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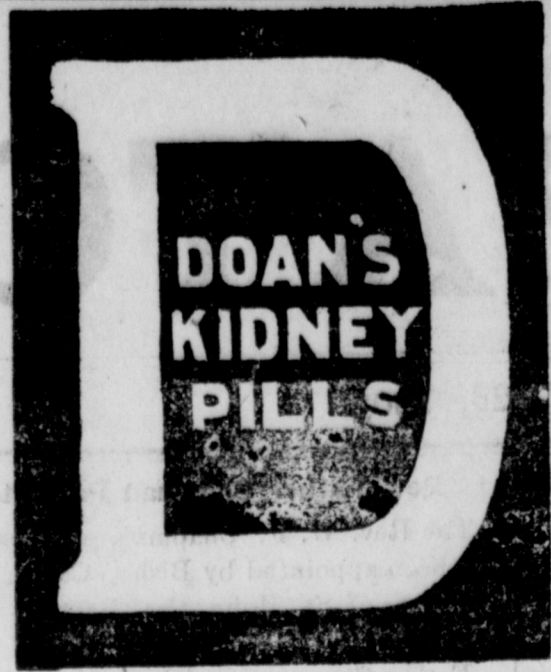
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particularly pleasing.  
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Are a sure and permanent cure for all  
Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

**BACKACHE**  
Is the first sign of Kidney Trouble.  
Don't neglect it! Check it in time!  
Serious trouble will follow if you don't.  
Cure your Backache by taking  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.**

**Autos and Railways.**  
(Sylvester Stewart in the Engineering Magazine.)

That the automobile has a great future I do not deny. Its chief mission is to change city streets from manure yards to clean thoroughfares. The horse is unfit for use on city streets. He occupies too much space; he is too hard to steer; he has the wrong kind of feet on him; besides, on crowded streets his worried driver whips, frets and jerks 10 per cent. of his energy out of him and shortens his life.

But whatever efficiency the auto may attain by future movements, it will always remain true that if it is put on steel rails, the same engine and the same quantity of fuel necessary to pull ten passengers or one ton of freight on the best macadam road will pull at least forty passengers or four tons of freight on steel. So, instead of making railways obsolete, the auto will call for light steel rails for itself, in hundreds or thousands of localities, and will probably be equipped in many cases with guides, so that it can run either on or off rails.

The automobile, instead of being a menace to the railway, will be a feeder to it. Light railways — T rails, plateways, etc. — will branch from main lines, and on these branches will run freight and passenger automobiles. In roadways there is nothing like steel, nor anything that makes any approach to it. Of course, in sections too thinly settled to justify two roads (a common road and a light railway) the business automobile will have to use the common road, but wherever it does it will be compelled to charge a high rate for freight and passengers, on account of the great resistance to progress encountered on all roads but steel.

**Literary Progress in England.**  
An association of young ladies for the study of Tennyson's works has been recently formed in a rural district, under the presidency of the local curate, who, having in a communication with a newly enlisted member advised the young lady to bring her "Longfellow" with her to the meetings, was astonished and dismayed to receive a reply from the lady's mother to the effect that she could not allow her daughter to join a society of which "fellows," either long or short, were allowed to be members, and that she was surprised that a clergyman should countenance "such goings-on."—English Exchange.

**A Crying Necessity.**  
"What the world needs is more poets."  
"More poets? Why, there are so many poets now that they can barely make a living."  
"Yes; but if there were more of them they couldn't live at all."—"Judge."

**Hard Work.**  
Weary Willie—"I wonder is farmwork hard?"  
Frayed Fagh—"It is on some farms—I've seen farms where a feller'd have ter walk fourteen rods ter find a tree ter lay down under!"

**BABY'S OWN SOAP**  
used by particular people  
both young and old.  
Keeps the skin soft, clear  
and white.  
No other Soap is just as Good. 354  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

**Dr. Chapin's Patient.**  
(New York Times.)  
Dr. Chapin, the late alienist, was exceedingly fond of a practical joke, and he used to relate the story of one which was of the boomerang order, and which reacted upon himself. He was personally conducting a young and beautiful woman from her home to his private institution when a young physician who was known to him entered the parlor car. The young woman patient was of the quiet order and her malady was not noticeable to the uninformed, save when certain subjects were touched upon. On the other hand, the young physician who joined them on the car regarded himself as a pronounced lady killer. Dr. Chapin introduced them, and after directing the conversation for a moment or two excused himself to smoke a cigar. When he returned his friend called him aside and whispered:  
"Chapin, do you know I believe that young woman is crazy!"  
"Good heavens!" exclaimed the alienist.  
"What makes you think that?"  
"Why, this: I happened to remark upon what a fine man you are, whereupon she replied: 'Well, he ought to be. He's the only really sane man in the universe—at least that is his opinion.'"

**DIVE GRACEFULLY.**  
King and Queen Appear to Enjoy Their Work at the Lake.

The diving horses, King and Queen, which are at the lake for the week, gave their first performance yesterday afternoon, at 5.15, and if anything it was beyond expectations of the big gathering that waited patiently for nearly 45 minutes, after the performance at the theatre was over, in order to witness the dives.

The animals, King and Queen, are almost snow white, are singularly intelligent, and seem to enjoy the plunge from the high tower into the open lake, and swim back to the landing built for them.

When the apparatus was ready, the horses were brought out. Their beauty won for them the greatest admiration from the audience. King was led to the landing stage, where his mate Queen could see him. The mare then went up the long chute composed of and with an air of ease that led the people to understand that she enjoyed the work.

When Queen arrived at the top of the chute, 40 feet above the water, she looked around for a moment, and, seeing King below, gave a delightful little neigh, to which King answered, then slowly placed her forefeet on the little shelf below the platform, and, lowering her head, launched out into space far enough to clear the platform. She struck the water head first and disappeared below the surface.

In a moment she arose and began swimming toward the landing stage, where King was standing. Queen ran over to him and began to caress him with an almost human affection. She was quickly rubbed dry, and then took her mate's former place on the stage, while King ascended the incline and went through the same performance that the mare had done.

King's dive was, if anything, even prettier than Queen's. King dived almost straight out into the air, and when descending, inclines his head. His feet are all spread out and as he strikes he sends up a mountain of water. Then, like Queen, he swims back to the stage, where he is then rubbed and sent to the stables. — Worcester, (Mass.) "Telegram" July 21st, 1903.

King and Queen will appear twice daily at the Fredericton exhibition September 21st to 26th, 1903, Fredericton, N. B.

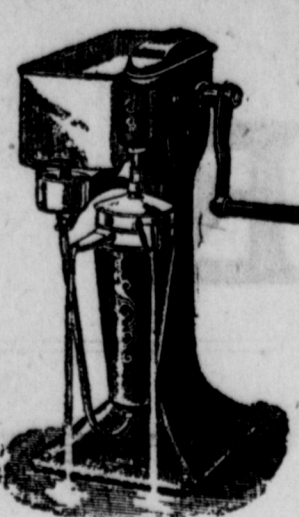
**Pensions.**  
The Grand Army of the Republic is about vastly to increase its levy of blackmail on the people of the United States. It now demands, in addition to the pensions for disability from wounds or sickness—frauds as a large portion of them have proved to be—pensions for mere service. It is reckoned that twenty millions will be thus added to the annual cost of pensions, and we may be sure that the actual amount will not fall short of the estimate. Among the pensioners for service will no doubt be included the 80,000 who, as we learn from the narrative of the Comte de Paris, McLellan's aide-de-camp, were at one time, absent from the standards. Yet not only will Congress yield to the demand for this flagrant robbery of the nation, but hardly a single member of Congress will dare to say a word against it. Both parties will bow, as they have done before, to the soldiers' vote. Probably they will again vie with each other in abject servility for submission. Such is the working of party government. Let Canada take heed that she does not give birth to a Grand Army.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache!"

He—"Do you think you could be happy with a man like me?"

She—"Oh, yes," after a pause. "I think so, if he wasn't too much like you."

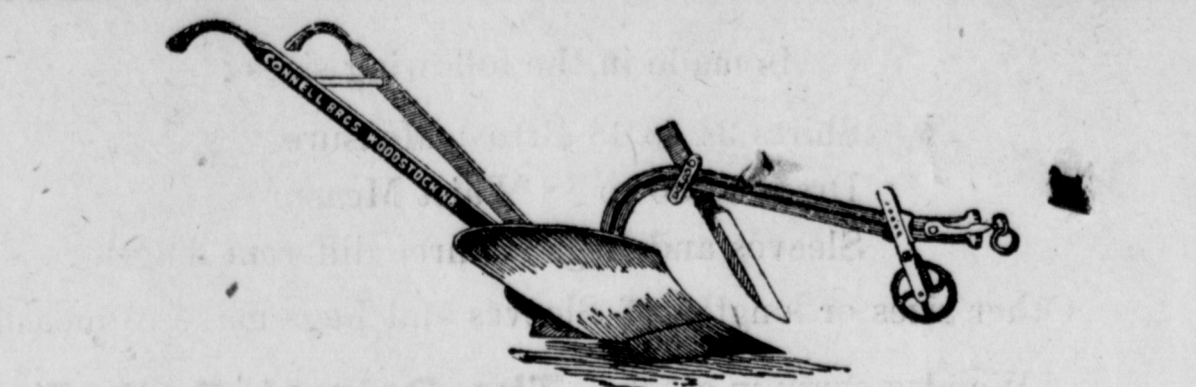
Landlady—"You did not wear glasses when you first came here. Why do you wear them now?" Boarder—"I want to make the food look as large as possible."



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.**



**"SYRACUSE" STEEL PLOWS,**

One Horse, Medium Two Horse, Large Two Horse,

**"Tornado"**  
Threshing Machines.

Sawing Machines,  
Shingle Machines,  
Steel and Cast Road Scrapers,  
Stoves, Farmers' Boilers, Pulpers, Sinks, Etc.

Call at works and examine or write us before purchasing.

**CONNELL BROS., LIMITED,**  
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**Bug Death Pays Fruit Tree Spray**

Bug Death is a fungicide, as well as an insecticide. It will kill all the worms, while at the same time keep the foliage in fine condition.

WOLFVILLE, N.S., Oct. 10, 1902.  
MESSRS. BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO.,  
DEAR SIRS—I was induced this season to use BUG DEATH on my apple trees to test it beside Paris Green. I find that it does not hurt the foliage and kills the canker worm as well as Paris Green, and that it leaves the tree in a better condition. . . . I think it will be the coming spray for orchards when it is a little better known. It is non-poisonous, and that it will kill the worms, and that it will help the foliage is a great thing in its favor. Yours truly,  
J. W. BROWNLOW,  
Pres. Fruit Growers' Association.

Send for free booklet, which gives full information.  
BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO. Ltd.  
St. Stephen, N.B.

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Butter Paper for sale at this office.

To Kill the Bug  
and Feed the Potato

**"No Bug"**  
Is what you need.  
To Paint Your House,  
The "Elephant Brand" of Paint  
Is what you need.

Also, STOVES and TINWARE,  
BICYCLE SUPPLIES  
always on hand.  
at **SEMPLER'S**  
CASH HARDWARE,  
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