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We are Selling the Best Electric Belt in the World at a Price within the Reach of The Poorest Sufferer.

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The Prof. Morse Electric Belt is guaranteed to possess more power, more current, more equal distribution of current better quality and finish than any other Electric Belt made, regardless of price. The Prof. Morse's Belt is a sure cure for Nervousness, Weakness, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Complaint, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Pain or Aches in all parts of the body. Wear the belt while you sleep, and in the morning you will feel years younger than when you went to bed. Our Honest Offer. If you do not care to send us the five dollars we will send you one of our Belts to your nearest express office, C.O.D., \$5.00, with privilege of examination. If satisfactory, pay the express agent \$5.00 and express charges and take the Belt. If not so represented you need not pay one cent. If you send cash with order we prepare the postage. We are Manufacturers of all kinds of Electrical Appliances. Write us for our Book, giving prices and full particulars. It is sent free. Do not buy a Belt until you see the Prof. Morse's. Write at once. Address: **THE F. E. KARR CO., 132 Victoria Street, Toronto, Canada.**

For pure blood, a bright eye, a clear complexion, a keen appetite, a good digestion and refreshing sleep, TAKE

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla

It arouses the Liver, quickens the circulation, brightens the spirits and generally improves the health.

Sixty-eight years trial have proved it to be, the most reliable BLOOD purifier known.

All druggists sell "BRISTOL'S."

Aristocrat in Jail.

Books dealing with prison life are fairly numerous. But a new one is always interesting, treating as it does of a life so remote from that of which the average reader has any knowledge. It will be remembered that nearly five years ago Lord William Nevill was sentenced to five years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey for fraudulently obtaining the name of a wealthy acquaintance upon certain documents to be used as valuable securities. The offence has been purged by the completion of the punishment, and, under the initials of "W. B. N."—though he makes no attempt to conceal his identity—Lord William has written a book recounting his experiences. The author submitted to the inevitable with good grace. He made the best of his position, conformed strictly to rules, and, if the expression be permissible, played the game throughout. He does not write with any animosity of the prison officials and prison life. He awards praise here and blame there with an air of absolute detachment and impartiality which is perfectly convincing.

On reaching Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight, he had to undergo nine months' separate confinement, under the system then in vogue, though the period is now reduced to five months. In other words, the convict has one hour's exercise a day, and for the remaining twenty-three is shut up alone in his cell, working for eight hours at some suitable occupation. Lord William was set to knitting stockings, "which almost anyone can learn in a few lessons, and which, after a while, became rather absorbing." He condemns, however, "separate confinement," for the following reasons:

"The solitude and the hopeless monotony, with nothing to think of but the long years of suffering and disgrace ahead, produces nervous irritation, approaching in some cases to frenzy, and instead of softening the man, brings out all the evil there is in him. Under such conditions the worst companions he could have are his own thoughts. In men of a different temperament, again, it deadens all sensibility, so that they do not care a straw what happens afterwards, but would just as soon become habitual criminals as not. It is this sullen hatred of themselves and of everybody else engendered and fostered during the long, dismal months of separate confinement that makes the most dangerous and troublesome prisoners at a later stage. There are a third class, who, having no criminal instincts, nor any strong instincts at all, merely give way mentally without any acute distress, and become little better than half-witted by the time their separate confinement is at an end. It took the prison reformers many years to realize the truth of this, for separate confinement was one of their pet hobbies."

In his case the confinement was detrimental to health, for he steadily lost weight, and says that "any unknown prisoner who had shrunk to such a bag of bones as I was would assuredly have stood a good chance of being released on the ground that further imprisonment would endanger life." He improved, however, when he went out with one of the hospital working parties, and in a few months was ranked among the able-bodied "star" class, or first offenders.

"I joined one of the full labor farm parties. The work I did with them was hay-making, digging potatoes, and carting manure, and other kinds of farm work. In the carting, as a rule, no horses are employed, but the men draw the cart, harnessed two by two to a long rope. I frankly say this was the part I liked best. The open-air exercise and the variety was a positive delight after the monotony of crawling along with the hospital

party, and as for the supposed degradation of drawing a cart, it made no earthly difference to me, since I had to serve my sentence, whether I pulled at the rope or whether I sat on the top and drove the horse as a free farm laborer does. Why should it be more degrading to pull a cart than it is to push a barrow? I never felt any repulsion from any kind of prison work, but from the beginning I made up my mind to do what I was told to do, and to the best of my strength, and I found this was far the best way."

There is no hardship, he says, in being harnessed to a cart, though that formed part of the "martyrdom" of Michael Davitt, who, however, it must be added, is a one-armed man. "Carting is infinitely preferable to moping in a cell." But ill-health pursued him, and he was told off to the bookbinding department, where he acted as a packer, and was surprised at the magnitude of the business. "All the books and forms used in the convict and local prisons in England and Wales, which numbered between fifty and sixty, are printed and bound at Parkhurst, making altogether the formidable total of over 10,000 bound books and over 4,000,000 of printed forms annually." Lord William, in a sympathetic passage, says that he got to like many of his associates.

As the time drew near when, in all probability, I should leave No. 24 party, rejoiced as I was at the prospect of liberty, I could not help a strange kind of regret. I know it is largely a question of temperament, but still I can hardly imagine any man not utterly brutalized so unsovereign as to be insensible of attachment to some of those among whom he has lived, and with whom he has worked for nearly two years. I am not at all ashamed to say for myself that, being naturally what Dr. Johnson called a "clubbable" man, I had an esprit de corps towards, and a real liking for, many of the men, quite regardless of their crimes. . . . Certainly we had enough variety to make a harmonious whole. . . . There were ex-clergymen, ex-dissenting ministers, ex-doctors, ex-solicitors—these in overwhelming proportion to the others—soldiers, sailors, school managers, bank managers, and for a time one ex-M. P."

Then, having earned the maximum number of marks for good conduct, without forfeiting any, Lord William was discharged after completing three years and nine months' imprisonment, and the Secretary of State remitted his ticket-of-leave. Altogether he came into contact with four governors and five deputy governors. He seems to have liked them all, with the exception of Captain E. W., whom he represents as a martinet, without either tact or manners. When he asked for pen and paper, to write to the medical officer, the request was curtly refused, and he adds: "Prisoners have their feelings, like other people, and I brooded over this for hours, thinking what a pleasure it would be to punch his head." He quotes one punishment as being preposterously severe:

"There is a rule that nothing must be thrown out of the cell ventilators on to the parade, some prisoners having a propensity for disposing of surplus food or other things, in that way. But unless done for sheer mischief, or insubordination, it was looked on as a trifling matter. On this occasion a boy of sixteen or seventeen was brought before the governor, charged with having thrown some scraps of bread through his ventilator to feed the birds. For this slight offence against discipline the miserable lad was sentenced to two days' bread-and-water in the punishment cells, and fined eight-four marks, involving the loss of eleven days' remission—in other words, two days' starvation, and eleven days' extra imprisonment

—for the heinous crime of trying to feed the sparrows! It is just this kind of treatment in small matters that causes at times great dissatisfaction, and tends to make prisoners go from bad to worse, when they have been unduly punished."

Treason.

For at least two thousand years the act of fighting against one's fellow countrymen has been called treason. The word the Romans used for traitor meant one who took up arms against the state.

The law in force in England, which was passed in 1352, in the reign of Edward III., specifies many offenses as constituting the crime of treason. Among them is this: "To levy war against our lord the king in his realm, or to be adherent to the king's enemies in his realm, giving them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere." The Constitution defines treason in the United States as "levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

Statesmen have held that such laws are necessary. They used to believe that the punishment of traitors should include torture. Even when they did not advocate boiling in oil, or some other horrible penalty, they insisted that the punishment should be made as disgraceful as possible. But the enforcement of the death penalty has not been common in recent years. The last traitors hanged in England were the Caro Street conspirators, who plotted the assassination of the members of the cabinet in 1820. Although the youth who fired at Queen Victoria in 1842 was sentenced to death, he was only imprisoned and later released. As there is no death penalty in Italy, the anarchist who killed King Humbert was imprisoned.

These facts are interesting because of their bearing on the recent conviction for treason of Arthur Alfred Lynch, a British subject, who fought against his country in South Africa, and was elected to Parliament from Galway while still in the enemy's service. It is generally believed that if he had not returned to England to take his seat in the House of Commons his conduct would have been overlooked. Although the law provides the death penalty and sentence of death was passed upon him, that sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life. A century ago he would have been hanged without question.

The temper of the times has changed, and governments which rest upon the popular will seldom find it necessary to enforce the laws made when loyalty or treason was directed toward an individual ruler rather than toward the people at large.

Two Kinds of a Wag.

In an Iowa law court an attorney was arguing with great earnestness and eloquence. In the midst of his argument he paused a moment, says the Green Bag, and said:

"I see your honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to reaffirm it, although your honor dissents."

"I have not intimated," replied the judge, "how I should construe the evidence or what my decision will be in the case, and your remark is uncalled for."

"Your shook your head," "That may be true," the court replied. "There was a fly on my ear, and I reserved the right to remove it in any manner I saw fit. Proceed with your argument."

Plenty on Hand.

"You would get along a great deal better if you didn't get so excited," said the calm man to his irascible friend. "Can't you learn to keep your temper?" "Keep my temper! Well I like that!" retorted the other. "I'd have you understand that I keep more temper in one day than you have in your possession during a whole year!"

In The Matter of The Estate of W. S. and George H. Saunders :

NOTICE is hereby given that W. S. and George H. Saunders of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Merchants, made on the twenty-third day of February instant, an assignment to me the undersigned Sheriff of Carleton County of all their estate, property and effects for the benefit of their creditors, without preference, under the provisions of 58th Victoria, Chapter 6, and amending Acts, of the Province of New Brunswick; and that a meeting of the creditors of the said W. S. and George H. Saunders will be held at my office in the Town of Woodstock, County of Carleton, on Monday the ninth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the appointment of Inspectors and giving directions with reference to the disposal of the said estate.

All creditors are requested to file their claims, duly proven, with the assignee, within three months of the date of this notice, unless further time be allowed by a Judge of the Supreme or County Court; and that all claims not filed within the time limited, or such further time, if any, as may be allowed by any such Judge, shall be wholly barred of any right to share in the proceeds of the estate, and the Assignee shall be at liberty to distribute the proceeds of the estate as if no such claims existed but without prejudice to the liability of the debtor therefor.

Dated at Woodstock in the County of Carleton this 26th day of February, A. D. 1903. WILLIAM A. HAYWARD, Sheriff of Carleton County.

To The Terrestrial Globe.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What, though I'm in a sorry case?
What, though I cannot meet my bills?
What, though I suffer toothache's ills?
What, though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirt to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

What We Need.

The primary class in Sunday-school was listening to a lesson on patience. This, according to the Boston Herald, was what came of it, at least in the minds of the more literal-minded children:

The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding, the teacher had given each pupil a card, bearing the picture of a boy fishing.

"Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing! He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient."

Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest, most practical question:

"And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" The answer was shouted with one voice:

"Bait!"

Winter Dairying.

Cows must be kept healthy and clean and have pure air to breathe or they cannot yield a good volume of rich, nutritious milk.

A cow that is kept constantly stabled in cold weather requires an extra quota of care to keep her body and surroundings sweet and her milk free from obnoxious odors.

Dairymen, give your animals such care if you would make money from winter dairying.

What was that, noise Katie? shouted the lady from her boudoir. Oh, mum, it was only the baby crawling under the piano, and he hit himself, mum, replied the girl. Dear little boy! Did he hurt himself, Katie? No, mum; sure it was the soft pedal he hit, mum.



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength.

There is no need for so many women to suffer pain and weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, faint and dizzy spells and the numerous troubles which render the life of woman a round of sickness and suffering.

Young girls budding into womanhood, who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and the blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills help them greatly during this period.

Women at the change of life, who are nervous, subject to hot flushes, feeling of pins and needles, palpitation of the heart, etc., are tired over the trying time of their life by the use of this wonderful remedy.

It has a wonderful effect on a woman's system, makes pains and aches vanish, brings color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye.

They build up the system, renew lost vitality, improve the appetite, make rich, red blood and dispel that weak, tired, listless, no-ambition feeling.

500 PER BOX, OR 3 FOR \$1.25 ALL DEALERS.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Latest Designs

WALL PAPER

The patterns this season are particularly pleasing.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

W. H. Everett, Woodstock.

No. 6 Main Street. Near Bridge.



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 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.

—FOR—

Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh, Colds, Grippe and Hay Fever

The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, together with a bottle of Cresolene, \$1.50. 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.

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Rare Perfumes, Perfect Pipes,

CHOICE SOAPS, BRUSHES of all kinds

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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.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

Connell Street, Woodstock

Canadian Pacific Railway

In effect Oct. 12th, 1902.

DEPARTURES—Atlantic Standard Time.

QUEEN STREET STATION.

6.45 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jet, St. John, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor car McAdam Jet to Boston. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet to Halifax.

8.50 A. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook

11.35 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque

North

1.35 P. MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jet

1.45 P. MIXED—Monday, Wednesday, and

4.45 P. MIXED—Tuesday, Thursday and Sat-

5.38 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton,

Fredericton, Saint John and East; Vanceboro, Sher-

brooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest

and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston,

etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet to Montreal.

Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jet 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

Jet.

12.25 P. M.—MIXED—Monday, Wednesday and

Friday, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

12.20 P. M.—MIXED—Tuesday, Thursday and Sat-

urday, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.38 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque

Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

7.46 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroost-

ook Jet.

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.

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H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props

Outfits for commercial travellers, Coaches in at

tendance 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.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

on every

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, E. W. Grove

box. 25c.