

NEWS FROM THE COUNTY.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 13, 1904.

Kirkland.

Mrs. Andrew Bustard expects her sister, Mrs. John Murphy, and husband, from Lewiston on the 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, of North Lake, are being congratulated upon the arrival of a young daughter on June 30th.

Florenceville.

Beecher Drost and Bessie C. Shaw were to Woodstock and Andover respectively writing the P. N. S. entrance exams.

Vernon Nicholson has about completed a new slaughter house.

Miss Jacques of Woodstock is visiting her friend Miss Grace Peters.

Rev. J. H. Anderson exchanged pulpits with Rev. J. J. McAskill of Fort Kent last Sunday.

Rev. J. B. Young was in Wicklow Sunday morning to attend the funeral of the late Albert Hutchinson.

Mrs. C. T. Hendry former principal of the Florenceville Superior school and his daughter Florence are spending their vacation here.

J. Fraser McCain who with his wife came from P. S. 1, Me. to attend the funeral of Mrs. McCain's father, Albert Hutchinson, was in Florenceville on Monday.

Bismarck's Strategy.

Bismarck was not only a statesman, able to handle abstract theories of government, but a shrewd player of the lesser games of life. Some years ago an anonymous writer contributed to the New Review this story of the Iron Chancellor's very human cleverness. When he represented Prussia at the Diet of Frankfurt in 1866, he had reason to suspect that his letters and dispatches were tampered with by the Austrians. Other diplomats suffered from the same meddling.

One day, after a 20.00 meeting, Bismarck and the representative from Hanover walked away together, and as they walked the Hanoverian touched on the sore subject, and asked Bismarck if he had found a way to get his letters through.

"You shall know presently," said Bismarck. The prince, as the two strolled along, led the way through dingy by-paths into a slum.

Drawing on a thick pair of gloves, he entered a little shop where the poor bought tea, cheese, pickles, lamp oil and such commodities. The astonished Hanoverian followed.

"Boy," called Bismarck to the stupid-looking lad behind the counter, "do you sell soap?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, putting before Bismarck a variety of strong-scented soap.

"How much is this? And this?" said the diplomatist, handling one after another.

While the soap selected was being wrapped up Bismarck thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out an unopened letter. He gave an exclamation as of dismay and surprise. Apparently annoyed at his forgetfulness, he cried, "Boy, do you sell envelopes?"

Envelopes of a cheap grade were produced, and Bismarck put the letter in one. Then he asked for pen and ink, and set out to write the address, but his heavy glove hindered him. "Here, boy," he exclaimed, throwing down the pen, "just write this address for me!"

When the scrawl was finished, Bismarck took the letter and left the shop.

"There," he said, putting the letter to his companions' nose, "what with the soap, the herring, the candles and the cheese, I don't think they'll smell my despatch under that writing."

The Teacher Was Popular.

Russell was usually a good boy in school, but on this particular day he could not study. His mind persisted in wandering, and his hands in dodging about to work mischief. He did not mean to disobey his teacher, for he was very fond of her. But after he had been corrected several times he heard the stern voice of Miss Black pronounce his doom:

"Russell, come to my desk. Now stand just so."

Then Miss Black took down the long ruler. Once, twice, three times fell the stick. Then a little cry came, not from Russell, but from the teacher, and she grew deadly pale. She had hurt her wrist. Russell was sent to his seat, and soon the school was dismissed for recess.

The ten minutes were up. The girls were all in their seats, but no boys. What was keeping the boys so long in the basement? Presently a procession, headed by the weeping Russell, filled up the stairs and into the schoolroom.

"Russell, are you still crying because I punished you?" the teacher asked, in reproachful tones.

Then, to her surprise, the biggest boy spoke up: "He's crying 'cause we thumped him in the basement 'cause he hurt you."

The rest of the day Russell was a model boy. At the close of school in the afternoon Miss Black spoke very kindly to him, and told him she was pleased that he had ended the day with such good behavior.

From a dozen throats in concert came the explanation: "Yes he had to be good for you, 'cause we told him if he wasn't we'd lick him again after school."

Shooting On the Range.

Competition on the Rifle Range on Monday last was keen as will be noticed by reference to the score below. No members in class "A" appears which accounts for no score in that class. The weather was terribly hot otherwise the conditions were most favorable. Mr. White's score on 200 is exceptionally good for an amateur, as also Mr. Creighton's on 600. Following is the score—

CLASS B.				
T L Fewer.....	200	500	600	T ¹
T A Lindsay.....	21	23	27	71
B M Colpitts.....	29	20	22	71
Wm Balmain.....	27	26	18	71
Chas Comben.....	26	19	19	64
Roy Rigby.....	19	24	15	58
	20	22	2	45

CLASS C.				
J S Creighton.....	23	20	26	69
G W Slipp.....	22	23	10	55
E R Teed.....	23	18	13	54
Jas McManus.....	20	17	16	53
G A White.....	28	9	13	50
E L Clarke.....	20	12	9	41
F B Mesagher.....	20	10	8	38
A G Bailey.....	13	7	4	24

Next competition will be held Monday, 18th inst., at the regular hours.

An Effective Weapon.

If you want to break every bone in your enemy's body, don't take a club or an axe. There is a more effective method. "A soft tongue breaketh the bone." You can limber up the worst old stiff-necked, hard-boned enemy by the proper use of the tongue. Two men in this city were sworn enemies, and it seemed that each was just waiting the chance to get the knife in and turn it 'round. One day a third party made a disparaging remark to one of them about the other. The statement was a lie, and the man who heard it knew it. He was man enough to defend even an enemy in his absence and called down his traducer. It got to the ears of the party interested and he came next day and extending his hand to his enemy acknowledged his obligation for the generous defence. Many a time the soft tongue has broken the bone. It is sad, too, that a soft slimy tongue has not only sometimes broken the bone but the heart. Know how to use your tongue for good. Not only keep a civil tongue in your head, but learn how to use it to kill strife and promote moral health.

Hot Weather Dangers.

More little ones die during the hot months than at any other season. At this time stomach and bowel troubles assume their most dangerous form, and sometimes a few hours delay in the treatment means the loss of a little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent these troubles, or to cure them if they attack the little one unexpectedly. Every mother should have a box of these Tablets in the house—their prompt use may save a child's life. Mrs. Arthur Cote, St. Fortunat, Que., says: "My little one was greatly troubled with colic and bowel trouble, but since using Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared, and she is growing nicely and has good health." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiates, and are safe for a new born baby or a well grown child. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Just Wait.

If you are right you can afford to let the mud-slingers have their say. There is nothing impresses people so much as self-control. The fellow who wants to jump on those who criticise him, or who runs around like a wet hen cackling about his wrongs is nine times out of ten no better than his neighbors paint him. "By long forbearance a prince is persuaded." Your cause will gain friends as you keep your mouth shut. Even those who doubt you will become your defenders when they see you calm under the attacks of envy and spite. The men who have patiently waited have made this world. Some of them have been hissed, hooted and mobbed, but have lived to see their ideas enthroned in the hearts and lives of their fellows. If you are right and know it just wait. If you are maligned and abused, wait. If you are cast out of society or the synagogue wait. Nineteen hundred years have passed since the howling mob hurled its vituperation and scorn at the man of Nazareth as he hung upon the cross. Today the civilized world does homage at Golgotha.

Gold on Its Travels.

Bryan's Commoner: The Russo-Japanese war is productive of a number of singular things. Japan has sent millions of gold to the United States for war supplies, and this gold, or a great deal of it, was sent to Paris to settle the Panama account. France is friendly to Russia in the present struggle, and Russia is negotiating a great war loan from the French. When the loan is negotiated it will be paid in gold, and much of it will be the gold sent to the United States by Japan. If, a little later, the Japanese capture this gold, either in battle or as a war indemnity, it will have made a complete circuit of the globe.

Mr. Totter—"In England servants are called 'help'."

Mrs. Homer—"It may be all right in England, but the term, applied in this country, would be a misnomer."—Chicago Daily News.

If I Can Live.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by!

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.
The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy
In bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: "She did her best for one of thine."
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

The Power of Grit.

To carry on the back a pack weighing a hundred pounds or more means not only strong muscles but a mastery of balance. In "The Forest" Mr. Stewart Edward White says that the first time he did any packing he had a hard time stumbling a few hundred feet with just fifty pounds on his back. At the end of that same trip he could carry a hundred pounds and a lot of canoe poles and guns over a long portage without serious inconvenience.

At first packing is as near infernal punishment as merely mundane conditions can compass. Sixteen brand-new muscles ache, at first dully, then sharply, then intolerably, until it seems you cannot bear it another second. At first you rest every time you feel tired. Then you begin to feel tired every fifty feet. Then you have to do the best you can, and prove the pluck that is in you.

Mr. Tom Friant, an old woodman of wide experience, has often told me with relish of his first try at carrying. He had about sixty pounds, and his companion double that amount. Mr. Friant stood it for what seemed like a few centuries, and then sat down. He could not have moved another step if a gun had been at his ear.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion.

"Dell," said Friant, "I'm all in. I can't navigate. Here's where I quit."

"Can't you carry her any farther?"

"Not an inch."

"Well, pile her on. I'll carry her for you."

Friant looked at him a moment in silent amazement.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to carry your pack and mine, too?"

"That's what I mean to say. I'll do it if I have to."

Friant drew a long breath. "Well," said he, at last, "if a little sawed-off chap like you can wiggle under a hundred and eighty, I guess I can make it under sixty."

"That's right," said Dell, imperturbably.

"If you think you can, you can."

"And I did," ends Friant, with a chuckle. Therein lies the whole secret. The work is irksome, painful, but if you think you can do it, you can; for although great is the protest of the human frame against what it considers abuse, greater still is the power of a man's grit.

An Unuttered Thought.

Two Irishmen serving in an English regiment were good chums until Rooney was raised to the rank of sergeant. Forthwith his chest expanded, and from that time on he looked down on McGrane.

One day McGrane approached Rooney, and said, "Mike, I mean sergeant—s'pose a private stepped up to a sergeant and called him a conceited monkey, phwat wud happen?"

"He'd be put in the guard-house."

"He wud?"

"He wud."

"Well, now s'pose the private on'y thought the sergeant was a conceited monkey, and didn't say a word about it. Would he be put in the guard-house?"

"Of course not."

"Well then we'll lave it go at that."

A Mormon Railway in Mexico.

More than 1,500 miles of railroad, it is said, are to be built in Mexico under the direct auspices of the Mormon Church. Bishop W. D. Johnston, who represents the Church in Mexico, is at Mexico City arranging for the construction of the road. It is expected the road will run from Ameca, in the State of Jalisco, to Ciudad Juarez, opposite El Paso, Tex. The Mexican Government has given the Mormon Church another grant of 100,000 acres of land in the State of Chihuahua.

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UNDERTAKING

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An Englishman, and Irishman and a Scots-
man walking along a country road on a
summer's day talked of their favorite flowers:
'Give me the red rose of Old England,' said
the Englishman. 'Give me the shamrock of
Old Ireland,' said the Irishman. 'Na, na,'
said the Scotsman, 'the flower of my country
is best. You may sit on the rose and the
Shamrock, but ye'll not sit long on the
thistle.'

Butter Paper for sale at this office.

Public Meetings.

TUESDAY, JULY 19TH—At the Sher-
wood Opera House, Centreville.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20TH—At the
Graham Opera House, Woodstock

THURSDAY, JULY 21ST—At the Court
House, Andover.

FRIDAY, JULY 22ND—At the Public
Hall, Grand Falls.

SATURDAY, JULY 23RD—At the Pat-
ron's Hall, New Denmark.

TUESDAY, JULY 26TH—At the Public
Hall, Edmundston.

Hon. Mr. LaBillois, Chief Commis-
sioner of Public Works, will ad-
dress the meeting upon the sub-
ject of the "New Highway Act."

Hon. Mr. Farris, Commissioner for
Agriculture, on "Orchards and
Fruit Growing."

Other speakers will be present. Ladies
are cordially invited.

Meetings will open at 8 o'clock p. m.,
except at New Denmark, where
meeting will take place in the
afternoon, at 3 o'clock p. m.

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