

How Pa Celebrated.

Everybody about the office felt sorry for Pa; from the Old Man, who was, of course, the head of the firm, to the freckled office-boy, whose fiery hair gave to a somewhat gray place its one dash of color. The head door-keeper had been heard to say that Pa led a dog's life, and the cashier often remarked that how Pa lived and supported that family on that salary was clear beyond him. The cashier knew what it was to support a much smaller family on a much larger salary, and found it a problem that taxed his finances to the utmost. What, then, became of Pa at the first of the month? asked the cashier.

It was part of the irony of fate that Pa, who was little and wrinkled, and altogether out of proportion to his huge mustache, should have six tall and handsome daughters at home. Time was when his salary had been a little larger than now, and he had hesitated a long time about marrying. It seemed like flying in the face of Providence, he said, to ask any woman to live and keep a house on a salary like that; but eventually he asked her, and she undertook to make the salary named suffice for herself and him. When the first little girl came she might have noticed a look of dismayed speculation on the countenance of Pa—his real name was John Henry Craig, but he became Pa from that date. As the five other little girls came in rapid succession the look of speculation deepened, and yet, somehow, the salary stretched to cover all of them and clothe them and give them a fair education.

"If there had been another one of 'em it couldn't have been done," Pa was wont to say cheerily. "As it is, there's just enough; but another would have meant hard times for good."

Two or three years ago Mrs. Craig had died. She was believed to be delirious toward the last, for she kept muttering incoherently:

"Winter coming on—jackets for all the girls—your old coat will have to do another winter, Pa."

Having buried his wife, Pa went on taking care of the girls. The old coat "did" not only for another winter, but for still another winter after that. Shabbier, smaller, more bent, a little more bald, Pa was always at the desk, working with unflagging cheerfulness.

"No—I would rather keep my girls at home," he said to that good-natured friend of whom Byron speaks, when the said friend suggested that the girls might help Pa make a living. "Of course, if it were really necessary, you know—if I were to break down, or anything like that—why, then I wouldn't mind it so much. But I don't like to see women out working when there's a great, strong man that ought to stand between them and the world."

About this time Pa discovered to his amazement that one of the six girls had a lover, and was thinking of being married some day not far off.

"Well, well! That baby!" Pa said half an hour afterward. "I wonder what Mary'd say to that!"

And then Pa searched around and found some extra work that he could do outside of office hours.

"One of 'em's going to marry," he explained cheerfully, to the Old Man. "She'll need a lot o' things, of course, and it's goin' to take hustlin'. Anything you can throw my way, now—I'll be much obliged."

Pa had scarcely recovered from the marriage of the first daughter before there were two more who wanted to have a double wedding.

"It's good they gave me a little time on that, or I'd never have made it," Pa said, drawing a long breath when it was over.

Then, in a little while there was another, and then another. Amazed and bewildered, Pa found himself all at once with only one of the pretty daughters at home, and that one flirting outrageously with half a dozen love-lorn young men. He knew what to expect now, any day. You might think they were babies, but suddenly you discovered that they had grown up and wanted a home of their own. Pa came out of a brown study, thinking of it.

"There's only one of 'em left, now," he told the cashier, genially, polishing his spectacles on the corner of his tie. "When that one marries I'll feel as though my responsibilities were pretty well done with. I've been thinkin' that I ought to celebrate it, somehow. It struck me just now that when Lena's married and got someone to look out for her, I'd go out an' have an orgy."

As the time drew near, Pa gave indications of a lightning heart. He was seen to sit at his desk with his faded brown derby on the back of his head, instead of hanging decently on its hook. He was heard on more than one occasion to warble under his breath a ditty which consisted principally of stirring words like "Tum-tee-liddle-dum, tum-tum tee."

Was So Nervous She Could Not Sleep At Night.



Had Palpitation of the Heart and Loss of Appetite—
Are You One of Those Troubled in this Way?
If you are, MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS will Cure You—They Cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Faint and Dizzy Spells, General Debility, and all Heart or Nerve Troubles.

Read what Mrs. C. H. Reed, Cobocook, says about them:—Over six years ago I was troubled with palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite. I was so nervous I could not sleep at night. I took MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. They cured me, and I have not been bothered since.

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

The Old Man was generosity himself. I understand it is quite an event with you. Mr.—Mr. Craig," he said. (He had come within one of forgetting the name.) "Your last daughter marries tonight, you say? Well, now, suppose you take a week off—salary to go on, of course. Oh, don't mention it! You've been with the firm a long time. And you'll find an extra V in your envelope. Good-by—hope you'll have a good time."

"Say, now, take care of yourself," said the cashier, urgently. "You know you ain't used to—high jinks, you know."

When the cashier reached the office on the morning of the second day he found Pa at his desk. Pa's hat was in its place on the hook, and Pa's self was the shabby, neat, well-brushed self he had seen in that place for so many years.

"Back already!" cried the discomfited cashier. "What about that orgy you've been fixing up for so long?"

"Well, I had it," said Pa, beaming at him radiantly.

"Had it! The mischief! You don't look it!" said the cashier, who remembered an orgy or two of his own.

"You see, I don't care for much excitement," he explained. "It's been excitement enough for me just to make a living. What I want now is quiet, you know—and so I took ten cents and a bag of peanuts down to the ferry, and I rode seventeen times across the river and back again. You can ride all day, you know, if you pay the ten cents and don't get off—it's very nice, I've often wanted to do it. And I ate the peanuts and threw the shells at the gulls. I don't know when I ever have had such a day."

"Ainslie's."

Two Men and a Dog.

Two Yorkshiresmen, father and son, went out to ferret rabbits, taking with them a puppy which they hoped to train into a good sporting dog. After a while the puppy, getting excited, worked his way a long distance down a burrow, and the two sportsmen being anxious to recover him, each of them put his head down a hole to discover his whereabouts. Presently a voice in tones of anguish was heard calling for help.

"Here, Joe, quick! He has got hold of me by the nose and I can't get him off."

"Bear it, feyther, bear it," was the sympathetic reply; "it'll be the making of the pup."

The Butcher's Warning.

A few weeks ago a young lad presented himself at the shop of a local butcher, and, when the burly proprietor appeared, gave a small order.

"You don't buy so much meat now as you did in the summer," remarked the butcher.

"No," responded the lad, "and it's because father has become a vegetarian."

"Well, my lad," came the grave retort, "you give your dad warning from me that, as a rule, vegetarians come to a violent end. Take a bullock—e's a vegetarian. Wot's the result? Why, e's cut off sudden, in his wery prime!"

Australia has more places of public worship in proportion to population than any other country.

As a rule, grey horses attain a greater age than those of any other colour, but with increasing years they turn white.

In Southern China the air is so humid in summer that, despite the intense heat clothes cannot be dried in the open air.

A man in West Kensington who advertised for a cook and a music teacher received nine answers to the former advertisement and 389 to the latter.

THE STRIKE AT PARTINGTON'S.

Continued from seventh page.

"Barker, the murdering scoundrel, by all that's wonderful!" he cried. The next instant he gave vent to a great shout, and dashed forward full speed towards the platform.

It was an ear-compelling cry, and Slocum paused in his oration and glared at the rushing Ned. But at the first glance his whole body seemed to grow limp. His face, a moment before so flushed with dogged purposes, grew livid with fear, then with a yell of unmistakable terror he turned, rushed from the platform, and the men falling back amazed, darted through the crowd and scudded off like the wind.

Ned pulled up with a grim laugh, the astonished unionists surging around him. "It's no use me trying to catch him." "He was always good at running, was Barker—specially running away. He's good for five miles at that pace."

Pete Carlow squeezed through and faced Ned, wonder-stricken.

"What's the meaning o' this?" he demanded. Ned's lip curled.

"Well," he said, "you're a sweet lot of innocents to let Barker lead you by the nose! And his cheek's a caution, too, though I guess he's busy regretting it now. He was in our corps down South—an out-an'-out wrong'un. Loot! My word, he'd ha' stolen the whiskers off a dead Boer if he'd thought there was a market for 'em!" His eyes flashed. "By Heaven," he continued, "Lootenant Jones, as decent a chap as ever lived, caught him one night in a Kaffir settlement outside the lines after loot, which was against the rules—but that was the least of it. The beggar had found a fat old nigger hiding, and thinking, no doubt, the chap had something put away for a rainy day, he had trussed him up to see whether a good wetting would loosen his tongue. The lootenant tried to arrest him, of course, and asked him to hand over his rifle. When the skunk saw his game was spoilt, d'ye know what he did?"

"Go on," cried the listeners, in an impatient chorus, as Ned paused.

"Cracked his officer's head with the butt of his gun and bolted to the Boer lines. . . . Jones? He recovered all right, but Barker doesn't know that."

The befooled unionists looked sheepishly at each other, and at that moment the starting whistle sounded.

"Halloa!" cried Ned; "you chaps can strike or no, as you like, but here's one as is going in to see after that job of Barker's, and stop him who can."

There was no strike at Dollybridge, and Mr. Partington, to whom Ned applied for the vacant post, enjoyed his recital of the hour's proceedings so much that he vowed it had added years to his life. "You may start now if you choose, my lad, he said.

The Dollybridge Millworkers' Union came to an untimely end that evening; its last act being, on the chairman's motion, to tender an apology to Jim Wishart for the manner in which he had been treated.

To Those

wishing to secure a Commercial or Shorthand and Typewriting Training, The Fredericton Business College offers advantages unsurpassed by any other institution in Canada. Attendance larger than ever. Write for free catalogue. W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

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JUNCTION HOUSE, Newburg Junction Meals on arrival of all trains First-class fare. R. E. OWENS, Proprietor

Assessors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed Assessors of Rates in and for the Town of Woodstock for the present year. All persons owning property in the town may within Twenty Days give in a statement of their property and income as provided by law. Dated at Woodstock, April 1, 1903. CHARLES COMBEN, EMERSON HAGERMAN, JOHN DONNELLY.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE

H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props. Outfit for commercial travellers, Coaches in atendance 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.

A Novel.

A moon, a sky, A mountain high, A lane; Some trees, some grass, A youth, a lass, A cane. A smile, and sighs, And drooping eyes, Alack! An arm, a waist, A squeeze in haste, A smack. A church, an aisle, Some folks in style, Aside; A vow, a band, A bridegroom, and A bride. A tenement, Top floor, cheap rent, Not all; Ten children gay, Who love to play, And bawl.—Ex.

How to Fill Your Pipe.

Worshippers at the shrine of My Lady Nicotine will be interested in a correspondent's method of filling a pipe—a method from which he has obtained results greatly superior to those yielded by the old style. He places a wooden match down the centre of the bowl, its lower end entering or covering the hole that leads to the stem, and, holding it in position with one finger, presses the tobacco in firmly all round with the unsharpened end of a pencil. The match is then withdrawn, the pipe lighted up, and the full flavour of the tobacco extracted without waste.

Paper Hose.

Paper gloves and stockings are now being manufactured in Europe. As to the manner in which the former are made little is known, but the stockings have been carefully examined by experts, and they are loud in their praise of them. It is claimed that they will last almost as long as ordinary stockings. The reason, they point out, is because the paper of which they are made was during the process of manufacture transformed into a substance closely resembling wool, and was then woven and otherwise treated as ordinary wool.

The Cleveland machine-gun, firing twenty-five one-pound projectiles at one pull of the trigger, has been tested. The gun weighs 40lb. It fired 800 shots in a minute without heating the barrel.

There is among the inmates of Bow Workhouse Infirmary a Polish girl who can speak thirteen languages.



LOADED UP WITH IMPURITIES. IN THE SPRING THE SYSTEM IS LOADED UP WITH IMPURITIES.

After the hard work of the winter, the eating of rich and heavy foods, the system becomes clogged up with waste and poisonous matter, and the blood becomes thick and sluggish.

This causes Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Lack of Energy and that tired, weary, listless feeling so prevalent in the spring.

The cleansing, blood-purifying action of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

eliminates all the pent-up poison from the system, starts the sluggish liver working, acts on the Kidneys and Bowels, and renders it, without exception,

The Best Spring Medicine.

FOR SALE.

Corn Meal AND Cracked Corn.

Just Received—A consignment of Manitoba Seed Wheat, which is for sale at the mill. Meduxnakeag Roller Mill, J. M. FRIPP. Woodstock, April 1st, 1903.



Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy, to cure disease of the breathing organs, than to take the remedy into the stomach?

Vapo-Cresolene.

Established 1879. Cures While You Sleep. It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children. Is a boon to asthmatics.

Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh, Colds, Grippe and Hay Fever. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, together with a box of Cresolene, \$2.50. Extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Write for descriptive booklet containing highest testimony as to its value. VAPOR-CRESOLENE IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. Vapo-Cresolene Co. 180 Fulton Street New York 1651 Notre Dame Street Montreal

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At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public. Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line.

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

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CARRIAGE AND SIGN PAINTING.

I have taken the paint shop in the Marcy building on Connell street where I will do all kinds of carriage and sign painting in the best manner and promptly.

F. L. MOOERS,

Marcy Building, Connell street, Woodstock. March 1st, 3 mos.

NOTICE.

The under mentioned non-resident ratepayers of the Parish of Woodstock in the County of Carleton are hereby notified to pay to the undersigned collector the amount of their rates and taxes set opposite their names respectively, together with the cost of advertising, 85 cents each, within two months from this date, otherwise the real estate of the respective parties will be sold or other legal proceedings taken to recover the same.

	1899.	1900.	1901.	1902.
Colter, Geo. J.				\$5.60
Cummins, Jacob				.86
Dickinson, Samuel	\$1.20	\$1.20	\$1.22	\$1.32
Edgecomb, W. J.		1.20	1.22	1.32
Hamilton, William			1.58	1.73
Kelly, John			1.22	1.32
McCue, Roger				2.64
Meagher, Matthias				.41
Nichols, Andrew, (estate)				.86
Thomas, D. R. (estate)	1.20	1.20		1.58
Veness, Henry				1.73

A. J. RAYMOND, Collector. Woodstock, N. B., April 20th, 1903. April 22, 2 mos.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate. APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box, 25c. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.