

## A "Hoodooed" Ear.

"Do you know I believe one of my ears is hoodooed," said the pale-faced man as he settled down into a big arm chair. "and I know a good many things which tend to strengthen this belief. Impossible, eh? Well you are foolish. One of my old school-mates had a hoodooed toe. Every time anything happened to him it happened to that toe. Now, he would 'stump' the nail off; again he would pick up a thorn, or a splinter; or, he would get a toe mashed—all these things always happened to the same toe. He grew up. What happened? Corn—worst corn I ever saw—on the same old unlucky toe. I knew another fellow. Fate seemed to have a pick on his nose. Every time anything happened his nose was the thing it happened to. One day a man tried to cut him with a razor. He just clipped the end of his nose off, a gracious bit of economy as you shall see. During an election row several years later, he got into a shooting scrape. A man shot him with a rifle, and clipped off another bit of his nose. Some time after this my friend got into another row, and his adversary threw him down, and in the skirmish that followed, chewed another little piece of his nose off. A policeman struck him across the nose with a club at a still later time—broke the bridge. Same way with my right ear. It's hoodooed. When a mere boy I was thrown from a horse. Bruised the lobe of my right ear. Got hit in a ball game one day. Right ear again. Once after I grew up I got into a fight, and the man hit me three times, and every time his big fist landed squarely on the right ear. Take the other day, as another example. I was sitting in a dining car going out of New Orleans, when the train suddenly swung around a sharp curve. With table, chair, linen, dishes, and all I was thrown violently against the other side of the car. See that ear—same old ear—same old result. Don't you tell me—it's hoodooed, that's all. But I am certain of one thing—I'll never get it in the neck, not as long as I have that ear."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## All Worked Out

Weak in Body with Trembling Nerves, Aching Head and Feelings of Depression and Discouragement.

## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

What hosts of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case. "They are all worked out." They have spent their nerve force and vitality in the care of their children, in the daily grind of housework, in nursing the sick and suffering, in attending to social duties and church work, and in spite of headaches, weakness and feelings of weariness and depression have kept going.

But there is a limit to human possibilities and sooner or later there must come a day of reckoning. With some it takes the form of nervous collapse and prostration, with others serious feminine disorders set in and often there are weary months and years of helplessness and infirmity.

But why neglect the health until the vitality is so far depleted? Dr. Chase, the women's friend, has put within the reach of every woman a preparation which restores wasted nerves and builds up run down systems. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is, on account of its mild and gentle action, especially suited to the needs of women. It supplies the body with an abundance of pure, rich, life-giving blood and puts new vigor into every organ.

Mrs. Geo. Campbell, Upper Harbor, St. John County, N. B., writes:—"Last summer my system was completely run down, and I was pale, weak, and exhausted. I had taken care of a sick friend for four months, and loss of sleep, as well as the strain and anxiety, was too much for me. When I would lie down, or sit down the nerves in my legs would twitch, and I felt strange sensations in the joints.

"When in this condition, I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and began to use it. It seemed to help me from the very first, and gradually restored me to health and strength. To-day I feel as well as I ever did, and give the credit to this great prescription of Dr. Chase's."

Mr. Richard A. Gregory, Aberdeen street, Fredericton, N. B., states:—"I was very nervous as a result of overwork and anxiety, and felt that my health was very much run down. I also suffered a great deal with headaches and dizzy spells. I obtained a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and can now say that my nervous system has been very much toned up, my appetite has been improved, the headaches and dizzy spells have gone and I feel better and stronger in every way.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.00, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## Editorial Emotions.

In looking over one issue of an exchange we find that the editor hopes, is glad, is pained, is pleased, is delighted, has regret, and has heartfelt sorrow. No one could stand such a combination but the country editor, who generally has an elastic conscience and an India rubber stomach.—[Centralia Journal.

## HUMORS OF IRONICAL WILLS.

## Strange Bequests of Some Singular People.

"To my butler I bequeath one silver tankard, which I recommend him to have melted down and converted into temperance medals, one of which he will bestow on himself on every occasion on which he goes to bed sober."

Such was one of many ironical legacies in the will of a once famous oculist, Dr. Dunlop, who appears to have made his last testament an instrument for wiping off old scores. To his brother-in-law he leaves a punch-bowl and a sum of 20 guineas, with which to purchase liquid solace for all the misery he must have endured during his married life; he rewards his sister Marion with an eighth part of his entire estate, as a "recognition of her skill in elevating hen-pecking into a fine art"; and he leaves his watch to his son, "so that in future he may have less excuse for his invariable habit of failing to keep his appointments."

An ironical Parisian shirt maker must have chuckled with an unholy glee when he made the following will, which was read after his death a few months ago in the presence of his expectant relatives:

June 20, 1880.

To Monsieur the Perfect of the Seine:

This is my testament. Call the roll of my brothers and sisters. Let us begin with Mme. Vajou. Is she here? Yes. Look at her well, with her thick rustic hide. She is a deep one, a very deep one. You see her smile, don't you? She has often got money out of me, and it was she who taught me that, in the age in which we live, it was the deepest one who trapped another. It is my turn to "do" her.

Let us pass to my sister Zoe. She is a very honest and laborious woman. You may express my regret to her; but her husband is not honest. He was an accomplice of my brother in despoiling me of a part of my wealth.

Now for my brother. Is he here? Yes. He should be. You must not let him loose. He is the worst beggar, the greatest communist.

After lashing every one of his kinsfolk in the same merciless fashion, the shirt maker proceeded to leave his entire fortune of 143,000 francs to the Perfect of the Seine to be disposed of for charitable purposes.

It is not a little curious and instructive that many of these ironical testators make their wills the medium of paying off old-standing scores against their wives.

"As during the 20 years of my unhappy married life," runs a clause in the will of Mr. Bowman, a Yorkshire manufacturer, who died in 1854, "my wife has spent more time and found more pleasure in admiring her charms in the mirror than in attending to my comfort, I bequeath to her a life annuity of £100 on the sole condition that she affixes to every mirror she may use in future a copy of my last photograph, which may remind her of the opportunities she has neglected of admiring charms other than her own."

A similar satirical clause appears in the will of a Mr. Jackson: "Knowing that my wife has a great objection to wearing mourning, I leave her a life interest in £10,000 Consolidated Three per cent. Annuities, the dividends on which shall be paid to her only so long as she dresses entirely in black and wears a widow's cap and bonnet. On failure to keep this condition this annuity to revert to my sister Mary, whom my wife dislikes as much as she disliked myself."

More bitter still was a Mr. Balfour when he wrote: "My wife, since our marriage, has tormented me in a thousand ways. She has done everything she could to make my life miserable: to such an extent, indeed, that I really think she was sent into the world for the express purpose of getting me out of it. She has been a constant wife for ten years, and I must, I suppose, therefore, leave her my fortune; but, lest she may make another home as miserable as she has made mine, I will all moneys that I may die possessed of to be held in trust, and the interest paid to her only so long as she remains a widow."

A Mr. Hayward, who died in 1842, left his entire estate, valued at £12,000, to Miss Clara Hodgson. "She is the only woman," the testator wrote, "to whom I have ever offered marriage; and I leave her all I have as a small recognition of my gratitude to her for refusing me, and thus preserving to me such happiness as I have enjoyed in life."

In leaving a sum of £30,000 to his daughter, a rich brewer made the following conditions: "In case my said daughter should marry and be afflicted with children, I direct my trustees to pay out of the said legacy £2000 on the birth of the first child, a further sum of £4000 on the birth of the second child, and £8000 for the third, an addition of £2000 being made for each child until the legacy is exhausted. If at the end of 20 years from my decease any balance should remain undisposed of, I direct that such balance shall become the absolute property of my said daughter."

Mr. Richards of Hackney was another testator who indulged in a post-mortem joke at the expense of his daughters. "As my two daughters," he wrote, "have concerned them-

## SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

**FREE SAMPLE** and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

selves far more in trying to find husbands than in discharging their filial duty to me, I bequeath to each of them a sum of £3000, to be reduced by £100 for each complete year after my decease that finds them unwed; any such sums deducted to be used by my trustees, at their absolute discretion, in providing dowries for modest domestic within the parish in which I may die."

## Useless Belongings.

Give away what you don't really need in your house. Don't let such things accumulate. They will soon fill attic and cellar and overflow into other rooms, where they do no one any good. You are not likely to want them again, and it is a nuisance to have them around. Long ago we should have been obliged to get a bigger house for our growing family if I had followed my husband's thrifty plan of saving things, says a writer in Good Housekeeping.

At first he thought I was extravagant, but now he acknowledges that if other families would likewise rid themselves of "trunk" they are not likely to use again in a thousand years, house-cleaning would be robbed of half its terrors. Thrift is a homely virtue that easily degenerates into miserliness. Some of us hoard old clothes, unused furniture, discarded bric-a-brac and the like, simply because that habit has become so fixed we are too stingy to give such things away to worthy folks who need them. Yet we don't mean to be stingy and are ashamed to discover that we are so.

## WOULD HAVE TO STOP HER WORK AND SIT DOWN.



## HOW MANY WOMEN HAVE TO DO THIS FROM DAY TO DAY?

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are a blessing to women in this condition. They cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Weakness, Listlessness, and all troubles peculiar to the female sex.

Mrs. James Taylor, Salisbury, N.B., in recommending them says: "About eight months ago I was very badly run down, was tired greatly with palpitation of the heart and would get so dizzy I would have to leave my work and sit down. I seemed to be getting worse all the time, until a friend advised me to try MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I can truthfully say that they do all you claim for them, and I can recommend them to all run-down women.

Price 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25; all dealers, or The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## HOTELS

## VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor

## JUNCTION HOUSE, Newburg Junction

Meals on arrival of all trains—First-class—7c. R. H. OWENS, Pr. prop.

Butter Paper, printed and unprinted in one and two pound wrappers, at this office

## HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of his Drinking Habits writes of her struggle to save her home

## A PATHETIC LETTER



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

## HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady takes on Herself to Cure her Father of the Liquor Habit.

## STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows:—"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

## WASHING MACHINES.

Time works wonderful changes in all fields—methods that were considered the best a decade ago are obsolete today. Ideas that prevailed a quarter of a century ago are long since exploded. That which appeared impossible of accomplishment in 1898 is rendered easy in 1903. Progress is the watchword all along the line, and he who does not recognize this fact is soon out of the running.

In no department of the home, we feel safe in saying, has there been a greater transformation brought about in recent years by the introduction of up to date appliances than in the case with respect to the day generally termed WASH DAY.

This day of all days in the week is the one hitherto mostly dreaded; but in the home where proper appliances are used it is not less bright and free from onerous routine than any other of the working days.

The fact is, that in the ideal home wash day is not considered at all in the light of a day of exceptionally heavy and unpleasant work, because it is not by any means a day to be abhorred if a really good WASHING MACHINE is brought into requisition.

The RE-ACTING WASHER fills the bill. It is made of thoroughly seasoned lumber, guaranteed against defects in workmanship or material. The price is so cheap that it is within the reach of every housekeeper.

Call at our store both at Woodstock and Centreville and see this great labor saving machine.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

## We Are Making The Best Line of Carriages

On the market this year. New designs in Single and Double Vehicles, either Iron or Rubber Tires, Ball Bearing Axles, and all other devices to produce and Easy Running, Easy Riding Carriage.

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