

**JUST A COLD
SETTLED IN THE KIDNEYS,
BUT IT TURNED TO DROPSY.**

IT WAS CURED BY

**DOAN'S KIDNEY
PILLS.**

Read of This Wonderful Cure.
It May Do You or Your Friends Some
Good to Know About It.

Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithfield, N.S., writes:—About 18 months ago I caught cold. It settled in my kidneys, and finally turned into Dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet were very much bloated, and if I pressed my finger on them it would make a white impression that would last fully a minute before the flesh regained its natural color. I was advised to try DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and before I had used half a box I could notice an improvement, and the one box completely cured me. I have never been troubled with it since, thanks to DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

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

**WAH SING,
CHINESE
LAUNDRY.**

Family Washing a specialty.
Parcels sent for and delivered.

Queen St., Woodstock, N. B.

**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 return the \$5 go on the season. With the usual retain 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

**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.**

**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.**

81. April 8.

Kelly (growing pathetic): "Pity a poor unfortunate man, Kelliher, that's got to go home to his wife!"

Kelliher: "Brace up, Kelly! brace up! Ye should be thankful ye are not the Sultan!"

MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

One Day a lowly Steam Fitter, who received only 70 cents an Hour for filling his Pipe, was sent to do a Job of Repairing in the Palatial Residence of a Syndicate Mogul.

While he was hammering merrily at his Task, trying to fill out an eight-hour Day, the Lady of the House came and watched him. Her Heart was touched with great Pity for any Man who still had his Appendix and whose Picture had never appeared in the Sunday Papers. So she had the Butler bring some Charlotte Russe for the humble Toiler. After which he borrowed one of her gold-tipped Cigarets and gave her a few Minutes of his Time, in spite of the Fact that she did not belong to the Union.

"This is a Swell Joint you've got here, Lady," said the steam-fitter. "The only thing that makes me Sore is to think that all of this Hot Dog you're throwin' on comes out of the Pockets of poor, hard-workin' Guys, such as me."

"You wrong us," said the Great Lady, in a Tone of Gentle Sadness. "My Husband never flim-flams the poor Laborer. All that he has made by shifting the Cut on the small Stockholders. We are much interested in the Working Classes and wish to establish a free Lecture Course, so that the Poor may learn all about Anthropology. Very often I go and sing Solos at Mission Entertainments, but in spite of this my poor Husband is pictured as a hungry Octopus who has taken a death-grip on the Consumer."

"I'd hate to be a Corporation Director," said the Steam Fitter. "The Mug that controls a Million Bucks ain't got a Friend on Earth except the People who happen to be with him at the time. All the Congressmen throw Brick at him and the Editorial Writers toast him to a Crisp. The Rainbow Weeklies put him in Cartoons as having four Chins and a Waist Measurement of 52, whereas all the Money-Getters I ever spotted were as thin as Rails and looked as if they had to live on Tea and Toast. But the working man! He's the Boy that gets all the Violets. When they put me into a Cartoon they make me out to be a handsome Charley with my Sleeves rolled up and a set of Muscles that would make Jeffries ashamed of himself. I always wear a dinky Paper Cap and a full growth of Presbyterian Whiskers. Every time I see a Picture of the American Workingman in three Colors, I'm glad that I'm not a low-down Capitalist. I may not handle as much Coin as some of the Shell-Workers that hang out in Wall Street, but any time that I feel discouraged all I have to do is dig up my 30 Cents, and go to a Variety Show and then I find out that I am the only true-hearted and honest American, except the gallant Volunteer. The very best Friends that Union Labor has in this County is the Vawdville Artist who works 28 Minutes a Day for \$175 a Week."

"Still, with your restricted income, you cannot seek the elevating Influence of our kind of Society," said the Lady of the House. "That must grind you a good deal, especially if you have Children growing up. I can imagine that it would be hard lines to know that your Offspring have no Social Careers awaiting them."

"Me and my wife lay awake Nights and cry about it," said the Steam-fitter. "We thought for a while we might save up and buy Jimmy an Auto, but when we looked in the Catalogue we found that the Price was \$4000. So we decided if he wanted to practice Homicide it would be cheaper to get him on the Police Force. Being too poor to send him to a University, we let him take Lessons at a Boxing Academy and now, when anyone starts Rough House, he is almost as handy as a regular Student. He can smoke Egyptian Cigaretts and blow Smoke through his Nose and he gives me the Laugh when I call him down, and so I feel that we have accomplished by Home Training what might have been expected from a College Course. As for Vivian, our bright-eyed little Daughter, she is the zippiest High-Flyer that speeds the Boulevard. When it comes to French Heels and the long Straight Front and all kind of Blouse Hanging in front of her, she can make the average Society Bad look like a bum Imitation. She has one of those wig-wag Walks—the kind that makes people jump off of the Sidewalk. Of course, she is only the Daughter of an obscure Steam-fitter, But let me give you a Pointer. You can't tell by looking at one of these Fairies nowadays what kind of Clothes her Father wears. When it comes to Lugs, I can't see that the Heiress has any Bulge on the simple Working Girl. As for butting into the Social Swim, she has a scheme all framed up, by which she expects to become acquainted with all the gold-plated Johnnies who infest the Municipality. She is going on the stage as a Show Girl. She says that the Dubatante seldom has more than one on her Staff, while the Show Girl can take her Pick of a large Bunch. So you see that in these Days of Public Schools and cheap Reading Matter and custom-made Imitation, even the most Humble can occasionally make a Bluff at be-

ing the Real Thing. So long as my Children hoot at my Suggestions and tell me every Day where to get off or how to back over the Dump Papa will not be altogether discouraged in regard to their Social Careers. In fact, the only thing that worries me is the Fear that I will not be able to keep up with them."

"I am glad to find you so Philosophical," said the Millionaire. "After reading several Books written by College Professors who disguised themselves as Laborers and went and lived among the down-trodden Masses, I have supposed that a Steam Fitter was a rather gloomy Proposition."

"Why should I be gloomy? The formal Dinner Party is the Champion Gloom Factory and I never have to go near one of them. I don't have to wear my Intellect to a Frazzle keeping up with the Popular Novels. When a Foreign Musician or a Lady with a new System of Culturitis bobs up on the Horizon, I don't have to go chasing around, letting on that I am interested. You never see me at one of these punk Amateur Performances, applauding the Bank Accounts. Nobody expects me to make any Calls and I never drink Tea except when I want it. The Scandal Sheets never show up my Family History, and as far as I can learn, my Wife never hired a Detective to watch me. It is true that sometimes I find nothing on the Menu except Corned Beef and what goes with it, but I tear into it with an Appetite that would be worth \$8,000,000 to Rockefeller at this Minute. And now, Lady, according to the Rules of the Union, I must knock off for today, as it is 5 o'clock."

"Your story has interested me," said the Lady of the House. "I should like to visit your Family and write a Paper on the Home Life of the Toilers."

"I'm sorry we can't have you," was the Reply. "You Society Ducks don't care who you invite, but I'm an Officer of the Union and I'll queer myself if I begin to associate with the disreputable Rich. You'll have to put up with your own Kind."

MORAL: The Wealthy have nothing left except Money.

Obedience and Punishment of Children.

There is no diversity of opinion as to the necessity of obedience to a child's well-being, but in the methods whereby obedience is secured there is a wide difference in the practices, at least, of parents. In a paper in the June Delineator, Mrs. Theodore W. Birney gives some eminently sane advice on obedience and punishment. Mrs. Birney is not partial to the rod, and she holds that incorrigibility in children is more often due to a "lack of self-control and knowledge of temperament and child nature" in the parent than to any abnormality in the child. There is, doubtless, an element of truth in that, though some may disagree. However, there are other points in the article that many parents will do well to take to heart. The author shows a wide knowledge of the nature and needs of children.

Patti's Peculiarities.

"Mme. Patti, the famous singer, who will tour again in Canada and the Republic this year," said Marcus Mayer, her former manager, to a reporter, "is not a woman of caprices. When she does not sing, it is because her voice is not in condition."

"On the day of a concert she does not speak to anybody, and in conversing with her on these days she will either nod her head or shake it in replying to questions."

"If she should have a crying spell, she will be unable to sing. Only once during my management of her last tour do I remember this to have happened. She has a woman companion who has been with her for the past thirty years, and on one of our trips Mme. Patti was so upset by her companion she shed tears and could not sing that evening."

"Mme. Patti sings only twice a week and is more careful of her voice than she would be of a child if she had one. She has for a pet a small dog that she takes with her on her travels."

Hurrah!

"Stop!"

"What is your business with me, sir?"

"I have none at all; this is merely pleasure."

Thereupon, Bronkhorst Thickneck Sluggs, the famous boulder-shaped half-back, who measured 3x4x6 1-2 feet, and weighed on the high side of 240 pounds, seized the haughty gentleman-chauffeur by the throat, yanked him out of his sumptuous puff cart, thrashed the ground with him till his shoe-soles flew off, filled the air full of him, and flung him into an adjacent tree-top, where he hung quivering and limp, and giving a most excellent imitation of a party who had received all that was coming to him.

"You ran over my uncle, last week, and he left every penny of his vast fortune to an orphan asylum!" said Bronkhorst Thickneck Sluggs, as he turned regretfully away.—"Town Topics."

**How to Grow
Potatoes**

to obtain a large yield
and best quality.

We can tell you.

Our booklet on **BUG DEATH**, our pamphlet on "POTATO CULTURE,"—written by one of the best authorities in the United States, will be sent to you free. Send your address.

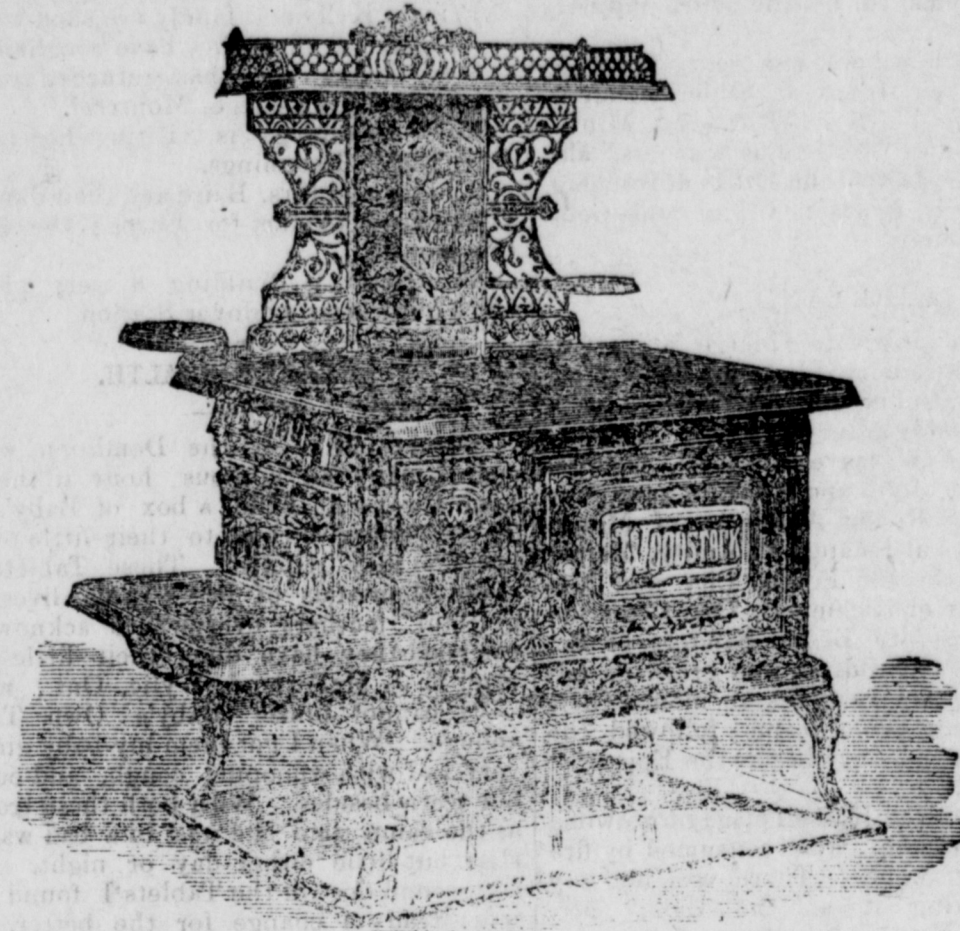
BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO. Ltd
ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

**Kills the Bugs.
Feeds the Plant.**



Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897, Jan. 25, 1900
NON-POISONOUS. PREVENTS BLIGHT.

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.

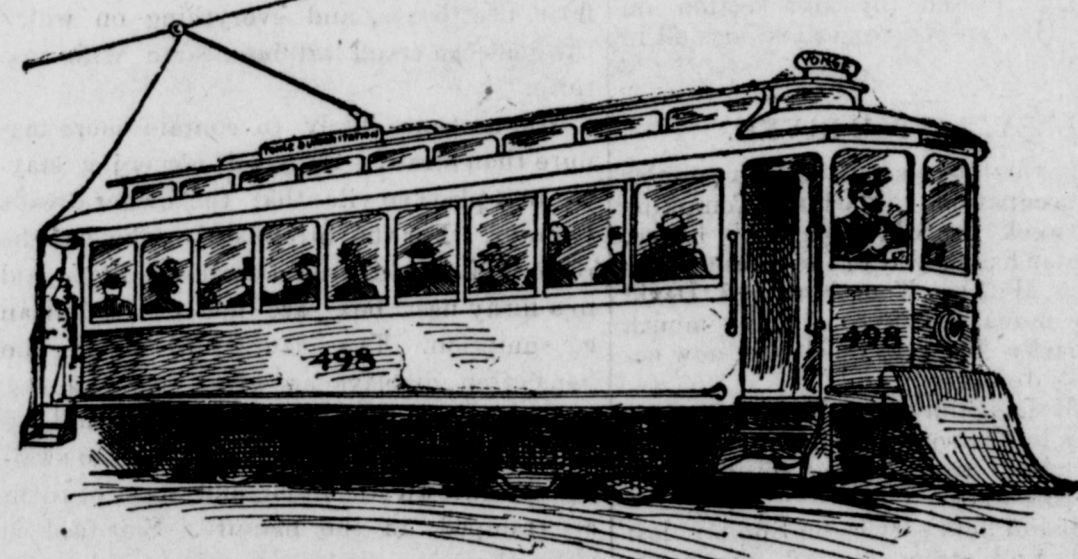
P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end of March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

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

THRILLING EXPERIENCE

Of Motorman Walden, in the employ of
TORONTO STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

DID NOT WANT TO GIVE UP WORK BUT WAS FORCED TO DO SO—TELLS HOW FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS HE HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, TREATED BY THE BEST PHYSICIANS IN TORONTO AND HIS CASE PRONOUNCED SO SERIOUS THAT HE WAS ADVISED, AS A LAST RESORT, TO USE THE DR. SLOCUM TREATMENT—IS NOW IN GOOD HEALTH AND BLESSES THE DAY HE HEARD OF THIS MARVELLOUS REMEDY.



Mr. Alfred Walden, 7 Cornwall St., Toronto, who has been in the employ of the Street Railway Company for a number of years as motorman, informs us that he had an attack of la grippe, followed by typhoid fever, and after many weeks of suffering it resulted in a complication of throat and lung troubles. During this illness he was under the care of one of the best physicians in this city, who pronounced it a very serious case and advised him to stop work, which he was finally compelled to do.

Mr. Walden heard about the Dr. Slocum Remedies and commenced their use and after using them but for a few weeks he noticed a great improvement.

After using this valuable treatment for some little time, the cough stopped, pain in left lung ceased, appetite improved and night sweats were checked; and in about three months he was able to go back to work, feeling as well as ever.

When interviewed, Mr. Walden seemed to be in the best of spirits and expressed himself in the most grateful terms, as he considers himself completely cured and in the enjoyment of good health.

What the Dr. Slocum Remedies have done for Mr. Walden has also been accomplished in thousands of other hopeless cases, which testimonials we have on file.

A New Discovery that Cures Consumption.

The Dr. Slocum System Presents a Positive Cure for Humanity's Greatest Foe.

Four Marvellous Free Remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New Cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system.

Do you cough?
Do your lungs pain you?
Is your throat sore and inflamed?
Do you spit up phlegm?
Does your head ache?

Is your appetite bad?
Are your lungs delicate?
Are you losing flesh?
Are you pale and thin?
Do you lack stamina?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by writing for a

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use. The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles.

Simply write to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Company, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express address, and the free medicine (the Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent. Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper.

"I understand and your son has decided to go in for literature." "Yes, and he's made a splendid start already." "You don't say?" "Yes, he went to auction this morning and bought a second-hand writing desk for only four dollars and ninety-eight cents."—"Catholic Standard and Times."

Mr. Hiram—You may stay until your week is up, Bridget, but when you go I must tell you I won't be able to write you a letter of recommendation. Bridget—Don't let yer want of education imbarass ye, madam. O'd write it fur ye, an' ye can make yer mark to it.—Philadelphia "Press."