

BBB

FOR THE BLOOD

Crosswell, 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.

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

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The MacLean Pub. Co., Limited
TORONTO MONTREAL

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

FROM PURE DRUGS

CHAS. McKEEN,
DRUGGIST,
Main Street, Woodstock.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

In effect June 10th 1901.

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

6.00	A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jct. St. John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
7.05	A MIXED—Week days—for Arrostook M. Junction, Presque Isle, etc.
11.28	A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M. 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 Fredericton, M. ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
4.49	P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M. Stephen, (Saint Andrews, after July 1st); Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Quebec (via Megantic), Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace sleeper McAdam 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 June-ARRIVALS.
10.00	A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam Junction.
11.28	A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, etc.
12.20	P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
2.10	P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.
4.40	P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton, 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.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.
(Robert Browning.)
Unanswered yet! The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart, these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented,
This one petition to the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known,
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say, ungranted!
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer
And cries, "It shall be done sometime, somewhere."

George Ade's Fable on the Virtue of Forbearance.

Once there was a sly, apologetic Man named Buchanan Meek, who lived in Chicago. He wore a frightened Smile most of the time. Mr. Meek believed in the Golden Rule, although it seemed to be costing him Money every Year. He never liked to hurt any one's Feelings or inconvenience those with whom he came in Contact; and so he was always backing out of the Way and Begging Pardon. He had read in a book somewhere that he who is Gentle and Considerate will find Sunshine wherever he goes, but one cannot depend on these Weather Predictions. He had been casting his Bread on the Waters for many Years without getting any Returns so far as he could figure. He had been scattering Seeds of Kindness, but there had been a steady Failure of Crops. Sometimes Mr. Meek would suspect that there was something wrong with his system. It seemed to him that those who got out and made Rough House and walked on other People usually secured Seats at the First Table, while the diffident and unobtrusive kind got nothing better than a belated Whack at what was left over.

In this same Town of Chicago there was a man named Covington Beefer. He was a walking Thunder Cloud and showed his Teeth when he talked. He worked along on the Principle that a Man is Entitled to anything he can Get. He wouldn't take anything that was Spiked Down unless he happened to have a Nail Puller with him. Mr. Beefer was good to himself. He was a self-made Business Shark who had neglected to read up on the Brotherhood of Man.

Mr. Meek carried enough Milk of Human Kindness to stock a fat-sized Creamery. He could not find it in his Heart to buck through a line of Shoppers extending across the Sidewalk or give a frail Newsboy the knee in order to hurry him out of the way, so when he was on the street they usually had him Hemmed In like a piece of Insertion, and he was habitually late in arriving at the Office.

Mr. Beefer, however, would move up the Street in a Bee Line, throwing tender young Girls and doddering old Gentlemen off into the Gutters, cutting through a convoy of Women, regardless, and lifting them right and left like a Street Sweeper. He never lost any Time, and therefore had a Reputation for Punctuality.

In the Evening when it came time to go Home, Mr. Beefer would heave his way through the Swarm, drag People off the Platform, hunch his way into the Car, pull a Small Boy out of a Seat and Squat in Comfort all the way home, reading his Evening Paper. Mr. Meek would fuss around the outskirts of the Crowd and be shunted back and forth a few times. He did not believe in unseemly Haste and Rudeness, so he would wait for the others to get aboard rather than work the Elbow Grind on Refined Ladies, and as a consequence he usually had the Privilege of riding on the back Bumper.

But it was in the Restaurant that the soft-spoken and forbearing Mr. Meek got all that was coming to him. A Waiter would bring him a clammy Napkin and a glassful of shattered Ice, and then he would go away and never come back. Mr. Meek would sit there and Moan and Murmur, occasionally lifting his Finger, but they couldn't see him. And what would Mr. Covington Beefer do in this same quick-action Feudery? He would come in and demand a Table all to himself, and unless they gave him a clockwork Service the moment he sat down, he would pound on the Table and send for the Head Waiter, and want to know what kind of a third-class Joint they were running. Then the Head Waiter would apologize and put the German Curse on waiter No. 19 for neglecting one of their best Customers. In a couple of Minutes Mr. Beefer would have nearly everything on the Bill of Fare laid out in front of him. Number 19 would be breaking his Back to hold his Job, and the Head Waiter would be hovering around in a further effort to Square himself. And Mr. Buchanan Meek would still be folding the Napkin and watching the Ice melt.

As a result of the occasional Blowing Up

and sending Dishes back to the Kitchen to warn over and refusing to pay for cold storage Birds that were running High enough to be Gamey, Mr. Beefer established a Reputation and he commanded Respect. Every time he walked into the place they put on a fresh Tablecloth and the Head Waiter would come around to brush away imaginary Crumbs and hope everything was Satisfactory.

All this time they would have Mr. Meek set off behind a Pillar somewhere. He was wanting to get up and start a Holler, but he didn't think it would be polite.

When Mr. Meek travelled his berth in the Sleeper was the last one to be made up. Mr. Beefer always began the Legree Business with the Senegambian as soon as he found his Number, and consequently he received four times the Attention for the same Tip.

The tradesmen got on to the fact that Mr. Meek would rather be Soaked than raise an Argument, so they palmed off last year's Hats on him and delivered Ginocse instead of Sugar and gave him Rump Steak at the price of Sirloin. If the Tobacconist had a Cigar that was a Slow Seller, he pushed it out to Mr. Meek because the latter was a nice obliging Mark who took what was offered him and then went out on tiptoe. As for Beefer, when he came in and began to file his Complaints they opened Fresh Boxes until they found one that suited him.

A great many Canvassers and Agents came around to lean against Mr. Meek and take up his Time. He had been posted on the Bulletin Board in the Grafters' Union as the Prize Pudding. He never would repulse a Fellow Creature who was honestly endeavoring to earn a Livelihood, so they filed in one after another and made Life a Burden to him. But they kept away from Beefer. Mr. Beefer began to bark like a Prairie Wolf the moment one of them put a Nose inside his Office and Mr. Smooth Salesman usually was glad to make a Run for it without waiting to catch the Elevator.

In the course of time the knowledge that he was being Biked and Hornswoggled and Imposed Upon began to embitter the quiet little Man. He still believed that a Soft Answer turneth away Wrath, but he wondered why it was the Policeman always selected him as the one to be shoved along. He had a Cheery Smile for the Little Ones, so the tough Kids at the Corner whistled through their Teeth at him and called him "Lizzie." He began to revise his theories of Life, for it seemed evident that the Scrapper who goes around executing Call-Downs and howling for his Rights, is the only one who gets a Show for his White Alley.

So Mr. Meek decided that he would shift his Tactics and begin some noisy Bluffing and compel people to notice him. He said his money was as good as anybody's and he did not propose to be Run Over any longer. He decided to start in at the restaurants, because that was where they had trampled on him for Twenty Years. He drank a couple of Hotters to fix his Courage and then he went into a busy Cafe. As usual the waiter brought him the limp Napkin and a couple of pounds of ice and then evaporated. Mr. Meek waited five minutes and then all the accumulated Wrath that had been simmering and steaming for Years broke forth in one night Protest. He pounded on the Table, just as he had seen Mr. Beefer do. He denounced the Place as being worse than a Tramps' Boarding House. He called for the Head Waiter in fierce and strident tones. He announced that he would register his Roar with no one but the Boss. He had noticed that a successful Bluffer always waves the Underlings out of the way and demands an Audience with the Main Prop.

It seemed to Mr. Meek that he was given a very fair imitation. He knew that when Mr. Beefer arose and Declared himself he always Got Away with it. But perhaps Mr. Buchanan Meek didn't do it just right. At any rate the manager of the Cafe ran up and Handed him a couple. Then Mr. Meek's True Nature asserted itself. He began to Apologize and that was the Signal for a Close-in. Three Waiters beat him down to a Gasp and ran him out to the Street and tried to upset a Hansom Cab with him.

As soon as Mr. Meek recovered and sat up on the Cobble Stones, he made a Vow that he would never again speak above a Whisper.

MORAL.—Kickers are Born, not Made.

What Causes Pain?

Most pains and aches come from excess of uric acid poisons in the blood, due to deranged kidneys, rheumatism, backache, lumbago, pains in the sides and limbs accompanied by bladder and urinary troubles, are warnings too serious and painful to be neglected. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and specifically on the Kidneys, make them active, vigorous and thoroughly cure these ailments. One 25 cent box of this great Kidney medicine will do you a world of good.

It Was a Case.

"I am not expecting any package," said the lady of the house.
"This is the number," persisted the driver of the delivery wagon, looking at his book again. "Name's Higgins, ain't it?"
"Yes."
"No. 74?"
"That's our number."
"Then it's for you."
"I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity."
"No, mum. It's a case of beer."—London Tit-Bits.

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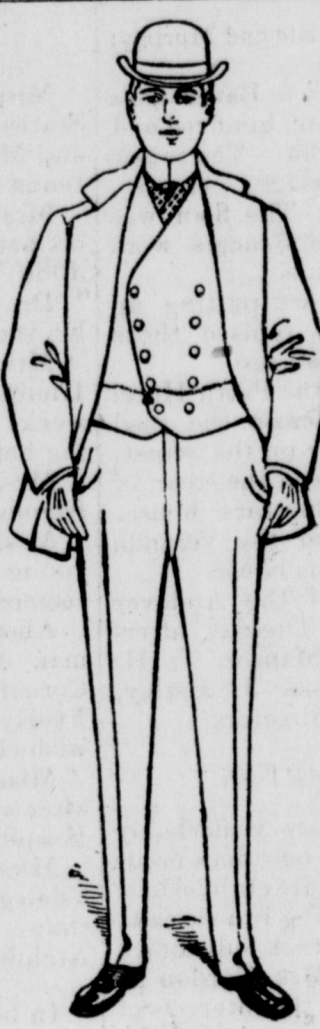
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All tickets good via Niagara Falls and good to stop over at that point.

Double Berth St. John to Montreal, \$2.50. Parlor Car Seat, Montreal to Buffalo, \$1.50.

\$23.00-ROUND TRIP.

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All agents issue via St. John and Canadian Pacific Shore Line.
For tourist tickets good to stop over and to return until November 1st; also for rates going one way returning another, and information in reference to train service, hotels, etc., write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R.

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