

The King's Health.

Among the London clubs it is again reported that King Edward's health is far from satisfactory. At the Marlborough Club on Tuesday one of the King's Household Cavalry declared that another operation on his Majesty was contemplated. This, I fancy, will not prove correct, but Sir Francis Laking is undoubtedly anxious, persistently keeping his eye on his illustrious patient. Nothing will keep the Sovereign quiet, however, and his physique is not sufficiently robust to support much strain. At Rome he fell asleep twice while being received, one time while he was seated beside the Queen of Italy. At Edinburgh his Majesty actually nodded, aye, and something more, during the court at Holyrood.

In connection with the above despatch it is interesting to note that Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in M. A. P., for May 9, deal with the King's visit to Paris, says in part:—From 8 o'clock in the morning till long after midnight the poor King was kept going, and during all that time he had to watch every word and almost every look, to be pleasant to everybody, never to look bored, always to have the right word for the scores of people he met, the right look for the hundreds of thousands of spectators through whom he passed. It proves what everybody on the inside track of public affairs knows—that royalty, instead of being one of the easiest, is nowadays one of the most laborious of trades, and that the King of a country like England has to work harder than the most hard-worked politician in his wide empire. I have detected only one occasion in all the reports where the King seemed for a moment to have given way to the natural man. When he and M. Loubet, the President, appeared at the Comedie Francaise for a gala performance, it was observed that they said very little to each other; and it is even hinted that M. Loubet, the simple country attorney, who is the typical and excellent representative of a republic of small fortunes and frugal lives, now and then went dangerously near to having his forty winks. The King was beset, I am sure, by the same awful temptation; but he is too stout a soldier to show any weakness while on sentry. Yet he was silent, and evidently fagged out, and it was observed that he was taking lozenges, doubtless for a slight cold.

Autograph Album a Thing of the Past.

Somebody recently asked in print: "What has become of the old-fashioned autograph album which boys and girls used to have generations ago?" and the question has been repeated many times over.

The album had a long day, but it was fated to go the way of all other fads, and save for the ones kept sacred to the names of great men, they are as rare now as they once were plentiful.

The autograph album of long ago was large or small, according to the size of the donor's purse, and was bound in gay blue or red plush or in leather, with the word, "Album," in big letters across its embossed cover. Sometimes its leaves were in pink, or blue, or some other gray color, and if the edges were not gilded the owner's heart was sore. Sometimes there were verses already inside, set up in fancy type that some one who was not clever with his pen might in a measure appropriate by simply signing his name there and using none of the formulæ to which others resorted.

Scrolls, palettes, hearts and other devices deftly printed on the pages, singly or in groups, afforded opportunity for more dodging of the verse writer, for it was only necessary to write one's name in these.

No parlor seemed complete a half century ago without one of these souvenirs of one's friends. It was given the place of honor on the felt mat of the centretable and was as essential a piece of furniture in that room as the wax flowers under the dome-like glass case on the mantel, the picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and the slippery haircloth sofa on which the company demurely sat when the parlor was opened up and the minister came to tea.

Even the parlor itself bids fair to go along with the autograph album. The American of this day wants no shut-up rooms, and so the parlor, long ago reserved for company and opened only on state occasions, has become the living room probably because this is the children's century and to make them properly appreciate the best things in their home they are given the most attractive rooms for daily use.

The more sentimental era of the autograph was nearly fifty years ago, when the daring youth would boldly write out certain tender sentiments after the fashion of Herlock, and not trust to the once-a-year privilege accorded by St. Valentine. Later the lover grew more timorous, and so he waxed witty and less sentimental. Then he took up his pen to write, not of eyebrows or curls, or pink cheeks, or hearts, but a plea to this effect:

When you are old and cannot see,
Put on your specs and think of me.

or

Remember me when far away
At noon when you awake,
Remember me on your wedding day,
And send me a piece of cake.

It was the tiny album, bound in imitation red morocco and embossed in flights of gaudy birds or impossible flowers, that bore the lines:

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet and are you.

It usually represented a sum of carefully hoarded pennies and was passed across some school room aisle to a curly-haired maid while the teacher's back was turned. For the old story begins early.

These little books sometimes bore the autograph of the teacher, too, following some wise admonition about hitching wagons to stars, and being good without regard to "him who would be clever," and others too painfully suggestive of copybooks and labored efforts at penmanship to be fully appreciated. For some times the teacher transcribed copybook maxims in the album, and the advice about "Evil Communications," "Procrastination" and "Lives of Great Men" were often destined to haunt the protesting penman long after school was as a tale that is told, and all the pupils had been graduated into the world's big school of actual experience.

"What has become of the old books?" They are packed away in many an old attic trunk or treasure box. Sentiment dies more slowly than fads, and the treasures of youth are not so easy to part with, after all. The fire on the altar may have died long ago, and the faltering fingers that traced "Faithfully Yours," or "Forever Thine," long ago, be turned to dust, but there is a lingering warmth in the ashes yet, and a certain little blind god smiles as he pats these dusky trophies with his dimpled hand, for the feeling that prompted this as well as other sentimental fads knows no bar nor key, nor limit of time.—[Memphis Scimitar.

Dawson as it is.

Dawson today is, of course, as civilized and up-to-date as the average American city. Civilization in 6,000 years made no more progress than Dawson has done in six. The total assessed valuation, according to the report just compiled for the city by its assessor, is \$12,038,740.

During the past year Dawson has spent \$60,000 improving the city streets. Many blocks of eight-foot sidewalks have been built, and extensive work has been done macadamizing streets and laying permanent sidewalks, while \$70,000 was spent for the maintenance of the Fire Department.

We now have telegraph communication with the outside world, not to speak of a telephone system and district messenger service with electric call boxes. Nothing better could be desired than its electric lighting system, which is quite up to date. This city was not affected by the coal strike as were several other places on the Yukon.

The man who travels to Dawson by steamer and palace car laughs when you ask him if he saw any dead men on the trail. There isn't even a horse skeleton to be seen in White Pass, where 3,000 horses perished in three months in 1897. Starvation has been switched off to the back country—to the headwaters of the Koyukuk and Kuskokwim, and a thousand unmapped streams that lace the Arctic waste. It is no longer a familiar spectre on the Klondike.

Here the wilderness blossoms with potted geraniums and schoolmarm's from New England, women of education, nurses, book-keepers, and the like have hard work finding employment, not because there is no employment for business women, but because the field has already been occupied. Dawson City now has fine municipal buildings, including a court house, a residence for the Governor, and a handsome new school house for the accommodation of upward of 200 pupils. The Presbyterians have erected a modern church, with a seating capacity for several hundred. Three of the churches of the city have pipe organs.

The questions bothering Dawson nowadays are much the same as elsewhere in civilization—elections, franchises, and the like. As regards dissipation in its exuberant manifestation, Dawson long ago settled that. Gambling even has been tabooed, and Dawson is an ideal Sunday-school picnic ground today. The question is, shall the Klondike Mines Railway be permitted to traverse the west side of First Avenue to gain access to the wharves and quartz mills; and it can be stated for the benefit of New York city that the Government is not holding up the measure like their Aldermanic prototypes in the wicked East.

Twelve millions in gold was Dawson's contribution from her creeks in 1902; but the city is also important in trade. For the three months ending October 1, Dawson customs receipts amounted to \$227,144, and during September she received and distributed goods to the value of a million and a third.

We have disposed of the boulders from the Thirty-mile River, while the channel of the upper Yukon has been greatly improved by dredging. Just above Fort Selkirk, at Hell Gate, a dam 680 feet long has been completed to concentrate the river in one channel and to deepen it by the scouring that is bound to come with an increased head. At

Lake Le Barge jetties with sections measuring 400 feet, 2,800 and 3,400 feet respectively, have been constructed with a similar purpose. At Five Finger Rapids hundreds of tons of rock have been blasted away, so that White Pass has no terrors now that the railroad has mastered its grades.—[Galveston News.

THE WAY TO BE WELL.

The Blood Must be Kept Rich and Pure and the Nerves Strong.

Good health is the most precious treasure any man or woman can have. But good health can only be had by keeping the blood rich and pure, and the nerves strong. If the blood is allowed to become weak and watery, the whole system is weakened and an easy prey to disease. There is no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in keeping the blood rich and pure, and the nerves vigorous and strong. Every dose helps to create new blood, and by a fair use of the pills, pale, sickly people are made bright, active and strong. Here is proof. Mr. Robert Lee, Westminster, E. C., says:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result pimples that were very itchy, broke out all over my body. My appetite was fickle, and I was easily tired. My wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got half a dozen boxes. By the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, my skin was smooth and clear, and my appetite good."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not purge—they simply make pure, rich blood. That is why they cure such troubles as indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, anaemia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, scrofula, erysipelas, and the ailments so common to woman, young and old. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MARRIED.

BENNETT-WILSON.—At the residence of the bride's father on May 20th, by Rev. J. K. Bearsto, Mr. Wesley D. Bennett of Millinocket, Maine, to Edith L., daughter of Mr. Charles Wilson of Argyle, Carleton County, N. B.

DOW-TAYLOR.—At Meductic on May 20th, by Rev. H. C. Archer, Mr. Samson M. Dow to Miss Lois M. Taylor all of Meductic, York Co., N. B. At home Wednesday and Thursday.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

WEDDING RINGS.

Marriage Licenses issued and Wedding Rings sold, guaranteed as stamped U. S. assay, at

W. B. JEWETT'S.

JEWETT'S CORNER, WOODSTOCK.

Graham's Opera House,

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

FRIDAY, MAY 29TH,

GUS BOTHNER

presents the popular comedian,

GEORGE F. HALL

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AN AMERICAN HUSTLER

Excellent Cast.

Latest Specialties, Songs and Dances.

Tickets 25, 35, 50cts

Tickets on Sale at Graham's Grocery.

A Clear Skin and A Bright Eye

Usually Indicate Health.

Wheeler's Botanic Bitters

Insures good health by Cleansing the Blood, Stomach and Liver. Cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, Bloating, Headache, Dizziness, Kidney Troubles, and all Irregularities.

A GENUINE VEGETABLE SPRING MEDICINE AND REGULATOR.

PRICE 25 CENTS

AT ALL DEALERS.

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BLACK CAT BRAND Chicago Rockford Hosiery Co. KENOSHA, WIS.

Say, Boys and Girls, Can you Draw a Funny Black Cat?

We are offering FOUR CASH PRIZES for the Funniest picture of a Black Cat that we can get.

CONDITIONS.

This drawing contest is open to the Boys and Girls of the Woodstock Public Schools, and also all Public Schools in Carleton County outside of Woodstock.

Draw the funniest picture you can of a Black Cat. You know what a Black Cat is like, and it can be any kind of a picture you want to make it, only it must be funny, and must be drawn on a card 8 1/2 x 11 inches. You can submit as many pictures as you like, but two prizes will not be given to the same person. Put your name and address on the back of the picture and bring or send it to our store before June 18th. The competition closes on that date. On Saturday, June 20th, we will have an exhibition of the Black Cat Drawings in our Window. The Prizes will be awarded by three prominent men.

TWO PRIZES

For Woodstock Schools. First Prize, - \$2.00, Second Prize, - 1.00.

TWO PRIZES

For County Schools, outside of Woodstock. First Prize, - \$2.00, Second Prize, - 1.00.

The reason why we offer these Prizes is to draw attention to Black Cat Hosiery for boys and girls.

Black Cat Stockings have triple knees and toes, wear longer, hold their color better, and need less mending than any other Children's hosiery made.

Black Cat Stockings are made in the biggest hosiery factory in the world. Millions of boys and girls wear Black Cat Stockings, and we want to introduce them to the boys and girls of Carleton County. We are the sole agents for them.

B. B. MANZER.

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IS SELLING

WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE AND JEWELLRY, AT COST.

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All the LATEST NOVELTIES in FABRICS.

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Fabrics made into Stylish Garments. When you are in need of a Suit, Trousers or Overcoat, it will be to you interest to consult us.

W. B. NICHOLSON, Merchant Tailor, Woodstock, N. B.

ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS.

This breed has won a reputation as winter layers and table fowl. My birds are selected from the best pens in America. Eggs in season \$1.00 per 13. Single Comb White Leghorns, the egg machinery of poultrydom large white eggs. These birds are the stay white kind and good size. Eggs 75 cents per 13. Good hatch guaranteed.

A. E. DENTON, Woodstock, N. B.

FOR SALE.

On St. John street, a house and furniture owned by Mrs. B. F. Estey, also land for garden, situated near Dunbar's foundry, Fisher's foundry, and the Woodworking factory, a few minutes walk from Queen St. Station. For particulars inquire of MRS. B. F. ESTEY on the premises. May 1. 4.

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

SEASONABLE THINGS.

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