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They are the strongest blood purifying medicine in the  
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Dr. McGahey's Hoarse Cure for broken winded horses, the  
only medicine in the world that will cure the hoarse. Price,  
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arden Bros.

The London Times publishes the following  
poem by Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate of  
England, entitled,

**Moving Onward.**

I.

Years moving onward, onward, whence and  
whither and why?  
Age after age in the self-same world, with the  
self-same stars in the sky;  
The self-same glory of light in heaven, and light  
that is still on the way.

Outlooking gaze of the daisied Dawn and droop of  
declining Day;  
All things always the same, unchanged, unchange-  
able—all save we.

Who come like clouds, like clouds disappear, form  
and fall like the waves of the sea.  
Message and meeting of severed friends, Yule  
carol, New Year chime;  
And Eternity moving on and on, on the passion-  
less wheels of Time.

Peace, but a hungry duel for life, darkening to  
menace of war;  
And Muscovite legions trampling on, doing the  
will of the Czar.

II.

New philosophies, polities, new, new, but like to  
the old;  
Fervent in faith at the birth, then questioned,  
railed at, obsolete, cold.

Mailed mastodons ploughing over the foam,  
Watching to vomit forth lethal fire, and drive  
desolation home.  
Fretful heart of some dreading boy in the crimson-  
ing covert of spring,  
Moving, mellowing slowly on to become a poet,  
and sing;

Or destined by heaven to wake, and shake the  
world with a mighty voice,  
And make the knees of the tyrant quail and the  
heart of the slave rejoice;  
To gather the tumult of every tide and the fury of  
every blast,

And pile fresh thunders of thought upon the fresh-  
ening storms of the past.  
British sentinels standing mute at the fortress  
gates of the world,  
And the British flag on every sea, with its splen-  
did symbol unfurled;

Carrying Liberty, Reverence, Law, wherever  
waves pulse and reach,  
To bale-laden quay, to highway stream and palm-  
wattled island beach.

Lovers, husbands, like you, like me, torn from  
their homes afar,  
Marching, marching onward and on, doing the  
will of the Czar.

Past slinking and snarling, white-fanged, sloth,  
through limitless leagues of snow,  
Moon after moon of monotonous months, till the  
blue-eyed scillas blow,  
And the cold, sleeping rivers yawn, and wake,  
and mightily flush and glow.

Peasant mother and maiden left at their desolate  
doors ajar,  
While their sons and lovers March warward,  
deathward, doing the Will of the Czar.

III.

But still the glory of light in heaven, and light  
that is still on its way;  
Faint hearts that despond of tomorrow, look up,  
and be done with despair or dismay;  
For British sentinels stand erect at the fortress  
gates of the world,  
And the British flag is on every sea, with its  
splendid symbol unfurled;

And the Lord of Right still sits on His throne,  
still wields His sceptre and rod,  
And the winds, and the waves, and the years  
move on, doing the will of God.

1904.

If men won't woo and marriage is  
Still somewhat out of date,  
'Tis thus the unasked maid may do  
Who craves the wedded state:

"Dear Boy," she'll say, "are you aware  
This year's forefix is Leap,  
When 'tis my privilege to knock  
Conventions in a heap?"

"So know the friendship we have had  
Was just to pass the time,  
And now I find my thinking roves  
To ties far more sublime.

"Indeed, your many qualities  
Suggest a double home,  
From all whose sweet Partnerships  
My heart would never roam.

"Too sudden! Why you must have seen  
I meant to say this thing;  
And . . . after you have kissed me, dear,  
We'll go and hunt the ring."

Since men won't woo and marriage is  
A trifle out of date,  
The happy Leap Year comes again  
To boom the wedded state.

—Town Tropics.

**The King and Temperance.**

It will be recalled that in July last King  
Edward's private secretary wrote to a naval  
officer that "his Majesty will be glad if it is  
circulated privately that he considers that  
his health is as much honored by those who  
drink it in water as by those who drink it in  
wine."

Sir Oswald Mosley, at a recent banquet,  
drank a bumper of port to his Majesty's  
health, although his own was so indifferent  
that physicians had forbidden that manifesta-  
tion of loyalty.

The baronet acquainted his Majesty with  
this incident, and Sir Dighton Probyn wrote  
in reply:

His Majesty particularly requests me to  
say that he thinks it undesirable that any  
one suffering from your complaint should  
drink too many healths in old port.

King Edward has brought his will to work  
on the subject of the Saturday to Monday  
exodus from London. This social whim had,  
at last, assumed such serious proportions  
that the metropolis became a—socially—  
deserted village from Friday afternoon until  
Monday night, or even Tuesday morning.

The habit worked harm to trade, and to busi-  
ness in general, and his Majesty determined  
to show his people a more excellent way. All  
through the summer and autumn he pointedly  
spent Sundays in London, and the example  
was, of course followed by most of the Court  
entourage, and by many others of the smart-  
est set. This has meant the revival of Sat-  
urday and Sunday dinners, which of late  
years have been unheard of in London; and  
men have once more begun to pay a round of  
visits to their fair friends on Sunday after-  
noons. Church parade in Hyde Park has re-  
turned to favor; Albert Hall concerts get  
good audiences, hostesses that are still  
"climbers" give table d'hôte luncheons—in  
fact Sunday is itself again.

**On Buying Things Abroad.**

By Jerome Hart.

What traveler has not dreamed of drinking  
genuine curacao in the little island where  
grow the orange groves of Curacao? Of  
sipping the real Turkish coffee in Turkey? Of  
smoking the authentic Egyptian cigarettes in  
Egypt? Of eating rich, melting, luscious  
Smyrna figs in Smyrna? Of washing one's  
hands with the only original Castile soap  
castled in fair Castile?

How do these travelers' dreams materialize?  
Alas and alack! They are but clouds and  
shadows. They don't come true.

For on the beautiful islet in the Leeward  
Island group where grew the groves of Cura-  
co's orange trees in the aforesaid, there are  
now none. But the world, being used to the  
flavor of the Curacao oranges in its curacao,  
will tolerate no other. So the world has its  
way. The liqueur curacao is still made in  
large quantities, but it is not a Curacao li-  
queur. It is made out of everything—as it is  
an orange liqueur, even of oranges some-  
times; but the Amsterdam house that handles  
it largely is said to make it mostly out of  
potato alcohol and prune juice.

How about the delicious Egyptian cigar-  
ettes? The delicate Egyptian tobacco? Alas  
again! The native Egyptian tobacco is so  
bad that nobody smokes it but the natives,  
and not even they when they can get any-  
thing else. In Egypt, as in so many places,  
the tobacco comes from Somewhere Else.

The highest grade tobacco there apparently is  
imported from Europe—from Roumelia. The  
next best comes from Northern Syria—the  
best known grade of this tobacco being known  
to Europeans as "Latakia," although not so  
called in Egypt. Persian tobacco is also im-  
ported. In short, Egypt imports the tobacco,  
the wrappers, the boxes, and the smokers,  
and then you have the Egyptian cigarette.

"But still," contends the enthusiast, "there  
can be no coffee like the genuine Turkish  
coffee. Ah, think of the Arabian Nights!  
And Scheherazade! And Lady What's-Her-  
Name, the English peeress who wore Turkish  
trousers, lived in Turkey for years, and sip-  
ped Turkish coffee with Turkish pashas. And  
of the bearded Sheiks in the desert—with  
hubble-bubble pipes—and harems of beauti-  
ful black eyed hours—all sitting on divans—  
and all sipping coffee—with all the comforts  
of a home—out in the desert! Come, now!  
You must give in on the Turkish coffee."

To this I can only reply that they may  
have had good coffee in Turkey in the time  
when Sultan Haroun-al-Raschid walked his  
city's streets incognito, but they have not  
now. You can get better Turkish coffee (so  
called) in New York than in Turkey; you can  
get much better Turkish coffee in the Hoff-  
man House than you can in Stamboul, Pera,  
Scutari, Smyrna, Beyroot, Jerusalem or  
Cairo.

How about the luscious figs of Smyrna?  
Well, my experience was that the nearer we  
got to Smyrna the poorer grew the figs.  
When we reached Beyroot they were pretty  
bad, when we were off Smyrna, the peddlers  
brought some aboard that were very bad;  
when we got ashore at Smyrna, we were of-  
fered some on the quay that were worse; in  
the hotel they were wormy; and when we  
got into the heart of Smyrna the figs were  
able to walk around the dealers counter. It  
is a cold fact that we have purchased in the  
leading groceries of San Francisco very much  
finer Smyrna figs than we have seen in Smy-  
rna.

If it be asked how can Smyrna figs be pur-  
chased in San Francisco which are superior  
to Smyrna figs on sale in Smyrna, the answer  
is that they are specially selected and spe-  
cially packed. They are stamped in English  
on the boxes, "Packed by Turkish Labor." Some  
of them are stamped "Washed Figs." From the  
fig-dealers and handlers I saw in Smyrna,  
I think it much more essential that the fig-  
handlers should be washed.

I used to be very fond of Smyrna figs be-  
fore I went to Smyrna.

I have not eaten any since.

I shall never eat any again.

Never mind why.

The subject of washing naturally brings me  
back to soap. In Castile I found no Castile  
soap. They did not know what I meant;  
they had never heard of Castile soap. This  
irritated me, so I began investigating the  
Castile soap problem. I learned or was told  
—that Castile soap is not made in Castile;  
that it is made in Marseilles out of olive oil  
imported from Palestine. Thus we note this  
strange anomaly—the name given to a soap  
comes from a country which knows naught  
of this particular soap, it is manufactured in  
a city using little or no soap, out of materials  
coming from a country which uses no soap at  
all.—The "Argonant."

But the Effect Was the Same.

"I wonder how they ever became engage-  
ed?"

"Their accounts differ. She says he  
threw himself at her feet, and he says she  
threw herself at his head."

Department Store Ribbon Clerk—"I sim-  
ply could not mesmerize people into buying this  
ribbon at six cents a yard." Floor Walker  
—"Well, cut it up into two and three-yard  
lengths and mark it 'Remnants—only 11  
cents a yard.'"—Judge.

**The Objector's Syncopation.**

(From the Birmingham (Eng.) Post.)

It was a raw, cold night, and the rain fell  
pitilessly as an omnibus drew up at the cor-  
ner of Oxford street. A thinly-clad young  
woman stood on the curb and looked implor-  
ingly at the conductor. The latter, an Irish-  
man, speaking in reply to the mute inquiry,  
said: "Shure, it's full I am, but"—glancing  
again at the little one—come on, me honey,  
in wid ye; O'll charree it."

The little woman was squeezed into a seat,  
but the bus had not proceeded very far when  
the following incident occurred: In the cor-  
ner seat was a fop, who, with eyeglasses  
firmly fixed, had been watching the proceed-  
ing, and as the vehicle eased up he called  
out:

"Conductah!"

"Sor!"

"Are you aware that you have 1 over your  
number?"

"'Ave I, sor? O'll see." Pat counts,  
beginning at the opposite corner, leaving the  
"Johnny" until the last—"Wan, 2, 3, 4, 5,  
6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13,—so I have, and, be  
Jovel ye're the very wsn. Out ye come!"

And he went.

**Masculine Readiness.**  
(Spare Moments.)

A Glasgow man has a wife who is de-  
cidedly nervous, and often in the small hours  
of the morning imagines she "hears things."  
One morning last week she thought she smelt  
gas. Bravery came to her mysteriously.  
After smelling about for some minutes, she  
rushed upstairs, called her husband, then  
shook him and at last roused him and said:

"John theres a leak in the gas pipe in the  
kitchen. We'll all die if it's not fixed!"

He had heard that kind of story before,  
so he sleepily asked:

"Is it leaking much now?"

"Not much," replied the lady.

And then he turned over with this soothing  
advice:

"Put a bucket under it and come to bed."

"How is it business has so much improved  
in the side show?" asked the man from the  
main tent.

"I started the 'living skeleton' to smoking  
cigarettes," replied the hustling manager.

"I don't see why that should draw people."

"Yes; every mother takes her boy in and  
points out the horrible example."—Phila-  
delphia Record.

May—Last night was the happiest in my  
life. It brought me one round of pleasure.

Fay—What do you consider one round of  
pleasure?

May—An engagement ring.—Philadelphia  
Press.

The London Times makes the sensible  
suggestion that special prominence should be  
given in the English schools to the geography  
of the British Empire, and that history  
should be taught so as to be practically use-  
ful to a boy disposed to emigrate to the col-  
onies.

It is to be hoped that the United States  
Navy Department will do nothing to abrogate  
the treaty that has saved both nations from  
the foolish cost of war vessels on the lakes.  
Since the date of that treaty two generations  
of antiquated warships might have lived  
their brief and useless lives.

**FOR SALE.**

A pair horses, 1300 each; harness and sleds.  
Good for use in lumber woods, also good 2 year  
old colt, WILL MCCLUSKEY, Upper Wood-  
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**NEW GOODS.**  
**LADIES' EMPORIUM.**

Ladies' and Children's Winter Jack-  
ets.

Ladies' and Children's Winter Un-  
derwear.

Ladies' Fall and Winter Waists.  
Ladies' Fall & Winter Dress Skirts.  
Ladies' Fall & Winter Underskirts.  
Flannellette Underwear, Etc.

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**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. Ties 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-  
peated free. The proprietors will guarantee satis-  
faction 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 recom-  
mend us to your friends. Goods called for and  
delivered when desired to any part of the town.

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QUEEN STREET.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.



The best and safest way  
to keep Baby's skin  
healthy is to use only  
**BABY'S OWN**  
**SOAP**  
Pure, Dainty, Delicate.  
Beware of Imitations.  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

**NOTICE.**

THE ELECTION OF  
**MAYOR**

—AND—  
**TOWN COUNCILLORS**

for the Town of Woodstock, will be held on  
**Monday the Eighteenth day**  
**of January next**

at the following places:

POLLING PLACES FOR DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with  
any letter of the Alphabet from A to L, both in-  
clusive, who reside in District Number One, com-  
prising Kings and Queens Wards, shall vote at or  
near the Town Hall.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with  
any letter from M to Z, both inclusive, who reside  
in the said District, Number One, shall vote at or  
near the Town Hall.

POLLING PLACES FOR DISTRICT NUMBER TWO.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with  
any letter of the alphabet from A to L, both in-  
clusive, residing in District Number Two, which  
comprises Wellington Ward, shall vote at or near  
the Brunswick Hotel.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with  
any letter of the alphabet from M to Z, residing  
in said District, Number Two, shall vote at or  
near William Karns'.

NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR AND  
COUNCILLORS.

Nomination of candidates for Mayor and Coun-  
cillors shall be filed with the Town Clerk at the  
Council Chamber in the Town of Woodstock  
between the hours of ten of the clock in the fore-  
noon and the hour of twelve of the clock, noon,  
of Thursday the fourteenth day of January next.  
Blank nomination papers can be had on applica-  
tion at the office of the Town Clerk.

Dated this thirty first day of December, A. D.  
1903.

J. C. HARTLEY,  
Town Clerk.

**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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In effect until Nov. 30, 1903.

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