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For building up sick, weak and run
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and cure stinking of the legs, the result of bad blood.
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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-
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Dr. McGahey's Heave Cure for broken winded horses, the
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**How Claude Duval Danced with a Lady
of High Degree.**

And now we take flight over the centuries, and, settling on the year 1656, come upon a young Frenchman, the son of a miller of Normandy, who, after running away from home, was for a year a stable-boy in Rouen and then journeyed across to England as footman in the train of a certain English nobleman.

Only a footman, an obscure, unnoticed personage, yet destined to become one of the most noted characters of his time—none other, in fact, than that handsome, reckless scapegrace, Claude Duval.

Always magnificently mounted and equipped, combining a fine courage with a handsome face and the most charming personality and manners, Claude Duval was the darling of all the common people, the admired of all the ladies of highest degree, and the most fearless rascal that ever held up coach or waylaid horseman.

He was never one to resort to so rude a weapon as the pistol if gentler methods could attain his ends; to demonstrate which, one has but to recall the occasion on which he rode forth in all his glory to attack a coach in which were seated a certain knight and his lady.

It is to be feared that the former was made of weaker stuff than his wife, for, whilst he seems to have made no sort of attempt at self-defence, the lady, seeing the horseman approach, endeavored to show him her courage by playing a tune on her flageolet.

This was entirely after Duval's own heart. Pulling a flageolet from his own pocket, he joined gladly in the air, and in this truly original fashion approached the vehicle.

Springing from his horse, he bowed low in the most approved fashion, then, addressing the knight, he stated in his most courtly manner that as the lady played so divinely he felt convinced that she must dance with equal grace. Might she not alight and bestow upon him the honor of stepping a courset with her on the heath?

In no way displeased, our stepped the lady, and together she and Duval danced, the latter playing the air on his flageolet and executing the most intricate steps with the greatest dexterity, notwithstanding the fact that he was wearing heavy top-boots.

The dance concluded, Duval handed the lady back to the coach, but, as the knight was also about to enter, the highwayman detained him, and taking him aside with a confidential air, pointed out that the music was not yet paid for. But the knight declared that indeed he never forgot such things; saying which, he returned to the coach and handed Duval therefrom a bag containing £100.

Duval expressed himself as delighted by this generosity, and declared that after such open-handed treatment he would not think of touching the other £300 which he knew the coach to contain. And with that he gave the couple a pass to insure their safety at the hands of other highwaymen, kissed his hand to the lady, and so rode lightly away.

So nice a rogue as was Duval ought most certainly to have met with a gallant and romantic death. Alas, such was far from being the case! Apprehended in Chandos street whilst intoxicated, he was hanged at Tyburn on January 1st, 1669, giving his age as twenty-seven years. "So much," we are told, "had his gallantries and handsome figure rendered him the favorite of the fair sex, that many a bright eye was bedimmed at his funeral, whilst the corpse was bedewed with the tears of beauty."

He was buried with the utmost impressiveness in the middle aisle of Covent Garden Church, the large mourning procession which accompanied the coffin being composed almost entirely of ladies.

A good deal of all this charm which he is said to have exercised over the fair sex must, of course, be allowed to exaggeration, but there can still remain no doubt that Claude Duval must have been a scamp of quite extraordinary personality.—"Royal Magazine."

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 testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Changing Fashions.
Fashions are always changing. Once snuff-taking was the proper thing to do; now we offer our friends a cigarette or cigar. Queen Charlotte had her snuff account. Frederick the Great took it in handfuls, and smothered his clothes so badly that his valets acquired a small, but comfortable income by brushing them and selling the results. Of course, the true snuff-taker does not sneeze, though Sam Weller could never take it without sneezing, but perhaps he belonged to the degenerate age, when tobacco and cigars were fighting their way to the front. At that period, if you wished to make a man your enemy for life, the best way was to smoke a cigar while he was taking snuff or filling his box. Not so now, but perhaps the snufftaker scores for he knows nothing of the tortures of a bad cigar presented by a friend, or the sorrow of losing a pet pipe.—"Liverpool Daily Post."

Men doing Women's Work.

I observe that you repeat the charge so often made against modern women, that they "are invading many callings once sacred to the male sex." May I call your attention to the fact, very seldom recognized, that the case is rather the reverse? If a few women have become doctors, scientists, authors, etc., and I have taken a small amount of work from men in those professions, think of the thousands of women who have lost their occupation by being ousted by men from callings "once sacred" to the female sex. Not so many years ago the ordinary home work of women included the brewing of beer, distilling essences, bread making, preserving, spinning, weaving, making clothes, and other things too innumerable to mention. Now all these things are made away from home, in factories owned and managed by men, and worked largely by men. Our cakes, jams, pickles and—most sacred of all—our Christmas pudding and mince-meat are made in wholesale quantities cheaper than we can make them at home. You have left us nothing but to order the dinner and darn the socks and stockings.—Letter in London Telegraph.

Raising Turkeys or Geese.

Many who have unsuccessfully tried turkey raising might well turn their attention to the culture of geese. It often happens that local conditions which are wholly unfit for one kind of poultry will be ideally suited for some other kind, and this is more particularly true as regards turkeys and geese than with any other. Turkeys do best on high rolling ground, with fields and woodlands, where they may roam at will, while geese do best in lowlands, where swamp grass and flowing water abound. Those who complain of failure with turkeys may trace the cause to this source, and summing up the conditions find that the failure is due not to manner or method, but to things over which they have no control. A further study will show that some other kind of poultry, perhaps geese, will be exactly suited for this particular location, and the same work and care devoted to them will give a good profit at the end of the season. We should study our location and then select the kind of poultry that will thrive best there. If we do this there need never be any failures.—Home and Farm.

Fly Orders.

Miss Ebelwyn Wetherald is a Canadian writer whose poems have won for her a high place among modern authors; but she has written nothing better nor braver than these eight lines:

My orders are to fight,
Then if I bleed and fail,
Or strongly win, what matters it?
God only doth prevail.

The servant craveth naught
Except to serve with might.
I was not told to win or lose,
My orders are to fight.
—Christmas "Varsity."

Being a mongrel may prevent a puppy's entry at a dog show, and yet permit him a warm welcome in a stable.

WANTED.
Spruce, Fir and Pine
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Loaded on cars at any point
between McAdam and
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WE PAY CASH on delivery of the wood. One car or more taken from any parties.
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The Crayon Portrait.

New York Sun: The man was making crayon portraits. It was a lightning process. He squirted on a little crayon juice, smeared it over the face, touched up the eyes, the lips, the ears, rubbed in a cloud of background with his first and second fingers, laid it aside and took up another. Portraits were piled as thick about his studio as briars in a June blackberry patch.

As he worked he talked.
"It used to be," said he, "that crayon portraits were a labor of days. Now they are the work of minutes. It's all owing to the solar prints. It's more a business now than an art, though so far as the likeness is concerned the solar print is far ahead of many of those old free hand drawings done by inferior artists twenty years ago. At least, the solar print is a likeness which stays there unless we take it out. Every state in the Union is covered with our men. We sell crayon portraits from Maine to California. Nobody with a hankering after a crayon reproduction of his countenance is allowed to go without one, and you can see by the stocks of portraits in the studio how many harbor that hankering. We have our agents in every little town, taking orders and distributing the pictures. From the towns they go into the country, scouring it, driving about from farmhouse to farmhouse in their little sidebar buggies, here, there, and everywhere. First they take orders. They get little faded, old-fashioned pictures of people dead or alive, daguerreotypes, tintypes—anything with a face. They send these to New York or Chicago to have solar prints made of them. The big houses there make these prints. Then they send them to us to finish." And he finished another. It took him exactly ten minutes by the clock to execute the finish of this portrait, which was that of a negro with thick lips and eyes consisting principally of whites. "We artists get 50 cents a piece for the portraits," he continued. "The house gets \$2 for them, framed. It doesn't seem much, but when you think of the thousands they sell it is different. The work is carried on wholesale. We make the portraits and our agents deliver them to our customers. They give the orders for the frames to any wholesale house in the largest town of the State. These frames are sent direct to some little town. The agent goes to that town with his packages of portraits. He stops at a boarding house and engages a room. Then he goes to the freight depot, gets his frames, has them sent to his room, hires someone to help him, and frames all the portraits there. When he has finished framing them he hires his little sidebar buggy and starts out to get the money for them."

Tammas.

Scottish servants, unlike the American variety, never change their place of servitude, and the office of butler, gardener, cook or maid is handed down in families from generation to generation. I recall quite well crusty old Tammas, who was a retainer for years in the family of the Kerrs of Kerrsnow. He was capable, honest and somewhat over zealous in looking after interests of the "laird." One evening, when the Kerrs were giving a dinner party, young Mrs. Kerr, who was an English woman, called the attention of the old servant to the fact that Lady Scott, who sat beside her, had no spoon. Tammas resented this public rebuke, and drawing himself up he replied with much dignity. The last time Lady Scott was here, mem, we missed a spune.

Tammas's familiarity with the gentry he served near got him a dismissal—a most unusual indignity—on one occasion. The Kerrs had been giving a hunting party, and after the chase, the guests returned tired and hungry, and bothered old Tammas overmuch with their incessant demands for his help in serving the cold meats, game-pie and ale from the side-board.

Tammas, harassed beyond endurance by their importunities, exclaimed, "That's right. Speak a' tagither. That's the way tae git served."

This outburst and some over-officiousness on the part of the old man sorely tried the irascible temper of the elder Kerr, who at last decided to dismiss Tammas. He approached the subject one day after this fashion, "Tammas," said he, "I'm afraid you and I will have to part."

"Eh," said the startled Tammas. "And where dae ye think o' going, Laird?—Elizabeth Burwell, in Leslie's Monthly."

There is at least one matter of vital public concern in which we may learn a valuable lesson from Japan. In that country the law requires that for every tree cut down three new ones shall be planted. In this Province, thanks to the far-sighted policy inaugurated under the administration of the Department of Crown Lands by Mr. Davis, in setting apart large forest reserves in New Ontario, something is at last being done in the way of making provision for future wants. But more than what is being done is called—the inauguration of a policy looking to the systematic planting of trees by the road sides and on barren hills in older Ontario.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.

Baby's Own Soap
Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing
Albion Toilet Soap Co. Inc.
MONTREAL.
No other Soap is just as good.

**We Do First-Class
HAND LAUNDRY
WORK—AND CHEAP.**

Shirts 4c, Collars 1 1/2c, Cuffs 4c, Undershirts 4c, Night Shirts 5c. Shirt collars ironed straight so as not to hurt the neck; stand-up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Shoes done to look like new. Family work promptly done and work cheap. Parcels called for and delivered. Please call and try; if not satisfactory will be re-packed free. The proprietors will guarantee satisfaction in this line at cheapest rates. Give us a call. Please open parcel and see that your work is properly executed. If it suits you please recommend us to your friends. Goods called for and delivered when desired to any part of the town.

WAH SING,
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**NEW GOODS.
LADIES' EMPORIUM.**

Ladies' and Children's Winter Jackets.
Ladies' and Children's Winter Underwear.
Ladies' Fall and Winter Waists.
Ladies' Fall & Winter Dress Skirts.
Ladies' Fall & Winter Underskirts.
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MISS A. M. BOYER.

**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.
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Horse Blankets and Robes.

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In effect October 11th, 1903.

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(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.45	A MIXED—Week days—for Houlton, Fredericton, Saint John and East Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper car McAdam to Halifax. Dining car McAdam to Truro.
9.05	A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook, North, River du Loup and Quebec.
11.28	A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North. River du Loup and Quebec.
12.30	P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
2.20	P MIXED—Week days—for Perth, St. John and East, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Boston, Montreal, etc.
5.59	P EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton, Fredericton, Saint John and East, Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper car McAdam to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam to Boston.

ARRIVALS.

11.12	P. M.—MIXED—Week days, Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
11.28	A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John and East, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Boston, Montreal, etc.
1.15	P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Plaster Rock and intermediate points.
5.59	P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton Place, Edmundston, etc.
7.20	P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook, etc.
11.10	P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., St. John.