

# 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."



## Prescriptions

## Carefully

## Compounded

FROM

## PURE DRUGS

CHAS. McKEEN,  
DRUGGIST,

Main Street, - - Woodstock.

## NOTICE TO FARMERS.

Farmers having wheat to grind, who live a long distance from this mill, can take advantage of our Special Freight Rate. They will find the cost by Special Rate less than sending team a long distance. We take all grists to and from station FREE OF CHARGE. Take your grist to nearest station and ask the agent for Special Rate (pre pay) to Woodstock.

Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hoping to merit a continuance of the same,

I remain yours,

J. M. FRIPP,  
MEDUXNAKEAG ROLLER MILL,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

### 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

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.

## JUST ARRIVED

—AT—

SEMPLE'S - CASH - STORE,

EAST FLORENCEVILLE.

A NICE LINE OF

Parlor and Cook  
STOVES.

## A Perilous Wooing.

BY BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSSON.

From the time that Aslang was quite grown up there was no longer any peace or quiet at Husaby. In fact, all the handsomest young fellows in the village did nothing but fight and quarrel night after night, and it was always worse on Saturday nights. Aslang's father, old Canute Husaby, never went to bed on those nights without keeping at least his leather breeches and laying a good stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a pretty daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her."

Thor Nesset was only the son of a poor cottager, and yet folks said that it was he who went oftenest to visit the farmer's daughter at Husaby. Of course old Canute was not pleased to hear this. He said it was not true; that at any rate he had never seen him there. Still they smiled and whispered to each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the hayloft, whither Aslang had many an errand, he would have found Thor there.

Spring came, and Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And now, when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the rocks rose cool and clear through the sun's misty rays, the cow bells tinkled, the shepherd's dog barked, Aslang sang her "jodel" songs and blew the cow horn, all the young men felt their hearts grow sore and heavy as they gazed upon her beauty. And on the first Saturday evening one after the other they crept up the hill, but they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man who kept guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm reception that he all his life long remembered the words that accompanied the action, "Come up here again and there will be still more in store for you."

All the young fellows could arrive at but one conclusion—that there was only one man in the whole parish who had such a fist and that man was Thor Nesset. All the rich farmers' daughters thought it was too bad that this cottager's son should stand highest in Aslang Husaby's favor.

Old Canute thought the same when he heard about it all and said that if there were no one else who could check him he would do it himself. Now Canute was certainly getting on in years. Still, although he was past sixty, he often enjoyed a good wrestling match with his eldest son whenever the time indoors fell heavy on his hands.

There was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Husaby, and it went straight through the farm garden. Next Saturday evening, as Thor was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the yard, hurrying as soon as he was well past the farm buildings, a man suddenly rushed at him.

"What do you want with me?" asked Thor, and hit him such a blow in the face that sparks danced before his eyes.

"You will soon learn that?" said someone else behind him, and gave a great blow in the back of the neck. That was Aslang's brother.

"And here's the hired man," said old Canute, and attacked him also.

The greater the danger the greater Thor's strength. He was supple as a willow and hit out right manfully. He dived and he ducked. Whenever a blow fell it missed him, and when none expected it he would deal a good one. He stooped down, he sprang on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterward that he had never fought with a braver fellow. They kept it up till blood began to flow. Then Canute cried out "Stop!" Then he added in a croaking tone, "If you can get up here next Saturday, in spite of Canute Husaby and his men, the girl shall be yours."

Thor dragged himself home as best he could and when he reached the cottage went straight to bed. There was a great deal of talk about the fight up on Husaby Hill, but everybody said, "Why did he go there?" Only one person did not say so, and that was Aslang. She had been expecting Thor that Saturday evening, but when she heard what had happened between him and her father

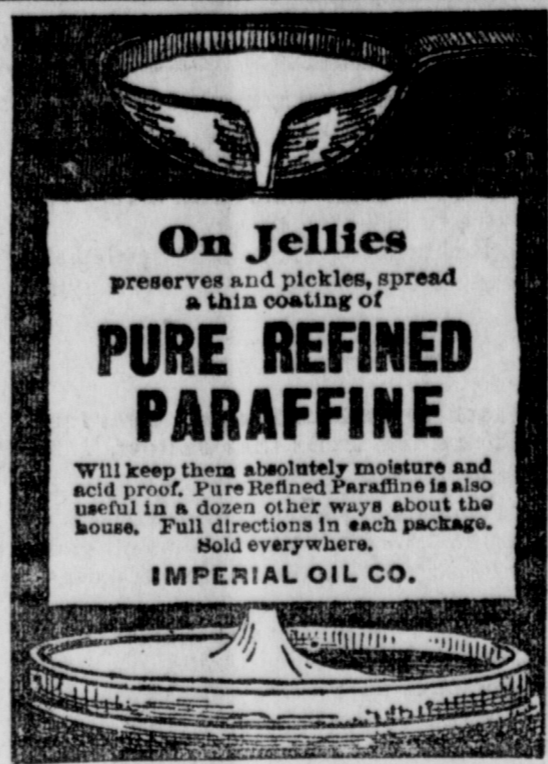
## As Experienced Druggists, We Guarantee Accuracy and Perfect Satisfaction.

In this age of worry, bustle and business competition, strict care and attention in the filling of your doctor's prescriptions is absolutely necessary for the safety and welfare of your family. We guarantee accuracy and perfect satisfaction to all our customers. Our Toilet department is always replete with the latest preparations and novelties.

### PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Has cured thousands when everything else has failed. It has never failed to give sick people happy results. It strengthens, invigorates, gives new tone to the system, makes the blood pure, is food for the nerves—it makes sick people well. We can supply you with the pure and genuine Paine's Celery Compound.

Estey & Curtis Co., Ltd., Druggists,  
HARTLAND, N. B.



she sat down and cried bitterly and said to herself, "If I may not have Thor, I shall never have a happy day again in this world."

Thor stayed in his bed all Sunday and when Monday came he felt he must stay on where he was. Tuesday came and it was a lovely day. The hills looked so fresh and green. The window was open, sweet odors were wafted in, the cowbells were tinkling on the mountain, and far up above someone was "jodling." Truly, if it had not been for his mother, who was sitting in the room, he could have cried. Wednesday came, and still he stayed in bed. On Thursday, though, he began to think about the possibility of being well again by Saturday, and Friday found him on his legs again. Then he thought of what Aslang's father had said, "If you can get up to her next Saturday without being stopped by Canute and his men, the girl shall be yours." Over and over again he looked up at Husaby farm. "I shall never see another Christmas," thought Thor.

As before mentioned, there was but one path up to Husaby Hill, but surely any strong, able fellow must be able to get to it, even though the direct way be barred to him. For instance, if he were to row round the point yonder and fasten his boat at one side, it might be possible to climb up there, although it was so very steep that the goats had great difficulty in climbing it, and they are not usually afraid of mountain work.

Saturday came, and Thor went out early in the morning. The day was most beautiful. The sun shone so brightly that the very bushes seemed alive. Up on the mountain many voices were "jodling," and there was much blowing of horns. When evening came he was sitting at his cottage door watching the steaming mist rise up on the hills. He looked upward. All was quiet. He looked over toward Husaby farm, and then he jumped into his boat and rowed away round the point.

Aslang sat before the hut. Her day's work was done. She was thinking Thor would not come that evening and that therefore many others might come instead, so she unfastened the door and without saying anything walked farther on. She sat down so that she could see across the valley, but the mist was rising there and prevented her looking down. Then she chose another place and without thinking more about it, sat down so that she looked toward the side where lay the fiord. It seemed to bring peace to her soul when she could gaze far away across the water.

As she sat there the fancy struck her that she was inclined to sing, so she chose a song with long-drawn notes, and far and wide it sounded through the mountains. She liked to hear herself singing, so she began over again when the first verse was ended. But when she had sung the second it seemed to her as though someone answered from far down below. "Dear me, what can that be?" thought Aslang. She stepped forward to the edge and twined her arms around a slender birch which hung trembling over the precipice, and looked down. But she could see nothing. The fiord lay there calm and at rest. Not a single bird skimmed the water. So Aslang sat herself down again and again she began to sing. Once more came the answering voice in the same tones, and nearer than the first time. "That sound was no echo, whatever it may be." Aslang jumped to her feet and again leaned over the cliff, and there, down below, at the foot of the rocky wall, she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nutshell, for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap and under it the figure of a man climbing up the steep and barren cliff.

"Who can it be?" Aslang asked herself, and, letting go the birch, she stepped back. She dared not answer her own question, but well she knew who it was. She flung herself down on the greensward, seizing the grass with both hands, as though it were she who dared not loose her hold for fear of falling. But the grass came up by the roots. She screamed aloud and dug her hands deeper and deeper into the soil. She prayed to God to help him, but then it struck her that this feat of Thor's would be called "tempting Providence," and therefore he could not expect help from above.

"Only just this once!" she prayed. "Hear my prayer just this one time and help him!" Then she threw her arms round the dog, as

though it were Thor whom she was clasping, and rolled herself on the grass beside it.

The time seem to her quite endless. Suddenly the dog began to bark. "Bow wow!" said he to Aslang and jumped upon her, and again "Wow wow!" Then over the edge of the cliff a coarse, round cap came to view, and—Thor was in her arms!

He lay there a whole minute and neither of them was capable of uttering a syllable and when they did begin to talk there was neither sense nor reason in anything they said.

But when old Canute Husaby heard of it he uttered a remark which had both sense and reason. Bringing his fist down on the table with a tremendous crash, "The lad deserves her!" he cried. "The girl shall be his!"

PAIN KILLER is more of a household remedy than any other medicine. It meets the requirements of every home. Cures cramps and dysentery and is the best liniment made. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c and 50c.

A pretty story comes from Rodez, in the south of France, where lately a banquet was given in honour of Mme. Calve, who was born in those parts. Someone took it into his head to interview Mme. Calve's father, a hale and hearty old peasant of about eighty years of age, who is immensely proud of his famous daughter. In speaking of her to the interviewer he pointed to the rose tree in his own garden.

"Look at these," he said; "most of them are covered with blooms, but here is one tree which has borne only one rose. It has spent all its strength in producing one perfect blossom. That is the history of my daughter and her ancestors. She is the supreme flower of a hundred forgotten generations."

## HEAD-ACHES and HAND SHAKES

Some imagine that because the head-aches or the hand shakes that the head or hand is the seat of the trouble. Ninety-nine times in a hundred you could trace them as unmistakable symptoms that the kidneys are in revolt.

South American Kidney Cure cleans the system of all impurities in nature's way—eradicates all the disturbing symptoms—quiets the head and steadies the hand—it puts the kidneys to rights. As a kidney cure it's next to infallible. Relieves in six hours.

A very remarkable story is current with regard to General Sir Ian Hamilton's spectacles. It appears that the gallant officer, then subaltern, lost a pair of spectacles in the Battle of Majuba Hill. They were apparently picked up by a Boer whom they suited, and who kept them for twenty years.

In the early part of the present year the spectacles were found on the body of a dead Boer. The case had General Hamilton's name on it, and they were in due course returned to their original owner.

### A Marvellous Medicine

Having a direct and combined action on both the liver and kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will positively cure many complicated ailments which cannot be reached by any other medicine, and hence its extraordinary success and popularity. Biliousness, liver complaint, Bright's disease, deranged kidneys, and stomach troubles are promptly and thoroughly overcome by this great family medicine. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

The Los Angeles Herald has the following story of the Scotchman who, on his return to his native heath from "Lunnon," described his sensations during his first Oratorio.

"Aw, yiss, Tonalid, I went to the oratory, but sune I thoct it was safer to come aw'."

"Hoo was that?" inquired Donald.

"Weel, ye see, first one man in the crowd up and shouted, 'I am the king of glory,' then another cried out that he was the king of glory, and pretty soon they were all yelling at once that they were the king of glory. So I saw there was going to be a row, and I just slipped out."

## RUBY LIPS

And a clear complexion, the pride of woman—Have you lost these charms through Torpid Liver, Constipation, Biliousness or Nervousness?

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will restore them to you—40 Little "Rubies" in Vial—10 Cents.

A pleasure to take them. Act like a charm. Never gripe. Pleasant laxative doses, and a certain cure. 25c. size contains 100 pills. 77

A new boy had come to school fresh from the country, and the ready sir and miss of the city child was quite unknown to him.

"What's your name?" queried the master.

"George Hamilton."

"Add sir to that, boy."

"Sir George Hamilton," came the unexpected reply.

LOSS OF APPETITE AND GENERAL DEBILITY are quickly overcome by the use of a few bottles of "The D. & L." Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Edith: "Papa's mind is full of business all the time."

Mamma: "How does that trouble you?"

Edith: "Well, when Harry asked him for me, he said, 'Yes, take her away; and if she isn't up to our advertisement, bring her back and exchange her.'"

## A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 39 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont.

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

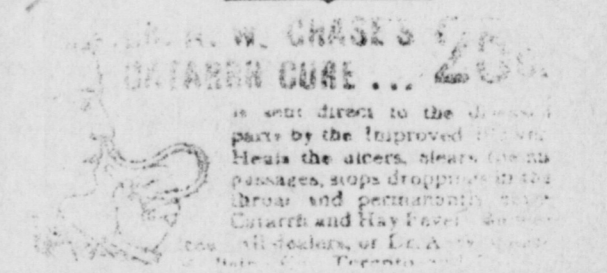
"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

The Christmas number of The Delineator is about the first of the special Christmas issues. It is a beauty. The cover is a most artistic production, showing a beautifully gowned woman, standing gracefully in a brilliantly lighted salon. Two charming love stories, one by Cyrus Townsend Brady, plenty of advice regarding Christmas Gifts, timely pointers on Cookery, Winter-time care of Plants, all the fashions of the day interpreted into simple language, can be found in the Christmas number of The Delineator. It is a splendid magazine, satisfactory inside and out. There is no magazine for woman at present published that is more practical in all its pages. As a Xmas gift itself, it bears its own recommendation.

Mrs. Hennypeck (in the midst of her reading): "I see that a man up in P—has got into trouble by marrying three women."

Mr. Hennypeck (under his breath): "I know a man a good deal nearer home who got into trouble by marrying one woman."



## 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.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE,  
H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props

Outfits for commercial travellers. Coaches in attendance at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates.

A First-Class Hearse in connection.

Emerald Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

Canadian Pacific Railway

In effect October 13th, 1901.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.00 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam, Jet M. St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor car McAdam Jet to Boston. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet to Halifax.

11.32 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque North M. Isle, Edmundston, and all points

1.20 P. MIXED—Week days—for Plaster M. Rock, and intermediate points.

3.35 P. MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

4.35 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M. Stephen, (Saint Andrews, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday); Fredericton, St. John and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet to Montreal. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet to Boston. Intercolonial Sleeper McAdam Jet to Halifax.

8.30 P. MIXED—Week days—from Woodstock M. Yard for Debec Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

10.58 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Plaster Rock.

11.32 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal etc.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

4.35 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

5.50 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.

10.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, St. John and East, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews, Monday, Wednesday and Friday); Boston, etc.

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.