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SEVEN AGES OF LOVE

In the Life of the Average Man.

To a philosopher the phenomenon of love is much more interesting in a man than in a woman, because it contains more diversity. With man, being in love is an intermittent fever. A woman is in love from the cradle to the grave, either with some man or an ideal her imagination has conjured up, while a man is only subject to occasional attacks of the tender passion.

Generally speaking, there are seven ages of love in the life of a man.

The earliest indication that a boy gives of susceptibility to the opposite sex is when he first becomes willing to wash his ears. Up to that time he has regarded bathing as a relic of the Inquisition and brushing his hair and clothes as an unnecessary waste of time that might have been spent on tops and marbles.

The next age of love is the schoolboy stage when the female sex divides itself into two classes—pretty women and ugly women—and the pretty class sub-divides into units out of which stand some particular girl, with rosy cheeks and long pigtailed of hair hanging down her back, and when a boy has learned to differentiate between women he is no longer a boy—he has reached his majority.

In his soul Tommy still has a secret contempt for girls, as poor creatures who are afraid of fishing worms and can't throw straight, but the fact is beginning to steal in upon his consciousness that you can feel a strange delight in the society of a person, particularly if she has nice pigtailed and rosy cheeks, whose prowess you despise. Then, some day, he recants all his heresies about girls, and shamefacedly sees little Miss Rosy Cheeks home. The rubicon has been passed. Thereafter he is woman's man.

The third age of love is when a youth becomes enamored of some woman old enough to be his mother. He realizes that a brutal world laughs at this, but this is because the world does not know how very, very old he feels, and how very, very wise he is.

After a youth recovers from the blighting affliction of having his suit rejected by his grandmamma, he enters upon the fourth age of love—an expansive state of the affections, in which he is the slave of the petticoat. He becomes a universal lover.

Blue eyes and black, locks of gold and locks of jet, each makes its separate appeal to him, and he could be "happy with either dear charmer, were 'tother dear charmer away." Routs and balls are his delight. He spends his substance on violets and chocolate creams. It is a time of peril in a man's life, and nothing but the safety of numbers and the inability to choose between Angelina and Miranda saves him from matrimony.

The fifth stage of love sees a man starting forth in the vain pursuit of his ideal. He has grown critical. Up to this point his taste has been like a child's taste in a bakery. Everything sweet pleased. Now he looks at women with a different eye. He begins to discount mere beauty, to wonder if charms that attract him will stand the wear and tear of life. He is looking for the impossible, and wants something that will fire his fancy and satisfy his judgment at the same time. It is a time of absolute safety, during which no man ever gets married.

The sixth stage of love is a reaction from this and generally occurs when a man is about 45. He has passed through all the preliminary stages of the tender passion, and has abandoned the quest for a perfect wife. He is dead tired of living in a hotel. Club life has palled upon him. Society has become a nightmare.

Perhaps a little touch of rheumatism or a twinge now and then of gout warns him of approaching age, and he begins to think longingly of his own fire side and domesticity, and almost any seclude girl can have him for the asking. The first hot flame of love has burned itself out in such a man's heart, but there is a steady warmth from the embers that can be relied on, and she is a lucky woman who is permitted to camp by it.

The last age of love is the dotage, and is peculiar to wealthy old men. It generally afflicts them late in life and leads them to marry debutantes and 16-year old chorus girls. The outward and visible sign of this stage of love is the complete mental collapse of the man, in which he can neither be reasoned with nor argued with, and which makes him ready to believe anything the girl's mamma tells him.

The final stage of love is much to be dreaded. In fact love is like the measles—it is safest when one has it early in life.

The Policeman's Evidence

Policeman Peter Morris, Toronto, says that for years he was troubled with habitual constipation, and though he spent much money for medicine, was only disappointed with the results. He now recommends Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to his friends because it cured him of his troublesome ailment. You can be cured of constipation by this treatment. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

Mrs. Wanterknoke: "I should like to know, Mr. W., why you are so cross when I ask questions? Surely you don't think I have idle curiosity?"

Mr. Wanterknoke (savagely): "Idle curiosity! Great Scott, no! Yours is the most pertinaciously active, wideawake, sleepless, energetic curiosity it was ever my fate to encounter."

Bladder Troubles,  
Kidney Disease

Old people are especially liable to derangements of the kidneys and bladder and it is therefore not unusual to find them great admirers of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. John Lalone, Woodworker, Trenton, Ont., states:—"I am seventy years old and have been using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for some time. I have been troubled a great deal with my kidneys and bladder and at times would go two or three days without passing any thing. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have proved to be exactly what I needed and I owe it to them that I am in such good health to-day. They acted promptly on my kidneys and bladder with the most satisfactory results, bringing quick relief and setting these organs in perfect working order."

One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Insist on getting what you ask for and refuse substitutes.

Dr. Chase's  
Kidney-Liver Pills

Arranged to Fit.

Elsie: Mummy! if I wuz a fairy I'd change everything into cake, an' eat it all up.

Mother: I'm afraid such a lot of cake would make you sick.

Elsie: Oh! but I'd change myself into a Nephelion first.

The Penalty of a Fast Life.

Is paid for by an irritable condition of body and mind, by exhausted energy, poor digestion, unstrung nerves and broken sleep. If you must and will live the killing pace, better keep in mind the sustaining powers of Ferrozone, a wonderful tonic and reconstructor. Ferrozone is a blood maker, a nerve strengthener, a heart and brain invigorator. It creates appetite, insures perfect digestion and undisturbed sleep, restores the vitality and strength lost by excessive living very quickly. Ferrozone will do you inestimable good, try it. Price 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at Druggists, or Polson Co., Kingston, Ont.—Sold by Garden Bros.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE HEADACHE.

Cruel, Cruel.

"Now you don't forget to tell Miss Sweetbird I was here to see her will you?"

"I'll tell her as soon as you leave, sir."

Had Nervous Prostration

Mrs. S. W. West, Drayton, Ont., states: "I got terribly run down, and finally became a victim of nervous prostration. I had no appetite, seemed to lose interest and ambition and could scarcely drag myself about. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I used three boxes with great benefit, gaining eleven pounds. It made me strong and well and I had such an appetite that I wanted to be eating half the time."

Teacher: "What is that which pervades all space, which no wall, or door, or other substance can shut out?"

Johns Sharpe (a flat-dweller): "The smell of onions, miss."



What Are You Doing?

In the way of an exhibit for the

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NUMEROUS GENEROUS PRIZES.

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Additional Prizes Offered Exclusively  
For Exhibits From  
Each County in New Brunswick.

The Prize List is now ready, and can be had free on application to the Manager. Get one and see pages 34 to 37, 43 to 49, 84 to 87, and 93 to 95, for full particulars of the above special inducements exclusively offered to New Brunswick Farmers.

Everything in connection with our show booms encouragingly. Entries and Exhibits in class and variety far exceed original expectations; nothing hangs fire, everything progresses; and the show opens on LABOR DAY.

A Cheap Fare from everywhere.  
R. B. EMERSON, W. W. HUBBARD,  
Acting President, Manager & Secretary,  
St. John, N. B.

Work That Can Never End.

The Forth Bridge is now receiving its fourth coat of paint since its erection nearly twelve years ago. Every three years the paint surface of the great bridge is renewed. Beginning at the south end the painters take three years to cover the entire length of the bridge—a mile and a fifth—and by this time they have to start again at the south side, three years being the life of the paint.

Twenty-five acres of metal surface have to be coated by the brush, and as the bridge is on the cantilever principle, rising to a height of 450 ft., the workmen have to crawl about like flies on a casement. The work is of the utmost importance, as unless well painted the steel would soon corrode, subjected as it is in that exposed position to the full action of wind and rain. A special paint composed mainly of oxide and red lead is used, and there is no demand for decorative taste, simply the plain swish swosh. But a clear head and a strong nerve are essential. The main piers of the cantilevers are of steel tubes 12ft. in diameter, running up to a height of 370ft., or 5ft. higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, so that to paint day after day at these tubes necessitates a mind not given to excitable thoughts. Only in very stormy weather is the work stopped; on a gauge a wind pressure of 65lb. per square foot has been registered, a greater force than that which blew down the Tay Bridge.

About 250 tons of paint and 35,000 gallons of oil are used up besides other materials ere the men have crossed from the south shore to the north shore. The squad of men numbers usually about thirty-five, and when they first take to the trade they are kept to the lower portions of the bridge. As they gain confidence they are entrusted with the outlying parts. There is an elaborate series of ladders and lifts which have been devised by the resident engineer. The lifts are worked by steam engines and winches placed a little below the permanent way. At each hoist there is a shelter-house where the paint is mixed. To paint underneath the bridge platforms are swung on wire ropes on the principle of an overhead railway, and the painters on the slender platform look down right on top of the steamers bound up the Firth, including the battleships, for the moorings of the Forth guardships are above the bridge off Queensferry. A squad of riggers is always ahead of the painters erecting platforms and securing tackle.

So long as the Forth Bridge stands—and it has been built to endure for generations—so long will the painter's brush keep moving. The cost at the year's end is no trifle, but the bridge when paid for by the Great Northern, North-Eastern, Midland and North British railway companies totalled up £3,500,000, and after nearly twelve years in no part has there been renewal required—a very good record for 50,000 tons of steel, thirty-two miles of bent plates and 8,000,000 rivets. As the painters are continuously on the move so is the bridge itself. Allowance was made for expansion and contraction, and the record so far shows that the bridge has been 29½ in. longer at one period of the year than at the other.

The Cause of Dyspeptic Pains.

Improperly digested food usually forms gases that cause a painful distention of the stomach and pressure against the heart. This results in much pain and distress, but Nerviline will relieve the distention, dispel the gas, and cure the dyspeptic pains very quickly. Polson's Nerviline is really an excellent remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Cramps, Summer Complaint and all Stomach and Bowel Troubles. No household is complete without Nerviline. Try a 25c. bottle.

Every One His Own Way.

A Chicago man who lives on Goethe Street gets off the car at Schiller Street because no conductor can understand his pronunciation of Goethe. It is not an easy word for English-speaking people to pronounce, but the Chicago man tried hard for a week, and managed, says the Detroit Free Press, to get the German "oe."

He tried it on the conductor the first evening.

"Huh?" asked the conductor, looking blank.

The passenger repeated it.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the conductor, "you mean Go-the!"

The next evening the conductor called it Go-eth. The third time it was Go-ee-the. Then an Irishman on one of the trains called it Go-tay.

The Chicago man's trials were not confined to his difficulties on street-cars. One day he left an order at the grocer's. The clerk looked at the address a minute.

"Oh, yes," he said, "Gertie Street." The next day the butcher called it "Gaytie," and the laundryman "Gaytuh." Then the man who delivered coal shortened it to "Goth Street."

Building an Artistic Home.

"The House that Jack and Jill Built," the title of an illustrated story, the first section of which appears in the August DELINEATOR, will appeal to home lovers everywhere. So cleverly has the author told the various steps in the raising of this roof tree, that the reader enters thoroughly into the spirit of it, and almost feels that he will have some right and title to the same when finished. Unlike the usual house plans and descriptions, the smallest details are here presented, from the first rock laid to the last decorative touch inside.

"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night—and nobody told me either."

"Well, then, what is it, Bobbie?"

"Why, George Dont! I heard her say 'George Dont' in the parlour four or five times running. That's what his name is!"

Nervous  
Headaches

Mrs. Bailey, 632 Queen's Ave., London, Ont., whose husband is with the Globe Casket Co., states:—"My nervous system was in an exhausted condition. I could not sleep well and suffered a great deal from headaches. Experience has proven to me the remarkable value of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have found it a splendid tonic and can now say that I am free from headaches. I rest and sleep better than I have for a long time and feel real well in every way."

Nervous headaches can only be permanently cured by enriching the blood and setting the nervous system in perfect order. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is not a relief for headache but a thorough and lasting cure. It creates new, rich blood and nerve force and makes the weak and sickly strong, well and vigorous. It is nature's greatest restorative. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's  
Nerve Food

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BELL PIANO!  
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One finds a delightful tone, something about it that satisfies.

The general make up is of the best and this is backed by a strong guarantee.

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