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**Dr. McCahey's Condition Blood
Tablets.**
For building up sick, weak and run
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and cure stinking of the legs, the result of bad blood.
They are the strongest blood purifying medicine in the
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Cough Powders, 50c.
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Consumption

The only kind of consump-
tion to fear is "neglected
consumption."

People are learning that con-
sumption is a curable disease.
It is neglected consumption
that is so often incurable.

At the faintest suspicion of
consumption get a bottle of
Scott's Emulsion and begin
regular doses.

The use of Scott's Emulsion
at once, has, in thousands of
cases, turned the balance in
favor of health.

Neglected consumption does
not exist where Scott's Emul-
sion is.

Prompt use of Scott's Emul-
sion checks the disease while it
can be checked.

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

City Daily and Country Weekly.

City newspapers get a great deal of amuse-
ment from their country contemporaries, and
some of them, at least, make a practice of
printing from time to time a "funny column"
made up wholly of selections from the rural
weeklies.

Persons who live in New York or Chicago
or Boston are amused to learn that "Mrs.
Jim Belcher of Bings Corners has had her
woodshed and back fence painted red," or
that "Silas Twombly has lost thirty chickens
from the pip." Such news seems to them
absurdly trivial, and trivial it is, of course.
But "life is made up of trivialities." The
only question is: Are they trivialities in
which we are interested?

The reader who laughs at these items in
the country weekly goes through the column
of two-line local news items in his city daily
without a smile. He reads with dignity the
account of the accident to "Mary Ann Higgins,
a servant, who fell on the ice and broke her
leg," and the "fifty-dollar fire which damaged
Jones' all-night lunch-cart." Is the one kind
of reading any more ridiculous than the other
—or, rather, any less?

City and country have each its own inter-
ests, and both kinds of editors try to give
their readers what they want. Doubtless both
succeed in fair measure—how well, many a
city man who was borne in the country may
decide for himself by glancing over the old
home weekly which he still receives. In that
paper items which he would laugh at if he
found them anywhere else will strike him
with a thrill of pleasure or a pang of sym-
pathy. The reason is, he knows the people.

Confetti

The price of popularity has made bankrupt
many a man's nature.—Chicago "Record-
Herald."

To own defeat shows the weakness which
it has sprung.—"Just a Few Thinks."

If a bad conscience only hurt like a bad
tooth!—Cora Lapham Hazard.

The two types of women of whom men dis-
approve are the woman who will allow many
men to make love to her, and the woman who
will allow none this privilege.—"A Ruse."

Our dearest friends are those who entertain
us unawares.—"Life."

Civilization is something that prevents
people from annoying one another without
saying "excuse me" or killing one another
without a good political reason.—Washington
"Star."

The best way to secure revenge is not to
make your enemy fail, but to succeed your-
self.—"Truth."

When we are young we imagine that the
world was made for us; when old, we perceive
that we were made for the world.—"Truth"

The majority of people would be better if
they didn't need the money.—"Record-
Herald."

"Der girl dot hesitates is left at der hitch-
ing-post."—"Eppy Grams."

When in doubt go home.—"The Cynic's
Posy."

Der viskey of today is der headache of to-
morrow.—"Eppy Grams."

That a woman can know which one of forty
hats she likes best is incontrovertible evi-
dence to me that she has a mind superior to
that of any man.—Max O'Rell.

Discretion is the better part of literature.—
Edgar Saltus.

Humor is not the oil or the pepper, but it
is certainly the salt in the funny little old
cruet-stand of this mortal existence.—Mr.
Woodhouse's Correspondence."

Mr. Millyuns—Now, Tommy, you must
go to school and work hard. Why, look at
me! I started without a cent, and now I'm
a millionaire. Tommy—Yes, I know, but
you can't do it any more. They all have cash
registers now.—Ex.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 13, 1904.

The Sturdy Heel.

Euphemia had come home from the normal
school. She used to be "Effie," but her
childish name had expanded with her growth,
and she was living up to it. Her mother was
a brisk little woman who did prodigious
quantities of housework in a cheerful spirit,
and stayed not to consider the appearance
she made in process of doing it. But her
meager culture sometimes troubled Euphemia.

"Mamma," said Euphemia one day, "do
you ever think it would be better to walk on
the balls of your feet?"

Her mother was careering round the
kitchen, beating up eggs at the table, now
and again pausing to stir something on the
fire. She stopped in mid-air.

"The balls of my feet?" she repeated.

"My feet are all right."

"Yes," said Euphemia, delicately, "but
you get a better poise by throwing the weight
forward. Besides, mamma, it makes less
noise. Sometimes you step very heavily."

Her mother still paused, a spoon in one
capable hand. She looked like a woman who
could cook anything ever thought of, and
preside jovially over the eating of it.

"Effie," said she, thoughtfully, "Effie,
did you ever get up at three o'clock in the
morning and see to the milk and get the
breakfast for five men, and then do a big
ironing while you were fussing about dinner
and looking out for a teething baby?"

"Why, no, mamma," said Euphemia, al-
most fretfully. "You know I never did."

"There, dear, of course you didn't," said
her mother, tenderly. "I wouldn't have let
you while I had the strength to do it. But I
tell you what, Effie, if you ever do undertake
anything like that you'll find the only way to
get through it is to put your heels down
hard, same as you grit your teeth. Why,
sometimes, when the work's getting ahead of
me, and I know I've got to run like a dog all
day to keep up, I should just sit right down
and give out if I couldn't hear my feet go
pound, pound, over the house. Then I know
something's going on."

"Yes, mother," said Euphemia, quite
meekly. "You sit down now and peel the
potatoes, and I'll iron out the towels."

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

The Wonderful Improvement of Today as
Exemplified by "Progress" Clothing.

This is the age of specialties. In every
profession, in every line of business, there is
a specialist for each individual part of the
work. Years ago, the general practitioner
treated all diseases. The physician of today
concentrates all his talents on one part of
medical science and devotes his time and
energy to perfect himself in that one branch.

It is the same in men's apparel. The mer-
chant tailor, like the physician of past ages,
does all the work, measuring, cutting, fitting,
making, trimming.

Progress Clothing is the clothing of the
age. It is specialized clothing. Each part
of a Progress Brand Suit and Overcoat is
made by a specialist, who, by careful train-
ing, has become an expert on that individual
portion of the garment. This specializing of
the work not only insures finer clothing, but
also more economical clothing. A man, who
does one thing well, does more work than a
man who does many things indifferently.

What is more delicate, more intricate, than
a fine watch? Each individual part must be
flawless. Yet who would think of having a
watch made to order?

Progress Brand is to clothing what Elgin
and Waltham are to watch-making. The
label, with a man climbing a ladder, is on
every genuine Progress garment. Look for
it and take no other.

The Queen and Bridge.

A recent London despatch conveys the in-
formation that "Queen Alexandra has knock-
ed the bottom clean out of bridge playing
among distinguished social gatherings."
"There have been so many card scandals in
even the most exclusive set of late," the
despatch continues, "that her Majesty now
refuses to countenance gambling among
women at any place she is visiting, and she
especially stipulates that bridge must not be
included in the programme, even for men, if
high stakes are likely to follow the excitement
of the game. Many great ladies are support-
ing her Majesty in her campaign, notably the
Duchess of Marlborough, who, next to the
Duchess of Devonshire, is about the smartest
player in the high society set. The success
of the gathering which is assembled at the
Duke of Devonshires' seat at Chatsworth
this week is due to the absence of bridge
playing from the programme. The queen
said she would not go there, neither would
many of the ladies who sympathize with her
views, if bridge were to be indiscriminately
played. The turn that things have taken is
most disappointing to the Duchess of Devon-
shire, who is a devotee of bridge. Even
among the Queen's friends in the Jewish
community—the Rothschilds and Sassoons—in
which the gambling spirit is so strong, she
will not tolerate any sort of card playing for
high stakes, and it is an open secret in society
circles that her popularity among certain
sections is suffering in consequence of her
determined hostility to all forms of indis-
criminate gambling. Princess Victoria is, like
her mother, a determined opponent of gam-
bling. Both are, however, expert whist players,
but only for the purposes of pastime."

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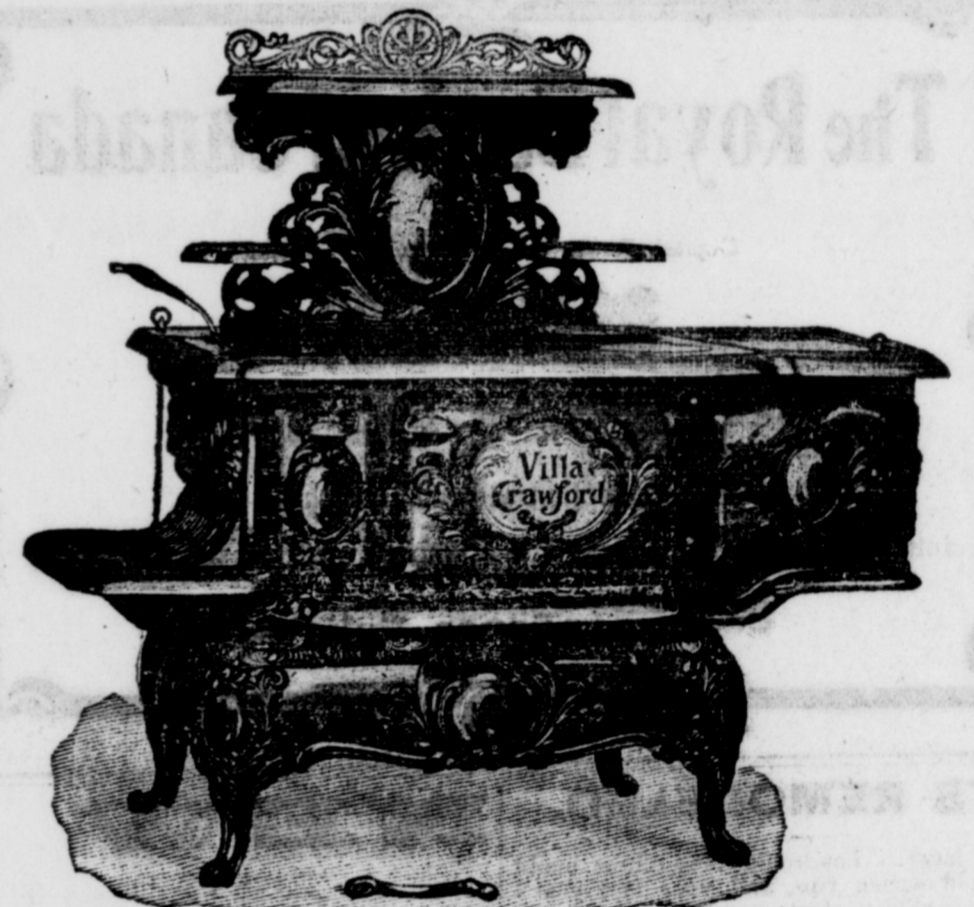


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Ladies' Waists,
Ladies' Jackets,
Ladies' Skirts,
Ladies' Flannelette
Wrappers, etc.
MISS A. M. BOYER,
CONNELL'S BLOCK.
Feb. 10, 1904.

Assessors' Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned
have been appointed Assessors of Rates in and for
the Town of Woodstock for the present year. All
persons owning property in the Town must within
Twenty Days give a statement of their property
and income as provided by law.
Dated at Woodstock, Feb. 23rd, 1904.
CHARLES COMBEN,
JOHN DONNELLY,
ALBERT G. FIELDS.
31, 10.
FLAT TO LET.
A flat of six rooms, nicely situated on Connell
street. Apply on the premises to S. C. TRUE,
Connell street. Feb'y 1, 1904.

Keep Your Eye
On the Horse
In the Window,

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

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Harness.
1 Patent Shift Waggon Pole and Yoke,
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(At the Sign of the White Horse)
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