

A Dunnville Jeweller's Wife

CURED OF PALPITATION OF THE HEART AND SMOTHERING SPELLS BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. D. E. Lasalle, Canal Street, Dunnville, Ont., whose husband keeps a jewellery store, and is one of the best



known and most progressive citizens of Dunnville, Ont., gives the following description of her recent experience in the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

"I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for weak nerves, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, smothering spells at night and sleeplessness. Before I used them I could not get restful sleep, and my nerves were often so unstrung that I would start in alarm at the least noise, and easily worried."

"Last February I commenced taking this valuable medicine, and it proved the right remedy for my weak and shattered nervous system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restored my nerves to a strong and healthy condition, gave regular and normal action of the heart."

"I sleep well now, and am better in every way, and I recommend them heartily to all who suffer as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Laxative Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect, and to work without a gripe or pain. Price 25c., all druggists.

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.

BORDEREAU AND DOSSIER.

I'm of a quite enquiring mind, I've read about the Dreyfus case. And much I've worried how to find some evidence by which to trace the reason that unhappy man should in a moison prison lay. And then I'm told that I must scan the "border-eau" or "dossier."

What is this blooming "border-eau" and what's this duced "dossier"? These are two things I do not know, so tell me, if you can, I pray. A dossier may be a man—a woman e'en—I do not know. And if I did I'd have no plan of learning what's a border-eau!

They may be something, good to eat, but then, again my mind is fixed. That Frenchmen ne'er would find a treat in any dish by Germans mixed, And boarders very often owe, they owe perchance and do not pay, But—how much does this border-eau, and does he owe the dossier?

This ignorance has no excuse, myself alone I have to blame. So when old Zola shouts "Accuse," I'm forced to hide my head in shame. I ask where is this border-eau? I ask what is this dossier?

My educated friends say "Oh mais vous ne parlez pas Français!"

Well, well, I needs must do the best I can, for at this time of year It seems, perhaps, a foolish quest to search an unknown tongue, I fear, So when towards our ancient foe we drink a toast on New Year's Day Let's quaff a bowl of border-eau with just a dash of dossier!

— M. B. in the Province, Vancouver.

A SHOOTING PARSON.

For three years the Rev. Charles Montford had been the guiding star of a little town in South Dakota. He came there with his wife, a gentle voiced woman of attractive appearance, announced himself as an evangelist and began a series of meetings.

The first week some of the most reckless and daring, while out on one of their wild escapades, perceived him coming from meeting on Sunday night. They had been drinking and had amused themselves by shooting out the lights, then whooping and galloping through the town like wild Indians. The sight of the good man caused one to say:

"Boys, let's have some fun with the parson."

That was sufficient. They rode their ponies upon the sidewalk and compelled him to take the middle of the road, where they surrounded him, galloping in a ring like equestrians at a circus, shooting off their revolvers and emitting yells that would have dazed any tenderfoot that ever saw the woolly west.

They expected merely to frighten the pious man and see him tremble and plead for his life, but he stood as calm and unmoved as if in his pulpit. He removed his hat, and the moon, shining bright and full, illumined his face with a sort of glory.

They saw him raise his eyes heavenward and his lips move as if in prayer. A gentle smile overspread his features, and gradually the whooping ceased, the ponies were reined in, and as they halted in a ring around him his sonorous voice rang out on the night air:

"May God have mercy on your souls!"

The power of that voice was felt by every man, and they looked at him with a sort of wonder. A moment of intense silence, and the man of God, following up his advantage, said solemnly:

"Let us pray."

Kneeling in the road, he lifted up his voice in an impassioned appeal that God would change the hearts of these reckless men and make them good and useful citizens.

Involuntarily they bowed their heads and waited for him to finish. He arose and gave them a cordial invitation to attend his meetings.

"I freely forgive you for your attempt to intimidate me and assure you that I was not in the least afraid—the Lord takes care of his own. My faith in him protected me, but I might have depended on myself and hit the mark every time. To prove to you that I make no idle boast, I will put a hole through the brims of seven hats."

So saying, he drew a seven shooter from his hip pocket and, swinging around the circle, rapidly discharged seven shots. The astonished men heard the whir of the bullets past their ears, and, taking off their wide felt hats, held them up for examination. The moon shone through a hole in each just two inches from the edge on the left side.

They were filled with wonder at the parson's coolness, while they were trying to "scare" him, they were awestruck by his eloquent prayer, but a man who could shoot like that commanded their profound respect.

"Good night, gentlemen. God bless you," said the reverend man fervently.

"Good night, parson," responded the cowboys, and they wheeled around and disappeared down the road.

"Well, if he ain't the durndest cuss I ever run up against!" said one, who but echoed the sentiments of all.

After that his reputation was established. The cowboys and ranchmen never came to town without making a personal call upon the "shooting parson," as he was called, and attending some of his meetings. His fame spread abroad and invitations came from neighboring towns to hold revivals, and there was a cordial welcome for him everywhere. He helped the poor, nursed the sick, pray-

ed with the dying, and his power for doing good was simply marvelous. He seemed to understand the natures of these rough people and knew how to win their confidence. He was never molested after his first experience with the cowboys and any one of them would have fought for him at the slightest provocation. He was assisted in his good work by his gentle wife, who held the hearts of the people as did her gifted husband.

A series of robberies began in the vicinity. Horses were stolen by the score, cattle were run out of the country and farm-houses were entered and ransacked. All who resisted the perpetrators were shot—not always killed, but disabled—and the people were worked up to such excitement that if the robbers had been caught the nearest tree would have served for their bodies to swing from. There was a pair of them, and they were always masked.

The body of a man on a neighboring ranch was found in a well. His house had been robbed, and there was every indication that it was the work of the two desperadoes who had terrorized the surrounding country. This last outrage had aroused the anger of the community to such an extent that the parson preached a special sermon with the text, "Love your enemies."

He exhorted his hearers to pray for the miscreants and not allow their indignation to carry them beyond the pale of the law. He believed in doing all that was possible to capture and punish, and would himself join in the pursuit.

For several years this continued, and patience ceased to be a virtue. After an audacious attempt to rustle a bunch of fine steers a posse of men started in pursuit. They were riding hard and could hear the hoof beats of two horses ahead of them and could see the outlines of two figures on horseback a half mile in front in the uncertain light of the early dawn.

The outlaws' furious riding soon put them out of sight, but the pursuers rode on and presently observed a solitary horseman riding toward them. When he came up, they recognized their beloved pastor, who was returning in the early morning from a revival meeting in a neighboring town.

He stopped and spoke with them but declined to join them, as he was very tired from his labors and his wife would be anxious if he did not return.

"I saw two horsemen coming toward me and they turned off the road and galloped to the west just about a quarter of a mile below Slawson's ranch. I dare say they are the fellows you are looking for, and you'll soon catch them. And with a 'God bless you' he was gone.

A large crowd gathered at the meeting that night and after several hymns had been sung and an eloquent prayer had been offered by the beloved pastor he arose to begin his sermon. He announced the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," when there was a commotion near the door. The parson's face blanched, and murmuring a few words about not having strength to proceed he staggered down from the pulpit and toward the door at one side which led to another exit.

At the same time Buck McCoy rushed wildly up the aisle, shouting: "Stop that man! Stop him! He's the thief!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before pandemonium reigned. Buck was roughly seized revolvers were flourished, and he narrowly escaped mobbing for thus maligning the idol of the people. Some of the cooler heads advised order and succeeded in quieting the crowd and insisting that in justice to the man accused they should hear what Buck had to say.

He was allowed to mount the platform and the audience listened breathlessly while he told his story which was substantially this:

He and Pete Webster continued the search after the aest of the men returned home. A few miles on they came across a man lying in the road who had evidently been thrown from his horse. A mask covered his face so they tore it off and discovered that he was unconscious—perhaps dead. But they discovered something of greater importance. Shorn of all disguise, the robber was none other than the parson's wife.

They took her to the nearest ranch and got a doctor, but she was dead. The doctor recognized her as "Desperate Kate," a character known throughout the west, who well deserved her name. The other desperado was undoubtedly the shooting parson. In proof that it was he, Buck produced a wide sombrero hat, long curly wig and a mask, which he found in some bushes. The impostor had evidently discarded them when he thought they were in danger of being captured. He must have carried the black felt in his pocket and, substituting that for the sombrero, turned back and met the posse throwing them off the track and allowing his companion a chance to escape.

They proceeded to his house, but the bird had flown, and a search revealed sufficient stolen property to substantiate Buck's story. It was afterward learned that he was "Comanche Bill," the partner of "Desperate Kate," and a king of desperadoes.

Out of that fire of hell at Las Guasimas on

the 24th of June two soldiers bore a wounded comrade. They left him a blanket and went back to the fight, while he lay there cursing his luck that prevented him going on up the hill with the rest.

When the sun sets in Cuba, and the heavy dew falls, a man has need of a blanket, for an awful chill takes hold of him after the terrible heat of the day. Near him was another wounded soldier, a rough rider, who had few clothes and no blanket. He was badly cut up by a piece of shell and suffering intense agony.

"Partner," sang out the first soldier, "if you'll try to roll to me I'll roll to you and share my blanket with you."

The rolling began and after many painful efforts they came together and lay spoon fashion under the blanket to keep warm. By and by they dropped to sleep, and day was breaking when the owner of the blanket awoke. His companion's arm was thrown across his shoulder and he edged away very gently so as not to awake him. He needn't have been so careful. The rough rider was stone dead, and smiling as if he had never known a pain. His companion gave a start and looked closer in his face.

"Gee whiz! the shootin' parson, by all that's wonderful!" exclaimed the owner of the blanket, who was Buck McCoy of South Dakota.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

HEART STARTS.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—One Dose Helped in 30 Minutes—Two Bottles Cured.

Mrs. M. K. Calhyer, 29 Pacific Ave., Toronto, was troubled with heart disease for years, could not stand on a chair without growing dizzy; going up stairs, or being suddenly startled brought on palpitation, suffocation and intense pains under the shoulder blades. She tried many remedies—was treated by heart specialists without permanent relief. She procured and used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. She got relief within 30 minutes after the first dose and before she had taken two bottles every symptom of heart trouble had left her. Sold by Garden Bros.

The Deadly Chewing Gum.

Some people are continually advocating the cause of total abstinence, and waging war upon the hard cider when it stirreth itself aright in the Venetian glass. But they do not seem to know there is a vice equally as bad as that, which stings like a centipede and bites like a dose of Jamaica ginger, holding in its grip some of the fairest young ladies of our broad republic, and as I said before, I deem it my duty to expose to the world the ravages made in our best families by that grim monster who enters into the very heart of our domestic fabric under the name of "Chewing Gum."

I once knew a black-haired girl with great, liquid, laughing, pleading eyes that looked like a big white daisy with a black spot in the centre, and breath like a clover fed Polled-Angus heifer. She could have more fun than anybody at a church social or roller rink carnival, and her merry laugh filled the house with more mirth, soulful song, and silver-plated melody than any amateur opera company that ever stopped at the entrance to the Grand Canon. But in an unguarded moment she commenced nibbling at and chewing her mother's beeswax. This did not long satisfy her. The cruel thralldom had begun. Whenever she felt depressed, all broke up, or statu quo, as the case might be, there was nothing that could remove her ennui and fill the dark fathomless aching void in her system, but the conscious deadening, soul-destroying debaser of girlhood—beeswax. From this she gradually sunk lower and lower; became more debased and reckless, till she finally could not shake off the chains that bound her, and there was hardly an hour that she was not under the baneful influence of spruce gum or taffy.

If she could not get spruce gum to assuage her mad thirst she could chew on the rubber top of a lead pencil or strings out of an old elastic suspender.

She gradually pined away, till she wouldn't average over twelve ounces to the pound. She could no longer sit on one foot and be happy.

Life to her was filled with mahogany-colored gloom lit up only with wax Christmas-tree candles, and seemed but a rickety, rusty waste of stub-toed grief. At last she took an overdose of gum overshoes and tar-roofing one day, and her soul glided off for the land where hot-house plants never freeze.

If this little sketch will help any young girl in the community to shun chewing gum as she would the soft dude of the cultured East and induce her to lead a better and nobler life in the future, it will have accomplished a mission for which the writer is truly thankful in advance.—Canon City Meecury.

QUICK CURE OF SCIATICA.

Mr. A. Taylor, 74 Afton Ave., Toronto, writes: "I was greatly afflicted with Sciatica, but after using one box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills I was able to go to work in three days and have not been troubled since."

Wife, waking suddenly from sleep—Henry, did you call? Husband, who had been spending previous evening with the boys—No, I'll raise it five.

COOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

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.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Meals on arrival of all trains. First-class fare.

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MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

October 2nd, 1898.

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

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

8.35 A. MIXED—Week days—for Arrostook 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, Plaster M Rock, etc.

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

4.18 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint John, St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vancorb, 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, St. Stephen, Portland, etc.

Everett's Bookstore 1898.

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

Now open and ready for inspection:

Bibles, Prayer Books, Books of Travel,

Also, a large lot of Books at a

Great Reduction.

Albums, Photo Covers, Frames.

Dressing Cases, Glove and Handker-

chief Boxes, Shaving Cases,

Necktie Boxes.

China Ware in endless variety, in

Figures and Cups and Saucers,

Mugs, Shaving Mugs.

Give me a call and examine.

W. H. EVERETT, Woodstock.

No. 6 Main Street.

The calm one—Ain't mad, are you? The choleric one—You mean angry, sir. Only dogs get mad. The calm one—Oh, no! I meant "mad."