

**A BAD CASE  
OF  
KIDNEY TROUBLE**

**CURED BY  
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.**

Kidney Troubles, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.W.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers, when he says:—I was troubled with dull headaches, had frightful dreams, terrible pains in my legs and a frequent desire to urinate. Noticing DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS recommended for just such annoyances as mine, it occurred to me to give them a trial, so I procured a box of them, and was very much surprised at the effectual cure they made. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending them to all kidney trouble sufferers.

Price 50c. per box, or 3 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 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

**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.**

8 i. April 8.

**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 Carleton Hotel.

LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock.

**MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.**

Once there was a great big Burly who had a Wife about the size of a Grasshopper. Usually, she wore a gray Tailor-Made that looked as if it would have to be let out if she gained another pound.

Anyone, to look at Jessaline, would have said that she was rather frail and Weakly, while the he-end of the Sketch looked husky enough to pull a Dray. It often happens that the heavy-draft Bachelor picks out a Midge and makes love to her and she is so scared at the size of him that she hasn't got the Nerve to throw him down.

At any rate, the cute and dainty little Jessaline with a Waist Measurement of eleven inches was all hooked up with the human Mastodon, who went by the name of Henry, and looked the Part.

Now, it happened that Hen and Jess lived in quite a nice little Town where there were a great many lonely Old Families and a great deal of Wealth, but it was pervaded at all Hours by a Cemetery Calm. The Social Gayeties of the Place revolved slowly around a Missionary Society. Anyone desiring to mix a Cocktail had to pull down all the Elinds and disconnect the Telephone and also it was advisable to wear Masks at a Poker Party.

Jessaline would often become restless and champ at the Bit. She had attended a Select School for Girls, at which she had learned how to turn Handsprings and do other Parlor Didoes. No wonder that she hated to play Dominoes all Evening and then turn out the Lights at 9.30 p. m., which, in Keen Society, is the mere Edge of the Night.

Now it chanced that Jessaline had a Chum. They had eaten Olives out of the same Bottle while attending the Select School for Girls. Chum had gone against the Matrimonial Game, the same as Jessaline, only, instead of landing in Sleepy Hollow, she was up in the City taking in the Big Show.

She wrote to Jessaline, urging her to come up and put in a busy Week. After working on the Handwriting for several Days, Jessaline succeeded in reading the whole Letter and she began to tease Henry to knock off for a Week and take her up to the hoop-la Metropolis and let her burn a few Holes in the Track. She told Henry that he had been sticking to his Desk too closely and that he needed a good Rest.

Large Bodies move slowly and several Days elapsed before Henry came to her Way of Thinking, although it was a Pipe from the beginning that she would bring him around.

Jessaline got busy and put six Women to work building a new Evening Gown for her. It was a Pale Blue Cerise with Battenberg Insertion, yoked with Mayonnaise and Valenciennes, the Flounces being gathered in with Passementerie and the Bodice hand-painted. When Henry got a Flash at the Bill he allowed that instead of taking a Vacation it would be better for him to stay at Home and work about twice as hard. But winsome Wife had everything paced, so she took him in Tow and they boarded the Flyer.

"Ain't this Grand?" asked Jessaline, as they sat in the palatial Parlor Car and watched the Scenery spin by. "We have a whole Week in which to rest up and nobody to keep Tab on what we do and then report us to the Methodist Minister. I'm sure that you will like Clara. She is a Holy Terror. She was engaged nineteen times before she finally hooked up and since she got Married People come for miles to get her to act as Chaperon."

"What is the Program?" asked Henry, who was a mite Leary.

"There'll be something doing every Minute, all right, all right," said the Child-Wife. "Ask no questions, but follow little Bright Eyes. I haven't had a touch of Real Life since I crawled down the Lightning Rod at the Select School for Girls."

At that time Henry did not realize that a bright young thing with a Boarding School Education can give the stalwart Business Man any kind of a Handicap and then leave him somewhere back of the Flag.

Clara met them at the Train with a Buzz-Wagon. She had framed up a List of Engagements that made the Roosevelt Itinerary look like Open Time. Clara had arranged to give them a little of Everything, except Sleep. Jessaline was tickled nearly to Death. She was waiting all over the Track, waiting for the word "Go!"

The Getaway was a Dinner of seventeen Courses, at which Jessaline tackled everything, without losing any part of the Conversation. After that they went to the Opera, which was a little too high for Henry, but Jessaline threw a Connoisseur Fit every time Signor Dagolini climbed up and hit a Top Note. They went back to the Apartment and ate Stuff out of a Chafing-Dish until 3 G.M. When they turned in, Henry was on the point of Passing Away, but Jessaline was just beginning to warm up and be kittenish.

"We shall have Codles of Fun tomorrow," she said. "First we have a Breakfast at the

French Restaurant, then a swell Luncheon at the Club, then a Musicales, then a Dinner at the biggest Hotel on Earth, and then a Show and then we are going out Slumming."

"I drop out," said Henry. "One day has put me to the Bad."

"Don't be a Quitter," said Jessaline. "Stick to me and I'll give you the Time of your Life."

Next Day she took him over the Jumps and he followed with his Tongue hanging out. He did not like to admit that he could not keep up with a 90-pound Canary who was somewhat of an Invalid. But when he sat and watched her eating her fourth Hearty Meal and chatting gaily, he tried to figure out how anyone with a Waist Measurement of eleven inches could manage it, but the Problem was too much for him.

The third day of Rest included the usual number of Eats and wound up with one of those Dancing Parties that last until the Germans become peevish and refuse to play any more. Henry was off in a Corner eating Soda Mint Tablets and holding on to a Chair to keep from falling off. Jessaline was right out in the centre of the Mix-Up, looking as fresh as a Dollar Bunch of Russian Violets. After every Dance she would tear out and get a few Glasses of Knock-Out Punch and eat a couple of Sandwiches, after which she would be ready to do some more two-stepping. When the Orchestra finally struck and she had to pull out, she found Henry in a Comatose Condition leaning against the Hat-Rack. She aroused him and told him the Glad News that they were to get an Early Start and go out to a nice Road House and have something to Eat. Whereupon Henry fell in a Heap and asked to be counted out.

All the way Home in the Carriage she teased him and charged him with a lack of Appreciation.

"You act like a Dummy," said the indignant Jessaline. "Why don't you cut in and have a Good Time, the same as I do? I don't want people to think that I married a Rube."

"I can lift 1200 pounds in Harness and I can play 72 Holes of Golf without turning a Hair," said the fallen Giant, "but when it comes to eating little Birds and taking a new kind of Salad every twenty minutes and holding animated Conversation with Perfect Strangers, I am not in your Class."

So Jessaline put the Weakening on the Shelf and went out and had a Happy Week.

MORAL: Capacity cannot be determined by any Outside Measurements.

**The Minister's Dividends.**

It was a queer couple, says a preacher in a Massachusetts town, that drove up to the parsonage door. She was tall and angular, a typical "old maid;" he was short, fat and jolly, with a sort of David Harum look about his eyes. He had a snug farm, well kept and paid for; and she was known as a neat, industrious woman, who had brought up a family of children left orphans by the death of her sister.

Sard Cooper assisted the woman from the wagon as handily as he could with his stiff arm and stiffer knee. She waited while he hitched his horse, and together they entered the parsonage.

"Reckon you can guess what we're here for, parson," he said. "My sister Jane, who has kept house for me nigh on to thirty years, died last winter, and it's been lonesome for me and the cows and pigs since. Miss Jones, here, has hovered them chickens of her sister's until they've got from under her wings and gone to town. Now 'tain't far cross-lots from my farm to hers, and we concluded that she can run my house, and I can run her farm, and it would be better for both house and farm. So we thought we'd just drive over and get you to hitch us up for a span. I'm going to be good to her and provide everything necessary, and she's going to be good to me and take care o' me. So whenever you're ready, go ahead, only make it short."

The ceremony passed without special incident. After Sard had administered a sounding smack on Nancy's cheek, he turned to me and said, "Wal, parson, what do I owe ye?"

"Well," I said, "you can give me whatever you choose," and I added with a smile, "Give me what you think she's worth to you."

In an instant his Yankee love for a trade came to the front, and fishing an old-fashioned copper cent out of his pocket, he said, "Parson, I reckon I won't be stuck very bad if I give you that to begin with. If I find she's worth more, why, you'll hear from me again."

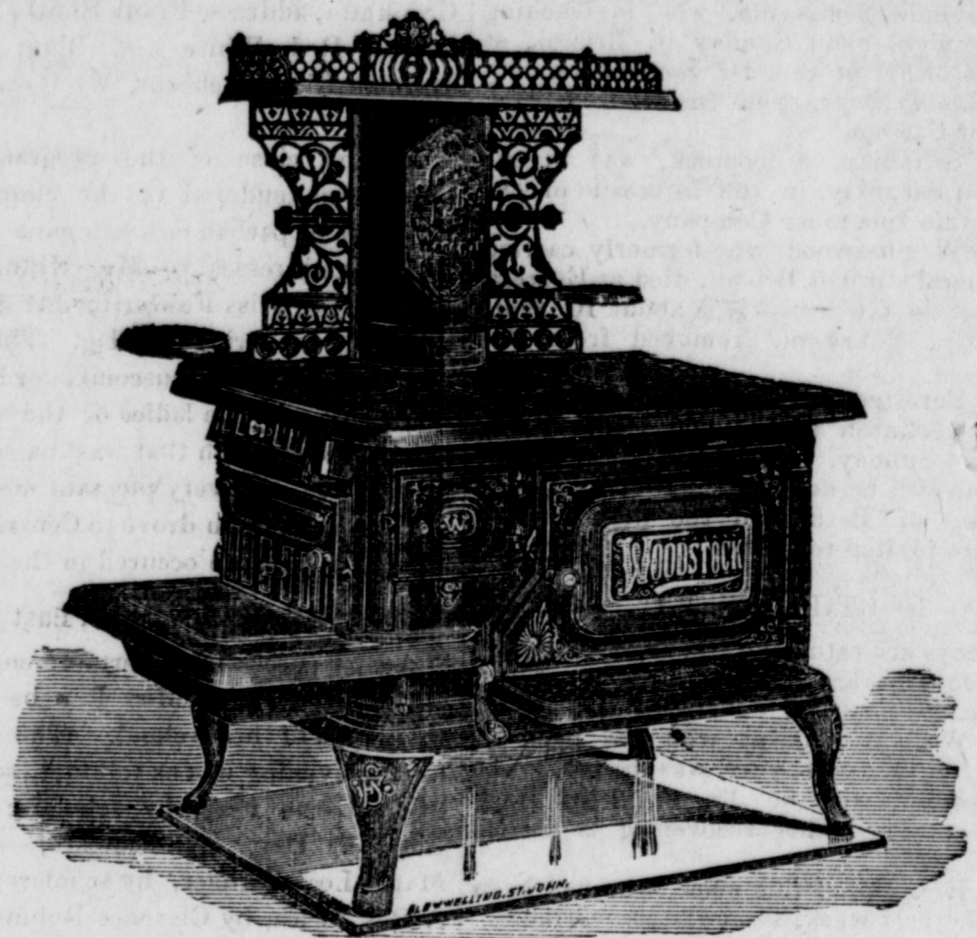
He had the better of me; there was nothing more to be said. I made the entry of the wedding in my private record, and wrote against it, "Fee, one cent."

A year from that day Cooper drove in-

**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.  
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.

**Flies Carry Contagion**  
**Wilson's Fly Pads**  
Kill the flies and disease germs too.



**LIPPINGOTT'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

to the yard with a cord of fine hickory wood.  
"You remember what I told you when I gave you that cent? The woman's doing well, so I thought I'd give ye dividend."  
The following anniversary he drove into the barn with a ton of hay, and said, "Nother dividend, parson. The wife is all right."  
Every anniversary of the wedding during my pastorate another dividend found its way to the parsonage. So in the end my one cent became my biggest fee.  
**How It Really Happens.**  
"Johnny," cautiously inquired Mr. Six-awee of her little brother when he called the other evening—"she" was putting the finishing touches to her toilet upstairs—"have you—er does you—er do you—er ever hear your sister speak of me?"  
"You can't pump me," promptly replied Johnny. "I don't butt into my sister's business."  
Then Johnny picked up a shinney stick out of the hall rack and went out.  
This is the way it happens in 999 cases out of 1,000, but the funnyists could never be clubbed into believing it.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
Commencing Feb. 15 and until April 30, 1903,  
**Special Colonist Rates**  
to  
**North Pacific Coast and Kootenay Points.**  
From WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
To Nelson, B. C., Trail, B. C., Rossland, B. C., Greenwood, B. C., Midway, B. C., Vancouver, B. C., Victoria, B. C., New Westminster, B. C., Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., Portland, Ore.  
Proportionate rates from and to other points. Also rates to points in Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Washington and California.  
For full particulars call on C. D. JORDAN, Ticket Agent, Or write to C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., ST. JOHN, N. B. \$58.15

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
In effect Oct. 12th, 1902.  
DEPARTURES—Atlantic Standard Time.  
(QUEEN STREET STATION).  
6.45 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jct. M. 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 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. M and intermediate points.  
1.45 P MIXED—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—for Fredericton, 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; Vancouver, 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.  
12.20 P. M.—MIXED—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
5.35 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton, 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.  
C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., St. John.