

## BOULTER'S GUESTS.

"Boulter! Boulter! you've proved yourself a man at last. Why, I declare it's the best idea you've had in that head of yours for years. You cannot imagine the enormous possibilities which chance has thrown in our way by your suggestion."

"Yes, I can," muttered Boulter, laconically.

"But, my dear, think of it! Here you are now, James Henry Boulter, provision merchant and agent for imported eggs, at the age of forty-five, worth thousands and thousands of pounds, with a daughter as nice-looking as her—"

"Go on, stow it, missis," said Boulter, irritably; "you don't want to dwell so much on her father's good looks; it's no fault of mine."

"No, dear, it ain't," replied the better half, good-naturedly; "but, you see, when you comes out with that big idea of yours about advertising them Coronation seats me heart gives a sort o' flutter like, and I say, 'Blowed if Boulter ain't a genius; he oughter be primmish!'"

"Not so much of it, Martha. Let's work the thing through again, seeing as how for once you've given way to my superior wisdom"; and Boulter stuck his fat, bejewelled hands into his waistcoat pockets, from which dangled a massive gold chain adorned with an enormous seal large enough to grace a company's charter, and put on a look that would have turned Solomon green with envy.

"As you say, my dear," he went on, "here am I, James Henry Boulter, with a large City business, a good banking account, a marriageable daughter, a well established household, and a large place standing slap-bang on Coronation route. Wouldn't it be folly to throw away such a chance? Why, this splendid view which we command would be of little value were it not for the grand thought of James Henry, and it is simply this. We stick a notice in all the big society and other papers to the effect that James Henry Boulter, Esq., will 'ave great pleasure in placing at the command of a few select gentlemen of society seats at his residence for viewing the Coronation procession.' They'll come like a flock o' bees, Martha, mark me if they don't, when they see they 'aven't got to plump down fifty guineas; and then who knows but what after that yer daughter might wear a coronet?"

"Oh, Lor! Boulter, didn't I say as 'ow you always was a genius?" exclaimed Mrs. B., rapturously.

"Of, course I am, or 'ow do yer think I could 'ave got together a fine place like this?" as his eyes travelled rapidly round the sumptuously-appointed room.

"You see, Martha, that ad. will bring a lot of poor young lords and such-like with their friends down 'ere for the Coronation procession, and we'd be poor hands at fixing matters up if we couldn't make some arrangement between a young aristocrat and our Bessie. Don't you grasp it?" and he prodded her affectionately in the side as he spoke.

"Yes, Boulter, that I do; but it nearly took my breath away only to think about it. Imagine our Bess the wife of a real live duke! Oh, Boulter, you're a marvel!" At which eulogistic remark the well-to-do provision merchant felt highly complimented, and went to the front of his house in a high state of satisfaction to superintend the decorations.

It was a great, a worthy, a noble idea, thought Boulter, and he determined, did any gentleman of title make his appearance, to dazzle him by a display of his worldly possessions, fondly dreaming that this would largely assist in the acquisition of a handle to his daughter's name. Accordingly, a few days later, the agreed-upon notice was inserted in the papers, and although many said 'tude things, yet Boulter was happy, especially as the daring announcement had, through its attraction, largely increased the demand for bacon, sugar, and eggs.

For some time Boulter anxiously awaited the result of his plan, fully expecting to be inundated by applications for the free seats from many of the "upper ten," but as day succeeded day and no news of an earl's or a duke's proposed arrival came, a despondent look settled on the provision merchant's face, and it really seemed as if the fifty or more pounds which he had expended in having his house redecorated had been spent in vain.

But at last, one morning, to Boulter's unbounded joy and delight, he espied among his voluminous correspondence the distinguishing mark of a scion of some noble house.

With trembling hand he picked up the envelope, glanced rapidly at the coronet on the flap, and hastily reached forward for the aid of a knife, but, unfortunately, only succeeded in upsetting over his trousers a cup of steaming coffee.

"Well," put in Mrs. Boulter, "is that what you think you ought to do when you get letters from aristocrats?"

Boulter took no notice, but went on with his unparliamentary ejaculations till he started again to attack the all-important missive; while Miss Bessie and Mrs. B. looked on with undisguised happiness.

"Oh! ms, won't it be glorious? Fancy my having that on my carriage," as she pointed dramatically to the emblazoned paper.

"Yes, it's only fancy at present," growled Boulter, without looking up.

After some moments of breathless silence, during which mother and daughter eyed each other with glances of mingled apprehension and fear, Boulter calmly folded the paper, put it back in its envelope, and, forcing himself to a steady ignorance of the matter, authoritatively called for more coffee.

"What is the news?" inquired Mrs. Boulter.

"My dear," replied Boulter, fixing her with his eye, and inserting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, "the Earl of Dartmoor will be here on Friday, so see that everything is in readiness for his coming. He is bringing two friends, and his letter seems to indicate that they too are men of position, but—confound it, why don't you give me some more coffee?" And having delivered himself thus Boulter fell into a rapturous silence, from which no amount of feminine interrogation could draw him. He had already conjured up visions of the gallant earl's paying attention to his daughter; he even went so far as to settle—in his mind—what amount he should bestow on her as a wedding gift.

A stony silence ensued during the remainder of the meal, after which Boulter pompously sallied forth to re-arrange the portraits in oils that hung in the hall—for he had a large house and believed in doing things in style. Without exception these had all been under the auctioneer's hammer, but it was Boulter's idea to hang them in chronological order, and give to each some little bit of family history, of which the following is a sample:—

"Now you," he said, addressing the portrait of a fine, aristocratic-looking man dressed in the fashion of the Elizabethan period, "you are the first baronet, Sir Thomas Boulter, raised to that dignity by Queen Elizabeth." Poor Boulter had let his education slip so far as to forget that baronets were first created in the reign of James I.; but that of course he would regard as a mere detail. So on along the line he went until "the baronetcy became extinct"—fine phrase that, he thought—but he did not endeavour to show in what relation he himself stood to his mural ancestors.

In the other departments of the Boulter establishment things progressed on a proportionate scale; the "family plate," for which Boulter had paid between two and three hundred pounds, was brought out from boxes and chests and put in such a condition as would befet its meeting with an earl.

The eventful day drew quickly near, and Boulter's spirits rose accordingly, even to such a degree that in one particular case, when a traveller called upon him, he produced a cigar-case and asked the traveller in question to have a smoke. Now, that was a thing Boulter had never been known to do before.

It had occurred to the schemer that perhaps one day would be hardly sufficient to enable the noble earl to make proper advances to his daughter—by-the-by, the thought had never struck him that the titled dignitary might be a married man—so he had determined, provided the visitor fulfilled his expectations, to persuade him to prolong his visit; so with that end in view he had commanded that every preparation be made to ensure the comfort of the distinguished company.

A sumptuous dinner was in progress. The table literally groaned under the weight of the viands, and blazed with the magnificence of the costly plate and other valuable appurtenances of the feast. The earl and his two friends had proved most charming and affable companions, the former regaling the delighted Boulter with glowing descriptions of the ancestral domain, displaying at the same time the most familiar knowledge of his fellow-aristocrats and their doings. But all thoughts unconsciously gave way to the great pageant they had that day witnessed—the Coronation procession.

"Magnificent!" muttered Boulter, vigorously setting to work on the contents of his plate.

"Ahem! decidedly grand, Boulter, old fellow."

They were quite on familiar terms already; "as they should be," Boulter thought.

And so events progressed; the procession was discussed and suggestions made, and all agreed for the hundredth time that it was the finest thing of its kind they had ever seen, until Mrs. Boulter displayed a decided inclination to lapse into the arms of Morpheus, when an adjournment was made, Miss Bessie

shortly afterwards being engaged in playing the accompaniment to a song which the earl had been pressed to sing. The invitation to stay a day or so, despite strict laws of etiquette, had been warmly received, and ere the day of the Coronation procession closed his lordship and his friends retired to rest hugely pleased with the turn events had taken.

The full glory of a two o'clock moon was stealing through the blinds, casting beams of radiant light across the drawing room, when a silent figure entered, bag in hand. A second later he was joined by another.

"Is that you, Charlie?" inquired the first.

"Yes, my boy. It is I, the Earl of Dartmoor."

"You'll soon be there if you two don't shut up your confounded row," muttered a third, as he stole into the room with his boots in his hands.

"Well," chuckled the earl, softly, "if this isn't the biggest bit of luck I've ever had in my natural, I don't know what is. Here that howling ass of a Boulter swallows my yarn about the earldom, treats us as if we were lords, and then places this opportunity in our way of helping ourselves to his valuables. As if any Johnnie couldn't get the die of a coronet made and have a few quires of note-paper stamped with it! Oh! this is sport," and "my lord" buried his face in his hands, while his sides shook with suppressed laughter.

"Come on, Charlie; it's entirely your suggestion that we should take away a little of that silver, so I suppose we had better begin collecting it, eh?"

"Of course—of course; I, for one, never thought the acceptance of Boulter's invitation would result in more than three free seats for viewing the procession, but since I've been obliged to give up bank-clerking it would be very silly if I wasted a chance of raising myself in the social scale by the acquisition of this world's goods."

Evidently this logic met with unanimous approval, for within the hour quite a nice lot of property had been stowed away in three innocent-looking Gladstones, and three innocent-looking gentlemen were ready to start from Boulter's.

"I think we'd better wait a bit longer, Charlie; it might look fishy if three of us were seen leaving before it's fairly light. The back door leads out into an alley running into Seymour street. Jeffs can go by that, you and I by the front; I've got the key."

In the dull light of an October morning the noble earl and his companion let themselves out at Boulter's front door.

"Charlie!" said one, "have you enjoyed yourselves, because I have."

"I believe I have too," the other replied; then, pondering a moment, he looked up and said, "I wonder why Boulter made such a fuss of me?"

"I don't know; perhaps he would do so again if you went back in a month's time," came the answer.

I have no wish to go back to my ancestral domain again," as he shook his head and smiled. "I'm sorry for that girl of his, though. She is a bit of a spanker, she is, and no mistake. But let us be off. There is no room in the burglary business for sentiment nowadays."

## NOTICE.

THE ELECTION OF

## MAYOR

—AND—

## TOWN COUNCILLORS

for the Town of Woodstock will be held on

Monday the Nineteenth Day of January next

at the following places:

POLLING PLACES FOR DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A. to L., both inclusive, who reside in District Number One, comprising Kings and Queens Wards, shall vote at or near the Council Chamber in the Town Hall.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter from M. to Z., both inclusive, who reside in the said District Number One, shall vote at or near the Town Hall (up stairs).

POLLING PLACE FOR DISTRICT NUMBER TWO.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A. to L., both inclusive, residing in District Number Two, which comprises Wellington Ward, shall vote at or near the Brunswick Hotel.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from M. to Z., residing in said District Number Two, shall vote at or near William Karns.

NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR AND COUNCILLORS.

Nomination of candidates for Mayor and Councillors shall be filed with the Town Clerk at the Council Chamber in the Town of Woodstock between the hours of ten of the clock in the forenoon and the hour of twelve of the clock; noon, of Thursday the fifteenth day of January next. Blank nomination papers can be had on application at the office of the Town Clerk.

Dated this 18th day of December, A. D. 1902.

J. C. HARTLEY, Town Clerk.

## WEAK LUNGS

## LEAD TO Consumption.

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS ARE HASTENING TOWARDS THEIR GRAVES AS A RESULT OF THIS DREAD DISEASE

A cure is now within the reach of every sufferer:

## PUL-MO

if used as directed will check the progress of this fatal disease and restore the afflicted to perfect health. Do not go to Florida, Madeira, California, Mexico or the Rocky Mountains. Remain at home with friends and home comforts around you and use Pul-Mo, which is the achievement of the century in medical science. Pul-mo is an absolute cure for Consumption, Throat and Lung Troubles, Coughs, Colds and all other consumptive symptoms.

Pul-Mo stands alone—the use of any other medicine as an assistant is not necessary. Eat good, plain, nourishing food, get plenty of fresh air and out-door exercise, and use Pul-Mo as directed, that is all—Nature will do the rest.

Pul-Mo is inexpensive, being sold by druggists at \$1.00 per large bottle, or you may procure a sample bottle for 15 cents. If your druggist has not got Pul-Mo in stock, a sample bottle will be delivered to any address.

FREE OF ALL CHARGE.

Address all letters to  
The Pul-Mo Co., Toronto, Ont.

**CHASE**

That's the name that guarantees the best nursery stock. FORTY-FIVE YEARS is our record. We want a few more wide-awake travelers at once. Salary or commission. Write us if you want work.

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,  
Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

**CHASE**

**Page Metal Ornamental Fence**

Handsome, durable and low-priced. Specially suitable for front and division fences in town lots, cemeteries, orchards, etc. Retail for 20 CENTS PER RUNNING FOOT. Just about the cheapest fence you can put up. Write for full particulars. Use Page Farm Fence and Poultry Netting.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ontario.  
Montreal, P.Q., and St. John, N.B.

## COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING.

The regular January meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of Carleton will be held at the Court House on TUESDAY, THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated December 18th, 1902.

J. C. HARTLEY, Sec.-Treas.

## NOTICE!

## A PUBLIC MEETING

of the Ratepayers of the Town of Woodstock will be held at the Town Hall

On Monday, the Twelfth Day of January next at 7.30 p. m.,

for the purpose of receiving from the Mayor and Councillors a statement of the revenues derived from the different sources and the expenditure made in the different departments during the year ending the 31st of December, instant.

By order of the Town Council.

J. C. HARTLEY, Town Clerk.  
December 18th, 1902.

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

Tender For Wharf At Murray River,  
P. E. I.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Wharf," will be received up to

THURSDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1903, for the erection and completion of a Crib Wharf at Murray River, P. E. I.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Charlottetown, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, I. C. R., Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,  
Railway Office, General Manager.  
Government Railways.  
Moncton, N. B., 20th December, 1902.

## Bristol's Leading Store.

A nice line of Men's Overcoats.

Men's and Boys' Clothing of all kinds.

Ladies' Wrappers and Shirt Waists.

A general stock of Dry Goods and Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes.

Also, Furniture, consisting of Bedroom Sets, Extension Tables, Centre Tables, Dining Chairs, Iron Beds, Mattresses, Couches, etc.

Please call and see.

## F. A. PHILLIPS.

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

## 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.

CHARLES P. PARKER,  
Painter & Grainer,

PAPER HANGER, SIGN PAINTER, &amp;C.

Hard Wood Finishing, Pine Wood Finishing in its natural color, or painted in tints to suit. Also, Staining, Graining, Marbleing, Kalsomining, etc.

First-class work—lowest prices.  
Shop and Residence:

Richmond Street, Woodstock, N. B.

## Rare Perfumes, Perfect Pipes,

## CHOICE SOAPS, BRUSHES of all kinds

CHAS. A. McKEEN,  
DRUGGIST,

Main Street, Woodstock.

## MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

## FARM FOR SALE.

150 acres in Middle Simonds, Carleton County; 75 acres cleared, the rest is heavily wooded; can peel 100 cords of bark and cut 100,000 of hardwood logs; new house one and a half stories with finished barn and out buildings. Part of purchase money can go on mortgage. MARVIN W. SHAW, Middle Simonds. Union Telephone in house. Sept. 1st, 1902.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, *E. W. Brown*, on every box. 25c.