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**Buffalo and Wolf.**  
From Forest and Stream.

We had just entered a range of sandhills, which characterize the Dismal River country, when we were attacked by the strange antics of a bunch of elk. They were cows, calves and spike bulls. When we first saw them they were huddled together in a round bunch and seemed 'milling' about like cattle at a round-up. As we stood looking at them they broke into a run, going 100 yards or so, and then stopped and knotted up again.

At first we could not make out what the matter was, but on going closer to them saw that they were being harassed by a couple of buffalo wolves. The elk would bunch up with cows and young bulls on the outside, heads out, and calves in the centre, the wolves circling round the outside and trying to break up and scatter the herd so they could single out a calf.

The wolves charged again and again, but for a long time the elk stood firm, we lying on an adjacent hill and watching the sport. At last the wolves withdrew and seemed to give it up. At this the elk broke into a run again. As soon as their organization was broken the wolves returned to the charge, and this time succeeded in cutting out a two-year-old heifer. As soon as the heifer was separated from the bunch her fate was sealed, as the wolves kept between her and the rest until they were well out of the way and then closed with her. One of the wolves seized her by the ham, and in an instant she was down, with ham string severed. The other wolf then sprang at the throat, and the jugular vein was cut as quickly as it could be done with a knife.

To cure headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powders.

**Departmental Stores and Smaller Shops.**  
According to figures collected by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, with the view of testing the influence of the department store upon the single line dealer, there were 1,659 grocery stores in Boston in the year 1898, against 1,105 in 1874. The average number of people to each grocery store was 357 in 1875, and 360 in 1895; thus showing that the department stores had not interfered in the slightest degree with the normal development of the grocery business in Boston; and similar results having recently been shown by New York figures it is assumed the same is the case with other large cities, while in places of less population of course the influence of the department store is far less. We are told by Mr. Kelly, the president of the Retail Grocers' Association of this city, that in 1899 it was ascertained by actual count that there were at the close of last year 565 grocers in Toronto. This census included, we understand, only grocers who had shops for their business, not those who peddled their wares around town or had mere stands on streets corners. It would be interesting to know how other years compared with 1899 in this respect, as indicating what has been the effect of the department stores here.

Sometimes after getting overheated, there follows a chill, then a severe cold. The quickest and best remedy for the worst kinds of coughs and colds is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Try it. Price 25c.

**Strawberry Shortcake.**

One quart flour, one teaspoonful salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, three tablespoonfuls butter, one pint milk, sift the flour, salt and powder together; rub in butter cold, add milk and mix just soft enough to handle; divide in half and press into tins; bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Separate the cakes (do not cut) and butter well; have strawberries cleaned and place between layers with plenty of powdered sugar; eat with hard sauce or sweetened cream; very nice.

The following is a very nice desert; perhaps it will be new to some of our readers. Three tablespoonfuls corn starch, wet with cold water, pour over half pint boiling water; add half cup sugar and teaspoonful vanilla; pour while hot over the well-beaten whites of three eggs.

**His Difficulty.**

"Why are you so very silent in company?" asked the scientist's wife.

"Well, people are continually trying to draw me into conversation about the recent eclipse."

"That is a topic on which you ought to be able to talk."

"I'm perfectly willing to. I don't mean to be unsociable; but it's very difficult to think up enough words of less than five syllables to make people understand what I am talking about."—Washington Star.

**Mexico's Lovely Women.**

An American correspondent of a New England paper says that Mexico has the noblest of women. They are well treated here, he writes, and are sweet and gracious. But they are not clubable. They are by trade housekeepers, mothers of families, and not reformers, intellectual leaders or faddists. The Mexican woman is reposeful and religious. She is the ornament of the home and useful as well. For her the great stone houses, the wide and sunny inner corridors, the gardens and the fountains and the birds. And she is happy in her quiet way. I have

**Itching Piles**

**A Fearfully Bad Case—Much Pain and Acute Misery From the Terrible Itching—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.**

It is doubtful if any remedy ever received so much grateful, unsolicited testimony as Dr. Chase's Ointment. The reason is not far to seek, for it is the only preparation known to man which never fails to cure piles.

Mr. F. G. Harding, a retired farmer, living at Nilestown, Middlesex county, Ont., writes as follows:—"I have been troubled with bleeding and itching piles for four or five years, and suffered intense agony at times. I had tried almost everything, but could get nothing that would give relief. On hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment I procured a box, and it only required part of it to completely cure me. I am recommending it to all afflicted as I was."

Such incontrovertible evidence from responsible persons cannot, for a moment, be doubted. A few applications of Dr. Chase's Ointment will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful healing and soothing influence. A box or two will positively cure the most severe case of piles; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

written much of the Mexican woman, but have never been able to depict her worth as it should be related. She is a home goddess, still believes in her ancient faith, and is the cheerer and counsellor of the men.

People who regard the Mexican woman as sorely oppressed do not know her. She rules often by a sweet influence, and is honored in her old age, for here, it is still proper to regard elderly people as the chief persons in the community. Old age is honored.

The women go to mass in the morning at various hours, according to their habits of early or late rising, their social status, or their piety. But they all go. The church is their second home, and they love it with a deep and abiding love.

**SEVERE TOOTHACHE.**

"I have used two bottles of Dr. Low's Toothache Gum and find it splendid. It cured me of the worst toothache I ever had."

Elvina Hill, Elva, Man.

Thoughtful.

Judge—Have you anything to say before the sentence is passed?

Accused—One thing, Your Honor: Consider the youth of my attorney. Remember how hard he tried and show what consideration you can for him.

**Baron Almater**  
32913,

THE fashionably bred Wilkes-Mambriño Patchen Stallion, Standard Bred, Rule 1, American Trotting Register, Vol. 15, with the Double Wilkes cross, three crosses of Mambriño Patchen and double cross of the great brood mare Alma Mater, with 8 in the 2.30 list—5 producing sons and 3 producing daughters; being sired by Baron Alexander 28393 (who was destroyed by fire when young) a full brother to Alfonso, with 11 in the 2.30 list at 9 years of age, son of Baron Wilkes 215, and Alma Mater, dam of Rachel, dam of Blackbird 2287, at 5 yrs., and a full sister to Raven 219 and Edna Cook 212, by Alcantara 223, son of George Wilkes and Alma Mater; grandam, Rachel B. 2284, by Allie West 225—was the champion 5 year old stallion of his time and considered the best son of Almont. BARON ALMATER is a young horse, his oldest colts were only 3 years old last season, and in October last one of his colts trialed a mile in 2.18 and sold for \$1500.00, and another trialed a mile in 2.22 and sold for \$750.00, and a pair of his colts took first prize at Long Island horse show last fall and sold for \$1300.00, for a gentleman's double hitch.—BARON ALMATER has got no record, for the reason he never started in a race or started for record, but has gone a mile in his work in 2.25 as a 4 year old. But he is going to be limited to 40 miles this season and started in the fall for a record. BARON ALMATER has got the double cross of the blood that produced the two champion pacers of 1899, Searchlight 2034, and Lady of the Manor 2044, have the Alcyone-Alcantara cross, which Baron Almater gets direct from his dam; so has Coney 2073, the fastest and most successful of the green pacers out last season, having won 5 races. A combination of blood which in one sea on has two champions and carries three green pacers, and Alcantara below the 2.10 limit is worth having, and you can get this winning combination from Baron Almater.

BARON ALMATER is a horse of rich breeding, for he has the golden double cross of Wilkes from two of the best sons of that great progenitor of extreme speed. Baron Wilkes is admittedly the most popular stallion of the day, and well he may be—for look at the racehorses he sires, and the speed that is coming from his sons and daughters. Popular as Baron Wilkes is—Alcantara being an older horse, has a much larger list of winners, and more speed producing sons and daughters. These stallions tie for honors, as the champion sires of 12 performers, both having the same number; but Alcantara leads all stallions as the sire of 215 race horses. Baron Wilkes is the paternal, and Alcantara the maternal grand sire of Baron Almater; and Baron Almater's sire is from the dam of Alcantara. There can be no stronger combination of blood lines than these.

It is well known that the great "nick" for the Mambriño Patchen mares was George Wilkes. These mares have more speed producing stallions sired by other stallions than by Wilkes. But the sons of George Wilkes from Mambriño Patchen mares have sired more speed producing stallions than the others have in 2.30. The Wilkes-Mambriño Union is more fruitful of 2.10 speed than all other lines of blood combined. George Wilkes has 176 descendants in 2.10 and Mambriño Patchen 145. Baron Almater has the three best lines from Mambriño Patchen, including a double cross of Alma Mater, his most successful daughter, and one of the most famous of speed perpetrators.

This magnificent inheritance is further strengthened by the blood of Allie West, through his performing and great speed producing daughter, Rachel B. 2284 the grandam of Baron Almater, Allie West 225 was the champion 5 year old stallion of his time and considered the best son of Almont, but died in his sixth year. The few foals he left were highly prized, and their speed producing descendants are valued more and more—especially by Kentucky breeders. Baron Almater has the best line from Allie West 225.

Back of all this Baron Almater has a cross to William Mambriño, who sired the dam of that sterling race horse, and sire of game trotters, Santa Claus 2173; Ericsson, sire of William's Mambriño, was the champion 4 year old trotter of 1869 and sired the dam of Moquette 210 champion 4 years trotter of 1892.

BARON ALMATER'S inheritance is rich as the richest and strong as the strongest both in performing and producing blood. For further particulars get tabulated pedigree and the speed table in circular.

This horse is Wilkes on both sides.  
This fashionably bred Stallion will make the season of 1900 at the University Stable Woodstock, N. B. Service Fee, \$20.00.  
H. E. & J. W. GALLAGHER,  
Owners.



"It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it is sure to come out unprint."—HAZLITT.

Nothing so becomes a man as a silk hat. The mere addition of a silk hat to a tough changes him at once into a gentleman, in appearance at least, and I have no doubt that the donning of such a tile really works some beneficent change in a man's moral nature. I have always believed in the moral influence of clothes. A man who wears a frock coat can never be wholly debased, he must always try to live up to his duds; how much greater the ameliorating effect of a silk hat. Given a man clad in larrigans, overalls and a jumper, he might steal, lie, fight; cap this grotesque array of clothes with a silk hat and the man couldn't steal nor fight, though he might continue to lie. Lying is the one sin that has no respect for clothes. It matters not how old the hat may be. It may have come over in the Mayflower. It may have decorated the head of some gallant follower of William the Conqueror at Hastings, or of even more remote antiquity, it may have been worn by Cassius when he smote Julius Caesar on the Ides of March. The older the better in fact. There is something respectable in an old silk hat as there is in old silver or old wine. It is never out of fashion, it is always in place. That cheap glossy look has left it, and it has the rich look of plush that some people like their furniture upholstered with. At the exhibition in Woodstock this fall there will be an exhibit of old silk hats, no hat under fifty years of age will be admitted.

The people who were born to run a newspaper are many, of divers sexes and complexions. They call almost every day and they leave in better or worse moods. Of course they mean well, they just call in to help. "Why dont you strike out right and left?" says one man. "All right," I say, "suppose I give the wine merchant a poke on the solar plexus this week?" Well, no, he meant for me to poke in the other direction when he spoke so he doesn't insist on my striking out. Then I have a call from a woman. She wants me to strike out right and left "Oh, yes, I think I will give the W. C. T. U. a crack this week." Then the smile leaves her angelic countenance and she asks me not to be profane. She wants me to strike out right and left, but mostly left. I could put the London Times on the rocks in six months if I followed all the friendly advice I have received. If I smashed everybody from Hiram Walker to the founder of the W. C. T. U. and from Ignatius Loyola to William of Orange, not forgetting the greater luminaries who shine in civic politics, how long; oh friends; how long; before the circulation of this great journal would be confined to the "immediate friends and relatives of the contracting parties."

All of which profound reflection reminds me of a story. A preacher who had gone to a distant town to expound the word was met at the station by one of the deacons. In a discussion as to what might be a good line for the preacher to tackle. The deacons advice was—"you would better not speak on temperance, because one of our heaviest contributors sells liquor; it might be better to fight shy of the ten commandments, because another heavy contribution is on rather intimate terms with another mans wife; the beatitudes would be a delicate matter to handle because one of the women in the church is far from meek." "What would I better preach about then?" asked the bewildered preacher. "Oh, give the Jews h—," said the deacon "there are no Jews here."

There is a woman named Flossie Williams who lives in a story called "Unleavened Bread" which was made by Judge Grant. Now Flossie said rather a good thing to another woman once and here it is. It is what Robert Browning would call a smash in the necktie. "You're one of those American women—I've always been curious to meet one in all her glory—who believe that they are born in the complete panoply of flawless womanhood; that they are by birthright consummate housewives, leaders of the world's thought and ethics, and peerless society queens. All this by instinct, by heritage, and without education. That's what you believe, isn't it? And now you are offended because you haven't been invited to become a leader of New York society. You don't understand, and I don't suppose you ever will understand, that a true lady—a genuine society queen—represents modesty and sweetness and self-control and gentle thoughts and feelings; that she is evolved by gradual processes from generation to generation, not ready-made. Oh, you needn't look at me

like that. I am quite aware that if I were the genuine article I shouldn't be talking to you in this fashion. But there's hope for me because I'm conscious of my shortcomings and am trying to correct them; whereas you are satisfied, and fail to see the difference between yourself and the well-bred woman whom you envy and sneer at. You're pretty and smart and superficial and—er—common, and you don't know it. I'm rather dreadful, but I'm learning."

THE IMP.

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is the Test of its Curative Value—Prescriptions Versus Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.

Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint, and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.

The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase. It accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache.

As a family medicine Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are unapproached. They keep the kidneys, liver, and bowels healthy, active, and regular, and so prevent and cure nine-tenths of the ills to which humanity is subject. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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