

Anecdotes of Wolsley.

Wolsley was brave not only in the presence of the enemy. On the voyage up country by the Irawadi River, the steamer passed a bathing-place where a soldier was being carried away by the swift current. Young Wolsley immediately plunged in to save his life, but unhappily failed, and narrowly escaped losing his own. He had stripped to his shirt, and when he regained the steamer he stood there streaming with water. His Colonel, who knew nothing of the incident, came on deck at this moment and sharply reprimanded him for being improperly dressed.

Reward so richly deserved now reached Wolsley, and he was promoted to a lieutenantancy in the Ninetieth Light Infantry, a historical corps with which he was closely identified as long as he was a regimental officer. The Ninetieth has had the distinguished honor of giving two commanders-in-chief to the British army. The first was Lord Hill, one of Wellington's most trusted lieutenants, "Warner Hill" as his country-bred soldiers in Spain loved to call him because his round, honest face reminded them of home. Many more famous soldiers served in the Ninetieth, including General Sir Thomas Graham, who raised the regiment and became Lord Lynedoch, General Marcus Slade, and General Sir Evelyn Wood, at this moment Adjutant-General to the forces.

Wolsley went with the Ninetieth to the Crimea and found there another stepping-stone to advancement. His acquaintance with the scientific side of soldiering led to his selection to act as an assistant engineer in the siege of Sebastopol. The chief under whom he served was one Charles Gordon, then a Captain of the Royal Engineers, and the foundation was then laid for that warm friendship and mutual esteem which lasted until the Christian hero was murdered in Khartum. There was a personal as well as a patriotic eagerness on Wolsley's part to effect his rescue, and no one felt his failure more than Wolsley. He forecast it, too, for when one of his staff entered his room to congratulate him on his appointment, he sadly, even then: "It is too late, three months too late, to save Gordon."

Wolsley's work before Sebastopol was unremittingly arduous, and even full of danger. He was wounded repeatedly; after the attack upon the Quarries he lost his voice. One night in the trenches, when a shot dispersed the stone contents of a gabion, he was so severely injured that the bearers who brought him to the hospital tent laid him down with the words, "Here's another dead 'un." Even then, with a face so bruised and battered as to be beyond recognition, his unquenchable spirit rose superior to his wounds and he cried, "I'm still worth a good many dead men." His left cheek had been cut away, his jawbone was thought to be shattered, both eyes were completely closed, and the sight of one lost irreparably; his whole body was lacerated as though it had been peppered by small shot, and there was a huge wound in his right leg. Yet his buoyant vitality brought him through; he was back at his duty within a month or two, although he suffers from his old hurts to this day.

The Spartan courage with which he endured all this was characteristic of the man, although he was perhaps outdone by another friend and comrade of those days, Sir Gerald Graham. Wolsley tells a story himself of Graham's fine stoicism. It was in the Chinese campaign of 1860 and at the attack of those Taku forts which have again made history. Graham was with the advance, the only officer mounted, and his giant form offered an easy mark to the enemy's sharpshooters. Wolsley, who had come up to speak to him, put his hand thoughtlessly upon Graham's thigh to emphasize his words.

"Don't please," said Graham. "There's a bullet underneath there." He had been hit some time but had not thought of leaving the field.—Saturday Evening Post.

Summer Colds.

No cold so hard to cure as the summer cold. It hangs on in spite of all ordinary treatments and frequently develops into consumption. It matters not what means have failed you can rely absolutely on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to promptly and thoroughly cure every kind of cough and cold. It is universally used in the best families all over this great continent. 25 cents a bottle. Family size 50 cents.

A CRITICAL HUSBAND.

How He Was Thoroughly Tamed by A Woman of Wit.

I dare say there isn't a woman on earth who hasn't a theory on the subject of how to manage a husband, and I have never yet come across a man who was any the worse for a little scientific handling now and then. If I were in the florist business, I'd send a palm to a certain senator's daughter, who has set an example managing wives might follow with profit. She has a husband, this senator's daughter, who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth, who live extremely well, and association with them has made him hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is that meant for?" he would ask after tasting an entree his wife had racked

her brain to think up.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be salad?" he would enquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served. The wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card and on that card the information in a big round hand:

"This is soup."

Roast beef followed, with a placard announcing:

"This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labeled, the gravy dish was placarded, the olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice cream came in a card announcing "This is ice cream" came with it. The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referred by word or look to the labeled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did she say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to enquire what anything set before him is.

What is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?

In appearance Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an oval, chocolate coated pill. In this condensed form it contains all of nature's most strengthening and invigorating tonics and restoratives and for this reason it is unsurpassed as a blood builder and nerve restorative. It cures all diseases caused by thin blood and exhausted nerves and makes pale, weak nervous men, women and children strong and healthy. 50 cents a box.

They Had all Lost One.

(From the London Tit-Bits.)

An old gentleman, evidently a gatherer of statistics, but with a kindly face shaded off to something like philanthropy about the edges was gazing abstractedly down Regent street, London. Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman who was waiting for a bus, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said: "Excuse me, but did you just drop a sovereign?" holding out in this hand the coin mentioned.

The gentleman questioned made a hasty search of his pockets and said: "Why, so I did! And I hadn't missed it!" holding out an eager hand.

The old man drew forth a notebook and took his name and address, and then said: "I thought so," turning away.

"Well," said the other, "do you want it all as a reward?"

"I did not find one," said the old man, "but it struck me that in a large city like this there must be a lot of money lost, and upon inquiry I find you are the thirty first man who has lost a sovereign this very morning."

Where are the Skeptics?

In spite of all the evidences published in the daily press and even in spite of the testimony of your best friends you may still be skeptical regarding the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Nothing short of an actual trial will prove to you beyond the possibility of doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles. A single box will be sufficient to make you as enthusiastic as your neighbor in praising Dr. Chase's Ointment, for it is certain to cure you.

Molly's Eyes.

If Molly's eyes would shine for me
I'd give the sun fair warning!
He needn't rise to light my skies—
For just the beam of Molly's eyes
Would make my morning!

If Molly's lips were red for me
In weather sad or sunny,
I'd say to every golden bee:
"You needn't rob the rose for me—
Her lips are honey!"

If Molly's heart would beat for me
So low I just could hear it,
I'd give the world, at least, my part—
For just the beat of Molly's heart,
And my heart near it!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Never Worry—Take them and go about your business—they do their work whilst you are doing yours. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are system renovators, blood purifiers and builders; every gland and tissue in the whole anatomy is benefited and stimulated in the use of them. 40 doses in a vial, 10 cents.—21

Sold by Garden Bros.

What was Said to a Bashful Young Man.

A bashful young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered "Martha—l—l—do—do—you—you must have—are you aware that the good book says—er—that is not g—good that a w—man should be alone?" "Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?" coolly suggested Martha.

Eyes and Nose ran Water.—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes." 50 cents.—17

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Information Needed.
"He called me a blithering idiot," stormed Cudling. "What do you think of that?" "I scarcely know," replied Pontdexter. "What does blithering mean?"

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE
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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The pain, nausea and distress that Dyspeptics suffer after every meal can all be permanently removed by Burdock Blood Bitters.

It tones up and restores the stomach to normal condition so that it digests food without causing discomfort.

Here's proof positive:
Miss Maggie Splude, Dalhousie, N.B., wrote the following: "I have been a sufferer from Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia for the past two years and felt very miserable. I could not take much food as it hurt me to eat. My friends said, 'Why don't you try B.B.B.' I did so, using two bottles, which made such a complete cure that I can now eat anything I like without it causing me discomfort."

Sure to Meet Again.

From Paris the London Church Times brings an amusing story of clerical humor. An omnibus full of young medical students was running along the Rue de Rivoli, when a priest in the robes of office joined the jolly crew. The students, with the student delight of annoying, began at once to tell all the objectionable stories they could recall. The priest spoke not a word until he rose to get out. Then he said politely:

"Au revoir, messieurs." ("Till we meet again, gentlemen.")

"Urr!" said one of the noisiest, "we don't want to meet you again, old dimal!"

"Yes, au revoir!" repeated the priest, we are sure to meet again some time. I am the chaplain of the Mezas Prison.

And with a generous smile and a profound bow the clergyman left the omnibus.

South American Kidney Cure is the only kidney treatment that has proven equal to correct all the evils that are likely to befall these physical regulators. Hundreds of testimonials to prove the curative merits of this liquid kidney specific in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, irritation of the bladder, inflammation, dropsical tendency. Don't delay.—22

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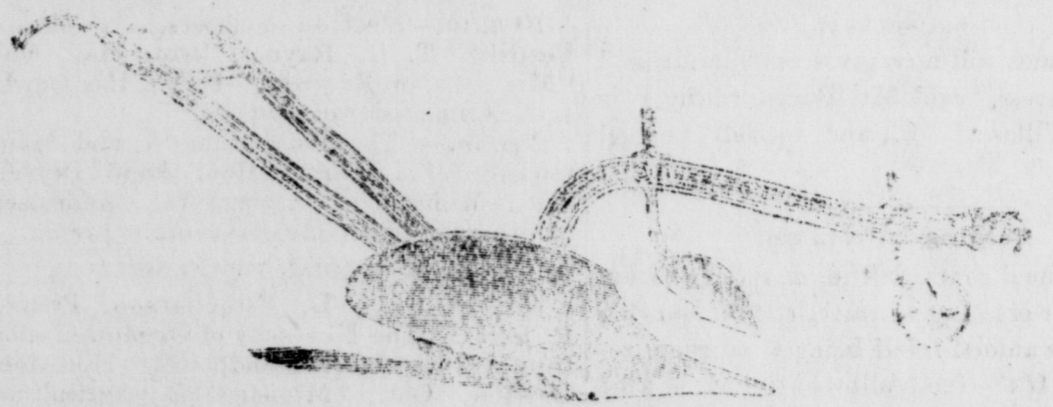
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