

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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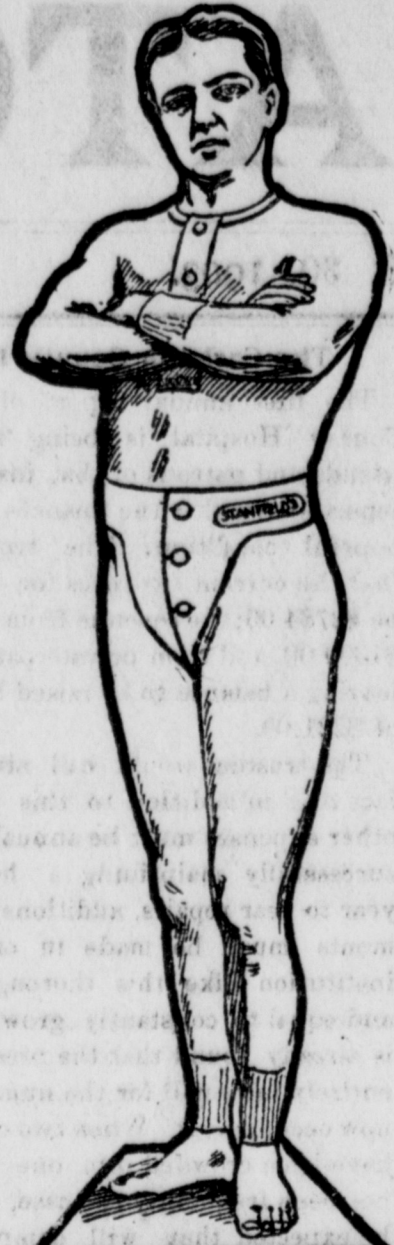
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Latest Designs
—IN—
**WALL
PAPER**

The patterns this season are
particularly pleasing.
CALL AND SEE THEM.

W. H. Everett, Woodstock.
No. 6 Main Street.
Near Bridge.

MONEY TO LOAN
On Real Estate.
APPLY TO D. M'LEOD VINCE
Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.



STANFIELD'S
Unshrinkable Underwear

The Resurrection of the Dead.

Abijah Powers felt moderately sure nobody would recognize him when he registered under an assumed name at the little inn. It was more than twenty years since he left the town—a hard, reckless boy, running away from a good father and a devoted mother because he hated goodness and loved lawlessness and his own way.

For years he had led the life of a vagabond. Then the spirit of adventure was roused in him by the stories of the wealth in the Klondike. He joined one of the earliest parties in that hazardous search for gold, and succeeded beyond his dreams. Now he had come back, with his old instincts, but with the wealth of a millionaire, and some strange compulsion led him to the village where he first drew breath.

He did not even know whether his parents were living or dead. It was altogether likely they were dead. With that conviction, and without asking a question, he made his way in the August twilight to the graveyard, and to the spot where for three generations his ancestors had been laid.

Yes, there were new stones placed since he had been there. The sight moved him strangely. He bent to read the inscription on the first one. It was to the memory of his father. "Died, 1884. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The date cut the man to the heart. His father had died a year after the only son had run away! And his mother had been left alone! But perhaps she had followed her husband mercifully soon. Again he bent to read, this time with tear-filled eyes. "Died, 1902. 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

His mother had been alone for eighteen years! She was but just dead—in poverty, perhaps; certainly in loneliness. He drew himself up as if to shake off a hideous dream. But the other stone—whose grave could that mark? They had no relatives except some distant cousins. Perhaps some one of them had done for his mother what he ought to have done in her long, desolate years. Again he stooped to read—his own name. "Abijah Powers. Born 1876; died—. 'The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'"

It was his own gravestone, set up by his mother when her hope of his return was dead. Out of the depth of his memory there flashed up the story of the widow of Nain, and the gracious presence which spoke the word of life to her dead son. How many times his mother must have read and reread the page, and how frequently she must have prayed that her boy, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, might be given back to her arms!

The thought was anguish to the graceless son, and it brought him to his knees beside his own empty grave. With his hand resting over his mother's head he wept as he had not wept since he was a child. They were gracious drops. Out of the mother's love, which had found its cold comfort in the words of Scripture for the grave that was no grave, there came, indeed, the resurrection of the real, living soul. The widows son went out of the graveyard that night a new man. The world wondered what had happened to him. Money did not often make a man over from a devil to a saint; but that miracle seemed to have been worked in Abijah Powers. Nobody knew that the transformation did not come from the touch of Klondike gold, but from the power of love—reaching from beyond the veil and speaking from the cold marble of a gravestone.

Three Dollars a Week.

It is the fashion to decry money. Many persons misquote St. Paul as having declared money to be the root of all evil, whereas that wise man so characterized the love of money. In point of fact, money is so universal and convenient a measure of value that the world regards the person who has no skill or product to exchange for money as worth little or nothing to society.

In this fact lies the secret of the restless discontent of many a home-making wife. She bakes and brews, washes and irons, makes and mends, but is paid only by shelter and by the food and clothing which she herself prepares. She may once have known the comfortable pleasure of the well-filled envelope on Saturday night, or the check at the month's end. Surrendering that for the service of the wife, she awakens some day to dull sense of deprivation.

Slowly her self-respect decreases. She cannot be worth as much as she used to be. She works hard and for nothing, and sees no force in the argument that she is being paid "in kind." The request for money comes more and more reluctantly from her lips, and finally will not come at all.

When worse comes to worst, her husband will wonder why she has ceased to take an interest in the social life of village and church, and he may never guess that the empty purse may be as serious a matter to the woman as the empty bank-account is to the man.

"How is your wife this summer, Mr. Scribner?" inquired a summer resident of the "fisherman" who brought the mackerel to her door.

"Oh, she's perked up a good deal this month. We've got a hired girl, and she's done my wife a sight of good."

"Where did you find a good girl? They are scarce enough."

"Well, we raised this one! You see my daughter has finished school, and my wife was terrible afraid she would want to go away from home. So I've entered into an agreement with her. I pay her three dollars a week, and she does the housework and looks after her mother in first-class shape. I'm a poor man but that three dollars a week is the best investment I ever made. Why, she and her mother are as proud of it as if they had found a gold mine!"

Many another family might find a goldmine of happiness by a judicious adjustment of wages—were they ever so small—to woman's work.

To Cure a Cold in a Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

ABSORBED A BANK.

Royal's Purchase at Santiago—Mr. Frank Chute Removed to That City.

A Santiago despatch to the Havana Post of Sept. 6, says: "Yesterday all the shares of the Banco de Oriente were bought by the powerful English Co., the Royal bank of Canada, paying for them a premium of 40 per cent. In a few days its name will be changed to that of the Agency of the Royal Bank of Canada. Messrs. R. W. Forrester and Enrique Kos will be the agents and Mr. Frank Shute accountant."

The arrangements for the absorption of the Bank de Oriente by the Royal Bank were made largely by Mr. F. J. Sherman, agent of the Royal Bank at Havana, formerly of Fredericton and Messrs. Sherman and Shute are now at Santiago in connection with taking over the Royal's purchase.



The Magnetism is in his Tongue,
Not in his Machine.
His Patriotism is in his Pocket,
Not his Soul.

When they say the Tubular machine is no good, ask them how they know? There have been Tubulars here three years, the most of the others have been less than three months, and already are being found out, but the hurt man hates to squeal.

Buy The Tubular for I am here to stand by it.
N. S. DOW, Agent, Woodstock.

Made Him Envious.

A German addressing his dog said: "You vos only a dog, but I wish I vos you. Ven you go mit de bed in, you shust durn round dree times und lay down. Ven I go mit de bed in I haf to lock up de place und vind de clock und but de eat oud und undress myself, und my wife vakes up und scoles me. Den de baby cries und I haf to vank him up und down; den, maybe ven I shust go to sleep, it's time to get up again. Ven you get up you seust scratch yourself a couple of times und stretch, und you vas up. I haf to quick lite de fire und put de kettle on, scrap mit my wife already, und maybe get some breakfast. You play all tay und haf plenty of fun. I haf to vork all tay und haf plenty of drouble."

The Happiest Day.

The Old Man—Well, my lad, I wish you every possible happiness, and I assure you, as a man of experience, that you will always look back upon today as the happiest of your life. The Young Man—I am very much obliged, sir, for your good wishes, but—you are a little mistaken. It is not till tomorrow that I am to be married. The Old Man—Yes, yes, I know. That's what I mean.—Pick-Me-Up.

Parent: "And so you made Jimmie and Willie stop fighting, did you? I'm glad to see my boy is a peacemaker. What did you do to separate them?"
Son: "Well, it was this way: Jimmie was getting licked, so I just stiled in and psted Billy; an' when I had done with him he didn't feel much like stoppin' and having it out with Jimmie."

**The Election of
COUNTY COUNCILLORS.**

County of Carleton.

The Election of County Councillors will be held on
**Tuesday, the Thirteenth day
of October Next.**

Fifteen days public notice of the time and place of holding election to be given by Parish Clerks by posting in three of the most public places of the parish. Nomination of candidates to be filed with the Parish Clerk or to be left at his residence at or before six o'clock P. M. on Monday the 5th day of October next.
Parish Clerks to post names of candidates in three of the most public places in each polling district on or before Thursday, 8th October next. Candidates names also to be posted up at the polling place before the opening of poll on day of election. The Parish Clerk or District Clerk (as case may be) to act as chairman unless he refuses to serve, or is absent, or not competent by reason of relationship of candidate, when chairman to be chosen by electors present.
Assessors are required to furnish Parish Clerks with list of electors.
Note that time for holding election has been changed by Bye-Law of County Council, passed at January Session 1901. Formerly under Acts of 1870, Chap. 34 it was last Tuesday in October, but it is now the second Tuesday in October.
Dated September 10th, 1903
J. C. HARTLEY,
Secretary-Treasurer.

LISTEN

to us if you are in doubt about what you want in Furniture. Years of experience has shown us that it is better to make a sale satisfactory to you rather than a large one of goods you don't want. Thus we hold your trade from year to year as well as your confidence. This spells "success" for us and good bargains for you.

FREE PICTURES

with each purchase of \$1.00 or more. Your choice of these instead of ten per cent discount for cash.

HAVE A LOOK

at our new Rugs and Carpets, Mattresses, Iron Beds and Sideboards. Bargains in Remnants and Rugs.

UNDERTAKING

given careful personal attention.

THE A. HENDERSON FURNITURE CO., LIMITED,
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
May 6th, 1903.

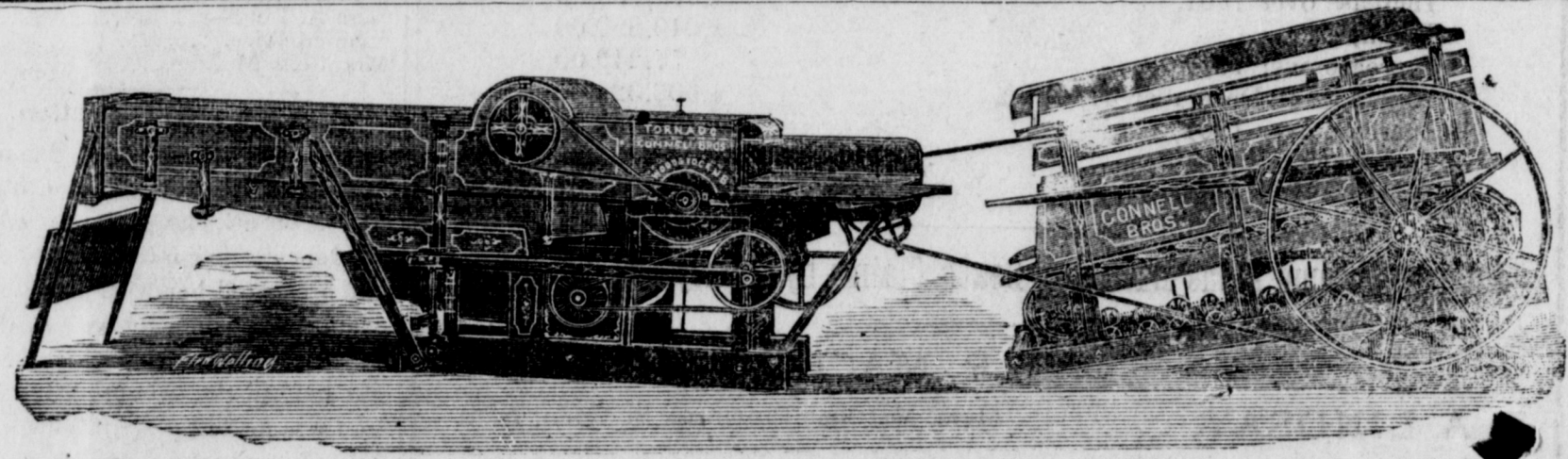
Intercolonial Railway.

Tender for Buildings on the Riviere Ouelle Branch.

Separate Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for a Combined Passenger and Freight Station," "Tender for One Stall Engine Shed," "Tender for a Shelter," "Tender for a Section Tool House," as the case may be, will be received until
TUESDAY, THE 6TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1903,
for the above mentioned buildings to be constructed on the Riviere Ouelle Branch.
Plans and specification may be seen at the Office of the Station Master at Riviere Ouelle, P. Q., and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Moncton, N. B., where forms of tenders may be obtained.
All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B.,
September 15th, 1903.

FOR SALE.

That new and pleasantly situated house on Grover street owned and occupied by MRS. ROBERT STEVENSON. Aug. 26-2 mo.



"Tornado" Threshing Machines,
with "Direct Gear" Horse Power.

BRISTOL, N. B., January 14th, 190
MESSRS. CONNELL BROS., Woodstock, N. B.
Gentlemen,—I suppose that you are anxious to hear from the Threshing Machine. She has been tried and came out with the following results: In 32 minutes, 34 bushels by measure; in 62 minutes, 58½ bushels by measure; by weight 64½ bushels; this is an accurate statement. Threshing capacity 60 bushels per hour; this Mr. Curtis and myself have decided as correct. She was not forced to run beyond the ordinary rate of speed, cleaned the grain very nice, no clogging, none thrown over, none carried out in the straw. Now gentlemen, there is something more that I will tell you; it would be impossible for one crew of men to tend this machine, they could not stand it at that rate of threshing. Give her grain that has been reaped with a Reaper, and put in the barn in good shape, and she will thresh 600 bushels in ten actual hours, and do her work with ease, and clean in good shape.
Yours truly,
EDWIN PHILLIPS.
SPRINGFIELD, KING'S CO., Oct. 11th, 1902.

MESSRS. CONNELL BROS., Woodstock, N. B.,
Dear Sirs,—I suppose you are anxious to hear from the machine. To tell you the truth, I think her the most perfect I ever have seen, runs smooth, and does her work complete, will not waste on matter how fast you thrash, can take care of a bushel per minute with all ease. I am running her with a very light team and every day I use her she seems to run faster.
Yours truly,
JAMES H. PICKLE.
Messrs. Cross & Gilliss, of Lakeville, N. B., threshed 610 bushels grain in one day.

**CONNELL
BROS.,**
WOODSTOCK,
N. B.