

Painters' Kidneys.

The worst thing a painter has to contend with is the turpentine. The lead, of course, is bad too.

But the turpentine cuts the kidneys, inflames and weakens them, makes the painter's life a dangerous and troublesome one. When a painter's back aches, it is his kidneys that begin to trouble him.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Get them up—take out the inflammation and congestion, give ease to the aching kidneys.

Mr. J. Emmons, the well-known painter and decorator, 50 Oxford St., Toronto, writes: "About eight weeks ago I was afflicted with an excruciating pain in my back over the kidneys. It was so bad that my wife had to apply hot cloths till the doctor came and gave me morphine."

He said the trouble was due to a stone passing from the kidney to the bladder.

My water was loaded with a brick dust deposit and scalded on passing.

While in this condition I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and started taking them.

It was not long before I got relief from pain and have been improving in health ever since. My urine is now clear and does not smart me, and I feel better than in years.

LIVER PILLS. These little black fellows act easily and naturally on the system, carrying away all bile and effete material. Constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, waterbrash—all disappear when they are used. Price 25c.

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JOHN J. HAYWARD,
BRISTOL, N. B.

THERE IS ALL

The difference in the world between Sleigh Robes. Some are closely woven and of a soft texture, while you could shoot peas through other robes. We have some of the most beautiful lap robes ever shown in Woodstock. These are so fine that ladies have been buying them to make up into golf capes.

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Harness Makers,
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My stock of Dry Goods for Spring is now in, and is the largest and best shown in Bristol for years.

My stock of Clothing will be large and well assorted. In Boots and Shoes my stock will be much larger than in previous years.

Groceries, Hardware, Lime and Brick, Crockery and Glassware in abundance. All of which will be sold Cheap.

FRED. A. PHILLIPS,
Bristol.



If God made the country and man made the town, the devil made the little country town. There is nothing equal to the smallness of a small town.—TENNYSON.

"Would you rather have the grip or live at McAdam Junction for a week?" I asked the religious editor yesterday. "Come now sonny," he said "in a husky voice, 'give a man a chance. Why don't you be funny and ask me if I would rather be kicked to death by a mule or kicked to death by a mule?" "You speak in very feeling language," says I "did you ever have the disease?" He wiped a large tear from his eye with a pen-wiper, leaving a blotch of ink on his countenance, and said, "Did I ever—? Boy! why recall unpleasant recollections?" After thinking a moment he went on. "All the horrible pains talked about in patent medicine advertisements are spasms of delight compared to what I felt when I had it. Sea sickness, first-cigar-sickness, first-whiskey-sickness, all rolled into one, and I know what I am talking about for I have had them all," said the religious editor, "are like canoeing on the Nashwaak with the prettiest Normal School student in Fredericton, compared to grip." He hesitated a moment and then he turned toward me a face so full of anguish that I was prepared for the worst, and said, "bubbie, I'd almost as soon work for my living as have that d—d disease again. I have had two legs and an arm broken in a railroad accident, I lived for three years with a wife who made heavy bread and I was hazed at the University of New Brunswick in the early days, and they were all transportations into a divine state of intoxication, compared with it." For fear he would commence to use profane language in discussing the disease I took a quinine pill and went away and left him.

I read in a paper this morning that a woman with a taste for practical joking had borrowed a couple of extra babies, and when her husband returned from a journey during which she had become a happy though facetious mother, presented them to him with the news that he was the father of triplets. The trouble she had to explain things to her husband was not a circumstance to what she had later on when the mothers of the two imported babies called for their offsprings and no one could tell which was which. This yarn goes far to prove that there is really very little in the theory of heredity. For myself, I could never tell one baby from another. They all look like bread-puddings to me. And half the children in the world must have at one time or another have got changed around and got into the wrong families. Put half a dozen babies in a room and let them get mixed up and their mothers couldn't tell one from the other. This practically settles the theory of heredity for all time. Like many other theories that have been accepted by scientists it must be laid away to be dug up in after years as a scientific curiosity.

If the fathers of today had the temerity to teach their children science they would be told that their science was all wrong. The children of the last generation were taught that heat was a subtle substance; the children of this generation learn that it is not a substance at all, but a mode of motion, and the children of the next generation may be taught something entirely different. A man complained to me the other day that when he was at the University the Professor of Political Economy propounded a certain theory of wages and he had not been out of the University a year when the Professor published a book on wages in which he advanced a very different theory.

This goes to show how utterly useless is education. The happiest man in the world is a nice old fellow I am acquainted with, who believes the world is flat, else how could the people on the other side stick on? He never went to school, and he never got farther away from home than the Iron Works. He never married. He loved a woman once and she married another man. This gave him so poor an opinion of female judgment that he thought he did not care to have anything more to do with them. I'll admit the man does remind me of an oyster, but he is happy and self-satisfied as ignorance always is. I think I will start a society for the propagation of ignorance.

THE IMP.

A Cataract Specialist

Mr. James Spence, Clachan, Ont., says:—"I have been a sufferer from cataract for 15 years, which became chronic. I have spent a lot of money and consulted several doctors, among others a specialist in London. I have tried everything I could hear of or see advertised without doing me any good. But, thanks to Dr. Chase's Cataract Cure, I am completely cured after using three boxes of it. I recommend it to anyone suffering from cataract."

The Census Taking.

Speaking of the coming census La Semaine Religieuse, the organ of Archbishop Bruchesi, says an official census is a public acknowledgment of the strength and weakness of a nation. It is a national inventory or stock-taking. The Semaine Religieuse advises its readers to answer all questions put by the census takers frankly and without exaggeration, otherwise the census would work to the detriment of the country. "Who has forgotten," asks the Semaine Religieuse, "the acrimonious discussions which followed the census of 1891? The figures placed in a false light, or at least in an inferior rank, certain classes of citizens. . . . It is left to the citizens, to the heads of families, and especially of large institutions, to do their share of work and make their declarations with an absolute knowledge of the facts." The reverend cures are invited to explain to their parishioners the whole importance of the duty which devolves upon them in this connection. On one point particularly, His grace says, particular stress should be laid. "Several inhabitants of the country are influenced by timidity to declare that they cannot read, and especially that they are unable to write, when, in fact, they can do one or the other, and sometimes even do both. Such conduct is likely to throw discredit on our population and on our schools. The people must be warned and they must be brought to cast aside completely this false modesty, the only result of which is to show us under a wrong light. The honor of our race and of our cherished institutions is at stake."

Cinnamon-Coated Pills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are coated like a cinnamon drop, very small and delightful to take. One pill a dose, 40 in a vial for 10 cents. Their popularity is a whirlwind, sweeping competitors before it like chaff. No pain, no griping, no inconvenience.—109 Sold by Garden Bros.

She Hated War.

That the Queen's one great hope and almost passion, so far as she could exert her influence in foreign affairs, was to avoid war is testified to by many witnesses. Twice, and only twice, in her reign has a great foreign war come in spite of her efforts to prevent it and if the terrible losses and sufferings of the Crimean war—now admitted to have been needless and fruitless—gave her in early life a horror of appeals to arms, the pitiful tragedy of the South Africa conflict may well be believed to have hastened her end. In other emergencies, the Queen's love of peace was more effective. She is thought to have done more than anyone else to prevent the threatened war between Germany and France in 1875. Her bearing at the time of the Trent affair in our civil war is well known. Like Lincoln, she moderated the tone of the dispatches of the Ministers directly in charge of the negotiations, and thus helped to avert the awful calamity of war between England and the United States. This high and noble exertion of the power of the English Queen will be in the eyes of posterity one of her chief titles to affectionate remembrance and to fame.—New York Post.

Secret of Baggy English Clothes.

The reason for the "baggy" appearance of English clothes is given by a writer in The King, who discusses what he calls the "absurd theory that a man's clothes should fit. It seems a paradox to say that a good tailor never tries to make them fit, but it is a pregnant truth, nevertheless. I remember a worthy tailor holding forth to me with due solemnity on this subject. 'My American consumers,' he said, 'some times try to persuade me that a New York tailor is ahead of us Londoners because he gives us a better fit. I reply that if I wanted to make my clothes fit the figure I could do just as well or even better than my American rival. But I don't. Clothes, sir, should hang, not fit. It takes a genius to make them hang well, while the merest tyro can make them fit. Wear a suit that fits you for a week and it is out of shape and wrinkled. A suit that hangs properly, on the contrary, always looks well and shows the art of its cutter, for it has style, which the other lacks. That is expert opinion, and is suggestive.'

John L. Sullivan's Operation.

John L. Sullivan's description of a surgical operation recently performed on him at the Polyclinic Medical School is most interesting. According to the patient, his trouble arose from a slight gastronomic indiscretion in the shape of seven boiled chickens eaten inside of four hours. John continued:

"They cut me open in the side, 15 inches long and 11 inches deep. No ether or chloroform. They were afraid of my heart. As I'm told, I've got part of the skin of the tail of a kangaroo sewed into my insides, also a lot of fiddle strings. They can't say John L. isn't full of music, now, can they? You can bet your last dollar on this—there are 120 stitches inside of me.

"Then they kept me flat on my back in one position till the soles of my feet were full of pins and needles. I stuck to rules of the game as Dr. Bohine gave them to me. You can't kill a good man, you know."

Mr. Sullivan says he has now abandoned the rum habit for good and all.

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail.

Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

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Novelties in Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods, Books, Stationery, Christmas Cards, and Art Novelties, Booklets, Calendars, Games, Purses, Pocket Books, Card Cases, China, Cups and Saucers, Mugs, Vases, Photos, etc., Fine Glass Ornaments. Call and see.

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LOOK HERE FRIEND!

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? If you suffer from any of these symptoms,

USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.

Prepared only by FRANK SMITH, St. Stephen, N. B.
Price 25 cents; five boxes \$1. If not kept by your local dealers a box will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

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