

A Complete Rest.

Tipton shut down the roll-top desk in his private office with a bang, threw a last derelict envelope into the waste-basket, and turning with smiling face to the clerks who had gathered in a little group to bid him good bye, said:

"Well, boys, I'm off. Keep your end up while I am gone, and remember this: I don't want to hear a word from you. Don't send me any mail. Don't try to reach me by wire or telephone, even if the building burns down. I'm going away for a real vacation, where I won't be disturbed."

Then he shook hands all around, and hurried off to join his wife at the railway station.

The usual excitement incident to the departure of a train was successfully lived through. As they sped out into the open country, Tipton looked at Mrs. Tipton with a fond, exultant look.

"There, my dear," he said; "we're off at last! For the first time in years I am going to do the sensible thing. I'm going to lose myself. No mail. No messages. Complete rest. I wonder why I never thought of it before?"

"I'm so glad," said Mrs. Tipton, "that you've come to your senses at last. This will do you a world of good, I know."

In the course of a few hours they alighted at their station. Then they were driven miles and miles—it seemed almost interminable—until they came in sight of the quiet little hotel—or rather inn—on the mountainside, where they were received with all the splendor of courtesy that only a rural hotel-keeper knows how to bestow.

Tipton could scarcely wait to get into his outing clothes. An hour later they were strolling down through the quiet woods to the bank of the stream that chattered away to the music of the breeze.

"Could anything," murmured Tipton, "be finer?"

He pressed his wife's hand. "This is rest. This is true solitude. When I think of that maddening city I wonder how I could ever have lived there. I never want to go back again."

The next morning after a fine breakfast—for our friend had made sure of his place—Tipton strolled out and said good morning to the proprietor.

"Well, sir," said the proprietor, "how do you like our little view?"

"Great!" exclaimed Tipton. "It certainly is a charming spot. By the way, you don't happen to have any of the New York papers here, do you?"

"Not regularly," said the proprietor. "You see, this is a place where folks come to rest, and we don't have much call for 'em."

"Certainly not," said Tipton. "Precisely. Thought I would just like to glance over the head lines, that's all."

He joined his wife, who was walking in the near view.

"This is a great place to rest," he observed, somewhat tritely, as they walked off toward the stream. "Never was in a place quite like this. Couldn't even get a morning paper."

Mrs. Tipton looked at him suspiciously.

"Now, dear," she said, "that isn't fair. You must forget the world."

At noon Tipton sought the proprietor once more.

His face wore a shade of anxiety. He clutched his cigar nervously.

"You don't happen to have a telegraph or a long-distance telephone near here, do you?" he asked.

"Fact is, I came away yesterday and forgot an important matter."

"No, sir," said the proprietor. "We haven't such things around. This, as you know, is a place for complete rest, as advertised."

"Very well, sir," said Tipton, "you can make out my bill."

He glared fiercely around him, and walked upstairs to his room.

"My dear," he said, "would you mind if we got out of this prehistoric place on the first train?"

Mrs. Tipton gazed at him blankly for a moment, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Mind!" she exclaimed. "Why, I was only staying here for your sake. I didn't dare say how lonesome I was! I am afraid, my dear, we have never lived in the country long enough to appreciate it."

Two hours later they were in the dining car of the Long Branch express, with the remains of a feast and a cold bottle between them.

"I've wired the boys to send me the mail," said Tipton. "I will talk with the cashier over the wire as soon as we get in. I see the market opened up strong this morning. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll step into the smoking room with this bundle of papers and catch up on twenty-five hours' lost time."—Tom Masson, in "Life."

Fear of the Future

Most people who dread the future are victims of some terrible disease. Mrs. W. Francis, 204 Colborne St., Kingston, was in a bad state with kidney disease. She had severe pains in back and legs, was gradually losing flesh and felt a dread of the future. A friend recommended Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and the result was a complete cure. There is no medicine more reliable, none so certain to produce a thorough cure. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

Civilization and the Birth Rate.

M. Neymarch recently read before the society of statistics of Paris an important study on the question of decrease of births with an increase of civilization, in which he examined some of the economic, financial, and social causes which, according to him, exercise a greater influence than physiological causes. M. Neymarch believes first that the more civilization is developed and the more a country progresses, the more births have a tendency to decrease. In Germany the birth rate was 42 per 1,000 in 1875, and twenty years later 36; in England during the same period it decreased from 36 to 29, and in France the same years it decreased from 26 to 25.2

The economic causes which influence natality greatly are the following: 1. The expense of living or to be more exact, the increase in needs. It is not demonstrable in its ensemble that the cost of living is greater than formerly, but that which is incontestable is that "needs" have augmented. 2. The desire for greater comfort for one's own and for one's self. One considers the expenses of the family with reference to the revenue or the capital possessed, what it will cost to raise several children, pay for their instruction, education, maintenance, etc., and what it will cost later to "establish" them. 3. One desires to conserve the acquired wealth and not to decimate it among a large number of inheritors. 4. The lowering of the revenues obtained from capital. A person who formerly could live happily and at ease on a capital of \$20,000 producing a revenue of from \$1,000 to \$1,100 per year, that is, five to five and one-half per cent., has today with the same capital only a revenue of \$550 to \$600, whereas his taxes, his charges, and his needs have increased. 5. The increase in taxation. 6. Feminism, or the accession of the woman to the work and occupations formerly reserved to the man. The woman becomes more and more the producer, she is occupied in commerce, in domestic service, in the liberal professions, in mines and trades, in shows, and in general affairs. This work in France occupies 3,353,831 women who think less of maternity than of their professional occupations. Besides these, there can be cited an entire population which has no children, to wit, bachelors over 25 years of age, 3,861,599; homes without children, 1,808,838; divorcees, widows, and widowers without children, 3,000,000; total 5,970,437.—Revue Scientifique, Paris.

20 Years of Itching Piles

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin, Bowmanville, Ont., writes that for twenty years he suffered terribly from itching piles. Seven years ago he asked a druggist for the best cure for piles and was told to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. He continued this treatment until entirely cured, and as he has never had any return of his old trouble considers his cure permanent and remarkable on account of the length of time he suffered.

He Meant the Bird.

Some time ago a man got a curious present from a sea captain. It was a fine specimen of the bird which the sailors call the "laughing jackass," and he was not a little proud of it. As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navvy, who stopped him and asked:

"Phwaat kind of a burrd is that sorr?"

"That's a laughing jackass," explained the owner, genially.

The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion, and responded, with a twinkle of the eye:

"It's not yerself, it's the burrd Oi mane, sorr!"

Your Opportunity to Get Well

You are offered Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the most perfect restorative, blood creator and system builder that was ever prepared. The name of the discoverer, Dr. A. W. Chase, is enough to guarantee this, and besides you have the testimony of scores and hundreds of cured ones in every part of Canada and the United States. You can use it knowing that it is bound to do you good.

Equal to the Occasion.

From Tit-Bits. Some little while ago a rather eccentric cotton manufacturer, owning large mills not a score of miles from Halifax, and who was familiarly known in the district round about as "Owd H—," overheard one of the lads in his employ remark to somebody:

"Aw wish aw hed 'Owd H—'s brass, an' he wor i, th' warkhouse."

Quickly retiring, "Owd H—" sent for the offender into his office, and asked him what he would do with the money, supposing his wish were to be fulfilled.

The youngster was quite equal to the occasion, promptly replying:

"Whoy, th' furst thing Aw'd do wod be ta fotch yo aat (out), maister."

This clever reply so appalled the old gentleman that the boy was sent back to his work with half a sovereign in his pocket.

Several stories are told of Tennyson's thoughtless speeches. "What fish is this?" he once asked his hostess where he was dining. "Whiting," she replied. "The meanest fish there is," he remarked, quite unconscious that he could have wounded anyone's feelings. Yet his kindness of heart was such that when his partridge was afterward given him almost raw he ate steadily through it, for fear his hostess might be vexed. On one occasion Tennyson was very rude to Mrs. Brotherton, a neighbor at Freshwater. The next day he came to her house with a great cabbage under each arm. "I heard you liked these, so I brought them," he said, genially. It was his idea of a peace-offering.

The Potato Bug in England.

The potato bug has again invaded England. The British Board of Agriculture announces its appearance at Tilbury, and requests potato growers to examine their plants and to send to the board, without delay, specimens of any insects suspected to be the Colorado beetle (potato bug) for identification. The board has a potato bug leaflet which it supplies gratis and post free, containing a colored illustration of the bug and information regarding its habits. According to the present law in England, it is a crime punishable by fine or imprisonment to have in one's possession any of these insects.

Bed in Summer.

In winter I got up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light;
In summer quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Do you believe in heredity?" "Certainly; I know a barber who has three little shavers."—EX.

The man entering the store—Have you typewriter-ribbons? The fresh girl behind the counter—Is she blonde or brunette?—Yonkers "Statesman."

Intercolonial Railway.

Tender for Addition to Blacksmith Shop at Moncton, N. B.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Addition to Blacksmith Shop," will be received until

THURSDAY, THE 31ST DAY OF JULY, 1902,

for the above work.

Plans and Specification may be seen at the Chief Engineer's Office at Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specifications must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
Railway Office, General Manager.
Moncton, N. B., 15th July, 1902.

CARPETS

The Spring renovation calls for just the line of Carpets that the

A. HENDERSON FURNITURE CO., Lt'd,

Have in stock.

CARPETS, CURTAIN POLES, PORTIERS.

The beautiful, yet inexpensive, Interior Decorations now on display, are of a quality to satisfy the most refined taste.

We are prepared to undertake the work of Furnishing on the most reasonable terms.

Carpets cut to fit and made up to order.

A. HENDERSON Furniture Co., Lt'd, WOODSTOCK.

April 15, 1902.

JOHN S. LEIGHTON,

Registrar of Deeds, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Bristol's Leading Store.

Wool Wanted!

I WANT FIVE TONS GOOD WASHED WOOL.

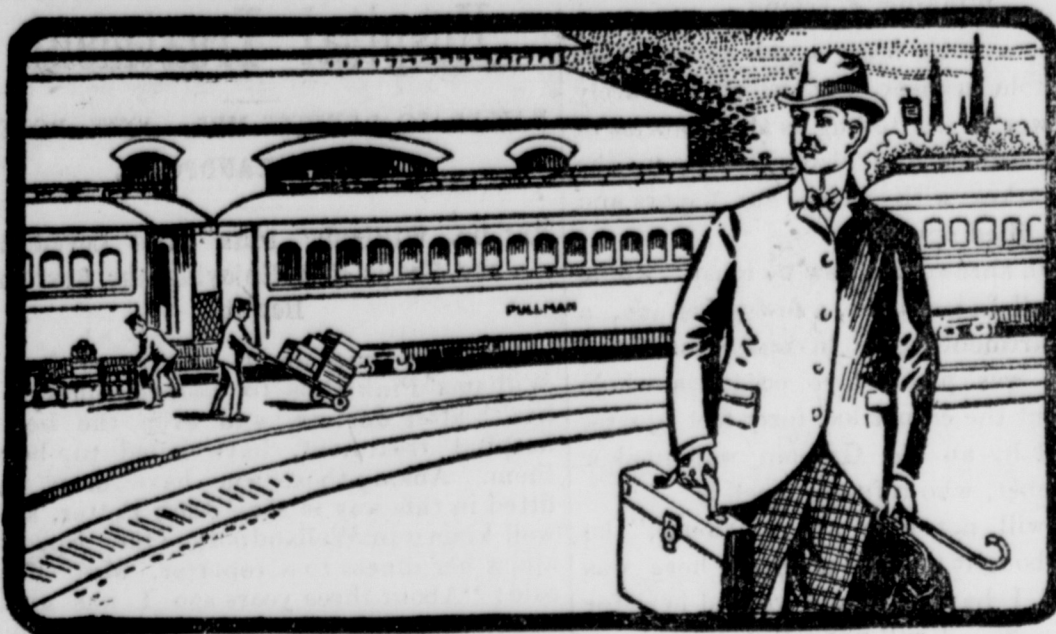
I have a large assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing which I received late and will sell cheap.

Ladies' Wrappers and Shirt Waists, a large assortment which are going cheap.

My stock of Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, etc., is up to date. Call and see my Molasses.

I have Lime, Brick, Cement and Calcined Plaster.

F. A. PHILLIPS.



Travellers and Tourists

Travelling from place to place are subject to all kinds of Bowel Complaint on account of change of water, diet and temperature.

Dr. Fowler's

Ext. of

Wild Strawberry

is a sure cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Seasickness, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels in Children and Adults.

Its effects are marvellous.

It acts like a charm.

Relief is almost instantaneous.

Does not leave the Bowels in a constipated condition.

BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

(INCORPORATED 1820)

CAPITAL, - - - \$500,000.00
RESERVE FUND, - - - \$700,000.00

EAST FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

General Banking business transacted. Deposits received and interest allowed. Collections made on most favorable terms. Operate a Savings Bank Department. Correspondence invited.

E. P. STAVERT, - Manager.

Notice of Sale.

To James McFrederick, of the Parish of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, farmer, Mary McFrederick his wife, Peter K. Stewart of the same place, farmer, and wife, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twelfth day of October in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty six, duly registered number 28661 in Book G. No.3 of the Records of said Carleton County on pages 42 44 and 45 the twelfth day of October, A. D. 1886, and made between the said James McFrederick and Mary McFrederick his wife of the one part, and the undersigned Oliver R. Hemphill of said parish of Woodstock, farmer, of the other part. There will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the office of Josiah R. Murphy, Barrister-at-Law, on Queen street, in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton aforesaid, on Saturday, the Sixteenth day of August next, at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: All that certain lot, tract, piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the Parish of Woodstock aforesaid, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the northwest angle of Lot number sixty-three in Springfield, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty south one degree west fifty chains to a post standing in the southwest angle of Lot number sixty-three, thence north eighty-nine degrees west twenty chains to a beech tree, thence north one degree east to a post, and thence south eighty-nine degrees east twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as Lot number sixty-four in a grant from the Crown to one William W. Paisly, junior, and being the same lands and premises conveyed to the said James McFrederick by Samuel Hemphill and Nancy his wife by deed dated the seventeenth day of September, A. D. 1883, duly registered in the Records of said Carleton County, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated this third day of July, A. D. 1902.
OLIVER R. HEMPHILL,
Mortgagee.

JOSIAH R. MURPHY,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE

H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props

Outfits for commercial travellers, Coaches in at residence 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.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

E. COSMAN, Commission Merchant

And dealer in all kinds of **Country Produce.**

Consignments of produce from the country promptly attended to.

NORTH MARKET ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

April 23, 3mos

One Dollar

Is all we ask for our five gallon **DAIRY PAIL**, Extra Heavy Tin used in the making. Bottoms XXXX.

All kinds of **TIN and GRANITE WARE** always on hand.

We handle a nice line of **COOK STOVES and HEATERS.**

Bicycles Repaired and Bicycle Sundries always on hand.

We have a Lady's and Gent's Second Hand Bicycle which we will sell cheap.

Semple's Cash Store, East Florenceville.

ALFONDLY 0149.

Alfondly is a very handsome bay stallion, standing 16 hands high and weighing 1150 pounds. He was bred by L. H. Smith, of Arcanum, Ohio, in 1882. Alfondly has the kindest of dispositions, and in addition to his speed, he has characteristics which render him a particularly valuable "all-round" horse. No one could wish a more nearly perfect driving horse than Alfondly. His gait is the poetry of motion, and he is faster than any other horse for scores of miles around. He is also a great campaigner, and, as an illustration of his powers in this direction, we may cite a few instances from his work as a three-year-old. In his first race, on May 28, before fairly in condition, he came out second in 2:30. Out of the next eight races in which he took part, he won seven, six in straight heats, and in the other took the first heat, and was then drawn on account of an accident. On August 2, at Middletown, Indiana, he went up against a field of twelve competing horses. There he distanced, or caused to be drawn, five of the number, and won the race in straight heats, as usual. His crowning glory was his performance at Richmond, Indiana, on September 12, 1885, where he again carried all before him, lowering his record to the remarkable figure of 2:12. All these races took place over ordinary half-mile tracks. He has trailed a half-mile track in 2:07, which comes very near being as fast as any horse in the world ever paced such a track. In a six-year-old form he started ten times winning five firsts and never behind the money but once, and that was for not getting a heat in five, but he was second to Ada P. who got her mark of 2:09 in that race. Alfondly's sire was Fetoskey, by George Wilkes, the world's most famous sire, with 23 in the 2:30 list. Alfondly is a double cross Blue Bull with 64 in the list. He will stand at the owner's stable, Centreville, from Friday noon to Wednesday noon, and will be at Woodstock at Gallagher Bros. stable every Thursday. Terms:—to warrant \$15. \$2.00 to be paid at time or first service. For further information write or telephone the owner.

FRED D. TWEEDIE,
CENTREVILLE

Butter Paper for sale at this office.