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**UNCTION HOUSE,**  
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Meals on arrival of all trains First-class fare.

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The Consolidated Curing Rooms.

Prof. Robertson's announcement to the dairymen of Canada as to his intention of establishing model curing rooms in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario is worthy the support of all manufacturers of cheese. His plan is to establish in the districts of Brookville and Woodstock in Ontario and Cowansville and St. Hyacinthe in Quebec, four large curing rooms fitted with mechanical refrigeration so that any desired temperature may be maintained and that his department will gather the cheese made each day, placing them in the curing room for the district, the only charge being made being the difference in the shrinkage between the old method and the new. Prof. Robertson further announces that in his opinion the value of the cheese will be enhanced fully a half cent per pound, which of itself would mean considerable to the dairymen of Canada.

There is no doubt that the Canadian cheese trade is in a critical condition in the world's markets due largely to the heated flavor developed by being kept in the curing rooms in present use, for temperatures suitable for the proper curing of cheese cannot be maintained, but on the other hand fluctuates as often as there is a fluctuation outside.

We are somewhat surprised that the Maritime Provinces are not to enjoy the great benefits that have been pointed out in the Prof's announcement, would accrue from carrying out his plan, and that the Ontario and Quebec dairymen are to reap all the reward. We are of course forced to acknowledge the fact that the two provinces named are large producers, but after having been engaged in dairy work for a number of years, and knowing the grand possibilities of the province of New Brunswick, I am also forced to say that our natural advantages for carrying on dairy work are as good and I think better than those enjoyed by the two provinces which have in the past received so much assistance from our federal government.

The development of any industry depends upon the natural advantages and facilities for carrying on the work, and I feel that one of the things that would lend energy and life in the development of the work would be for the Dominion government to establish a central curing room in each of the provinces of N. B. and P. E. I. whose people are contributing to the exchequer and deserve a fair share of what moneys are expended for the development of various industries. The plan as mapped out by Prof. Robertson is no experiment, he knows exactly what the results will be consequently I think it only right to say that each of the provinces known to be dairy in their makeup, should have one or more of these curing rooms established. As far as this province is concerned our Local Government is spending large sums of money for the development of the work, and should not at this time be asked or expected to take up the matter as undertaken by the Dominion Government. The dairymen of this country are putting forth every effort to build up and establish a trade for their dairy products in the British markets which will do them honor, and we feel that at the present time our cheese and our butter will rank as high as that made in any other province in Canada, but what will be the result if some of the provinces have more improved method of curing and in consequence receive a half cent more per pound. It seems obvious to me that, when the improvement is made in western Canada, and our stock goes into competition with theirs the result will be disastrous to Maritime dairymen, for their stock will be branded 'Not Wanted.' We know enough concerning the English consumer to say that he will buy what suits him best and is willing to pay for having his taste catered to. Therefore I do not think that the Maritime Provinces should be placed in the position that they cannot expect a fair share of the trade at equal prices so long as the quality of our goods are equal.

New Brunswick and P. E. I. are both dairy provinces. This dairy work is rapidly developing and our people have a right to expect and receive equal advantages given other provinces.—J. Frank Tilley in the Maritime Farmer.

A LAKE CAPTAIN'S EXPERIENCE. Capt. McDonald, one of Kingston's most prominent mariners, writes: "For years I have battled with the agonies of Bronchitic Asthma, oftentimes so bad that I could not sleep for nights at a time. I spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and quacks without getting relief, but one dollar's worth of Catarrhzone perfectly cured me." The above testimonial was given two years ago, and as the Captain lately stated he was still quite free from Bronchitis. It proves Catarrhzone a veritable specific. Catarrhzone two months' treatment guaranteed to cure Bronchitis, price \$1.00, small size 25 cts. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston.

It is a current story in Teviotdale that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put in the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On one occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one

Chronic Bronchitis

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Mr. W. R. Alger, insurance agent, Halifax, N.S., says:—"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a severe attack of bronchitis. Permit me to testify to its splendid curative properties. I got better from the time of taking the first dose. Having a family of young children, my doctor's bills have annually come to a considerable sum. I believe a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup occasionally will aid me in reducing them very materially."

25 cents a bottle, all dealers.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extensive hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But, after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know when we meet together as brethren the youngest man reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest; only one Bible, therefore, is necessary. Take away the other six, and, in their place, bring six more bottles of ale."

Never Say Die.

You may be weak, miserable, nervous, sleepless, your digestion may be poor, and you despair. Never say die, until you have tried Ferrozone, the most wonderful blood maker, nerve strengthener and brain invigorator. It tones up the whole system. You can eat anything and digest it if you use Ferrozone. You sleep well. You make blood quickly, strength increases daily, in a short time you're well. Try Ferrozone, which you can obtain at Garden Bros. drug store.

Why Easter is a "Movable" Feast.

During all of March the sun is coming farther north. About the twentieth it shines directly on the Equator, and the day is just as long as the night. The time of the old Jewish Passover, and hence of our Easter, depends on this date. This latter always comes on the Sunday following the first full moon after the sun crosses the line. This accounts for its being so "movable" a feast. —March Ladies' Home Journal.

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.

Visitor: "But surely you don't like being exhibited in shop-windows?"

Actress: "I don't know. Do you think you would mind, dear, if you were good-looking?"

MORE COLDS are cured by D. & L.'s Menthol, which is being imitated. Get the genuine. For side aches, back-aches, stitches, nothing equals it. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

It is learnt from experience that many false opinions may be exchanged for true ones, without in the least altering the habits of mind, of which false opinions are the result.—J. S. Mill.

**Bod Time**  
Cordova  
CANDLES

dinner time, any time is a good time to use

They give a light that's rich and brilliant. No odor. Many styles. Sold everywhere.

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**The "D.L." Emulsion**  
of Cod Liver Oil

(Trade Mark.)

**Will** GIVE YOU AN APPETITE! TONE YOUR NERVES! MAKE YOU STRONG! MAKE YOU WELL!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Supt. of the Prot. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, prescribes it constantly and gives us permission to use his name.

Miss Clark, Bapt. Grace Hospital, Toronto, writes they have also used it with the best results.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.  
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

A Night Attack.

Its Horrors as Exemplified in South Africa.

"Linesman," in Blackwood's Magazine. The business in hand must be done quickly, for there is little hope of success, even of return, if Erasmus desperadoes once detect the small numbers of their assailants. In a night affair the attackers can expect little mercy if they are worsted. The confusion, terror and indignation of the surprised gives little scope or will to take prisoners those of the beaten surprisers whom it is impossible to shoot. The dismounted troopers, stealing forward in the half light, know all this well enough, and pray that events may march quickly so that they may forget it and quit themselves like men. They have not long to wait. Down from the path above come the clattering of a galloping, stumbling horse. A Boer half way up the hillside has detected the party climbing to cut off the picket, and with presence of mind he leaves the smaller issue to its fate and flies to warn the main body. The clattering changes to a heavy swishing as he plunges through the thicket behind the house. The three encircling parties run crouching to their places, only just in time. Then a hoarse shout from the Boer, who pulls up at the end of the wing and flings himself from his horse, "Come out, Burghers! come out! The English are on the pass!" He then runs behind the farm, calling wildly to a native to loose the precious cattle from their kraal. "Jantje, Jantje, you sleeping pig, loose the beasts!"

The bewildered animals stream out, trotting lumberingly right among the men lying in ambush, and between them and the farm. Then some one fires. A roar arises within the building, an exclamation from a hundred startled men, the sound of a hundred men clutching at their rifles and clothes and leaping across the encumbered rooms. The first man appears at the doorway in the end of the wing, another shot and he is down. And then the tempest is let loose, and the scene becomes indescribable. Out of the doorway pours a stream of half naked men, some firing, some falling, all yelling in their terror, some curses, some for mercy. A ring of spitting, flashing fire bursts from the ambuscade; it rolls from end to end of the half circle, backward and forward, forward and back, its uproar redoubled by the tremendous smacking of the bullets upon the stone walls, the resonant singing note as they smite and tear through the corrugated tin roof, and the crash and streamy tinkle of shivering glass. From every window figures are leaping, some black, fully clothed, others ludicrously white in drawers and shirts. Some of the English charge madly up to these windows. "Hands up! hands up! you—" Mercy is given where asked (have British soldiers ever forgotten in the wildest of scuffles that their enemies were men with souls?), death is dealt out where roared for by a Mauser shell echoing from inside the rooms. The farm is surrounded by leaping, cursing figures friend flying from friend in the gloom, some flinging themselves to the ground, some jumping high in the air at every shot, as if they expected the bullet to pass under their feet. It is an Inferno, a Babel, anything you will of horrible confusion, racket and agony.

But the Boers are too many for their assailants. They break out behind the circle in twos and threes, in tens and twenties, some running at full speed with bodies bent until they almost touch the ground; others manfully rushing at the straggling line which hems them in; others slither through the thicket at the back, and the bullets rasp through the long grass over their heads. All have their rifles and bandoliers—a Boer will grip these in his sleep at a sound outside—an party of them stand at bay in the plantation below the house, and add their fire to the appalling clamor. They are answered by a storm from the lower detachment, and melt away, leaving some grasping and gripping the twigs and undergrowth, or clutching at the empty air, as dying men will, and many rolling hideously among the sodden leaves, with animal-like cries, as men grievously hurt roll and cry. In the intervals bursts of rifle-fire are heard up by the pass. The picket there has stood to arms in time, and the British detachment can get no farther. A bad job this, for the way home must lie over that narrow rift. But the pace down below is too hot to enquire. For 20 mad minutes more the "coohu" seethes and roars round the farm, more scattered now, and farther from the buildings themselves. In odd corners, under walls and bushes, even odd wagons and heaps of mealies, men are finding men to grapple with and bayonet or clutch by the throat. "Hands up! Hands up!" sounds from all sorts of dark spots—often from a soldier encountering another in the half light, when they part with an oath and a laugh which has something hysterical in it. And then it dies fitfully away—a hoarse cry here and there, a plunge of something heavy in the brushwood, and silence.

For twenty-four years Vapo-Cresolene has been extensively used for all forms of throat and bronchial troubles. All Druggists.

If you wish to judge of a man's character and nature, you have only to find out what he thinks laughable.—Frederick Locker.

With Constipation Come a Host of Ills.

To Get Well and Keep Well Regulate the Bowels by Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

You cannot avoid disease if you neglect to regulate the bowels and allow the liver and kidneys to become torpid, sluggish and inactive. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most valuable family medicine that one can conceive of because they invigorate and regulate the excretory and filtering organs as no other preparation was ever known to do.

Mr. Geo. Benner, Warton, Ont. writes:—"I don't like to have my name put in public print, but I feel it a duty to my fellow-men to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For about four years I was troubled with chronic constipation and weakness of the kidneys. My condition was serious when I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I verily believe that they have saved my life. I am now well and feel like a new man."

More people use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than any other Canadian medicine. They are popular because they cure when other remedies fail. Ask your neighbor about them. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmondson Bates & Co., Toronto.

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