

BBB

Cresswell, March 28, 1901.
The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I write to say that I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with excellent results. Last spring my daughter got all run down and was very thin and weak.

Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B., and by the time she had finished them the spots and boil disappeared and she has got strong and fleshy again.

I consider B.B.B. the best blood medicine known.

MRS. I. DAVIDSON.

BRISTOL WOODWORKING FACTORY,

Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

MANUFACTURERS OF—
DOORS SASH MOULDINGS
HOUSE FINISH SHEATHING ETC.,
STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times.
Estimates given. Orders promptly executed.
Write or call.

JOHN J. HAYWARD,
BRISTOL, N. B.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

PURE DRUGS

CHAS. McKEEN,
DRUGGIST,

Main Street, Woodstock.

It's a strong Statement

but a straight fact, when we say that the greatest help to the live grocer and general storekeeper in Canada is

"The Canadian Grocer."

You cannot read it without getting some valuable information. Spend a cent for a post card and send for a sample copy and be convinced.

The MacLean Pub. Co., Limited
TORONTO. MONTREAL.

Canadian Pacific Railway

In effect June 10th 1901.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.
(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.00 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jct
M. St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton,
Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
7.05 A. MIXED—Week days—for Woodstock
M. Junction, Presque Isle, etc.
11.28 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque
Isle, Edmundston, and all points
North.
3.05 P. MIXED—Week days—for Bath and
M. intermediate points.
3.40 P. MIXED—Week days—for Frederic-
ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
4.40 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint
John, Fredericton, St. John, Vancorbo, Quebec
(via Megantic), Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all
points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast;
Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper Mc-
Adam Jct. to Montreal. Palace Sleeper McAdam
Jct. to Levis (opposite Quebec). Pullman Sleeper
McAdam Jct. to Boston.
9.10 P. MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junc-
tion and Houlton.
ARRIVALS.
10.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Mc-
Adam Junction.
11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint
John, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Boston, Montreal,
etc.
12.20 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Frederic-
ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
2.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque
Isle.
4.40 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque
Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.
5.50 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.
9.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.
11.05 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John,
St. Stephen, Portland, Boston, etc.
A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.

THE PERILS OF A CITY'S STREETS.

Clara Morris Tells of the Most Unpleasant Experience in an Actress's Life.

What is the most unpleasant experience in the daily life of a young actress?

Without pause for thought and most emphatically, I answer: Her passage unattended through city streets at night is made unalloyed misery through terror and humiliations. The backwoods girl makes her lonely way through the forest by blazing trees, but the way of the lonely girl through the city streets is marked by blazing blushes.

It is an infamy that a girl's honesty should not protect her by night as well as by day. Those hideous hyenas of the midnight streets are never deceived. By one glance they can distinguish between a good woman and those poor, wandering ghosts of dead modesty and honor, who flit restlessly back and forth from dark alley to bright gas glare. But bring one of these men to book, and he will declare that "Decent women have no right to be in the street after nightfall," as though citizens were to maintain public highways for the sole use one-half the time of all the evil things that hide from light to creep out at dark and meet those companions who are fair by day and foul by night.

Some girls never learn to face the homeward walk with steady nerves, others grow used to the swift approach, the rapidly spoken word and receive them with set, stony face and deaf ears—but, oh, the terror and the shame of it at first! And this horror of the night takes so many forms that it is hard to say which one is the most revolting—hard to choose between the vile innuendo whispered by a sober brute or the ribaldry of a drunken beast.

In one respect I differ from most of my companions in misery, since they almost invariably fear most the drunken, while I ground my greater fear of the sober man upon the simple fact that I cannot outrun him as I can a drunken one at a pinch. One night in returning home from a performance of "Divorce," a very long play that brought me into the street extra late, a shrieking man flew across my path, and as a second rushed after him with a knife uplifted for a deadly blow, his foot caught in mine. He pitched forward, the knife sank into his victim's arm instead of his back, as he had intended, and with the cries of "Murder!" "Police!" ringing in my ears, I ran as if I were a murderer! These things are in themselves a high price to pay for being an actress.

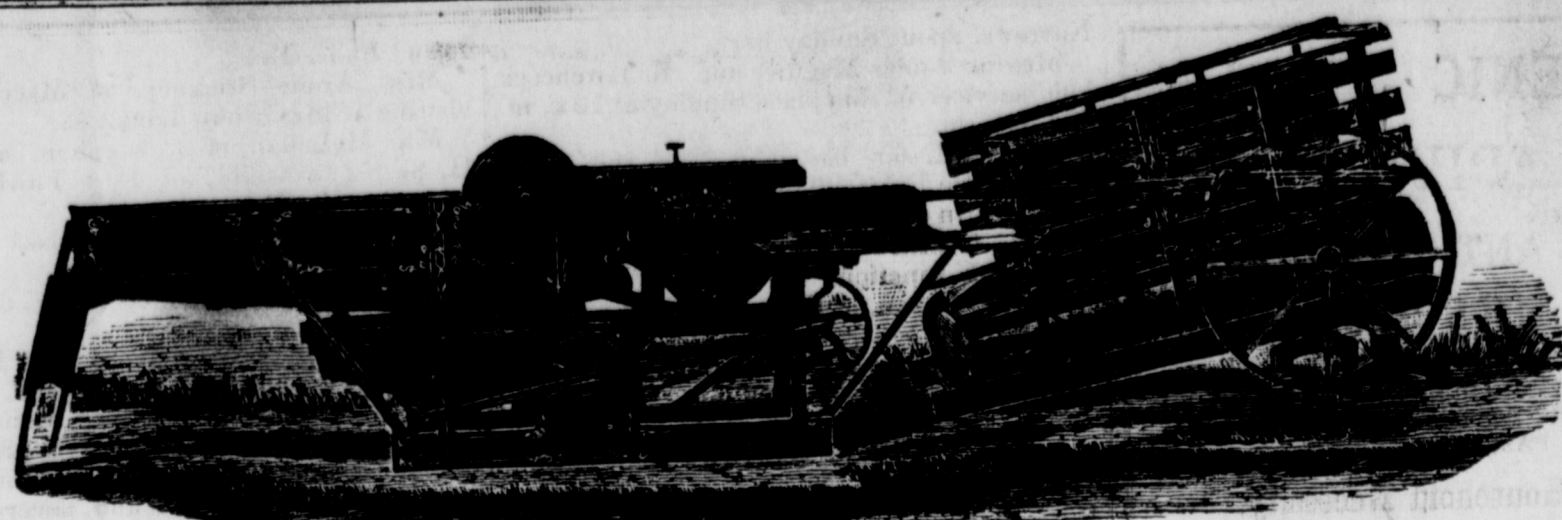
I had a friend, an elderly relative of one of our greatest actors, who for independence's sake taught music. One night she had played at a concert and was returning home. Tall and slight and heavily veiled, she walked along. There suddenly appeared a well-looking young son of Belial, undoubtedly a gentleman by daylight. He tipped his hat and twirled his mustash; she turned away her head. He cleared his throat; she seemed quite deaf. He spoke; he called her "girlie." She walked faster. So did he. He protested she should not walk alone. She stopped.

"Will you please allow me to walk home in peace?"

But no; that was just what he would not do, and suddenly she answered: "Very well then, I accept your escort, though under protest."

Surprised, he walked at her side. The way was long, the silence grew painful. He ventured to suggest supper, as they passed a restaurant, but she gently declined. At last she stopped gently beneath a gas lamp, and from her face, with sorrow-hollowed eyes and temples, where every one of the seventy-six years had been stamped in cruel line and crease and wrinkle, she lifted up the veil and raised her sad old eyes reproachfully to his. He staggered back, turned red, turned white, stammered, took off his hat, attempted to apologize, then turned and fled.

"And what," I asked, "did you say to him?"



Tornado Threshers

With Level Tread Double Geared Horse Powers, and also with Direct Geared Horse Powers fitted with Speed Regulator. Our Powers are all fitted out with Roller Bearings and run very Easy. Speed Regulator is something new and is a very important feature. Our TORNADO THRESHER will THRESH FASTER, CLEAN BETTER, and is the Most Durable and Convenient Thresher made, separating the grain from the straw, and not wasting any grain in the straw. In this latter feature it STANDS ALONE.

Write us or call at our works and examine into the merits of our machine before placing your order elsewhere.

CONNELL BROS. Limited,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

"Say, say!" she repeated. "Justice need not be cruel; why add anything to the sight of this!" And she drew a finger down her wrinkled cheek.

It was said with laughing bitterness, for she had been very fair and well-guarded, too, in the distant past, while then—I could but catch her tired hands and kiss them in a burst of pity, that this elderly gentlewoman might not walk in peace through the city streets, because fate had left her without a protector.

Appeal to a policeman, I think someone says. Of course if he is about, but recall that famous old recipe of Mrs. Glass: First catch your hare, and then—but believe me they rarely appear together, your tormentor of women and your policeman, unless, indeed, the former is stupidly in liquor. And what good if he is arrested? Shame will prevent you appearing against him. Silence and speed are generally the best defensive weapons of the frightened lovely girl.

Once, through fright, fatigue and shame, I lost all self-control and turning to the creature whom I could not outwalk, I cried with a sob: "Oh, I am so tired, so frightened and so ashamed—you make me wish I were dead!"

And to my amazement, he answered gruffly "It's a pity I'm not!" and disappeared in the dark side street.

After an actress has married and has a protector to see her safely home, she is apt to recall and to tell amusing stories of her past experience; but I notice these tales are never told by the girls. They become funny only when looked at from the point of perfect safety, then, like everything else in the world, the dreaded midnight walk shows a touch of the ludicrous now and then.

I recall one snowy Saturday night, when I had played a five-act play twice, with but a sandwich for my dinner, the weather forbidding my going home after the matinee. So, being without chance to ride, hungry and unutterably weary, I started, bag in hand, to walk up Sixth avenue. On the east side stood a clubhouse, whose peculiar feature was a vine-hung veranda across its entire front, from which an unusually long flight of steps led to the side-walk.

Quite unmolested I had walked from the stage door almost to this building, when suddenly, as if he had sprung from the very earth, a man was at my elbow, addressing me. The fact that his words, in a foreign tongue, were not understood, did not in the slightest degree lessen the terror his evil face inspired. I shrank away from him and he caught at my wrist. It was too much. I gave a cry and started on a run, when, tall and broad, a man appeared at the foot of the club house steps just ahead of me. Ashamed to be seen running, I halted, dropping into a walk again.

Then, with that exaggerated straightening of back and stiffening of knee, adopted by

one who tries to walk a floor crack or chalk line, the second man approached me. He was very big, he was silvery gray, and his dignity was portentous. At every step he struck the pavement a ringing blow with a splendid Malacca cane. Old fashioned and gold-headed, it looked enough like its owner to have been his twin brother. He lifted his high silk hat and, with somewhat florid indignation, inquired:

"My ch-child, was that i-infamous cur a-an-nying you just now? A-ah!" he broke off flourishing his cane over his head, "there you slink I wish I had hold of you!" and I heard the running footsteps of No. 1, as he darted across and down the avenue.

"And the police!" sarcastically resumed the big man, who wavered unsteadily, now and then. "How useful are the police? How many did you see at this moment, pray? And by the way, m'child, what in the devil's name brings you on the streets alone at this hour? Eh! tell me that?" and he assumed a most judicial attitude and manner.

I replied. "I am going home from my work, sir!"

"Your w-what?" he growled.

"My work, sir, at the theatre!"

"Good Lord, he groaned, "and t-that crawl'n' reptile couldn't let you pass? You poor little soul!"

I thought he was going to weep over me. Next minute he set his collar up with a violence that nearly upset him and exclaimed "D-don't you be a-fraid; I'll see you safely home. Go by yourself! Not much you won't! I'll t-take you to your mother—say, you've got a mother—yes? That's right—every girl's worth anything's got a mother I'll take you to her, sure! Receive maternal thanks—and all that—eh? Oh, say boys, say! look here!" he shouted, and, holding out the big cane in front of me to prevent me passing, he called to him two other men, who slowly and with almost superhuman caution descended the snowy steps. "Say, Colonel, Judge, c-come here and help me p-protect this unfortunate c-child."

The judge at that moment sat down heavily and unintentionally on the bottom step, and the Colonel remarked pleasantly, though a trifle vaguely: "That's the time he hit it!" while the fallen man asked calmly from his snowy seat:

"P-p-protect what—from w-who?"

"This poor child from raging beasts and i-infamous s-soundrels, Judge!" replied my bombastic friend. "W-we're gentlemen, m-dear; and say, say! get the Judge up, Colonel and start him—and w-we'll all see her safe home. I-it's a damn s-shame a lady can't walk in safety without body of able-bodied cit-citizens to protect her! C-come along now, child," and he grasped my arm and pushed me gently forward.

The Colonel tipped his hat over one eye—gave a military salute and wavered back and forth. The Judge muttered something about, "H-honest woman—a-against city of Nhw Y-York," and something, "and c costs," and both fell to the rear.

And thus escorted by all these intoxicated old gallants, I made my mortified way up the avenue. They wobbled and slid and stammered and he who held my arm I distinctly remember, recited Byron to me and told me many times that the Judge was a perfect gentleman—and so was his wife.

This startling statement was delivered just as we reached 32nd-street. Like an eel I slipped from his grasp, and whirling about, I said as rapidly as I could speak: "I'm almost home now, I can see the light from here—and I can't take you any further out of your way! Thank you, very much!" and I darted down the darker street.

Looking back from my own stoop, I saw the three kindly bld sinners making salutations at the corner. My bombastic friend and the Judge had their hats off—waving them, and the Colonel saluted with such rigid propriety that it seems a pity he was facing the wrong way.

I laugh—oh yes! I laugh at the memory, until I think how silvery were those three wine-muddled old heads, and then I feel the pity—oh! the pity of it. Vraiment dans la vie, les ennuis balancent au moins les plaisirs!

Clara Morris.

The undersigned has been appointed agent for the

CANADIAN RAILWAY ACCIDENT INS. CO. OF OTTAWA.

Railway men should insure in this company in preference to any other.
Other persons are admitted on equal terms. All claims promptly paid. Our rates are low.
Every man should protect himself and family from want.
Our policies are the most liberal issued. A list of 3000 claims paid. Can be seen at my office.
Sub-Agents wanted in every district.

E. M. BOYER, Agent.

FREDERICTON The Business COLLEGE. and SHORTHAND INSTITUTE.

We want every person who is interested in Business Education, either for themselves or others, to send for our Year Book containing full information. Your name and address on a post card will bring it.

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal.

Fredericton, N. B.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Robert J. White, of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Laborer, did on the twentieth day of August instant, pursuant to the provisions of 58th Victoria, Chapter sixth, of the Acts of the General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick aforesaid, intitled "An Act respecting Assignments and Preferences by Insolvent persons," and amending Acts, make and execute an assignment for the general benefit of his Creditors, of all his property and effects to the undersigned, William A. Hayward, of the Parish of Brighton, in the County of Carleton aforesaid, and also, that a meeting of the Creditors of the said Robert J. White will be held in the Sheriff's office at the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on MONDAY the SECOND day of SEPTEMBER next, at the hour of ten of the clock in the forenoon, for the appointment of Inspectors and the giving of directions with reference to the disposal of the Estate, and the transaction of such other business as shall properly come before such meeting.

And further take notice, that all Creditors of the said Robert J. White are required to file their claims, duly proven, with the undersigned Assignee within three months of the date hereof, unless further time be allowed by a Judge of the Supreme or County Court; and all claims not filed within the time limited, or such further time, if any, as may be allowed by any such Judge, shall be wholly barred of any right to share in the proceeds of the said Estate, and that the Assignee shall be at liberty to distribute the proceeds of the said Estate as if any claim not filed as aforesaid did not exist, but without prejudice to the liability of the debtor therefor.

Dated at the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, this Tuesday, twenty-third day of August, A. D., 1901.

WILLIAM A. HAYWARD,
Sheriff of the County of Carleton,
Assignee.

ELECTION

—OF—

COUNTY COUNCILLORS! County of Carleton.

The election of County Councillors will be held on
Tuesday, the Eighth day of
October next.

Fifteen days public notice of the time and place of holding election to be given by Parish Clerks by posting in three of the most public places of the parish. Nomination of candidates to be filed with the Parish Clerk or left at his residence at or before six o'clock p. m. on Monday the 30th day September next. Parish Clerks to post names of candidates in three of the most public places in each polling district on or before Thursday, 3rd October next. Candidates' names also to be posted up at the polling place before the opening of the poll on day of election. The Parish Clerk or District Clerk (as case may be) to act as chairman unless he refuses to serve, or is absent, or not competent by reason of relationship to candidate, when chairman to be chosen by electors present. Assessors are required to furnish Parish Clerks with list of electors.

Note that time for holding election has been changed by By-Law of County Council passed at January session, 1901. Formerly under Acts of 1890, Chap. 34, it was last Tuesday in October, but now it is the second Tuesday in October.
Dated August 25th, 1901.

J. C. HARTLEY,
Secretary-Treasurer

COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL.

NEW CATALOGUE contain- ing 330 pages of Illustrations and Prices.

FREE to any address.

Departments represented:—

Gloves	Mourning Goods	Ladies' Boots and Shoes	Furniture
Ribbons and Laces	Cloths & Tailoring	Ready-made Clothing	Dining and Tea Rooms
Prints	Carpets & Oilcloths	China & Glassware	Wall Paper and House Decorations
Smallwares	Kitchenware	Curtains and Upholstery	Men's Boots and Shoes
Dress Goods, (Colored)	Hosiery	Toys	Hats, Caps and Umbrellas
Cottons, Linens and Flannels	Dressmaking	Optical and Photo-graphic Goods	Art Goods, Pictures and Framing
Mantles & Shawls	Patterns (Standard)	Sewing Machines and Trunks	Confectionery
Millinery & Furs	Muslins and Wools		Sporting Goods
Silks	Books & Stationery		
Dress Trimmings	Men's Furnishings		
	Lamps and Silverware		

A Postal Card will secure this catalogue by return mail.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL