



Backaches of Women.

Not one woman in twenty has a strong back.

Backache is the cry of Weak Kidneys for help. Backache is the warning note of much more a serious trouble to come, if not attended to immediately. Backache can be cured quickly and permanently by using

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

The great and well known Kidney remedy. They have cured thousands of women. They will cure you.

Mrs. R. L. Lane, Mapleton, N. B., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Backache and pain in my side. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, so thought I would give them a trial. After the first box I began to feel better and I took two more to make a complete cure. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a good, honest, reliable medicine for all kidney troubles and can highly recommend them."

50c. per box or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

A Lost Kansas Town.

There is a town in Kansas that has lost its place on the map. It was named Runymede, but it is no more.

Capt. Charles Seton, who was formerly an officer in the British army, returned recently to this country, and when he read of a hunt for lost towns in Kansas he told the following story about Runymede:

"You must first know," said he, "that Runymede was a combination of British inexperience, British credulity, British money, considerable cockneyism, and a ludicrous attempt to live on foolish hopes and foolish promises.

"The immigrants who came from England to Kansas expected to grow rich over night and then return to England to live on champagne and venison.

"It took two years to wear off the varnish, break the bank, and turn out the lights. And Rome—or I should say Runymede—howled in the interval.

"Runymede was created by a north of Ireland agitator named Turnley, who had lost money in the cotton business in the United States. His son, Edward, bought 1,700 acres of land at \$1.00 an acre in Harper County and began advertising in England that he was lord of a Western paradise, where golden birds sang in the trees and silver rivers ran tinkling to the sea.

"For \$500 a year he engaged to teach the sons of English gentlemen the mysteries of successful farming and stock raising, provide for their physical needs, and administer such educational tonics as would enable them to hold the winning hand wherever they may be.

"Runymede, twelve miles northwest of Harper, in the middle of a boundless prairie, with only one tree in sight, was founded as the centre of this enterprise, and at Runymede congregated the good souls who listened to Turnley's tinted tales.

"It was to be the great commercial depot of the West. It was with glowing hearts that my party of sixteen men and women sailed from England in May, 1889, for the new world.

"So anxious was I to find agreeable quarters at the end of my journey that, with fearful extravagance, I sent a long cablegram to Turnley to build me a house forthwith and have it ready for me upon my arrival. When I reached Runymede there was no house in sight, and we were glad, likewise disgusted, to lodge at the ranch house, where we braved the terrors of corn bread and fat bacon until houses were built.

"Some of us had considerable money. None of us had any financial sense. While we waited for a miracle to be performed that would transform our arid home into a blooming garden, and the town of Runymede into a vast metropolis, we feasted and danced and made merry. We enjoyed all the sports dear to English hearts, and dressed in the wonderful garments we had brought from the land whose white cliffs look across the channel to Calais.

"Kansas was known as a prohibition State and one guileless father thought that Runymede would be the salvation of his son, who

had acquired a big thirst for liquor. The lad kept the trail hot between Runymede and Harper, and maintained an irrigating plant that would have overwhelmed the children of Israel. He always had some kind of a jag.

"Kansas prohibition was a failure in Runymede. The good livers brought whole cargoes of the very best whiskey from Chicago. One youth fell heir to \$15,000 a year, and the thermometer in Runymede went up several degrees. What a time we had!

"The men imagined that they were in the very heart of the West, where the blood ran wildest and reddest. They wore cowboy outfits and an arsenal of guns and knives rattled on them as they walked. They would not go outside the house unless armed to the teeth. They were fond of posing for their portraits in photograph galleries at Harper and Wichita, and I tremble even now at the terrible desperadoes that gaze at me from the faded pictures. Capt. Faulkner was an especially fierce looking 'cowboy,' and was almost afraid of himself when in full regalia.

"Every fortnight there was racing. Runymede had a steeple course which afforded much amusement. The riders bedecked themselves in all the glory of Solomon. John Lobb was the beau of the steeplechase. Upon one occasion he appeared wearing a white stiff-bosomed shirt, a collar, and a flowing necktie, a black alpaca coat, checked trousers that reached halfway to the knees; white socks, dancing-pumps, a granger hat, and lavender kid gloves.

"Dick Watinage, who affected cowboy hats and a ferocious looking buffalo overcoat, ran this race with red-and-white bunting wrapped around his legs, hatless and wearing a black shirt.

"Runymede withered like a flower and died. Its citizens were scattered from ocean to ocean. Few returned to England.

"If any one should find the 'lost' town of Runymede, ask him to mark the spot with a stone bearing the words, 'We had a good time while it lasted.'—[Philadelphia Press.

A WELL KNOWN GENTLEMAN MAKES A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

He Assures Rheumatic Sufferers That Paine's Celery Compound Banishes His Pains and Agonies.

The startling and happy cures wrought by Paine's Celery Compound for rheumatic sufferers have deeply impressed men everywhere, and today, the best practitioners are recognizing the great value of the compound, and prescribe it with confidence.

Paine's Celery Compound stands unequalled as a cure for all the varied forms of rheumatism. At this season its good work is apparent in thousands of Canadian homes. Men and women, lame and crippled and utterly helpless from the terrible disease are being restored to activity, health and strength. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that rescues and saves the despairing victim who is told that he or she is incurable. Mr. W. Morissette, Roxton Pond, Que., says: "Having been given up to die by some of the best doctors of the United States, I came to Canada last autumn terribly ill, and had lost all hope. Suffering agonies from inflammatory rheumatism, I was strongly urged to use Paine's Celery Compound. I gave it a trial, and the first bottle did me so much good I continued with the medicine until I had used seven bottles, when I found myself perfectly cured; indeed, I never felt better in all my life than at present. I use every possible means to tell others of Paine's Celery Compound, and will always recommend it to those troubled with rheumatism.

Dooley on Women.

"I have to talk about women," said Mr. Dooley. "Do ye know anything about them?"

"Nawthin'," said Mr. Hennessy, "I've been livin' with wan so long that she looks like me, but she's as much iv a gamble to me now as iver she was. I know what she'll do. She'll do what I tell her to do if she plazes. But I can niver more thin guess what she's thinkin' about."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "women is a strange craters, I niver pretended to larn thin. I can tell be th' cut iv a man's coat or his whiskers, be th' way he walks, be his attichood at th' bar, be a light wurrud spoke in jest or a heavy wurrud in anger, be a glance at th' side iv his face as he passes a looking-glass, what kind of a man he is. Wan thing I'll always bet on—he ain't much different fr'm any other man. If I want to get a line on what he'd do in case iv fire, I, meself, an' ivry man.

"But whin it comes to sizen' up the ladies, Cawd bless thim an' tache thim their places, I hang th' rule, th' compass, an' th' tape line, an' go be guess an' luck. In dalin'

with women a man mus' play entirely be ear. Theyse a good many men, that'll tell ye they know all about thim. Almost anny young unmarried man between eighteen an' twenty-wan cud map a woman out fr' ye as plain as State Sthreet. He has her mind an' her sowl charted an' he takes a squint at th' north star, fr' he wud disdain to steer be annything less, sets his coorse, ties down th' tiller, an' goes to sleep. He wakes up in th' roarin' forties wrecked on an iceberg.

"I guess women don't live in th' same wurrud as men. It seems to be th' same wurrud where all th' clocks ar-re wrong, an' where they're no such things as distance. It's peopled with ghosts, drhessmakers an' princes. Th' other day I r-read th' pa-aper that a German prince has advertised fr an American girl, white preferred, who wud be willin' to exchange three millyon dollars fr th' opporchunity to bear th' proud but thirsty name iv Prince Otto Finkelstein Zum Rathskeller, an' later on ye'll see that Prince Otto who is known among his friends as 'Frick,' has borrowed a coat an' come over on a tank steamer to wed wan iv Cincinnati's fairest belles. Why does she do it? There ar-re plenty iv American men around who wud take her in spite iv the money. To show that they loved her for herself alone they'd agree to spind the fortune in a year. Anny wan iv thim cud tell her that Prince Otto is only a German, afther all. In th' happy home life at Rathskeller, he loves th' prince part iv his nature out iv dures if it isn't hung up at a pawshop, an' is plain Otto who loves noodles in a th'ick soup and uses a pocket comb on his whiskers afther dinner.

"Is there wan law fr men an' another fr women? says the lady who had bad luck in a play I wanst see. No, sir. Theyse wan law fr men an' no law fr women. Th' laws ar-re made be men, fr men, who ar-re taught to think in straight lines, while a woman thinks ar-round a corner and over th' tops iv houses. Don't lave us tache thim anny iv th' foolish things we've got to know. They don't believe in ideas, theories, or argymint. They believe in persons. If th' baldheaded Columbus showed thim be his chart an' log that he'd discovered America they'd say: 'I don't believe that edjous man lever discovered annything.' But if Padarooski told thim he did they'd believe it without a doubt. Women will stand by a murderer or a safe-blower, not because they don't think he does it, but because crime ain't a crime whin it's committed be th' right party. Facts ain't annything to thim; they regard argymint as an old wornout way iv gettin' annywhere, like an engineer wud look at a stage coach. They don't believe in figures, or, at laste, in other people's figures. Don't argue with thim. Ye can't convince thim iv annything unless ye hol' their hands. Take thim firmly be th' fingers an' tell thim what ye want thim to believe. Praps they'll say: 'He has nice hair. He must be right.'"

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "fr a man that don't know annything about th' subjick ye've had a good dale to say."

"Th' raison I've said so much," replied Mr. Dooley, "is that I know so little. Be Hivins, when I think iv haw little I know I'm surprised at me own modheration."—"Collier's Weekly."

Evolution of Boys' Games.

"There has been some little evolution, too, in the matter of boyish games," said the old bachelor, and as a matter of fact, the changes have been so worked that the older fellows are scarcely well enough posted now to enter any of the games that used to delight them during recess at school, and at other leisure moments. New rules have been invoked by the boys of today, and the old-timer simply knows nothing about the games. If I should attempt to play marbles now the boys would laugh me off the ground. But a few days ago I stoped in front of the old Cathedral, down at Jackson Square, to watch a game of marbles which was being played by several youngsters of the old quarter, and to my astonishment, I did not understand the game at all. I could see at a glance that the game was nothing like the one I used to play.

"The rules were different, the boys used different expressions, and, in fine, it was altogether different from the game as I used to play it. I suppose if I had entered the game the boys would have had a deal of sport at my expense. The same thing is true of all the other games. Spinning tops is different, kites are not made as we used to make them, and they fly them in a different way. In some respects, of course, these boyish amusements have not changed, but if I should suddenly become a boy again I imagine that I would find myself somewhat at sea when it came to playing the games that once amused and entertained me so much. So everything changes. There are evidences of evolution after all in all the activities of human life, and even in boyish

games no less than in the higher and more important activities of life. But after all, the boys get the same amount of pleasure out of the games that the boys of the older school enjoyed, so the change amounts simply to a change in detail."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Strange Wooling.

The conductor of a train on a North Dakota railroad had just sat down to make up a fourth hand in a game of cards, when a widow who was complacently smoking her clay pipe moved down upon the quartette and said:

"Conductor, I don't want to disturb you, but I'm livin' just beyand Skinnersville."

"I'll see that you get off all right," he replied.

"But I ain't worryin' about that. I've got one hundred and sixty acres of land and a good cabin up thar."

"I see."

"My ole man got drowned in B'ar River last y'ar and I'm all alone."

"Yes'm."

"I'm powerfully busy when I'm home, but as it'll be three hours before I get thar' you might jest do me a favor."

"I will, ma'am. I understand what you want. I think the right sort of man is up at the front end of the car, and I'll speak to him."

Five minutes later he came back, followed by a man about forty years old, who looked like a farmer, and pausing beside the woman the conductor said:

"This is the man I was speaking about."

"Stranger, what might be your name?" asked the woman as she moved along to make room.

"Judson, ma'am," he replied.

"And mine is Wolcott. Hev you ever be jined?"

Yes; but I lost her two y'ars ago. She was bit by a snake."

"And my ole man was drowned. Would you jine agin?"

"Mebbe. Would you?"

"I kinder think I would. What's your aige?"

"Forty-two. What's yours?"

"Jist forty-one yisterday. Ar' you a hard-workin' good-tempered man?"

"That's what they calls me. Guess you can run a house?"

"Fur shore. Ain't that ole reptile up thar' a preacher?"

"Looks to be. Shall we be jined?"

"If you say so."

The "old reptile" turned out to be a preacher, and with the train running at thirty miles an hour and the passengers standing up in their seats to witness the ceremony, the twain were duly and lawfully made one, and every man kissed the happy bride.

Properly Punished.

He said he had an out-of-town customer to entertain. Perhaps he told the truth; perhaps he did not. At any rate, he broke an engagement with his wife to make a call, and did not get home till after midnight. Of course he made as little noise as possible, and was soon in bed and dreaming.

But those dreams! He dreamed he was dead and in the place of torment. He could feel flames and hot iron applied to his skin. He moaned and tossed in his sleep to such an extent that he woke up his wife, but she said nothing. Finally he woke up with a start. It was no dream. He was actually burning up.

"Lizzie," he said weakly, "I guess this is the finish."

"O, I guess not," she replied.

"I'm suffering the torments of the damned," he asserted.

"Perhaps you deserve it," she replied.

"I tell you," he protested. "I'm burning up; I'm blistered. I never knew a fever to get a grip like this on a fellow."

"Oh, it isn't a fever," she returned; "it's probably your conscience."

He was suffering too much to note the railly in this.

"Get a doctor," he moaned. "I must have some relief."

"Relieve your conscience, and you'll be all right," she answered. "Where were you to-night?"

"Don't torture a man," he expostulated.

"Where were you tonight?" she repeated.

"At the club. But Lizzie—"

"Answer my questions truthfully, and I'm sure you'll gain relief. If you don't I'll get a doctor. Did you have an out-of-town customer there?"

"No."

"What did you do?"

"Played poker."

"What did you drink?"

"Seven or eight highballs."

"Is that the whole truth?"

"O, Lizzie, yes; but for heaven's sake —"

"Do you feel any better now?"

"Not a bit."

"Well, if you'll take the mustard plaster out of the pocket of your night shirt I think you will," she answered calmly. "I told you if you'd relieve your conscience you'd be all right."—Chicago Post.

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

Danger Next Door.



Perhaps it's diphtheria, or scarlet fever. Keep your own home free from the germs of these diseases. Prevent your children from having them. You can do it with our Vapo-Cresolene. Put some Cresolene in our vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and let the vapor fill the sleeping room. Have the children sleep in the room every night, for it's perfectly safe, yet not a single disease germ can live in this vapor. Ask your doctor about it.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

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CHOICE SOAPS, BRUSHES of all kinds

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The Past and The Future.

The way to judge the future is by the past. There is no better way to determine what a man will do than what he has done. Judge us by our reputation in the

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Oak Chamber Suites, Rockers, Tables, Lovely Oak Tables, Chairs and Sideboards, for the Dining Room, Hall Racks, Carpets, Etc.

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UNDERTAKING

carefully attended to.

Nov. 1, 1902.

Canadian Pacific Railway

In effect Oct. 12th, 1902.

DEPARTURES—Atlantic Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION)

6.45 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jct. St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor car McAdam Jct. to Boston. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Halifax.

8.50 A. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook M. Jct. and intermediate points.

11.35 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M. Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

1.35 P. MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jct. and intermediate points.

1.45 P. MIXED—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—for Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

4.45 P. MIXED—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—for Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.38 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton, M. Saint Stephen, Saint Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston.

ARRIVALS.

11.35 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Boston, Montreal, etc.

12.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Perth Jct.

12.25 P. M.—MIXED—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

12.30 P. M.—MIXED—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.38 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

7.46 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook Jct.

11.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

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