

BRITISH



TROOP OIL

LINIMENT

FOR

Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsey, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

The Kind of Brains Women Admire.

Sandow, the pink checked, curly-haired strong man is now teaching young ladies how to be graceful though muscular, in London. A few weeks ago he distinguished himself in Paris by "knocking out" and nearly killing three or four highwaymen who had attempted to hold him up in the Bois de Boulogne. Sandow's pupils look upon him, as may be expected, with more than respect. They envy him his complexion as much as his strength, and when he insists that his pink cheeks are merely signs of health and strength they believe him implicitly and go through their exercises with renewed enthusiasm. When in an amiable mood Sandow tells tales of his early struggle and how he became a famous strong man. Once at the outset of his career, after he had been touring with circuses and sitting as an artist's model, he found himself in low water in Amsterdam. What he wanted to bring himself to the front was advertising; he had the strength. He suddenly turned his attention to the automatic weight-lifting machines in the town, and resolved to lift them with a vengeance. Chartering a cab, he drove all round Amsterdam, dropping a penny in the slot of each machine, gripping the handle, and—lifted! In every case the spring was smashed and the thing trown out of gear.

The city rang next day with the story of a gang of marauders and their wilful damage, a thousand guilders being offered for information leading to their arrest. Sandow repeated his performance twice, and on the third trip round was captured by the police. But he pointed out to the authorities that he had done nothing wrong—he had merely, as invited, placed his penny in the slot and tried his lifting powers! As a necessary result he was promptly released, and his great feat became the talk of the town. He immediately commenced a successful season in his proper character. It was his first big hit as a showman.

In Italy Sandow challenged all the champion wrestlers, and fought some of them singly, but three at a time. Bartolotte, the Roman champion, was one of the trio that he wrestled with simultaneously, the rule being that they were permitted to attack him as they pleased, but that when one of them was thrown he was to retire from the bout. It took Sandow 90 minutes to win. And in one Continental city he was attacked in a cafe by a group of scoundrels with knives. He took the first man by the scruff of the neck, lifted him in the air, got another grip on his feet, swung him once and then brought him down on the centre of a table. This blow with a human mallet split the table in two, and the man went through it. The other fellows—left.

Too Great a Risk

It is dangerous to neglect a simple case of itching piles as the trouble is likely to become chronic and develop into fatal incurable fistula or cancer of the rectum. A single application of Dr. Chase's Ointment will quickly relieve the itching and burning sensation, and a few boxes will cure any case of piles. This standard ointment has probably relieved more suffering than any preparation you can mention.

Hardacre's Horseshoe.

"Hardacre stuck a horseshoe over his barn door for luck. Lightning struck the horseshoe and set fire to the barn, burnt out the stable, two wheat fans, lot of farming implements, and the whole year's crop."

"Reckon that shook Hardacre's belief in horseshoes."

"Not by a long way! Says he's going to have a horseshoe put over both doors and all the windows when he builds another barn."

"Really! Hope he don't believe there's luck in 'em yet!"

"He ought to. If I could get £2,500 insurance on an old barn and a corn crop, I'd believe in 'em, too."

Lumbago Backs Straightened

Don't lie around the house losing time and money because your back is stiff from lumbago. Do as thousands before you have done. Buy a large bottle of that unusually good liniment, Polson's Nerviline, and rub it frequently over the sore part. It gets at the pain, drives it out, cures you up in no time. Nerviline is quick to relieve; never fails; never harms. Try it to-day. 25 cents.

Domestic Ethics.

Fully realizing how difficult it is for the ordinary man to manage even an ordinary wife, Max O'Rell comes forward with some carefully-considered advice. "If your wife loses her temper, keep cool as a cucumber and enjoy the scene. If you are jealous, do not let her see it, for it will make her proud. If she is late don't scold. Tell her it is much better to have her late than not at all. Next time go without her. The cure is infallible." On the virtue of industry M. Blouet is equally emphatic. His advice practically is to assume this virtue if you have it not. "If you have nothing to do," he writes, "tell her you have to be very busy all the morning, and 'will she be kind enough to see you are not disturbed?' Then lock the door, light a cigar, and take a paper or a book, and be fearfully busy all the time." Next in this charming code of ethics comes the advice to never remind your wife of a favor done, for gratitude, like love, is not to be had for the asking. Never ask your wife for the return of a loan. She would think it shabby of you. If she should return it (there are some extraordinary women), give it back to her in the shape of a jewel. This will cost you nothing, as you had made up your mind to the loss of that loan." A hint to notice a woman's new clothes, and to treat her with the same respect and politeness everywhere as accorded to any other lady acquaintance, is followed by a few emphatic remarks on the "ethics of deshabille." "Shame her by the irreproachableness of your own appearance" is the prescription for dealing with the woman who appears in curlers. "If she is intelligent she will take the hint at once. Let your neglige at home be as carefully put on as your best dress coat. Love feeds on even such trifles as these in the case of people of a refined and artistic temperament."

Pain-Killer is just the Remedy needed in every household. For cuts burns and bruises, strains and sprains dampen a cloth with it apply to the wound and the pain leaves. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c and 50c.

Seaside Swindlers.

People who let high-class apartments at the seaside seem to be rather a credulous race, for the following bilking tactics are time after time played upon them with impunity.

A smartly dressed gentleman called at a boarding-house at a fashionable resort on the south coast and informed the landlady that he was the private secretary the Bishop of Somewhere-or-the-other. He came, he said, to secure rooms for his lordship, who was very particular where he went. The Bishop was not coming for a few days, but the secretary was empowered to take rooms from that moment in keeping with his episcopal dignity. Three days after the bishop arrived in a stylish carriage (hired, it was afterwards learnt, from a livery-stable keeper in Hastings) and established himself with his secretary in the house.

The soi-disant bishop cashed no bogus cheques, he procured money in a far more ingenious and safe manner. On several occasions invitations were sent out to every distinguished visitor in the place to attend the bishop's reception. The deluded landlady was in the seventh heaven. Innumerable carriages rolled up at the door, and the house was filled with smart people. During dinner his lordship described his labours amongst his flock, quoted Scripture, and remarked upon the lamentable condition of his people, whereupon subscriptions to the amount of £150 were raised. The end was appallingly sudden. The bishop and his secretary have revelled in expensive luxuries all the time during their stay, and the landlady's bill was mounting up. One night the couple went out for a walk. They never returned. They left behind them six huge trunks. When they were opened it was found that they contained nothing but stones carefully wrapped in pieces of cloth.

A well-dressed, well-spoken, yet free and easy young man calls on a boarding house keeper to look at a handsome apartments. He is secretary to the Hon. Thingamy Bob, and has come to secure rooms for him. The honourable gentleman is most particular where he stays, pays royally, but detests hotels. The rooms are taken, by-and-by the Hon. Bob and his secretary settle themselves. Their names are on the visitors' list, and the tradesman are thus all the more willing to serve them. They will run up bills to the extent of £50 or £60. At the end of the fortnight another visitor arrives at the boarding-house with much luggage, but stays one night only. In the night the two other lodgers make their way up to his room and pack their luggage in his trunks. Next morning the servants carry the whole to a cab. The one-nights man pays his bills and drives away. Then the other two go out for a walk, and are never seen in the seaside resort again.

These seaside swindlers must have a little money to go on with. Hence it is that their great staple is the bogus cheque. At a place the writer stayed at there were quite a dozen flagrant cases of this sort within a short period. One of the swindlers, a military officer with a high-sounding name, after banking

hours, said to his landlady that he had a big cheque he must cash. Some tradesman obliged the landlady, and the officer was profuse in his thanks. That night he sailed out of the house and left the door unfastened. Of course he didn't come back.

Any one of the agents at seaside resorts will tell you that there is a regular and persistent system of bilking the owners of house property. Scores of victims are to be met with. Most of the swindlers who make Scarborough, Blackpool, and the Isle of Man their quarters generally come from the north of England; London experts are to be found at the fashionable resorts on the east and south coasts.

A certain agent at Brighton told the writer that he himself had been bilked by these sharks over a dozen times. In March, 1900, he let a house to a family from London. They gave splendid references, agreed to take the premises for a year certain, and pay rent half-yearly. The agent on passing the house one morning just before the rent was due found that the tenants had flown. He couldn't annex the furniture, the rent not being fully due. He managed, however to track them down, but he found that it was no use suing them, for they were mere hand-to-mouth adventurers, and all their furniture was on the hire system. There are scores of this type of person who hire houses and let rooms at high prices during the season, get plenty of credit from trades-people, and then disappear. They will never pay rent in advance, for they avowedly seek houses for apartment-letting purposes.

The writer came across an old lady who tearfully declared that she had lost all her furniture through letting her seaside house to rogues of this stamp. She advertised for a tenant, and a gentleman wrote to her from a well-known address in Piccadilly. He followed his letter and talked glibly of grand connections. Everything was settled to the lady's satisfaction. She was to live in the top of the house and the gentleman and his family were to occupy the remaining rooms. They stayed two months and never paid a farthing. One day the owner of the house received an urgent telegram purporting to come from a relative who was dangerously ill in London. The lady flew off by the first train, only to find that she had gone on a fruitless errand. When she returned her tenants had gone, and the best part of her furniture with them.

Customer: "That was a splendid insect powder you sold me the other day, Mr. Oilman."

Mr. Oilman (with justifiable pride): "Yes; I think it pretty good—the best in the trade."

Customer: "I'll take another couple of pounds of it, please."

Mr. Oilman: "Two pounds!"

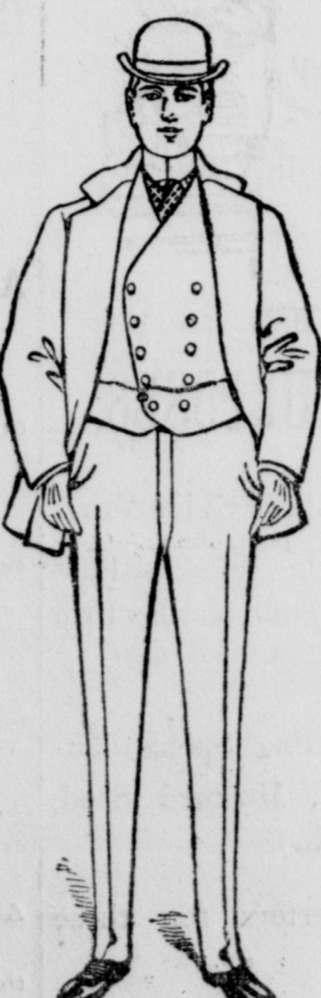
Customer: "Yes, please. I gave the quarter of a pound that I bought before to a blackbeetle, and it made him so ill that I think if I keep up the treatment for about a week I may manage to kill him."

She: "Yes, she is a woman who has suffered a great deal because of her belief."

He: "Indeed! And what is her belief?"

She: "That she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 4 foot."

You May Need
Pain-Killer
For
Cuts
Burns
Bruises
Cramps
Diarrhoea
All Bowel
Complaints
It is a sure, safe and quick remedy.
There's only one PAIN-KILLER
PERRY DAVIS'
Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.



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- Dry Goods,
- Clothing,
- Boots & Shoes,
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- Lime, Brick,
- Crockery,
- Glassware.

All New and
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FOR
CHILDREN AND ADULTS

CURES
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint and all Fluxes of the Bowels.

HAS BEEN IN USE FOR
HALF A CENTURY.

Harmless, Reliable, Effectual, and
should be in every home.

SURE REMEDY.

Mr. F. Churchill, Cornell, Ont., writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the home and always find it a sure remedy for dysentery."

USED 9 YEARS.

Mrs. Jones, Northwood, Ont., writes: "My baby, eight months old, was very bad with dysentery. We gave her Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and it saved her life. We have used it in our

family for the last nine years and would not be without it."

ACTION WONDERFUL.

Mrs. W. Varner, New Germany, N.S., writes: "I have great confidence in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for various diseases in old and young. My little boy had a severe attack of summer complaint and I could get nothing to help him until I gave him Strawberry. The action of this remedy was wonderful and soon had him perfectly well."

NEW BRUNSWICK PROVINCIAL
AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION
AND INDUSTRIAL FAIR

Fredericton, N. B., September 17, 18, 19, 20, 1901

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To introduce DR. PICKARD'S TONIC PILLS, for making blood for pale people. Liver and Kidney Diseases. Nervous Diseases, Nervous Debility, etc., we will give free a Beautiful Open Face Watch, stem wind, stem set. The regular price of these pills is 50c. per box, or 7 boxes for \$3.00. Send this amount and you will receive 7 boxes of the best tonic pills on the market, and this beautiful time piece; or write for particulars.

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- Wool Carriage Mats,
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An Appreciative Patron.—"Did you annoy my predecessor on the bench as much as you have annoyed me?" inquired the judge of the frequent offender. "No, judge," said the tough one, "I always thought so much of you that just as as soon as I heard you was elected I made up my mind to give you all my legal business—and I've done it."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

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