

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.
 Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Cuyahoga, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum.

"When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure.

"After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH
Pain-Killer.
 A Medicine Chest in Itself.
 Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for
**CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS,
 COLDS, RHEUMATISM,
 NEURALGIA.**
 25 and 50 cent Bottles.
 BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
 BUY ONLY THE GENUINE.
PERRY DAVIS'

The Great Revival

In business all over the world, makes the present a most desirable time for young men and women to fit themselves for filling official positions.

Fredericton Business College

will qualify you for a book-keeper, stenographer, or general office assistant. Send for free catalogue. Address,
 W. J. OSBORNE, Principal
 Fredericton, N. B.

**John P. Pickel,
 PLUMBER,**

Will attend to all orders left at Burt's Hardware Store.

Jobbing a Specialty.

Prices reasonable, and work done promptly.

School Opening, 1899.

**New Books, New Books,
 School Books**

of all kinsire
 Scribblers,
 Copy Books, New Series,
 Exercise Books,
 Pens, Pencils,
 School Boxes,
 Bags, Etc.,
 and every requisite required.

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

**FRESH
 GROCERIES.**

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

**W. R. WRIGHT,
 UPPER WOODSTOCK.**

How Gordon Died.

Neufeld says: The killing of General Gordon at Khartoum, in January, 1885, closed a drama for the finale of which the English-speaking world had waited breathlessly. His death was not known in England till long after it really occurred; but it brought an unexampled shock and sorrow to its highest minds. How it struck home to Stevenson's heart we have only lately read in his letters; and an endless anthology of grief-stricken and indignant utterances could be culled from other writers. The political effect of Gordon's tragic taking off was also considerable. But exactly how he met his fate is a matter of inference. All of his English companions whom he could send away in advance, he urged to escape the doom which he saw impending; and no English-speaking eye-witness survived to tell the tale.

This fact lends extraordinary interest to the account of the matter contained in Charles Neufeld's 'A prisoner of the Khalifa,' just published in this country by the Putnam. A captive at Omdurman for nearly twelve years, knowing Arabic well, and in contact with many native survivors of the siege of Khartoum in 1885, he professes to have entirely new and perfectly authentic evidence as to the way in which Gordon went to his death. His story is in flat contradiction of the accepted account. That, as built upon the narratives of Slatin Pasha, Father Ohrwalder, and others, represents Gordon as coming out to the top of the palace staircase, when the dervishes broke in; placidly asking them what they wanted; then suddenly felled by a spear-thrust from behind, dragged down the steps and decapitated. But now hear what Neufeld says:

"Those who knew Charles George Gordon will believe me when I aver that he died—as they must all have believed that he died, in spite of the official accounts to the contrary—as the soldier and lion-hearted man he was. Gordon did not rest his hand on the hilt of his sword and turn his back to his enemies to receive his mortal wound. Gordon drew his sword and used it. When Gordon fell, his sword was dripping with the blood of his assailants, for no less than sixteen or seventeen did he cut down with it. When Gordon fell his left hand was blackened with the unburned powder from his at least thrice emptied revolver. When Gordon fell, his life's blood was pouring from a spear and pistol-shot wound in his right breast. When Gordon fell, his boots were slippery with the blood of the crowd of dervishes he shot and hacked his way through in his heroic attempt to cut his way out and place himself at the head of his troops. Gordon died as only Gordon could die. Let the world be misinformed and deceived about Soudan affairs with the tales of so-called guides and spies, but let it be told the truth of Gordon's death.

"Each day at dawn, when he retired to rest, he bolted his door from the inside, and placed his faithful body-servant—Khaleel Asha Orphali—on guard outside it. On the fatal night, Gordon had as usual kept his vigil on the roof of the palace, sending and receiving telegraphic messages from the lines every few minutes, and as dawn crept into the skies, thinking that the long-threatened attack was not yet to be delivered, he lay down, wearied out. The little firing heard a few minutes later attracted no more attention than the usual firing which had been going on continuously night and day for months; but when the palace guards were heard firing it was known that something serious was happening. By the time Gordon had slipped into his old serge or dark tweed suit, and taken his sword and revolver, the advancing dervishes were already surrounding the palace. Overcoming the guards, a rush was made up the stairs, and Gordon was met leaving his room. A small spear was thrown, which wounded him, but very slightly, on the left shoulder. Almost before the dervishes knew what was happening, three of them lay dead, and one wounded at Gordon's feet—the remainder fled. Quickly reloading his revolver, Gordon made for the head of the stairs, and again drove the reassembling dervishes off. Darting back to reload, he received a stab in his left shoulderblade, from a dervish concealed behind the corridor door, and on reaching the steps the third time, he received a pistol-shot and spear-wound in his right breast, and then, great soldier as he was, he rose almost above himself. With his life's blood pouring from his breast—not his back, remember—he fought his way step by step, kicking from his path the wounded and dead dervishes—for Orphali, too, had not been idle—and was passing through the doorway leading into the courtyard, when another concealed dervish almost severed his right leg with a single blow. Then Gordon fell. The steps he had fought his way—not been dragged—down were encumbered with the bodies of the dead and dying dervishes. No dervish spear pierced the live and quivering flesh of a prostrate but still conscious Gordon for he breathed his last as he turned to face his last assailant, half-raised his sword to strike, and fell dead with his face to heaven."

This is the account which Neufeld says he gathered from various Khartoum survivors. In an appendix he gives the testimony of the

very body-servant of Gordon, Orphali, which he received after his escape to Cairo, and which differs from his own story only in unimportant details. Even so, it would no doubt be rash to accept this new light upon the manner of Gordon's death without reserve. Neufeld shows here and there in his book symptoms of an erratic mind. The mendacity of the Soudanese is one of his favorite themes; yet it was from them he got his story. Moreover, his tale is not in agreement with what we know of Gordon's habits. In the Chinese war he led his troops in person, and with undaunted bravery, yet, if we remember, his only weapon was a walking-stick. Still, there is no telling what he would have done in such a desperate emergency as confronted him at Khartoum; and, at any rate, the immense interest which attaches to all that concerns him, and especially to his pitiful fate, justifies the republication of all the evidence attainable.—New York 'Post.'

**THE HONEST
 PHARMACIST**

Will Tell You That
Paine's Celery Compound
 Is a Wonderful
 Medicine.

Hundreds of Druggists Know of
 Cures Wrought by the Great
 Medicine.

Amongst the thousands of professional and business men who speak plainly and strongly in favor of Paine's Celery Compound there are none more sincere or outspoken in their praise than the druggists of Canada.

Our druggists, who are thoroughly acquainted with every prepared remedy, are the special champions of Paine's Celery Compound. Why? Because no other medicine gives such universal satisfaction and health-giving results to ailing and sick men and women, and as a consequence the sales are larger than that of all other combined remedies.

There are hundreds of druggists in Canada who can vouch for marvellous cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound. No stronger or better testimony can be asked for, as these druggists have supplied the medicine and watched its effects.

If rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney trouble, liver complaint, blood diseases or dyspepsia are making life a misery, go to your druggist without delay for a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound. If you have doubts about its efficacy or power, your able and honest druggist will give you the assurance that Paine's Celery Compound will make you well.

On the Lawyer.

The excited called dropped into a chair. You're a lawyer, ain't you? he asked. Yes, sir. I want you to sue a feller for me. What for? Damages, I want to stick him for \$5,000. What has he done? Called me a shyster. What did he do that for? I don't know. That's what I want to find out. I'm going to make him prove it. And he called you a shyster, did he? Have you any witnesses to testify to that? More'n a dozen. H'm! Do you know what a shyster is? No. I haven't the least idee. A shyster is a cheap lawyer. Gosh! Sue him for \$10,000.—Chicago Tribune.

Humors of Christening.

A writer in London Tit-Bits has had time to see some of the humors of christening. He says:—

I have it on the authority of an entirely veracious clerical friend that on one occasion he was staggered, on saying, "Name this child," by the response, "Lucifer"—as he thought. "What?" he asked, "Luthy, sir," repeated the lisping and now blushing mother; and this time my friend grasped the situation and dealt with the infant Lucy accordingly.

One child was actually christened and registered "Robert Honly," instead of plain "Robert," on account of the mother's anxiety to prevent the addition of a second name. The clergyman had not quite caught what she said, and asked for a repetition. "Robert," said the parent, then, fearing lest the parson's defective hearing should result in error, she hastened to say "Robert Honly." The "H" made all the difference.

One curious case came under my notice in the Midlands many years ago. When asked for the child's name the village matron replied, "Senna-tea," or what sounded like it. The astonished cleric asked for a repetition of the name. Again came, more distinctly than before, "Senna-tea." There was a pause and general bewilderment. At length the pew-opener hit on the solution, and, bending toward the perplexed clergyman, she whispered. "She means 'Sinnetta,' sir," and all went well.

The explanation was simple—and romantic. Sinnetta was the name of a gypsy buried in a neighbouring churchyard. The handsome

Scrofula.

Another permanent cure by B.B.B. after two doctors failed.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennet, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P. Q., states his case as follows:

"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."

gypsy girl had been wooed and won by an aristocrat, but had pined away and died. Her heart-broken husband had her buried near his hall and placed over her a plain white marble tomb bearing the simple name, "Sinnetta." Possibly moved by the romance, certainly attracted by the unusual name, the good woman wished her child to be so called.

The following is almost too strange to be believed; it actually happened, nevertheless:

The baby was proudly borne, amid admiring relatives and neighbors, to the font and duly presented for baptism.

"Name this child."

"Beelzebub."

"What?"

"But, my good woman, you can't call the child that."

"Yes, but do you know what it means? It is impossible to call the child 'Beelzebub.' Give it a good sensible name—call it John, say."

As no protest was immediately made, "John" the child was duly named; and the person congratulated the baby and himself on having saved the poor mite from being saddled with a title which would have been intolerable.

But his satisfaction was short-lived, and he was speedily shaken out of his congratulatory mood by the hurried return of the mother. Hastening down the aisle, she brought her baby back to the font before the parson had time to leave it, and exclaimed in consternation, as is the disconcerting anomaly had only just struck her; "John's a wench, sir." Sure enough the baby was a girl and another name had to be found and conferred.

COOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.
 APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,
 Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

TO RENT.

House now occupied by Mr. Saunderson facing Main and Victoria Sts., can be occupied by August 1st. Bath Room and Furnace in connection. Apply to MRS. E. B. JEWETT, or C. N. SCOTT, at Small & Fisher's.

**Baby
 Carriages!
 Baby
 Carriages!**

RATTAN GO CARTS,

The Latest Thing
 In The Market.

**Veranda Chairs,
 Rockers and
 Hammocks.**

—AT—

A. Henderson.

Queen Street.

July 20, 1899.

**ELECTION
 —OF—
 COUNTY COUNCILLORS!**

County of Carleton.

The election of County Councillors will be held on

**Tuesday, the Thirty-First day
 of October next.**

Fifteen days public notice of the time and place of holding election to be given by Parish Clerks by posting in three of the most public places of the parish. Nomination of candidates to be filed with Parish Clerk or left at his residence at or before six o'clock p. m. on Monday the 23rd day of October. Parish Clerks to post names of candidates in three of the most public places in each polling district on or before Thursday, 26th October. Candidates' names also to be posted up at the polling place before the opening of the pole on day of election. The Parish Clerk or District Clerk (as case may be) to act as chairman unless he refuses to serve, or is absent, or not competent by reason of relationship to candidate, when chairman to be chosen by electors present. Assessors are required to furnish parish clerks with list of electors.

Note that time for holding election has been changed by Chapter 34 of Acts of 1898. Formerly under Acts of 1877 Chap. 44, it was Second Tuesday in October, but now it is the last Tuesday in October.

Dated September 8, 1899.
 WENDELL P. JONES,
 Secretary-Treasurer.

**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.

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.

HOTELS

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.
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FREDERICTON, - N. B.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
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D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor
JUNCTION HOUSE,
 Newburg Junction.
 Meals on arrival of all trains First-class fare.
 R. E. OWENS, Proprietor