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The British Harvest.

A great change has come of recent years over our English rural customs in connection with harvest—a change that can only be described as the completion of the process of the commercialization of agriculture. Many who can look back from middle age will remember harvest as a time of jovial personal relationships among the country folk of all degrees. From the morning when the first scythe was put into the first field to the evening when the load was in and everybody gathered at the harvest home, it was all a merry-making, a Pagan revelry of good fellowship and thankfulness for the sunshine and the increase. It is all gone. There is no first-sheaf feasting at harvest now, and only here and there does an old-fashioned farmer keep up the festival of harvest home. In rural tales written in Fleet Street and in pictorial art of a certain kind these things still survive; but in actual fact the old social life of harvest time in our villages is as dead as the dodo.

There is more in this than the disappearance of a cheerful old custom; though that in itself would be grievous enough. For this disappearance is only one indication of the deep fundamental change that has come over English rural life. The old personal relationship between all village classes has vanished. The farmer and his laborers are no longer held together by a sort of family sentiment. Only the modern commercial cash bond of union now exists between them; they are employer and his hands. "You have your wages for what you have done; why should I feast you as well?" is the explanation of the disappearance of the old customs. And so the ancient and immemorial industry of reaping the fruits of the earth, which brought down to us from a time before commercialism existed its sense of personal relationship expressed in festive rejoicing, has yielded at last to the modern spirit.

It is true that we still have our harvest festival services, for which the church is decorated with corn and fruit, and the vicar prepares a special harvest sermon. But everybody feels it to be the poorest sort of pretence for the old lost spirit of common rejoicing and feasting over the completion of a common task. The change was inevitable. The old custom was after all just a bit of surviving feudalism, with a touch of even earlier Pagan feeling in it. Perhaps we may some day attain again to a conception of solidarity and mutual interests in rural life, a new conception based upon common citizenship.—Westminster Gazette.

Imperfection of Figure.

Have you ever watched a crowd of girls together to see how many of them carried themselves well? The next time you go to a high school or college commencement just look about you with the idea of finding a perfect and graceful figure. If you have never thought of this before you will be astonished at its rarity. Attractive faces are not uncommon, but perfect figures are not easy to find. Some girls are too fat and some are too thin; some carry their heads bent forward as if they could never reach their destinations quickly enough; many of them stoop at the shoulders; more stoop at the waist; many have flat chests; in some the shoulders are uneven; while in others both shoulders are too high. Along with these various defects of figure are sure to be associated defects in complexion, in digestion, and in many other functions of the internal organs, since they are cramped and strained by faulty attitudes and carriage.

What causes all of these physical defects? asks Dr. E. E. Walker. Some are inherited, others are acquired. When we begin to go to school we are apt to acquire the wrong sitting position—leaning the head on one hand, so depressing one shoulder; bending the head forward, and stooping at the shoulders and at the waist. Begin then, to sit correctly. In the first place, sit on the whole seat of the chair and not on the edge. Hold yourself straight from the waist and carry the head erect. If you are reading do not bend your head over to see your book, but raise your book till you can see it comfortably.

Girls do not need to indulge in violent athletics to cultivate symmetrical bodies. If you keep wrong postures from fourteen to sixteen hours every day can you hope to overcome their bad effects by ten or twenty or even thirty minutes' exercise every night or morning?

Much of the ill health of girls comes from bad habits in the schoolroom, postures which cause the asymmetries mentioned. The stooped-over attitude cramps the chest so that little air is taken into the lungs; it also twists the spine, so that a crooked back is the result, as well as elevated shoulders and prominent hips. After you are seated back in your chair the seat should be about three-fourths as deep as your thigh, and your feet should rest easily upon the floor. The chair-back should be curved slightly forward at the waist and backward at the shoulder-blade points.

After correct sitting comes correct standing. To take this position keep your heels together at an angle of sixty degrees. The weight of your body is over the balls of your feet. Hold your hips back, throw your chest

forward and hold your chin in. If you try taking a wrong position at first and then follow these directions you will see that when the abdomen is drawn back the chest must come forward. After assuming the correct position breathe deeply for five minutes.

Pretty Quick Work.

A loaf of bread has been on exhibition at Mark lane, London, Eng., which was the result of a record-making experiment at Brockley, in Worcestershire.

The owner of the wheat started to cut it 8.30 a. m. As fast as the sheaves were cut they were carried to the granary, and there threshed and winnowed. These operations took place in six and a half minutes. Thence the wheat was taken to the mill and there ground and dressed in five and a half minutes.

At the adjacent bakehouse the flour was made into dough and moulded into cake and loaves.

Seven small loaves were taken from the oven at nine o'clock—thirty minutes from the time the wheat was standing uncut. The larger loaves were finished in forty minutes. One was sent to the king, and others presented to Lady Northwich and Lord Redesdale.

Dizzy Spells and Body Weakness

**Tell of a Run-down System
and Exhausted Nerves--
Strength Comes With the
Use of**

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

To many people peculiar spells of dizziness and weakness are a source of almost daily annoyance and distress. Some see flashes of light before them, and become blind and dazzled; others experience severe attacks of headache. The cause is exhaustion of the nervous system and deficiency in the quality and quantity of blood. In all such cases Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most certain as well as the most thorough cure obtainable.

Mrs. Boulter, King street, Fredericton, N. B., states:—"I suffered for years with a severe pain in my side. At times I was overcome with dizzy nervous feelings and was not able to sleep. Since I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have noticed a marked change. The pains in my side which had bothered me so long have entirely disappeared, my nerves do not trouble me and I sleep well. Others in my home have used this medicine with equally good results and I willingly testify to its merits.

Mrs. C. Vanwart, 126 Adelaide street, St. John, N. B., and whose husband is Seaman states:—"For a long time I have been a victim of severe nervousness and as a result I suffered from some of its attending ills, such as headache, dizziness from insomnia. Being advised to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I procured a box and can say that I found it a splendid medicine. It strengthened my nerves and toned up my system generally so that I now feel very much better in every way.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Followed Directions.

A clergyman in New Jersey hired a man to act in the capacity of coachman and gardener. One day the clergyman bought a bottle of horse liniment, and told the man to apply it to a lame horse according to the directions on the bottle.

About an hour afterward he went to the barn, and found Silas industriously dipping a spike into the liniment and then rubbing it against the horse's leg.

"What are you doing that for?" he asked. The man looked up with a smile of assurance. "Because," said he, "'twas what it said in the directions on the bottle; but it's slow work."

"You have made a mistake," said the minister. "I have not," answered the man, in aggrieved tone. "It says here on the bottle, 'Apply with a large nail or tooth-brush,' and as I had no tooth-brush, I thought I'd better use this spike."

Unfortunate in his Eulogist.

The orator of the corner store was giving forth his views of a popular Congressman whose death had been chronicled in the evening paper.

"I tell you," he said, looking gloomily away from his audience into the depths of the stove, "he's going to be a loss to this country, to his friends, to all that have known him or known of him. He has died, as he has lived, unanimously regretted."

Was a Poor Sailor.

The humorous orator at the Harvard class day exercises told a story which deserves to be circulated. A young graduate who was hunting for a position received an offer of a place as shipping clerk from a firm to which he had applied for employment.

"I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer of the position of shipping clerk," he wrote, but the fact is that I am always ill when at sea."

The Ambassador's Mistake.

A Japanese near to the throne was, says the New York Tribune, once appointed Minister to Belgium. Upon arriving he was puzzled to understand why the street urchins of Brussels, amused at his attire and that of his suite, were continually sticking a thumb to their nose. Finally, he asked his interpreter the reason of it. This latter, in sympathy with the worthy Japanese's feelings, told him it was the highest possible mark of respect one could give in Belgium. Some time later, when the King was receiving a visit from the ambassador, his highness was mortified to see the Japanese stick his thumb to his nose and wriggle his fingers. The poor interpreter, however, was equal to the occasion, and before his highness could order the yellow Celestial from his presence, explained that in Japan it was, the highest known mark of respect one could pay another.

One of The Bonds of Civilization.

At one of our Sunday school classes the teacher had been explaining the blessings of Christianity.

"What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

The oldest little girl in the class blushed, and, in a whisper, said:

"Pleas, miss, our stays."

Magistrate: "Well, Mooney, you are accused of beating your wife. What have you to say why you shouldn't pay a fine or have ten days imprisonment?"

Mooney: "Who says I beat her, sir?"

Magistrate: "She herself testified to it."

Mooney: "What! The old lady herself don't deny it? Well, then, I'll pay wid pleasure, for I'll be hanged if it isn't the first time in all our rows that she's owned up to coming out second best."

Most Annoying.

"We must part," he declared, with quivering lip.

The wife stood silent with averted head. "It is impossible for us to live together," he insisted, as he fastened the only life-preserver on board to his person. Then the vessel foundered.—Ex.

One of the novelists, referring to his hero, says:—

His countenance fell.
His voice broke.
His heart sank.
His hair rose.
His eyes blazed.
His words burned.
His blood froze.

It appears, however, that he was able to pull himself together and marry the girl in the last chapter.

The lady: "What right have you to enter my room in the middle of the night?" Burglar: "Now, don't scold me, ma'am; I'm not your husband."

Curate: "And how did you like my harvest sermon, Mr. Wurzel?"

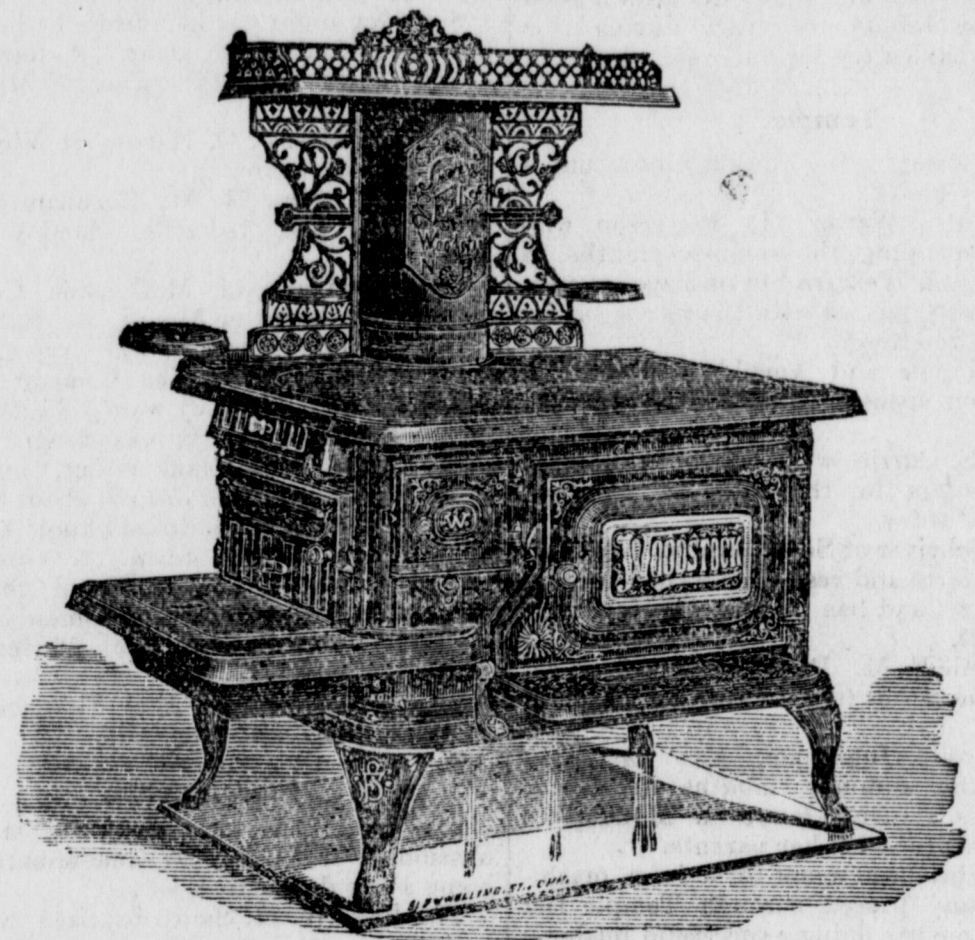
"Not bad, sir; not bad at all, considering yer total ignorance of the subject."

Mr. Jones—That young Snodgrass seems like one of the family. His only Daughter—How so, papa? "Why, he looks scared when your mother's anywhere near."—Exchange.

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LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock.

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The Methodist Parsonage, Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 11th, 1902
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Yours faithfully,
P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

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