

MILBURN'S



Are a combination of the active principles of the most valuable vegetable remedies for diseases and disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.



Sick Headache, Jaundice, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Dizziness, Blisters and Pimples.



Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, Liver Complaint, Sallow or Muddy Complexion.



Sweeten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system. Price 25c. a bottle or 5 for \$1.00. All dealers or THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WAH SING,
CHINESE
LAUNDRY.

Family Washing a specialty. Parcels sent for and delivered.

Queen St., Woodstock, N. B.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

E. M. CAMPBELL

Has purchased the well equipped business of Mr. John Connor in the Grocery line, situated next door to the Royal Bank of Canada, where he will carry on a general Grocery business. He extends a cordial invitation to all to call whether on business or not. He will guarantee satisfaction in price and in quality of goods.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
A FAMILY LIBRARY
The Best in Current Literature
12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY
MANY SHORT STORIES AND
PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS
\$2.50 per year; 25 cts. a copy
NO CONTINUED STORIES
EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF

BRISTOL
WOODWORKING
FACTORY

Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—
DOORS SASH MOULDINGS
HOUSE FINISH SHEATHING ETC.,
STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times.
Estimates given. Orders promptly executed.
Write or call.

JOHN J. HAYWARD,
BRISTOL, N. B.

Flour. Flour.
FOR SALE.

A quantity of our
SPECIAL BRAND,
"PRIMROSE."

This is an excellent Bread and Pastry Flour. Call and get prices.

Meduxnaeag Roller Mill,
J. M. FRIPP.

The Meduxnaeag Roller Mills are running every day and giving excellent satisfaction. Bring along your wheat.
May 26th, 1902.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Money on good real estate mortgage security, on reasonable rates of interest, may be obtained at application to the undersigned at his office opposite the Carlisle Hotel.
LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock.

MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

Once there was a youth who tackled the Mercantile Career at a very light Stipend.

His chief Ambition in Life was to get so far ahead of the Game that he could afford a nice Cutaway Suit, a swell Derby for Sunday and a fourteen-carat De Beers set in a massive Gold Band.

He learned to embrace the Country Trade, and talk 175 Words per Minute, so that in a little while he had an Offer from an Opposition Concern. Where-upon, he said, he hated to leave, but—and the House stood for an increase.

He came upon the Cutaway and the Ring Tail and a Folding Hat and a Cape Coat. His Glad Raiment carried him right into Society and he began to meet Gazelles that suited him, so he figured on Probable Expense of Keeping House.

He thought that if he could annex a good-looking Tottie with large, soulful Eyes and take an Apartment and keep a Girl, then he would be fixed for sure.

So he went out for more Salary and carried the Bank Book next to his Heart. At last the Proud Boy arrived when he had his Own Flat with a rented Piano in the Front Room and Tidies on the Chairs. Before the Lease expired Pet discovered that the Dining-Room was too small and began to dream Dreams of a House of their Own in which they could Entertain. So he tucked back his Cuffs and took a fresh Grip on the World of Trade and boned like a Turk, making Payments on the House. He was beginning to look round-shouldered, but he drank plenty of Coffee and smoked fat cigars and buckled down.

He had it all planned to take a good Rest as soon as he had lifted the Mortgage. He went so far as to send out for Time-Tables and look at the Pictures of People sitting around in Steamer Chairs enjoying the Sea Air.

He would have taken a nice long Vacation, only he saw a Chance to break into the Firm. Accordingly, he went in Debt up to his Eyes. He would lie awake at Night casting up his Liabilities and computing Interest. He talked to himself on the Street and acted just the least bit Dippy. But he was determined to swing the Deal and then, as soon as he was out of the Woods, he could take a Trip and hang around Picture Galleries and ride in Gondolas and have the Time of his Life with nothing to worry him.

For Years he had said that it was a Crime for any one Man to pile up more than \$100,000. As soon as he went above that Figure it was a Case of sitting up Nights to count it. As soon as he had that Hundred Thousand raked up and tied in Bundles, then for a Quiet Spot near a Body of Water and a Naptha Launch and the free open Life of the Golf Links.

To the 50 cent Table d'Hote Fellow, 100,000 Simoleons in one Lump looks bigger than the Union Station, but the Man who is being gnawed by the Mazuma Bacillus thinks he is a Pauper unless he can count up Seven Figures. He is always sizing up alongside of Rockefeller and Morgan and he feels like a Piker sitting in a stiff Poker Game with one White Seed.

Just about the time the Business Man counted up \$100,000 to the Good, he discovered that he needed seven Servants around the House. And the Missus could float down town on a sunny Afternoon and make \$1000 look like a Pinch of Small Change.

He set his Mark at One Million. Then, when he had that, out to the Sylvan Dell, He was going to be a Gentleman Farmer.

Every Office Building on Earth is congested with hollowed-eyed Prisoners who are planning to be Gentleman Farmers. About next Year or Year after—away from the Hurly Burly and nothing to do except raise Chickens.

All of them have those Chicken Dreams. This Business Man whom we are describing even went so far as to pick out the kind of Chickens he was going to raise—Plymouth Rocks. He figured out how many Eggs he could get per Hen and sometimes when the Pencil was working well, he estimated that he could make the Place self-supporting.

In the meantime, he was humping himself and eating Pepsin Tablets and taking a little something every Night to make him Sleep.

The Business had developed so that he had fourteen Push Buttons in front of him and kept two Stenographers busy and was jumping from the Long-Distance Phone to the Private Office most of the Time and chewing up 30 cent Cigars and in other Ways giving a correct imitation of a Man who has a large and ambitious Family on Hand.

He began to look Wild out of the Eyes and had a severe Case of the Jumps, but he had to postpone that Rest for a little While because no one else understood all the Details of the Business.

When the Doctor hinted about Nervous Prostration he said that he was trying to get the whole Organization down to a System, so

that someone else, could step in and run it, after which he expected to take a Place in the Country and raise Chickens. He told the Chicken Story so often, he began to believe it himself.

In order to systematize the Large Business so that he could turn it over to someone else and then have his Vacation, he began to put in sixteen hours a Day and landed in the large Corner Room with a Trained Nurse putting Ice on his Head and telling him he would be all right in a Day or so.

He had a Ticker put in at one side of the Bed and kept a Stenographer on hand up to the Afternoon that he departed this Life.

It is said that when he went to his Reward he was met by a Celestial Attendant, who proved to be the Recording Angel.

"If you're the Recording Angel, get out your Book," said the Business Man. "I want you to take a few Letters for me."

MORAL: The Chicken Ranch is always in the Future Tense.

A Critical Time
In Woman's Life.

The Wonderful Benefit to be
Obtained by the Use of

Dr. Chase's
Nerve Food.

When you meet with pale, weak women who complain of lack of vigor and vitality and suffer more or less in a feminine way you can be almost sure that they did not have proper care at that critical period in their lives when the functions of womanhood were developing.

These physiological changes usually take place at a time when girls are bending every effort to succeed in their school work, and are depriving themselves of the outdoor exercise, rest and sleep which is so important at this time in order to keep up good health in the face of the strain which is put upon the whole system.

When your daughter gets pale and listless, seems to lose interest in her surroundings and suffers with stomach pains and headache, you may be sure that her nerve force is being exhausted more rapidly than it is being created and that her nerves and body generally are crying out for more blood—for rich, pure, life-sustaining blood.

As a treatment for growing girls, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has the highest endorsement of all who have tested its virtues. It is successful because it actually forms new, red corpuscles in the blood—increasing the quantity as well as improving the quality of the blood—and creates new nerve force. Blood and nervous force are consumed at a tremendous rate during this trying time, and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food keeps the supply in excess of the demand.

Mrs. J. A. Gallop, 135 Victoria Street, St. John, N. B., whose husband is a carpenter states:—We have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in our family for nervousness, headaches, dizziness and nervous dyspepsia and have found them satisfactory in every particular.

My daughter Bessie was going to school and became quite run down in health. By the time she had used three boxes of this remedy her nerves were steady, her general health was excellent and she was entirely free from headaches and dizzy spells. We are more than pleased with the results of this treatment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Bob Burdette to Young Men.

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one in ten millions went to the funeral. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knew so much less than you do. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland, to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have for it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, and they are more stylish; your mustache is neater; the cut of your hair is better. But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a cheque will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months.

FITS
Lieber's Fit Cure for Epilepsy and kindred ailments is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe and America. It is confidentially recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from
EPILEPSY, FITS, ST. VITUS' DANCE,
or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle and try it. It will be sent by mail prepaid, if has cured where every-thing else has failed.
When writing mention this paper, and give full address to
THE LIEBIG CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto.

Bug Death

Kills the Bugs.
Feeds the Plant.



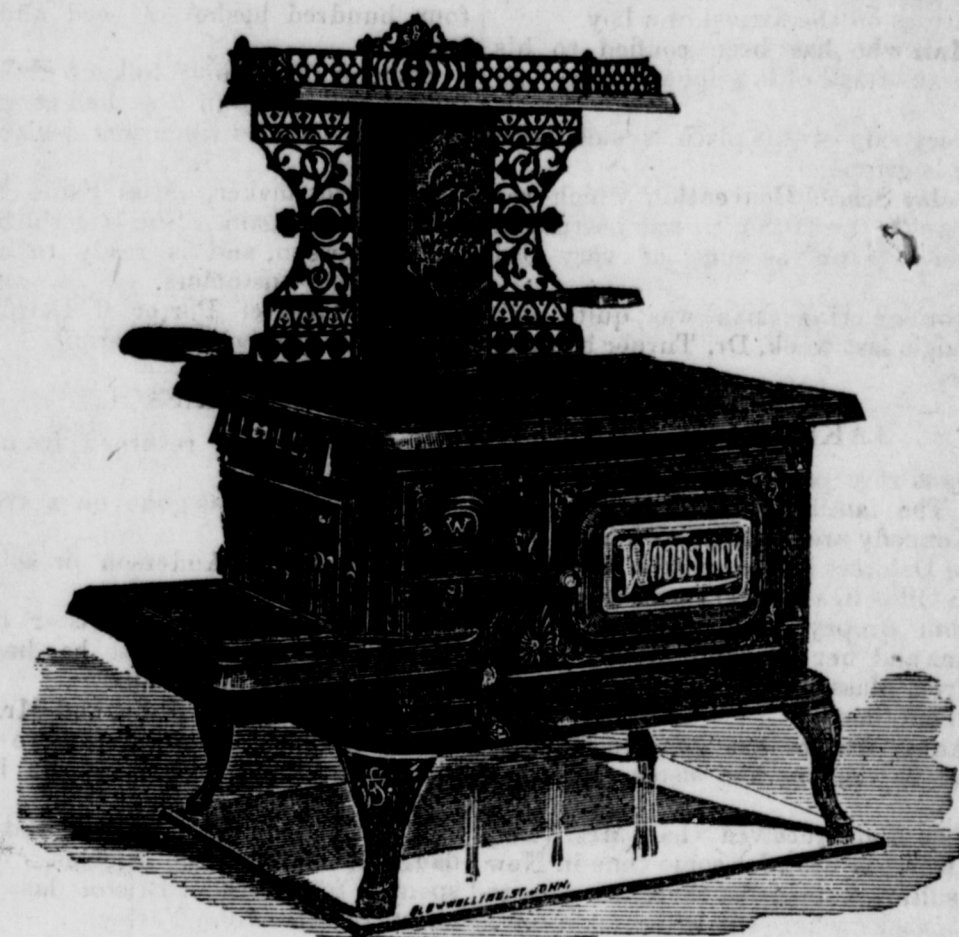
Can be used dry—mixed with water and sprayed on the vines, or used with Bordeaux Mixture.

It Pays Anyway.

We guarantee the EXTRA YIELD more than pays for cost of BUG DEATH. Send for free booklet with full information.

BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO. Ltd.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

THE WOODSTOCK RANGE.



The Methodist Parsonage, Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 11th, 1902. Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—After upwards of thirty years experience with a large variety of cook stoves, none has ever given the satisfaction derived from your "Woodstock". It is a perfect heater and baker, keeps the water tank hot day and night, with less fuel than any stove we have ever had in our parsonages.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN C. BERRIE.

P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end of March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

SMALL & FISHER COMPANY, Limited,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

A Smuggling Yarn.

Recently the detective department of the United States customs at Boston received information from the other side that a man of certain description had sailed on one of the Cunarders for Boston; that he had a steamer trunk and a grip of unusual construction for luggage. The trunk was reported to be innocent and ordinary, but "but keep your eye on the grip and on the man," were the special instructions.

In due season the Cunarder arrived with the man and the luggage as described. Asked to declare his belongings, he refused, falling back on the favorite excuse that he didn't know what he had that was dutiable, or the value of the things he had, and hence would not make a sworn declaration of value; the officers were at liberty to search his boxes and make their own conclusions.

The steamer trunk contained nothing dutiable; neither did the curiously constructed valise. It had a false bottom and a hollow handle, and, in addition, the brass buttons that are placed at the corners of the bottom of traveling bags to stand them on were screwed in and covered shallow holes in which jewels might easily be placed and concealed. But in these handy hiding places nothing could be found, and the officers were becoming desperate and exasperated. Finally, came the last resort in customs examination; the victim of suspicion was asked to disrobe, and on doing so under protest and profanity and evident confusion, a big porous plaster was discovered between his shoulders, and was ordered removed, when the jewels were found lodged behind the plaster. They corresponded exactly in number and description to the list sent over by the European detectives, and were confiscated. Refusal to make any declaration, however, absolved the smuggler from criminal prosecution, and he was let go.

A Plea for Naming Farms.

It is the custom in the older Southern States and in Some of the Middle States to give names to the farms. It is a good thing to do. It gives a sense of locality to a farm. It advertises the products of that particular farm, and soon the owner and his family become identified with the land, and it will certainly cultivate a love for home in the children. By all means, let every man who owns a farm give it a name, and have the name appear conspicuously at the entrance to the land, so that the neighbors will learn to designate it by that name.

French Coach Stallion,
LAVATER,

Imported by the Local Government last year, will make the season 1903

At the Owner's Stable in
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Terms: By the season \$10.00, payable January 1st, 1904. Single service \$5.00, cash at time of service. If mare doesn't prove in foal will let the \$5 go on the season. With the usual return privilege next season if we own the horse then.

Also: Two Baron Almater colts, two years old, that we will let serve a limited number of approved mares.

BARON GLEN, br. s. by Baron Almater dam by Red Glen. Service fee \$10.00 to insure.
BARRY ALMATER, ch. s. by Baron Almater dam by Red Glen. Service fee \$10.00 to insure.

H. E. & J. W. GALLAGHER,
Owners.

April 1—2m

NOTICE
TO FARMERS!

We expect to resume our business of slaughtering lambs this season as usual. We shall buy our lambs by the pound, weighing when taken away, which has proved very satisfactory. We shall continue to pay one cent per pound more for ewes and wethers than we do for buck lambs.

We advise weighing all lambs before selling by the head, to see if we are not offering more by the pound for good lambs than they will bring by the head.

**New England Dressed Meat
and Wool Co.,**
HOULTON, MAINE.

S. i. April 8.

"I want half a pound of water crackers," said Mrs. Newcome. "All-fired sorry, ma'am," replied the country store-keeper, "but I ain't got but two dozen of 'em in the place." "Well, I'll take them." "Jest wait ten, twenty minutes. Hi Peters an' Josh Slocum has been usin' 'em fur checkers an' they're playin' the decidin' game now."