

B.B.B. Makes Rich Red Blood.

The Best Remedy for Spring Weather Weakness.

The Blood is the very essence of life. As it courses through the system it carries with it, if pure and rich, nutrition to every cell in the body. If impure, it spreads disease. If thin and watery, it fails to nourish, hence we have weakness, debility and decay.

It is the wonderful power B.B.B. has in purifying impure blood, making thin, watery blood rich and red, that is at the bottom of its marvellous success in curing disease.

Those who are pale, thin, weak, troubled with blotches, pimples or eruptions of any kind should take B.B.B.

It makes the pale cheek rosy, the skin clear and smooth, and infuses new energy into weak, worn, run down, shattered constitutions.

Skin "I beg to state I have used Clear. Burdock Blood Bitters for impure blood, pimples on the face, &c., and derived great benefit from it. My skin is now very clear and free from all eruptions. I only used four bottles of the B.B.B. and can strongly recommend it to any person suffering from impurities in the blood or eruptions of the skin."

MRS. G. B. HELMORE, Spence's Bridge, B.C.

Every Spring "I have taken B.B.B. every spring now for some years, to purify my blood and keep my system in good order, and can honestly say that I do not know of its equal anywhere."

MRS. AGGIE BARNES, Lunenburg, N.S.

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.

Painting and Decorating.

For Good Workmanship in

House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging, Etc.,

Calssomining, Alabastine Work.

You can count on getting a good job of work done at reasonable prices. Give me a call or write post card.

C. P. PARKER, PRACTICAL PAINTER,

North End Richmond Street, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

The Best News of the World

—IS FOUND IN—

THE BOSTON HERALD.

Subscription Six Dollars a Year, Postage Paid.

Working a Passage In a Cattle Boat.

An unwary youth once wandered into New York, with the hallucination that a fortune was lying at his beck and call. When he found that the rudiment of farming and a two-years' course at college formed a mixture unsuitable for money-getting, he plunged his hands into the depths of his pockets, speculated on the life-prolonging power of \$3, and strolled inadvertently through Greenwich street. This thoroughfare is a combination of bustle and beer, and before a dilapidated office he saw a sign, inviting the passers-by to participate in a trip to Europe. The unvarnished truth lay in its announcement of, "Wanted, men to work their passage to England on cattle boats." What is it that appealed to the stranded mortal when he beheld that sign? Perhaps it was the distance, the mental mirage of adventure, assuring him from present want, which coloured the thing so highly. Be that as it may, he went in, and after a distressing interview with a one-eyed innkeeper, who had just extorted \$5 from a ragged German, he received a small ticket entitling him to the requisite passage, together with a pressing invitation to spend the night with mine host, whose beds rented at fifteen cents. The pleasurable anticipations which usually occupy the mind of the saloon passenger, in participation of a steamship trip were denied him, as he strolled away he felt that its uncertainty was the only recommendation the plan afforded.

He was to be at the office at six the following morning. At five he started from Forty-second street, and found on his arrival that the novices had started two hours before; with a palpitating heart, he ran as fast as he could to the wharf, a full two miles away; good, the steamer lay there; "America" stood out in gilt letters on her bow, and smoke poured from her funnel. He went into the dock-house. "What do you want?" He presented his ticket.

"Got all the men we want."

"But I must get to England. Do you understand? I must."

"Oh, come along, then." Up a narrow plank, through a crowd of all nationalities, among bellowing steers and swearing cattlemen, down to a dark hole.

"Do you see that place below?"

"Yes."

"Get down there and stay till the boat starts."

"I thank you."

"You won't before you get back."

There was a small box in the far corner, and a small voice, speaking in a whisper, asked him:—"Say, boss, ain't she, goin'?"

"No, not yet."

"Do, you're think they'll nab me?"

"Not if you keep still." Silence; finally he, too, sat down a figure of trepidation in the darkness, and began to think. The moments came and went slowly, the harsh noises overhead diminished, his mind turned instinctively to pleasant thoughts, but suddenly he was roughly awakened by a cursing cattle-boss, as fat as Falstaff, and as hideous as Caliban. Before he was fully aroused, his collar and cuffs were torn off, and with many uncomplimentary terms he was assisted up the stairs, seeing by the light of the dirty lantern the frightened face of a small Bowery nondescript in the corner.

When he reached the deck, he saw the Statue of Liberty looming up before him, and realized that retreat was impossible. Then the clocks in the city struck two; he had slept seven hours.

The foremen were assembled forward, and the crowd of fifty or sixty neophytes stood huddled together awaiting such disposal as these men saw fit to make of them. In the bow of the boat, caged in tiers of wooden stalls, a thousand sheep were bleating for water. The chill November winds, increased by the motion of the ship, struck him with a feeling of utter loneliness.

He was not given much time for reflection. Detailed to carry hay and water to the animals ahead, he found himself crowding through the narrow passages between the cages, cursed for his slowness and confronted with a seemingly endless task. He knew he would be sick, but when he felt the nausea overcoming him, he dared not confess it. He worked in a kind of daze, and finally, when dusk came on, beheld the struggle among the men over a pail of tea, felt himself sickened at the sight of the huge biscuit doled out one to each man, and staggered below, flung himself on a heap of hay, wiped a few tears from his eyes, and fell asleep.

The long grey outline of the shore became a barely perceptible line of haze, the last glow of red faded from the sky, and the gulls followed the ship like great spirits, silent and watchful.

Finally he awoke; a feeling of absolute despair filled his soul, and, with a resolve born of unbearable solitude, he pulled himself together, crawled on deck, and stood looking over the rail at the phosphorescent tumbling of the waters. How vividly the scenes of his past life came to him then, and as he crept shivering below he realized that it was well that there were some bright spots to relieve the unpinning prospect before him. The night passed in vain endeavours to sleep, but the cold gusts rushing down numerous ventilators, the swaying of the vessel, and the

shifting movements of uneasy cattle, all combined to keep him awake, while the hours dragged on between spells of sickness and philosophic reflections that such an experience could not last for ever.

The night watchman, who poked about among fallen steers, held his lantern over the limp figure lying in the hay, and with a shake of his head, left a ship's biscuit by his side and shuffled away. The young man saw him do this through half-open eyes, and they filled with tears, but he did not speak.

The void of black nothingness visible through the hatchway began to assume the grey tints of a November morning. Eight bells sounded, and everybody was astir; he dragged himself to his feet, his head reeling. He tottered on deck to watch the greedy struggle over coffee and biscuit; he shivered with cold, slumped down near the galley, and had little care what befell him.

The cattle-boss has no sympathy with physical weakness; he sees in sea-sickness only a pretence for shirking, and the pale young fellow, huddled in a heap appears to him in the light of an actor. He remembers the farcial drunkards whom he has beheld in Bowery vaudeville, and laughs at while he curses the object of his aversion.

The poor fellow did not wait for the inevitable blow; he stood up and clung to the iron rail close by. The ship was rolling heavily; it was almost impossible to stand without support, but the cattle had to be fed and watered and in the general allotment he found himself assigned to duty below deck among the steers, near which he had slept. The bales of hay had to be torn apart, the water carried, pail by pail from a huge tank. The cattle in their anxiety to drink, thrust their noses violently into the buckets and spilled half the contents; as a result, the narrow allies were flooded and the feet of the carriers continually wet.

The four men who comprised his division finished their work by eight o'clock, and the whole contingent then scrambled above for a meagre breakfast. He had not yet passed twenty four hours on the water but yesterday morning seemed lost in the far past.

The morning was occupied in sweeping the decks and getting corn out of the hold, preparatory to the next feeding hour. Livestock is fed twice a day on board ship—early in the morning and late in the afternoon; they stand in four rows, parallel to the length of the ship, making a cramped passage between each two lines.

Dusk settled down early, the sea became rougher, the vessel pitched more and more, and more, and a cold north wind arose and whistled dismally through the rigging. The motley company slept in a low, dingy room, arranged with bunks, far in the bow; it was heated by steam, but owing to its over-crowded condition, the air was so foul that the young man resumed his bed on the hay, wrapped his overcoat about him, and forgot his misery in the sleep that comes from physical exhaustion. The next morning he felt better, drank his coffee and ate a piece of pie-crust, bestowed by the steward, who informed him that it was a relic of the captain's last dinner.

The storm increased, and the violent tossing of the ship had so weakened some of the cattle that they settled down miserably in the straw and finally died. Their bodies were hoisted up and dropped overboard, where they floated on the water, prey for fish and birds.

Early on the third morning, a forlorn, ragged little mortal slunk on deck and asked for something to eat. The young man recognized the voice of the Bowery nondescript, now subdued by hunger and sea-sickness. The other men beheld him with apathetic eyes, while one foreman knocked him down, another looked on and laughed. He was put to work peeling potatoes for the captain's table.

One day was like another—the same monotonous round of hardship, the interminable waters, the grey skies, the following gulls. Anything was better than sea-sickness; to be well and half-famished allowed him to breathe the salt air with some feeling of exhilaration; he became more hopeful, and when at the close of the ninth day he saw the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight, he stood looking at them as eagerly as if he were approaching the pier in New York, and some dear friend were waiting for him.

Early in the morning they were in the Thames; he saw the thatched cottages on its banks, felt the absolute quiet of the scene, and from some inexplicable reason, whose cause he could not fathom, knew that there were tears in his eyes. He tried to remember when he had viewed so lovely a sight; it was the first day of December, cold and bracing; a light mist hung over the landscape, and the smoke rising from the houses vanished in sleepy curls into its mist. The inspector boarded the ship, and they moved up the river, passed innumerable craft, and finally, seeing a dense fog-bank stalking down upon them, swung in to Deptford, ten miles from London.

The neophytes, dressed in the best apparel which their trunks afforded, appeared on deck; it was Saturday afternoon; the young man beheld the strange spectacle of the cattle-bosses pleading with them to remain

another day on board. Fortunately for him, he was not hampered by luggage; he sold his coat to the ship's cook for two dollars, waited patiently till dark, swung himself down on one of the hawsers that held the boat to the wharf, felt his feet touch land, and walked away rapidly through the dense fog towards the great city of London.

WRITE THIS MAN.

Mr. J. J. Markle, 257 Lansdowne Ave Toronto, bridge contractor, was cured by Milburn's Rheumatic Pills of a bad attack of Rheumatism which laid him up in bed for weeks. He will tell you all about his cure if you write him.

He Tipped the Waiter.

"The present 'fad' of supper after the theatre," said a young salesman to me the other day, "is rather trying upon fellows who want their girls to have the best, yet possess very limited incomes."

"I asked my 'one and only' last week what play she would like to see, and she selected a theatre where the orchestra seats are \$2 each."

"Of course I got them, and we enjoyed the entertainment—at least she did."

"I was worrying as to whether I had money enough to pay for a little supper afterwards."

When we left the theatre we were fairly dazzled by the glairing electric signs of the restaurants, and were soon seated at table.

"To my relief my fair one only wanted a 'blue point raw.' So I ordered a sandwich."

These, I calculated, would be 35 cents.

"But they brought me a 'club sandwich,' which was 30 cents, and one bottle of beer cost 20 cents instead of 10."

"Then the waiter suggested celery, and I saw a gleam of pleasure in Annie's eyes."

"Celery it was, though the cost—40 cents portion—fairly took my breath away."

"The bill was \$1.15 and \$1.25 was my limit."

"When the waiter returned with the change I hadn't the moral courage to walk out without 'tipping' him, nor was I willing to sacrifice our care fare—Annie lives in Harlem—so I did a dastardly thing."

"I had a brass key check in my pocket. I pressed it into the waiter's hand, and he thanked me as he dropped it into his pocket, with out looking at it."

"He helped us on with our coats, wraps and hats, and rushed ahead to open the door with a most effective bow. I tell you that I felt about as mean as they make 'em."

"I walked down that night from One-hundred-and-twenty-seventh street to Fifty-third, and did considerable thinking on the way."

"I shall go in and give that man a quarter when I get my next week's wages."—New York Herald.

A CONTRACTOR WRECKED.

Constitution Undermined by Nervous Complications—South American Nervine Worked a Complete Cure.

Nervous prostration and liver complications so afflicted J. W. Dinwoody, contractor, Campbellford, that physically he was almost a total wreck. His druggist recommended South American Nervine. A few doses gave him great relief, induced sound sleep, and a few bottles built him up and cured him so that to-day he is as strong and hearty as ever.—Sold by Garden Bros.

"And now they say that genius is a disease." "Don't let that scare you; you look perfectly healthy."

Now is the Time

To Buy a New

Chamber Suite

—OR—

Parlor Suite.

Don't put off. Delays are dangerous.

Roads are good now, and we can pack Furniture in first-class style.

Give us a call.

A. Henderson.
Queen Street.

Feb. 1st, 1899.

A SHORT STORY

In London Life Containing Condensed Wisdom for Thousands.

A baker Living at 257 Dundas Street, London, Ont., Geo. Roberts by name, Recommends DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Because They cured him. He had Pain in the Back; His Urine Was red-colored And painful In passage. The cure through DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Was quick and complete. That's how they always act, Because they're For kidneys only. If you have Sick kidneys Don't experiment With an unknown remedy. Take no substitute for DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

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. \$2 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. E. 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. John, St. Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.

8.35 A MIXED—Week days—for Arcootook 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, Vanocboro, 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, 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.

There are a few fine souls who love once because they love for ever, whose devotion is independent of sight, whose constancy deepens in absence. They have their reward in a delicate beauty of character, in a rare spirituality of temper denied to those of grosser mould.

EVERY SPRING.

Mrs. Aggie Barnes, Lunenburg, N. S., writes: "I have taken B. B. B. every spring now for some years, to purify my blood and keep my system in good order, and can honestly say I do not know of its equal anywhere."