

are pleasant to the taste, convenient as a vest-pocket remedy to relieve distress after eating, and for all derangements of the stomach. They quickly cure the worst forms of dyspepsia.

Sold by Garden Bros.

Bride (who had eloped): "Here is a telegram from papa."

Bridegroom (anxiously): "What does he say?"

Bride: "All is forgiven, providing you don't come back."

Pain in the Back.

"I suffered with pain in the back for over a year and could not get it cured. Three bottles of Hagar's Yellow Oil removed the pain entirely." Marshal Miller, McGregor P. O., Man.

Women Need Not Suffer



From those terrible side aches, back aches, head-aches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery.

Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the Kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor.

Here is an instance:

Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: "The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the loins, together with general weakness and loss of appetite."

I gradually became worse, until, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our druggist.

I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in correcting the troubles from which I suffered."

Tough, Very, Very Tough.

Some time ago, writes a Volunteer, I spent a week with a garrison battery in a south coast fort. On the last day the sergeants sat down to an exceptionally fine dinner, the crowning glory of which was a large plum-pudding. I had made the pudding two days before, had it boiled, and now re-heated, it made its appearance amid the welcome shouts of my brother warriors; and I naturally felt a bit proud of it, for I hadn't been a ship's cook for nothing.

"Seems mighty hard," remarked the sergeant-major, as he vainly tried to strick his fork into it. "Have you boiled us a cannon-ball, Brownie?"

"Or the regimental football?" asked another.

"Where did you get the flour from?" questioned Sergeant Spinder.

Where from?" I retorted "From Store No. 5, of course."

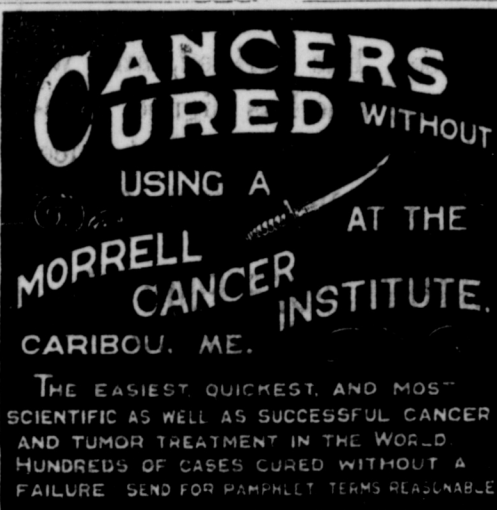
"The deuce you did!" roared the quarter-master sergeant "Then, hang you, you've made the pudding with Portland cement!"

And so it proved. That pudding is now preserved in the battery museum.

A FIERY SKIN.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Will Soothe, Cool and Heal it.

With the skin fairly ablaze from itching, burning skin diseases, such as eczema, tetter, itch, salt rheum, scald head, and other distressing eruptions, one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will quench the fire, give instant relief and comfort; it cures and leave the skin clear and soft. In three to five nights it will cure any kind of piles.—Sold by Garden Bros.



NOTICE OF SALE.

To Henry C. Cliff, of the Parish of Wicklow, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1895, made between the said Henry C. Cliff, of the one part, and Thomas R. Cameron, of the Parish of Andover, in the County of Victoria, Carpenter, of the other part, and which said mortgage is recorded in the Victoria County records office in book "S" on pages 253, 254 and 255, and is numbered 8411, in said book, and which said mortgage was duly assigned by the said Thomas R. Cameron to Bridget Ann Lynott, of Edmundston, in the County of Madawaska, administratrix of the personal estate and effects which were of Patrick Lynott, deceased, who died intestate, and which said assignment is recorded in the Victoria County records office in book "S" on pages 312, 313 and 314 by the number 8445 in said book, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the amount due thereon, contrary to the proviso for the payment of the amount secured by said mortgage, be sold by me, the undersigned Bridget Ann Lynott, administratrix, as aforesaid, at public auction, in front of the Court House, in Andover, in the County of Victoria, on THURSDAY THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF JUNE next, at the hour of three o'clock, in the afternoon, the lands and premises described in said mortgage as follows—all that certain piece parcel or lot of land and premises situate lying and being in the Parish of Andover in the County of Victoria and Province of New Brunswick and bounded as follows—beginning at a cedar post at the south east angle of lot number two granted to Robert Brown in block eight, thence west to Robert Brown in block eight, thence south sixteen degrees along the line of lands owned and occupied by George L. Brown until it strikes the side line of lands formerly owned by and occupied by Susan Murphy widow of Elias Murphy thence east until it strikes the base line of the river lots thence northerly along the base line of river lots to place of beginning—containing fifty acres more or less, the same having been granted to George W. Murphy and distinguished as part of lots three, four and five of block eight, together with the buildings and improvements thereon or in anywise appertaining. Dated at Edmundston, New Brunswick, this third day of April A. D. 1899.

BRIDGET ANN LYNOTT,
Administratrix Patrick Lynott estate.
JOHN M. STEVENS,
Solicitor.

General House Finishing.

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

James E. Barter & Co.

Avondale, N. B.

Winter Groceries

Of all kinds. Prices away down, and a Liberal Discount for cash.

W. R. WRIGHT,
UPPER WOODSTOCK.

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.

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 Argoctook M Junction, Presque Isle, etc.

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

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

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

4.18 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, 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 M 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, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

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

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