

Business Men's Backs.

Too much rush and bustle, work and worry fall to the lot of the average business man. Kidneys can't stand it; they fail to filter the poisons from the blood properly. Urinary troubles, general languor and pain in the back are the natural results. A man can't attend to business properly if his back aches—no use trying.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Take a hint from business men who have used them: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at the Medical Hall here, for rheumatism and pains in the small of my back, with which I have been afflicted for the past six years. They did me so much good that I heartily recommend them as an excellent medicine for rheumatic troubles and backache." CHARLES C. PILKEY, dealer in agricultural implements, Orillia, Ont.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache, lame or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, sediment in the urine, too frequent risings at night, rheumatism, and weakness of the kidneys in children and old people. Remember the name, Doan's, in all cases. The Doan Kidney Pills, Toronto, Ont.

LAXATIVE PILLS

work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c. at all druggists.

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W. J. OSBORNE PRINCIPAL.

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A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

THE DIFFERENCE OF AN "R."

Mabel Townsend said that I quarreled with her, and I said that she quarreled with me. Disinterested persons were reported to have said that we were a pair of young fools who quarreled with one another. Anyhow, we quarreled.

I comforted myself with the reflection that I didn't care. I was sure that I didn't because I told myself so a hundred times a day. It was merely an affection of the liver which made me feel so dismal. "I can go where I like and do what I like," I reflected. "How I shall enjoy my freedom."

The only drawback to enjoyment was that I had grown so used to going round to Mabel's. Man is the slave of custom—especially when the custom is connected with a pretty girl. Mabel is distinctly pretty.

About a week after our dissension I passed her in the High street. She bowed formally, and I took off my hat. By the time it was on my head again I might have admitted to myself that, however unreasonable she might be, she was nevertheless very nice. It dawned upon me also that there were one or two little points in which I might have been slightly to blame in the disagreement.

The next evening I met her Cousin Milly, and we had a confidential conversation.

"Why don't you make it up?" she suggested.

"Well—er—the fact is I don't know whether she would," I replied. I didn't want to give myself away.

"I'm sure she would," declared Cousin Milly.

"I'll think about it," I said—as if it were a new idea!

"You better think about it soon," she advised. "I noticed that young Adams paying her a lot of attention yesterday evening."

"I'll see her tomorrow," I said firmly. I felt a sort of obligation to save her from young Adams. He's not such a bad fellow; but he really isn't good enough for Mabel.

The next morning I despatched a note by a special messenger from the boy at our corner.

"Dear Mabel:

"There is one thing connected with our quarrel for which I am sorry. I should like to speak to you about it. Will you meet me anywhere? Yours very sincerely,

"Edward Marchant."

I told the boy to wait for an answer, and watched out of the window for his return. About an hour afterwards I saw him playing with another boy in the road. So I walked out and remonstrated with him.

"Where is my answer?" I demanded.

"Wasn't none," he said carelessly. "The girl wasn't up."

I boxed his ears as a lesson in manners, and retired indoors. I was about to depart for the city—five trains late—when a telegram arrived. I tore it open with rapturous expectation. When I had read it three times I sank helplessly in a chair. This was the message:

"Marry Adams. Twelve this morning. Very pleased—Mabel."

She might have spared me the last statement.

I went down to the hall and brushed my hat in a dazed sort of way. She must have broken with me on his account—that fellow. Well, well!

It seemed incredible that her people should allow her to marry him just ten days after our engagement was broken off. It really wasn't decent. They were such sticklers for propriety, too. Then I had a sudden idea. Suppose they knew nothing about it? It was evident that Cousin Milly didn't.

I called a hansom and drove to their house. It was exactly 11.30 when I arrived.

Pa Townsend was just coming down the front steps. He always goes to town late, being the senior partner. You might think he was the whole firm, to look at him. Except, however, that he is somewhat pompous and very peppery, he is a very pleasant old fellow.

"Hullo, Marchant!" he said, with evident surprise. "I—er—hardly—er—what is it?"

"This!" I shouted, flourishing the telegram in his face.

He put on his folders and read it with his usual deliberation. Then he dropped his umbrella and jumped a couple of feet in the air. Considering his age and weight, I should imagine it was a record.

"What the er—dickens—is the meaning of this?" he demanded, fiercely. I shook my head.

"That's what I should like to know."

He stamped indoors, and I followed in his wake.

"Mother!" he shouted. "Mother! where is Mabel?"

"Here I am, dad," said Mabel's silvery voice. "What is the matter?" She walked down the stairs with her hat and gloves on. She seemed surprised to see me.

"Matter!" roared her father. "Matter! I thought he would have a fit. "How dare you, miss?"

"Father," she said.

"George!" remonstrated her mother, appearing in a dressing gown. "Anyone would think that the child had done something dreadful!"

"Dreadful!" he groaned. "It isn't a strong enough word for such behavior."

"What do you mean, George?"

"Ask her." He shook his finger at Mabel, who gazed from one to the other in apparent bewilderment.

"It's no use asking me," she said, indignantly. "I'm sure I don't know."

"Don't add prevarication to deceit," he thundered. He executed another war dance.

"What is it, George?" demanded her mother.

He pushed the telegram into her hands. When she had read it she gave a loud scream.

"Mabel!" she cried. "Oh, Mabel! After the mother and father we've been to you. How could you?"

"You are a disgrace to us, miss," the old man roared. A disgrace!

Mabel's pretty mouth began to quiver. She looked so charming that I almost groaned. She noticed my agitation, and turned to me appealingly.

"I suppose they mean— Won't you speak to them?"

"I am the last person to whom you should appeal," I said firmly.

"The last person in the world," said her father.

"The very last person," added her mother.

Mabel brushed her eyes with her handkerchief. Then she drew herself up haughtily and walked down the passage.

"Kindly allow me to pass," she said.

"Never!" said her father, after I have seen that!" He shook his fist at the telegram.

Mabel snatched the flimsy paper from her mother and glanced at it. Then she burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Oh!" she cried. "You poor people. It is a mistake at the telegraph office—a ridiculous mistake!" She sat down in the hall chair and laughed and cried at the same time.

"Mistake!" we all cried at once.

"Perhaps you will explain?" said her father with an air of doubt. She played with her handkerchief, and suppressed another outbreak before she answered.

"Teddie—I mean Mr. Marchant—wrote and asked me where I would meet him, and I answered—Mary Adams. Twelve this morning. Very pleased. You, are all very unkind."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and we all rushed to her and began to apologize.

"I can forgive mother and father," she sobbed, from underneath the handkerchief, "but I'll never forgive Mr. Marchant—never!"

At this point her father and mother disappeared. So I put my arms around her waist and drew her into the drawing-room.

"What was the one thing in our quarrel that you were sorry about, you stupid old Teddie?" she asked, five minutes later. She was holding both sides of my coat and looking up in my eyes.

"That there was any quarrel at all!" I said.—Madame.

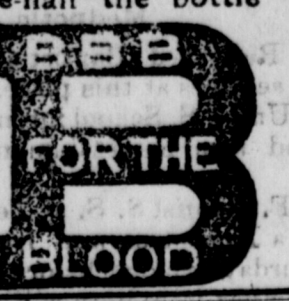
Jealous Rivals cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly. 10 cents.—37

Sold by Garden Bros.

13 Running Sores.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., gives the following experience with Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months; finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B. When one-half the bottle was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."



There is of course all the difference in the world between different graded herds. One man will consider that he is grading up his herd if he introduces a full blooded sire once in every two or three years, while another will mean by graded stock only such as has been raised directly from pure bred sires. The breeding to such sires must be constant and not occasional and spasmodic. If this is done, there is little reason for any to imagine that there is anything of the scrub in the cattle, sheep or swine. The tendency of course is to start in all right and after a few years of successful grading to fall back into old ways. When the animals have reached a point where they seem as good as any in the market, it is very natural to think that you can fall back upon some second rate sire for a season and thus save a little money. But this backward step is always fatal and may do more harm in one year than can be rectified in four years of careful grading again.

Almost Consumption.

Mr. J. J. Dodds, of Pleasant Ave, Deer Park, Ont. writes:—"I have suffered in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very heavy cold, which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

Farming.

She—Aren't you afraid to work out here in the wheat?

He—Why, no, ma'am. Why?

She—There are so many bulls and bears in wheat, they say.—New York Ledger.

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Is a process excited by vanity, backed up by good tight boots—you may lack the vanity but you have the good tight boots—you may wear any size boots you please up to three sizes too small, if you use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Druggists sell it.

The Eternal Feminine.—"It is you women who make all the trouble in life." "Yes, and who make life worth the trouble."—Life.

In Brooklyn—"Do you boil your water before drinking it?" "Boil it! Well, I guess not. I'd rather drink a menagerie than a cemetery any day."—Life.

Jack—"Grandma, have you good teeth?" Grandma—"No, dear, unfortunately I have not." Jack—"Then I'll give you my walnuts to keep till I come back."—Tit-Bits.

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Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blowers free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? If you suffer from any of these symptoms,

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The payment of the prizes is guaranteed by Government 1st drawing December 12th.

You are invited to participate in the CHANCES OF WINNING in the grand drawings of prizes guaranteed by the state of Hamburg in which

11 millions 201,787 marks

surely have to be won.

In the course of these advantageous drawings, which contain according to the prospectus only 118,000 tickets, the following prizes will be forthcoming, viz:

The highest prize will be 500,000 Marks

Premium of 300,000 Marks

1 Prize of 200,000 Marks

1 Prize of 100,000 Marks

1 Prize of 75,000 Marks

2 Prizes of 70,000 Marks

1 Prize of 65,000 Marks

1 Prize of 60,000 Marks

1 Prize of 55,000 Marks

2 Prizes of 50,000 Marks

1 Prize of 40,000 Marks

1 Prize of 30,000 Marks

1 Prize of 20,000 Marks

16 Prizes of 10,000 Marks

56 Prizes of 5,000 Marks

103 Prizes of 3,000 Marks

156 Prizes of 2,000 Marks

3 Prizes of 1,500 Marks

612 Prizes of 1,000 Marks

1030 Prizes of 500 Marks

20 Prizes of 250 Marks

76 Prizes of 200 Marks

36043 Prizes of 100 Marks

9992 Prizes of 150, 148, 115, 100 M.

10880 Prizes of 78, 45, 21 Marks

in all 59,000 prizes which must be surely won in 7 drawings within the space of a few months.

The highest prize of 1st drawing amounts to Mk. 50,000, increase in 2d drawing to Mk. 50,000 in 3d Mk. 60,000, in 4th Mk. 65,000, in 5th Mk. 70,000, in 6th Mk. 75,000, in 7th Mk. 200,000, and together with the premium of Mk. 300,000 in the most fortunate case to Mk. 500,000.

The official cost for participation in the first two drawings amount to

Dollar 4.50 for a full ticket.

Dollar 2.25 for a half ticket.

Dollar 1.13 for one quarter of a ticket.

Half resp. quarter tickets will entitle to one half resp. one quarter of the amount, won by the respective number, named on the ticket.

The stakes for participation in the following drawings, as well as the exact prize-tickets are indicated in the official prospectus, which I send on demand gratis in advance. The prospectus is also sent gratis with every order. After the drawing I shall forward to every ticket-holder the official list of the winning numbers.

The payment and forwarding of the amounts won to those concerned will have my special and prompt attention, and with the most absolute secrecy.

Remittance of money can be made by American Bank notes by registered letter or by Post Office Orders. Small amounts can also be sent by postage stamps.

On account of the approaching drawing of the prizes, please address the orders immediately in all confidence direct to

Samuel Heckscher, senr., Banker,
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M. S. SUTTON
ANDOVER.

Hardware, Tinware, Stoves

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For setting at 10 cents each only 100 beautiful Medalion Buttons, portrait of General Roberts, showing the actual colors of his brilliant uniform and medals in 100 case tins on a gold ground. Write and send post-paid this handsome watch case with a polished nickel case, accurate American movement, and with care will last 10 years. ART SUPPLY COMPANY, Box 40, Toronto.

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