

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.

WOOL MATS,
GRASS MATS,
For Carriages.

Summer Horse Blankets,
Summer Lap Robes and Dusters,
Axle Grease,
Curry Combs,
Whips, Lashes,
Fancy Harness Trimmings.
All the Summer Styles in the
Harness and House Furnish-
ing lines.

ATHERTON BROS.
King Street,
Woodstock.

WALL PAPER GOSSIP.

The season of the year is near at hand when you will begin to think of house-cleaning, and the subject of house-cleaning always brings up this question: How many rooms shall we have papered this Spring and how much money can we spare for the much-needed improvement? Speaking of Wall Paper, we wish to say that we have the finest and most extensive line of Wall Paper ever shown in Woodstock. This stock was selected with special care, and no matter how many rooms you desire to paper or how much money you have to spend we have something that will interest you. The styles are the latest and the quality the best we have ever been able to offer. Prices range from the cheapest to the most expensive. We want you to call and examine our stock and learn prices before making your purchase. We want to impress upon your mind so thoroughly, by quality and price, that it will be impossible for you to think of Wall Paper without thinking of

W. H. Everett, Woodstock.
No. 6 Main Street.

1899.
INTERNATIONAL
EXHIBITION,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Opens Sept. 11. Closes Sept. 20.

Exhibits in all the usual classes.
\$13,000 IN PRIZES.

Special Amusements
on Grounds and in Hall.

Band Music
Day and Evening.

Open from 9 a m to 10.00 p m
General Admission :

Adults 25cts. Children 15cts.

Special Days at Special Prices.

See Newspapers for Special Amusements.
For Prize Lists and information, address
D. J. McLAUGHLIN, CHAS. A. EVERETT,
President. Mgr. and Secy.

Cook's Penetrating Plasters.

HER NEW BROTHER.

Yes, I've got a little brother;
Never asked for him from mother;
But he's here;
But I s'pose they went and bought him,
For last week the doctor brought him;
Ain't it queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly;
'Cause you see
I just 'magine I could get him,
And our dear mamma would let him
Play with me.

But when once I had looked at him
I cried out: "Oh, dear, is that him?"
Just that mite?
They said: "Yes, and you may kiss him,"
Well, I'm sure I'd never miss him
He's a fright.

He's so small, it's just amazing,
And you'd think that he was blazing,
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

He's no kind of good whatever,
And he cries as if he'd never
Never stop;
Won't sit up—you can't arrange him,
Oh, why doesn't father change him
At the shop!

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him,
Little frog!
And I cannot think why father
Should have brought him when I'd rather
Have a dog!

—From The London Daily Mail.

Ritual Trial in England.

Interest in the Church of England and among Episcopalians in this country centres in the ritual case which is now before the highest spiritual authorities of the Church from which the Episcopal Church in the United States sprang.

The English archbishops, in their brilliant scarlet convocation robes, are sitting in the historic guard-room of Lambeth palace, as an ecclesiastical court, judiciously determined whether the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer and the canons of the Church of England forbid the ceremonial use of incense in the worship of that Church, two priests appearing as defendants in a test case. The spectacle is at once picturesque and significant.

Both archbishops are men of tremendous force of character, and yet are singularly unlike. It is some centuries since men of such power have occupied the two archiepiscopal sees of England, and not since the Reformation has there been such an assertion of the right of the Church of England to regulate its own worship. Parliament has sought for thirty years to dictate and control the worship of the Church of England. It passed laws with penalties attached, the priests have gone to prison rather than obey them. The Public Worship Regulation Act is practically a dead letter, and a great hue and cry of lawlessness on the part of the clergy in matters of teaching and ritual has agitated England for the last year, and echoes of the controversy have been heard in the Episcopal Church in this country.

The church discipline bill was drawn to bring the priests of the Church of England absolutely under the civil power, but before it was introduced the archbishops took the matter into their own hands by announcing that they intended to determine ritual questions in their own archiepiscopal court, without reference to the civil statutes or to the decisions of the courts of the Crown. The answer of Parliament to the stand taken by the archbishops was the defeat of the church discipline bill. The archbishops opened their court at Lambeth on May 8; the House of Commons defeated the measure so obnoxious to churchmen on May 10 by a vote of 310 to 156.

These circumstances lend deep significance to the scene in the guardroom at Lambeth palace, and the characteristics of the chief actors make it the more striking.

The man who easily dominates the scene is the Most Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England. He is large of stature, and of commanding mien, his face strong and rugged, his mind keen and well stored with learning, his manner brusque, almost abrupt, his eyes dimmed by age, his voice lacking the resonance of former years, but his mental force not one whit abated, and his spiritual power probably greater than that wielded by any other man in England.

He has been called "the Grand Old Man of the English Church," and fellow-countrymen of his faith instinctively bow with awe before the grim-visaged Primate, who, weather-beaten by the ecclesiastical storms of half a century, courageously braves the clamour of the anti-ritualists and nonconformists, and asserting the spiritual powers of his high office, proposes to decide delicate questions of controversy—to render a decision for the enforcement of which he will have only his spiritual authority and personal prestige.

Fifty-three years ago Dr. Temple was made a priest, and in 1858 he became the headmaster of Rugby. Soon after, when chaplain to the Queen, he called forth the invectives of High Churchmen by a paper in Essays and Reviews, in which he defended the theory of evolution. It was this essay which occasioned a vehement protest years later, in 1869, when he was elevated to the bishopric of Exeter, and again when he was translated to the important see of London in 1885. In that great diocese he toiled ceaselessly, and

won golden opinions from those who had been his opponents, so that the protest against his elevation to the Archbishopric of Canterbury in 1896 was little more than an echo of the old rumour, and there was widespread enthusiasm in the English Church on the occasion of his enthronement at Canterbury on January 8, 1897.

With his inveterate fondness for taking the bull by the horns, Archbishop Temple last fall met the agitation against ritualism by publicly discussing, on five successive days, nearly every burning question of doctrine and ritual, stating clearly what he regarded as in conformity with the laws and traditions of the English Church, what was alien, and what was debatable. Speaking without notes, he expounded controversial questions with dialectic skill, and in a conservative spirit, pleasing neither side, because his sword cut both ways, but commanding profound attention and respect.

Though a life of incessant toil has made his seventy-eight years weigh heavily upon him, it is with undaunted courage and unimpaired ability that the Archbishop of Canterbury undertakes the task of reviving more fully the spiritual jurisdiction of his office. The outcome is fraught with far-reaching consequences for the Church of England, meaning either a clearer distinction between the rights of Church and State, or a complete separation, involving the desestablishment of the Church of England.

Associated with the Primate is an ecclesiastic who is in many respects his direct antithesis. The Most Rev. William Dalrymple MacLagan, Archbishop of York, is small of stature, with a voice of singular persuasiveness, his face clean cut, and showing great determination, his eyes keen yet kindly, his manner precise and somewhat formal, his mind a treasury of learning. He began life in the English army, serving three years in India, and holding a commission as lieutenant when he retired. He entered the priesthood ten years later than Dr. Temple, and won his mitre by successful pastoral work in the great parishes of St. Mary's Newington, and St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, where he alarmed those who had marked out a great ecclesiastical career for him by showing marked tendencies toward ritualism. Nevertheless, advancement came quickly. In 1878 he was made Bishop of Lichfield, and was elevated to the Archbishopric of York in 1891. He has ruled somewhat drastically, showing traces of his early military training, and has exhibited a marked fondness for splendor in worship and for imposing ecclesiastical functions. His vast learning was best exhibited some two years ago when, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, he wrote in fluent and graceful Latin a reply to the letter of Pope Leo XIII., stoutly defending the validity of Anglican ordinations, and ably reviewing the history of the controversy.

An American priest, whose theological learning has won for him respectful attention in the English Church, the Rev. Dr. Henry R. Percival, rector of the Church of the Evangelists, Philadelphia, is cited as an authority in the case now before the Archiepiscopal Court, a brief prepared by him having been submitted, with other similar papers by English authorities, to show the legality of the ceremonial use of incense in the Church of England.—New York Tribune.

Dr Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was the first and original "pine" preparation for coughs and colds. All others having the name "pine" are simply imitations, some of them worthless.

A Bad Lot.

"Some folks has children to brag of, and some don't," said the old man as we sat smoking our pipes on the doorstep. "I reckon my five might amount to sunthin' arter all I'd done for 'em, but I've bin powerfully disappointed. Jim was the oldest, and he had money 'nuff to go into moonshine whiskey and make a fortune at it, but he jest went off to Shelbyville and got to be a lawyer, and wouldn't even sell moonshine to help his old father out. Ten y'ars ago I says to him:

"Jim Perdo, you've disappointed yer father and hurt the feelins of yer mother, and yer no longer a son of ours. Don't never come home to us no mo'!"

"Bill was next," continued the father. "He was sharp as lightnin' on a mawl trade and nobody could fool him on a hoss. He might hev made a power of money in tradin', but he goes off to Prestonburg and sets up a store and gets into politics. I tried my best to save him, but he was sot, and he wouldn't find no welcome if he would come to see us. Suke was next. She could have married a tin peddler with \$200, and she could hev sued a windmill man for breach of promise, and got \$500, but she goes off to Perrysburg and marries a preacher. She used to come home once a year, but we couldn't use her right and she got discouraged. Joe was next. Lawd! but what a hunter he would have made! He had an eye for b'ars and coon and 'possums, and he'd never have lacked for what skins would buy, but it wasn't no use to talk to him. He packs up his duds and goes over to Simmondsville, and the last we hears of him he was working for the railroad and 'lowin' folks to boss him

'round. The last was Moses. That boy was the smoothest, slickest, cutest liar ever heard of in these parts, and could also play the fiddle and sing. When the rest of them had gone away and turned out bad I says to Moses:

"My son, you are all what's left, and your pop is dependin' on you. Jest keep right on lyin' and fiddlin' and singin', and you'll git a reputation as long and as wide as the state."

"But Moses was the same as the rest. One day he packed up and went off to Birchville, and next we heard of him he was teachin' skule and wearin' white shirts and collars. All gone, sah—all gone—and when I sot down and think what those five children might hev bin, and what they turned out to be, it jest makes me so rip-roarin' mad and put out that I hev to go out and rub my back on the barb-wire fence and throw clubs at the mawl!"—Exchange.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.

"I should spank whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, gleefully. "'coz papa's broken it."—Harper's Bazar.

In a Minor Key.

Mrs. Bargane—Haven't you got a toothache, John?

Mr. Bargane—No, my dear; why?

Mrs. Bargane—Oh, I am so sorry that you have not. I brought a new toothache cure to-day at a bargain, and I wanted you to try it.—Jewish Comment.

Permanent Cure of Cancer.



MRS. GILHULA.

Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Buxton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach and informed her that her lease of life would be short. On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:

"About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die.

"By the advice of some of my friends, who knew of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B. B. B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago:

"I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind." ELIZABETH GILHULA.

RIPE FRUIT!

Strawberries from Ontario this week, good and fresh. California Peaches, Apricots and Plums now in stock. Cherries and Pears will soon be on.

Keep your eye open—this is the spot for good fresh fruit.

C. M. SHERWOOD & BRO.
WOODSTOCK.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,

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

Painting and Decorating.

For Good Workmanship in

House and Sign Painting,
Paper Hanging, Etc.,

Calomining, Alabastine Work,

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

G. P. PARKER, PRACTICAL PAINTER,

North End Richmond Street,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.



"THE IMPERIAL LIMITED"

From Montreal to Vancouver
In 100 Hours.

Canadian Pacific Express leaving Woodstock at 4.28 p. m. (after June 26th, at 4.40 p. m.) makes close connection at Montreal next morning with "Imperial Limited" leaving at 9.50 a. m., making the run through to the Pacific coast in 116 hours. Close connections also made for local points in the Canadian North West, Kootenay Country, &c. For further particulars, rates of fare, &c., apply to Ticket Agents, or to

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. Gen'l. Passenger Agent,
St. John, N. B.

UNDERTAKING!

To my already well equipped Undertaking business, I have added a

FIRST-CLASS HEARSE.

Anything in the Undertaking line will be attended to promptly and with skill.

J. E. ALEXANDER,
CENTREVILLE.

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

TO LET.

House situated on Main St., nearly opposite Chestnut & Hipwell's factory. Apply to MR. C. N. SCOTT, Small & Fisher's office.

In War and Peace.

Krepps—Who's the scared lo king c'rap so completely under the influence of the big woman?

Higson—That's Sizboom. Got brevet and a gold medal for daring work in the Philippines.—Philadelphia North-American.