

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,
Summes 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.

Fighting Fire in China.

The third watch of the night had just been announced from headquarters by the firing of three large squibs, and the watchmen, who are not so sleepy in these times as they used to be, had started once more on their rounds with the cry:—"Take care of fires and candles! Use no foreign oil!" when, hard by the city wall—a sudden roar and a glare; the pale moonlight warmed into orange everywhere, and a great pillar of smoke expanding over a hundred houses. Shouts of "Fire!" Screams of waking mothers; seizing and rousing of sleeping children. Every one slipping into their clothes. Every one at the door, with "Hai ya!" or "Hai yo!" or "Hai ye!" according to the distance from the volume of flame—the first sound uttered in a tone of philosophical surprise; the second as a long-drawn sigh of sympathetic wonder; the third, a staccato of agonized alarm.

"Close at hand, and soon to be upon us!" is the next cry—variously worded, from the latter speakers, interlarded with swear-words by most of the men, and with "O-mi-t'u-fo" or "Ancestors protect!" or pu'sah protect? in the case of the women. Then a general gathering-up of belongings, children knocked over, sworn at, picked up, dragged to the street; then boxes, bundles, everything portable dragged there, too.

Triple gong beats sounding in all directions, from the various depots of the little "water dragons." A babel of voices everywhere. Fire more distant than was imagined, or "Hai-ye!" as near as can be. Lantern bearers rushing along the streets, asking or answering hurried questions as to the precise spot. Bearers of burdens hurrying about, colliding, a spill here, a broken rope there, a lantern bearer upset, a child trampled on yonder. Boxes missing from doorways. Thieves by the score on the alert—small fortunes to be made to-night!

Clear the way! Here comes the "water dragon" with its uncouth bard of fireman in grey. Clear the way! A mandarin in his chair. Crowds jammed against shop shutters, into houses, anywhere. Room for the water-carriers! Soldiers with halberds enforce a cry, as the scene of the fire is neared.

The river is too far off. The long closed "perfect peace tank" is officially opened. A torch is lit within. It is barely half full! No other water at hand! Who has a well? The foreigner, perhaps. And so a rush is made to his gate. His men have already been carrying buckets to the front in case the fire leaps over the few houses between or the big sparks fall there. A touch of nature such as this common danger, and there is no foreigner. Water is carried; babies, bundles, boxes are carried in. The man with a compound is every-body's brother now.

Happy thought! Carry the engines on to the city hall! They cannot get near otherwise. And so they are carried up from inside the gate. The men behind are drenched, but never mind. Only swear a little that so much water has been spilt. The wall is a mass of lanterns. And now, the little jets spirt forth. To what purpose, upon flames fifty feet high? Only brick wall can stop the flames in this crowded mass of wooden structures, dried by drought.

The wind is fairly high, but the house has sidewalls of the thin tile, and there is a brick wall to the west. And engines have forced their way below as well as above the fire. A bit nearer, and the hose will play into the house itself. But, horrors! The water cracks the tile-wall. It comes down with a crash, and four men under it—bruised, burnt, one of them never to recover.

The bodies are dragged out, the hose turned on to them. They are carried away; three regain consciousness. And through the gap the engines have an opportunity now.

Half an hour passes, and the flames begin to abate.

"Whose house?" is the question next day, and the answer is, "An empty house where no one has lived for months." And the whole turns out to be a piece of thieves' business, one (unknown) setting the empty house on fire while the watchman had turned the corner, and scores of others ready with their carrying poles to turn away with anything they could lay their hands on. All this is a quiet place, and only one house burnt.

Accounts have been published of the series of fires in Hankow, beginning with that of the night of the 1st of October, with its destruction of 10,000 houses, and the loss of hundreds of lives. At least we call them accounts. They are graphic and detailed, we say. But I question whether human mind can grasp more than an iota of the unwritten account read, as even the "heathen" Chinese would say, by all-seeing heaven.—The North China Herald.

PASSED 15 WORMS.

"I purchased a bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup for my little girl 2½ years old and gave her the medicine as directed, the result was she passed fifteen round worms in five days. Mrs. B. Roy Kilmanagh, Ont."

Grasse—I see that the price of Stock Exchange seats is constantly rising in value. Blade—Yes. It won't be long before they cost as much as seats in the Senate.—Life.

If you want to be healthy during the warm weather see that your bowels move regularly every day. If they don't, take Laxa Liver Pills, the natural laxative, that never gripes, purges or sickens.

ROYAL SLUMBERS.

How the Heads Lie That Wear the Kingly Crowns.

The Kaiser sleeps on a regulation bed, such as is served out in the German army to junior officers, but the sheets are somewhat finer linen. Everything else is of the rough regimental pattern. He goes to bed at 11 o'clock p. m. and rises with rigid punctuality at 5 o'clock in the morning. His sleep is slightly agitated, but fairly regular.

Queen Wilhelmina goes to bed about 11 o'clock and gets up early. Like her father, on rising, she takes a stroll around the park, and visits the stables. Her bedstead is of monumental size, being broad enough for six, and proportionately deep. It is whispered that her youthful majesty snores slightly.

Leopold II., the King of the Belgians, goes late to bed. He spends half the night working and reading. In strong contrast to his neighbouring sovereign, he uses an ordinary bedstead without any other luxury than quilt of swansdown. He is a very chilly mortal.

King Hubert of Italy cannot sleep except upon a very hard bed. He dispenses with the use of pillows. He uses sheets of the very coarsest web, and sleeps like a top.

Abdul Hamid—who would have thought?—enjoys the peaceful, bland, unbroken slumbers of a child. No vision troubles him; one would think, as one looked upon his sleeping form, that his conscience—if he has one—was calm and clear.

The late President of the French Republic, M. Felix Faure, slept rather badly. His rest was troubled, and he suffered much from nightmare. He had one curious habit which is worthy of notice. In the sultry summer nights he has been known to give orders to his valet to bring him fresh sheets two or three times in the night.

The Czar of Russia, the august ally of M. Faure, has the greatest difficulty in getting a good night's rest, and yet he is what old-fashioned people call "a lover of the bed." He gets up late in the morning, unless urgent business demands an early rising. He dreads the night. His bedroom is always brilliantly lit up, like a reception-rosm. He also suffers from acute insomnia, and makes a frequent use of chloral.

Our own gracious sovereign the Queen goes to bed quite late, although she is a comparatively early riser. Year in and year out her average time of going to bed is 10.15. A lady-in-waiting is deputed to read her off to sleep, but out of consideration for the living novelists whose work have such somnolent effect upon her Majesty, I refrain from mentioning their names—although I might do so. Her Majesty's sleep is very calm, though brief.—Mainly About People.

Magyards Yellow Oil is a clean preparation to use, will not stain the skin or soil the clothing. It reduces swelling, allays inflammation, takes out pain and cures cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, caked breasts, sore throat, quinsy, etc. Price 25c.

Right After All.

A head adorned with shaggy unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that fitted the beard enquired:

"What is it?"
"Oh, is this Mr. Higgins?" came a still, small voice from the shade of the doorway below.

"Yes."
"Please come to 414 High street just as quick as you can bring your instruments." "I ain't no doctor, I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives in the next street." And the window came down with a slam that told of former experience of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan.

But Carpenter Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and uttering some remarks he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please, sir," said, the little voice, "it's you we want. Pa an' ma is shut up in the foldin' bed an' we can't get 'em out."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Jury of Women.

Who have tested the merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills returns the verdict that for backache and kidney disorders there is no preparation in any way equal to this great discovery of Dr. A. W. Chase's, America's greatest physician. This great kidney cure is sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box and has proved most effectual as a remedy for the many ills to which woman is subject.

"Is cannibalism common among you?" enquired the stranger, apprehensively. "Common?" said the Pacific island belle, as she coyly dug her toe into the sand. "Not at all. We consider it very recherche."—Washington Star.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

"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, Kooteney 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.

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills
Cure a Disease hitherto regarded
as Incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable.

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of.

"If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me.

"I am agent for P. O. Vickery, of Augusta, Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere.

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz.: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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.

ROOM PAPER,

LATEST DESIGNS,
RICHEST COLORS,
LARGEST VARIETY.

BORDERS TO MATCH

Prices from 5c. to 50c. per roll. Borders from 1c. to 15c. per yard.

MRS. J. LOANE & CO.

Opp. Carlisle Hotel, Main Street,
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.,
Calsomining, 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.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale another fine litter of pure bred Yorkshire pigs. They were farrowed on 28th March, "and there are more to follow." Price low. He also offers for sale or to exchange for horse or stock, a new or second hand buggy. J. McCREADY, Jacksonville, N. B.

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.
\$1.50 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. McCOORMICK, - Proprietor

JUNCTION HOUSE,

Newburg Junction.

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

R. B. 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.