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The patterns this season are
particularly pleasing.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

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Near Bridge.

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PAINTING.

I have taken the paint shop in the
Marcy building on Connell street where I
will do all kinds of carriage and sign
painting in the best manner and promptly.

F. L. MOOERS,

Marcy Building,
Connell street, Woodstock.

**Dr. McGahey's Condition Blood
Tablets.**

For building up sick, weak and run
down horses and cattle. They prevent
and cure stinking of the legs, the result of bad blood.
They are the strongest blood purifying medicine in the
world for horses and cattle. One to three packages will kill all
the worms in any horse, leaving the animal in a healthy, salu-
dary condition. Price, 25 and 50c. Dr. McGahey's Kidney and
Cough Powders, 50c.
Dr. McGahey's Heave Cure for broken winded horses, the
only medicine in the world that will cure the heave. Price,
\$1.50 and \$2.00 per bottle. The Dr. McGahey Medicine Co.,
Kempville, Ont., Canada.

Sold by Garden Bros.

Disease takes no summer
vacation.
If you need flesh and
strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

A Hot Roast for Roberts.

The following letter was recently sent by a
well-known Liberal member of the British
House of Commons to a member of the
Central Committee of the National Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children:

"I ought to have replied before now to
your letter inviting me, in your capacity as a
member of the Central Committee of the
National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty
to Children, to subscribe to the funds of
the society, and to attend the dinner which is
to take place on May 18, in aid of its funds,
at which you inform me that Field-Marshal
Earl Roberts has kindly consented to take
the chair."

"I have the deepest sympathy both with
the aims and with the work of your society,
and I have much pleasure in enclosing herein
my cheque for £5 5s, as a small contribution
to its funds.

"I regret, however, that it is quite im-
possible for me to attend the dinner, though
held on behalf of such a noble cause if it is to
be presided over by the man who invented,
in South Africa, the infamous and inhuman
system of farm-burning and of making war
upon helpless women and children. It is
notorious that, excellent as was the fighting
quality of the British troops under his com-
mand, Lord Roberts did not succeed in
making much headway, in open warfare,
against the fighting men of the Boer popula-
tion, until he had brought odds of about
fifteen to one into the field against them. But
he made brave progress against the non-com-
batants—that is to say, against the helpless
women and children, secluded in their rural
farms, where he well knew that there were
not any combatants, and where, indeed, in
many cases, there was not a single male per-
son to be found. Ruthlessly evicting these
helpless creatures, Lord Roberts set fire to
their homes and laid them in ashes in thou-
sands, his very soldiery meanwhile execrating
the inhuman task which he was exacting
from them. He then packed the women and
children into cattle trucks, like sheep sent to
the slaughter, and either discharged them
destitute at some roadside station, or herded
them into so-called 'concentration,' but
practically murder, camps, where he well
knew that there existed neither accommoda-
tion no supplies suitable to their wants, and
where Miss Hophouse, with her own eyes,
saw the helpless babies strewed around, sick
and dying, on the bare, rain-sodden earth,
'like faded flowers that had been thrown
away,' and where no less than 15,000 little
corpses now lie buried.

It is surely nothing less than a ghastly
mockery of the cause which we have at heart
now to seek to associate it with a man whose
inhuman conduct is now causing every Boer
mother, as she gathers her few remaining
children round her knee, to teach them to
execrate the British name, to teach them to
live only in the hope of future vengeance on
the destroyers of their little brothers and
sisters, and to hand down the name of
Roberts to future history, coupled only with
that of Attila, commonly called 'the scourge
of God.'"

A Small Boy's Diary.

There is a certain nine-year-old kid in this
city who is keeping a diary. The book was
given him last Christmas by a relative, and
his father had forgotten all about it until he
accidentally found the volume the other day.
Curious to see what his small son had written
in it, he opened the book and found that the
diary had been faithfully kept. Here are a
few of the entries:

"I am nine years old today. Looked in
the glass, but whiskers sint sprouting yet."
"Sassed a boy. Got licks."
"Pop borrid ten cents for carfair, that
makes \$1.15 he owes me. Wonder if He
ever get it."
"Jimmie—stole my ball. I lickt him
for it."
"Ast Pop for some of my money and he
giv me a nickil. I want that doler."
"We feloes got up a baseball club. Ime
pitcher. If I had that doler 15 I could get a
unform."
"Pop got paid today and giv me my money."
"Mamma borrid a doler. Dam these
people anyway. A feloe cant save nothing."
"Ast Pop about banks. I want to put my
money where carfair sint so skarse."
"Got lickt again."

There was more of this, but "Pop" had
read enough. As a result, there was confer-
ence, and now the arrangement is to pay five
per cent. a week interest, and settle every
payday. The kid got his "unform."—Phil-
adelphia Telegraph.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JUNE 8, 1904.

The Prodigal Son.

I like to read of the Prodigal Son,
Who tended the festive swine,
He raised the deuce and had his fun—
Then off to his dad's to dine.

It seems that lad had a regular cinch;
'Twas the softest kind of snap;
He had his fling—ay, every inch—
Oh, he was a wily chap!

For straightway back to the old man's tent,
Or whatever they lived in then,
He hied when all his funds were spent
And he as sore on the pen.

And while he was yet a great way off
His father beheld with joy,
While feeding the cows at the barnyard trough,
The form of his long lost boy.

Lo, the governor ran and fell on his neck—
His knees were a bit unsteady—
But he stumbled on and would not check
His speed, till he reached his Freddy.

I think I can see the Prodigal's smile,
I can catch his smothered laugh,
As he talked to his dad in penitient style,
One eye on the fatted calf.

The moral of this immortal tale—
If moral indeed it hath—
To stay at home's of no avail—
Get out and work your craft.

J. P. H.

The Rush to Canada.

Never in the history of British emigration
has there been such a rush as is now taking
place to the farm lands of western Canada,
says The London Express. At the rate of
over 2,000 a week some of the most enter-
prising citizens of the United Kingdom are
being driven by hard times and the scarcity
of work to seek their fortunes in the unde-
veloped lands of the great North American
Dominion.

One of the largest cotton-spinners in Black-
burn told The Express that this movement
was about to be largely reinforced by mill
hands in north and north-eastern Lancashire,
who, owing to the distress caused by having
to work short time, were preparing to leave
this country.

"It is impossible as yet," he said, "to
estimate the dimensions of this exodus, but
it will probably run into thousands, and will
be the biggest since the cotton famine caused
by the civil war of 1863.

"Though many are going to mills in the
United States, where wages are higher and
the hours shorter, a large number are aban-
doning the cotton business altogether to take
up farms in the Canadian Northwest."

Among the second-class emigrants are a
number of small capitalists who have from
£50 to £150 to spare. Unable to find a
profitable outlet for their money in this
country, they are bent on using it to develop
the lands which the Canadian government
gives away free to every settler.

Some of this class take with them such
luxuries as pianos, some fourteen have gone
in one Allan liner on a recent voyage. A
party of twenty-one—grandfather and grand-
mother, their children, and their children's
children—went out the other day with
twenty-one banjos.

So great is the demand now for the emi-
grant traffic that the various steamship own-
ers have to provide steerage passengers with
the best of fare. Here, for instance, is a
sample menu of the Dominion liner South-
wark:—

BREAKFAST.

Porridge and milk.
Ham or bacon and eggs.
Fresh bread and butter.

MARMALADE.

DINNER.

Gravy soup.
Roast beef. Potatoes. Vegetables.
Plum Pudding. Sweet Sauce.
Fruit. Ice cream.

TEA.

Red Herrings.
Bread and butter.
Jam and marmalade.
Buns. Tea.

How She Knew.

Spirit (at a seance)—Do you recognize me?
Mrs. Topper (confidentially)—Yes, you
are my late husband, John Topper.
Spirit (surprised)—How did you know
me?
Mrs. Topper (firmly)—I smelt your breath,
John.

Visitor (to butler, who is showing him
through the picture gallery of an old mansion)
—that's a fine portrait. Is it an old master?
Butler—No; that's the old missus.

"Pa, what is intuition?"
Merely the feminine of suspicion, my son."

Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain
and absolute cure for each
and every form of itching,
bleeding and protruding piles,
the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See tes-
timonials in the daily press and ask your neigh-
bors what they think of it. You can use it and
get your money back if not cured. See a box, at
all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

MONEY TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

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



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One of the best paint authorities
in the world says that true paint
economy is "the sum total of the
cost of the material and its appli-
cation divided by the number of
times you have to repaint in a
given term of years."

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS WITH
gives that sort of economy, al-
ways.

You will also find that the cost
of material and application
figures out best with S.W.P.

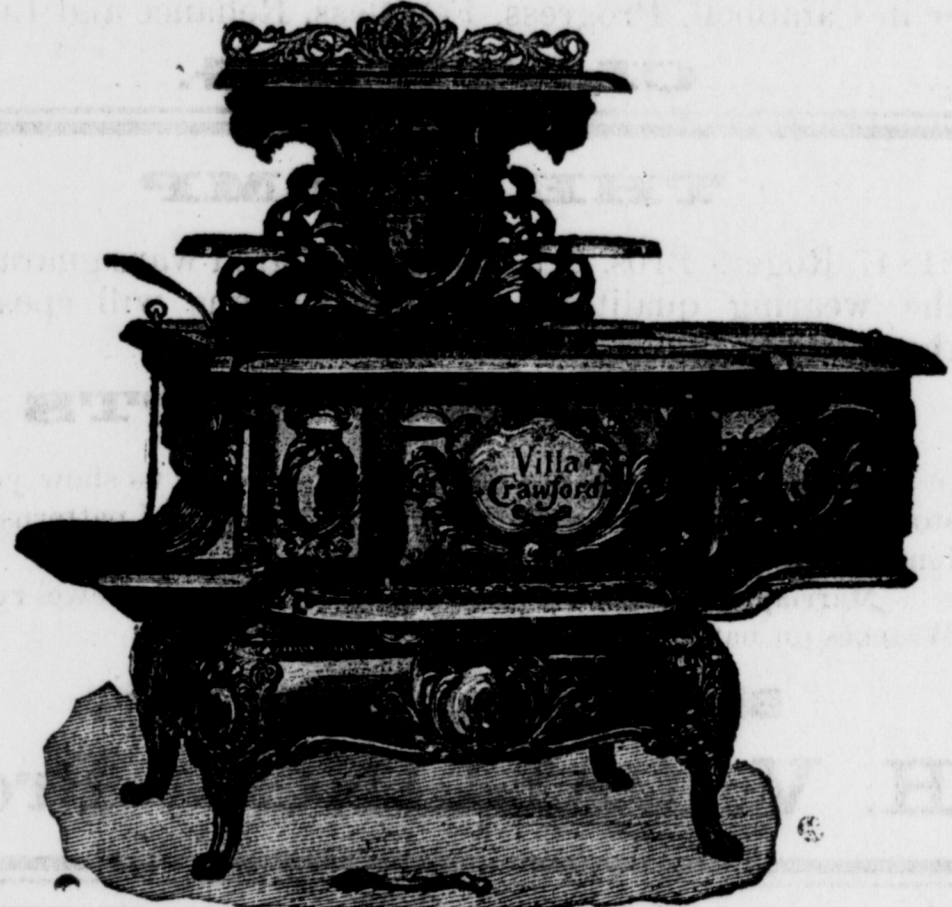
Going to paint?
Come in and get
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HARDWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
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With and Without Reservoir.



Handsome in Design.
Fine Working Qualities.

HORSE HOES, with STEEL Wings,
with CAST Wings.

Syracuse Cultivators,

with EXPANDING LEVER and EXTRA HILLERS.

CONNELL BROS., Limited.

**NOTICE
TO FARMERS.**

We expect to resume our business
of slaughtering lambs this season as
usual. We buy our lambs by the
pound, weighing when taken away,
which has proved very satisfactory.
We shall continue to pay one cent
per pound more for ewes and wethers
than we do for buck lambs.
We advise weighing all lambs be-
fore selling by the head, to see if we
are not offering more by the pound
for good lambs than they will bring
by the head.

**Keep Your Eye
On the Horse
In the Window,**

And he will constantly suggest
to you things in the HARNESS
line you need.

- 2 Sets Second Hand Double Driving
Harness.
- 1 Patent Shift Waggon Pole and Yoke,
Second Hand.
- 10 Sets Second Hand Single Harness.

Horse Blankets and Robes.

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