

**Don't Let Sick Kidneys Sap Health and Strength**

A man ought to be in his prime at 50; and hale and hearty at 70. Some are, most are not. Look at the men of 50, 60 and 70 who can't do a good day's work—whose backs ache—who are constantly urinating, day and night—who have no appetite—whose manhood is gone—with pinched faces, sallow skin, and shrunken muscles. Kidney Trouble is wrecking their lives.

What they need—what they should take without delay—is

**"Sun" Kidney Pills**

They make young men of old men, by making the sick kidneys well and strong. They stop the drains on the system—relieve the pain—make the blood rich and red—bring back the appetite—charge the whole system with vigor, strength and vitality.

Minto, N.B., July 31st, 1904.

"I have been a sufferer from Kidney Trouble, Lame Back and Headache for years, and have tried electric belts and many other remedies. I can truthfully say that I have received more benefit from two boxes of "Sun" Kidney Pills than from all the other remedies that I have tried in the past six years. My lameness is gone, my general health is improved, and I am more fleshy than is usual for me."

JOHN COAKLEY.

No matter how long, or how severely you have suffered with Kidney Trouble, "Sun" Kidney Pills will cure you.

50c a box—3 boxes for \$1.25. At all dealers or from The Sun Medicine Co., Oak Point, N.B.



**Short Memories.**

(Mrs. Aris, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.)

It has been said that good liars should have good memories, but they are, I think, not the only heroes and heroines who should be thus provided, since the newly-rich might also be advised to cultivate the like, which might urge them from the heights of a present prosperity to cast reflective eyes into the valley of a former humbleness.

It is an open question whether she who has 'seen better days,' and never fails to allude to them, is more exasperating than she who has endured worse ones, and never fails to ignore them. The first may be regarded as an object for sympathy, the second will more easily excite contempt, and would even induce the most amiable to a feeling of irritation.

Only last week staying at an hotel at the seaside, we met by chance in the hall, after not having seen her for five years, a girl with whom our previous intimacy had been great. She was delighted; we were, perhaps, a little less enthusiastic; but acquiescent to her suggestion: 'Come and have a chat in my sitting room,' which followed the greeting, and induced us to follow the greeter and find ourselves in one of the best apartments of the hotel, full of flowers, with silver appointments to the writing-table, a large basket of fruit on the sideboard, and every tangible evidence of prosperity.

Wearily our friend sank into a chair, leisurely drawing off her long suede gloves, to ring a silver hand-bell to summon her maid and order tea.

'Horrid little room, isn't it?' she said, 'small, but the best we could get. It is quite impossible to stay in an hotel without a sitting-room of one's own of some kind, is it not?'

We urged that in summertime public rooms and the large hall, and a writing-table in the window of the bed-room might be sufficient to represent comfort, but she would have none of them, and continued:

'It is rather a bother that we could only get one sitting-room, for the nurse makes such a fuss about having to take the child down to the steward's room for her meals, and the maid seems to think accompanying them rather "infra dig," as if she were in attendance; but I told them that they must do the best they could; servants are so troublesome, aren't they? I am always telling Arthur he is very lucky, valets seem so less exacting; they look after themselves so perfectly; but then Arthur humors his man too much, he is a perfect slave to his servants,' she concluded.

And this, with an air of ineffable discontent, which contrasted comically with the conditions under which we last had the privilege of encountering the speaker. Then she was living at Notting-hill with one maid, who did all the work of a very modest little dwelling, and she spent her mornings in dusting the drawing-room ornaments, and sitting by the side of the baby's perambulator, which was wheeled out into the back garden while domestic duties claimed the nurse.

We swallowed that tea when it came as quickly as we could, and left that presence, lest we should fail to suppress within the limits of conventional politeness our almost irresistible desire to jog her memory.

The tendency to disregard former condi-

tions is very flagrantly evident in the attitude of some women toward their clothes. Many a newly-rich matron whose girlhood has been spent in the frocks cast off by their wealthier cousins, whose girlhood has been passed spurring the little dressmaker engaged at so much a day to efforts which shall emulate the work of Oxford street, discovers that a fifteen-guinea costume from the superior artist in Paris is a 'little rag' scarcely worth wearing, and that forty guineas for a Court train is a remarkable bargain.

In many other instances we get opportunities for commenting on the facilities for forgetting. Take the boy who has been brought up at a grammar school, and has achieved a good position in the world of commerce, and is honored and respected and liked by most people; you will find that he will exhibit a firm belief in Eton. 'There is nothing like it,' he says, although he knows nothing about it, but that is no drawback to his expressed conviction; and in his middleage he has grown so to talk of public schools and the university that he imagines that they were the making of him.

A woman I know, who spent her young days driving in omnibuses, with perhaps a cab as an occasional treat, inherited some money, and she was able to enjoy a house in Mayfair and the luxury of a carriage of her own. Simultaneously she developed a pitiable nervousness of cabs; she could not sit calmly in any vehicle which plied for public hire, her terror in a hansom was desperate, and even the most solid old four-wheeler which ever crawled on its dreary way down a side-street became to her a haunt of fear, and she would clutch any companion she might have by the arm as every omnibus went by, while she explained the condition of her nerves, with delicate allusions to 'John's excellent driving.' She became the most helpless of creatures, she could not even shop by herself, her maid had to come with her when she went to choose a dress, and I remember once asking her if she would mind calling at a silversmith's, to have an inscription engraved on a piece of old silver for me, and she apologetically told me that she really could not do this herself, but 'my butler will.'

Remarkable instances of short memories may be quoted in the case of benefits received, when that gratitude which is a lively sense of favors to come has no excuse for existence. But, still, happily this is not a common state of affairs, and we more frequently have an opportunity of hearing. "She was very good to me when I was a little chap," as a prelude to a courtesy which may take the form of simple politeness or find even more tangible expression in a subscription.

A popular story in theatrical circles is told of a favorite lady comedian, whose early life had not been passed in the most refined circles. She attained the position of 'lead' in a musical comedy, and, being impressed with a sense of her own importance, complained one day to the stage-manager that an actor during the play persistently crossed in front of her on the stage, concluding her indictment with: 'No gentleman would cross in front of a lady.' The actor, having been told of this many times, and feeling it deeply, since he had met the complainant in other days, had had to breath revengefully: 'If she says that to me once more I shall remind her of that birthday party at Liverpool.' This dreadful threat was never carried out, and

never explained, but continued to be held over the lady to the end of the run of the piece, and excited the curiosity of the rest of the company. What had taken place at that party in Liverpool, or was the sting in the significance of the date and occasion? We shall never know, but the least allusion to it proved an effective remedy against fractions self-assertiveness.

Another notable example of the lady who suffers from a short memory is often to be met in the person who, having, through her beauty or charm, or chance, married into one of the good old English families, shows a determination to ignore the existence of any others and cannot be persuaded to have even a sympathetic tolerance toward the modern theory that money makes the man. Blood she craves, and blood she will have, and even from the dimmest corners of an obscure memory has she swept the fact that one of the largest drapery establishments in London owned her grandfather as its founder.

There is a very significant story told of a grove where was wont to flourish a very large pear tree. And it came to pass that someone cut down that pear tree, and carved from the stump an image of a god, and people would pass there and come to worship, but one villager held aloof, and could not be persuaded to offer his devotion, always shaking his old head and saying: 'No: I remember it when it was a pear tree.' How good it would be if many could take this tale to heart and remember when they were pear trees!

**THE CONTINUED STORY.**

Before her proud old father stands  
The heroine so fair  
(A half a page about her hands,  
A page about her hair.)  
"You shall not wed this man," growls he  
(We think we quote the text.)  
"Dare to defy my rule, you'll be"—  
(Continued in our next.)

The villain with his cigarette,  
Now woos the heroine;  
She wails the day she ever met  
A man so filled with sin.  
"Refuse me, gyuri!" he coldly sneers,  
While she stands there, perplexed,  
"Then you shall be, through all your years"—  
(Continued in our next.)

The hero meets the villain now;  
The hero says "Aha!"  
And wildly mops his furrowed brow;  
The villain mutters: "Bah!"  
The villain tells the hero he  
Some money has annexed.  
The hero swears he soon shall be—  
(Continued in our next.)

Proud father, villain, hero, too,  
Detectives by the score:  
Proud father: "Ne'er again must you  
Be darkening my door!"  
The villain laughs his scornful sneer  
Whose tones are circumflexed.  
The hero: "Wait for me, my dear"—  
(Continued in our next.)

The hero languishes in jail,  
The villain with a grin,  
Says that he'll go the hero's bail  
And wed the heroine.  
But, lo! The hero's innocence  
Is proven by a friend;  
They wed; the villain slouches thence;  
Proud father melts. (The End.)  
—W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

**The Bank of Nova Scotia's Head Office And General Manager.**

Miramachi men and women who visit Toronto should call at the Bank of Nova Scotia. It is not the largest, but it is the most beautiful, banking house in Canada. The interior is lined with Italian marble of variegated tints that blend harmoniously and make an exquisite picture. The style of architecture is ornate enough to prevent this chaste finish from appearing tame or monotonous. Any lover of the artistic will be well rewarded for the trouble of calling at the bank.

The building contains a printing plant and bindery in which all the forms and blank books used by the bank and its numerous branches are prepared. There is a kitchen in which lunch is cooked for the staff, and a dining room where it is served, and all hands from General Manager to junior, get a warm mid-day meal at the bank's expense.

General Manager McLeod has a comfortable, roomy and plainly furnished suite of offices up stairs, where he settles matters of detail, wrestles with questions of policy, and elaborates plans for extending the bank's operations. And when the work of the day is over he mounts his 24 h. p. motor car, if the streets are dry enough for riding, and goes for a swift run in the suburbs, tearing along at the speed of an express train when the road is clear of obstructions such as carriages or children, marking time at a sharp corner for a loaded wagon to get by, and dashing past an electric car that is going the same way. He is his own chauffeur, just as he is his own skipper when he goes to sea, and would not give a cent for an automobile or yacht that he couldn't run himself. Mr. McLeod's salary is considerably larger than that of the Premier of Canada and something less than President Roosevelt's. He has risen from the post of junior to that of General Manager, and knows everything, down to the smallest detail, pertaining to the great financial institution over which he presides with so much ability.—Chatham World.



**Stanfield's "Truro-Knit" Ladies' Underwear**

combines all the good points of all other ladies' underwear, with none of their faults. It's the lightest underwear that will keep you snug and warm through the severe Canadian winters. It's soft and flexible, fits perfectly, and is guaranteed to hold its shapeliness. Your dealer refunds the purchase price if Stanfield's "Truro-Knit Underwear" should shrink. All sizes to fit every figure. At all dealers.



**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. 034 ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

**Elephant Paints Are the Best For All Purposes.**

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HARDWARE,

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Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

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Estimates given. Orders promptly executed.

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**JOHN J. HAYWARD,**  
BRISTOL, N. B.

TELL THE ADVERTISER YOU SAW HIS AD IN THE DISPATCH

**TO HORSEMEN**

The list below, of things we keep constantly in stock, will no doubt suggest to your mind something of which you are in need:

- Wool Foot Mats, Wool Lap Robes, Seal Robes, Shawl Robes, Summer Horse Blankets, Fly Screens, Leather Fly Nets, Corded Fly Nets, Linen Waggon Boots, Rubber Waggon Boots, Oiled Waggon Boots, all kinds of Horse Boots, Bandages, Tongue Lawling Bits, Humane Bits, Perfection Bits, Snaffle Bits of all kinds. Shoe Boil Rolls, Interfering Rolls, Razor Straps, Belts, Leather Suspenders, Whips, Whip Stocks, Lashes, Sweat Collars, Team Collars, Express Collars, Light Driving Collars, Leather Collar Pads, Polishes, Myers' Putz Cream, 10, 15, 25 and 40c. " " Pomade, " " Silver Polish, Diamond Hamen Dressing, Half pints and pints, Standard Ha Dressing, U. N. O. Dressing, Frank Miller's Harness Soap in pans and cakes, Eagle Brand Colgate's Harness Soap in cakes, Climax Water Proof Oil Harness Blacking, Crystalline Axle Grease, Mica Axle Grease, Asbestoline Axle Grease, Imperial Axle Oil, McLan's Axle Oil, Beaver Brand Axle Oil, Bickmore Gall Cure, Lotasine Gall Cure, Imperial Hoof Ointment, Dr. Daniel's Hoof Ointment, 3rd Seat for Carriages, Brushes, Curry Combs, Cards, Mane Combs, Waggon Washers, Shoe Thread, Wax, Harness Awns and Needles, Blacksmiths' Leather Aprons.

**FRANK L. ATHERTON**

(At the Sign of the White Horse)

King Street, Woodstock.

**Notice of Sale.**

To Solomon Camp Wiggins formerly of the Parish of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Lumberman and Miller, and all others whom it may in anywise concern:—

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-fifth day of August, A. D., 1900, recorded in Carleton County Records in Book B, No. 4, on pages 724, 725 and 726, made between the said Solomon Camp Wiggins of the one part and Louis E. Young of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the office of the said Louis E. Young on Main street in the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton on MONDAY the FIFTH day of DECEMBER next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon all the mortgaged lands in the said Indenture of Mortgage described as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the Parish of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province aforesaid and bounded as follows to wit:—Beginning at the most southerly angle of the front part of lot number forty-eight granted to George H. Connell, on the south-westerly bank or shore of the River St. John, thence south thirty-nine degrees west one hundred and fourteen chains, thence north fifty-one degrees west eleven chains and fifty links, thence north thirty-nine degrees east one hundred and fourteen chains, and thence south fifty-one degrees east eleven chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and nineteen acres more or less and distinguished as the south west part of lot number forty-eight south-west of the River St. John, and being same lot granted by the Crown to Asa Dow on the twenty-third day of January, A. D., 1874."

"Also all that other certain tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Woodstock, County and Province aforesaid, being the western half of a lot distinguished as lot number forty-nine in a grant from the Crown to one Phillip Long and bounded as follows:—On the east by Chase's creek so called, on the north by lot number fifty granted to one Reuben Chase, on the west by the base line of the said lot number forty-nine, on the south by lot number forty-eight, containing one hundred acres more or less."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated this 26th day of October, A. D., 1904. LOUIS E. YOUNG, Mortgagee.

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Since the establishment 10 years ago, the attendance at the

**FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE**

Has been steadily on the increase. The number registering this term is away in advance of all previous years. This is the best testimonial we can place before the public. Send for Free Catalogue. Address

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Cures Grip in Two Days.

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