

STOP! STOP!

You can't afford to pass our store now without stopping.

Come in and see what excellent things we are offering at little prices.

Overboard With All Winter Clothing

Is our motto just now.

Every ticket is the same as it was before this sale commenced, but you need pay only a part of the price marked thereon.

It's your time to buy and our time to sell.

John McLauchlan, The Male Attire Specialist.

THE GRIP

Is Here Again,

And one of the good things to ward it off is our

Laxative Cold Cure,

A simple but efficacious remedy that brings about the desired result.

PEOPLE'S PHARMACY,

OPPOSITE CARLISLE HOTEL,

I. EDWARD SHEASGREEN, PROPRIETOR.

CHEAP SALE.

As we have a lot of Broken Lines in WOMEN'S FELT SLIPPERS which we wish to clear out, we offer them at BARGAIN PRICES. Call and see them.

WALLACE GIBSON,

Corner Main and Queen Streets, Woodstock, N. B.

Remarkable Progress!

That there is no better company with which to place your Life Insurance than THE MANUFACTURERS' LIFE is clearly shown by the following comparison:—

	Dec 31, 1894	Dec 31, 1904
Insurance in Force	\$9,555,300	\$37,668,468
Policies issued during the year	2,710,755	7,107,148
Policy Reserves	628,429	5,255,077
Assets	821,320	6,112,344
Income	296,468	1,656,107
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS	177,630	771,869

The ten years during which these increases have taken place cover the period of the present management of the company. Certainly such magnificent success guarantees POSITIVE PROTECTION TO POLICY-HOLDERS. Apply for rates to

The E. R. MACHUM, CO. Lt'd.

T. A. LINDSAY,

Mgrs. Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.

Inspector, Woodstock, N. B.

Death of Mr. John Leary.

The Seattle Times of October 8, announces the death on that day at Riverside, California, of Mr. John Leary, one of the pioneers of Seattle, and a former resident of St. John and of Woodstock. Mr. Leary was a man who loomed big in the life of the West and whose energy, industry and good business judgment had much to do with the growth and development of Seattle.

Mr. Leary was born in 1836 in St. John. From 1854 until 1867 he was extensively engaged in the manufacture and shipping of lumber, and was also a large dealer in general merchandise at St. John and in Woodstock. The repeal of the reciprocity treaty with the United States worked disastrous results and he found the work of several years thrown away. Mr. Leary crossed into Maine and engaged in the lumber trade in Houlton, but in 1869 he concluded to visit the West and ascertain for himself whether there were sufficient inducements for him to locate there. Seattle was then a straggling village of 1,000 inhabitants, but Mr. Leary made up his mind there was a future before it. In 1871 he was admitted to the bar, and the firm of McNaught & Leary was formed. In 1882 he retired from active practice. Mr. Leary's fortune is from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000, and he made virtually every penny of it in Seattle.

Mr. Leary's first wife was Miss Mary Blanchard, of Woodstock, a sister of Mrs. Jas. Russell, mother of Mrs. B. R. and Mrs. A. Macaulay, of St. John. His second wife who survives, was a daughter of ex-Governor Ferry, of Washington. A sister of the deceased is Mrs. Barker, of Philadelphia. Many older residents of St. John and of Carleton County will remember Mr. Leary, while New Brunswickers who have visited the Pacific coast and who were fortunate enough to meet him have pleasant recollections of many courtesies at his hands.

Mr. Leary before he left New Brunswick was an unsuccessful candidate for the legislature for Carleton County, and his defeat is said to have influenced him in his determination to leave the province. His removal was a distinct loss, for his energy, foresight and enterprise might have done much for New Brunswick.

Death of Mrs. Porter.

The funeral of the late Mrs. George Porter took place from the residence of her son-in-law Dr. Kirkpatrick on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Porter who had been confined to her bed for the past two months, for the most part enduring great suffering, passed peacefully away on Saturday evening about nine o'clock. She was highly respected by all who knew her. Interment took place in the Methodist cemetery, services at the house and grave being conducted by Rev. G. A. Ross. The deceased lady is survived by her husband, one son, J. Herbert, who represents the Bissell Company of Ontario and a daughter Mrs. (Dr.) Kirkpatrick of this town.

Sudden Death.

Word has been received of the sudden death of Ira Rogers at Arrow Head, British Columbia, on Sunday the 12th instant his death resulting from injuries received the previous day while working in the lumber woods. He was 28 years of age, and was a son of Mr. Samuel Rogers, of Gordonville, Carleton County. He had only been in the west a few months, having gone out on one of the Harvest excursions in September. The remains are being brought home for burial, and are expected to arrive on today's express.

Something Wanted.

A bachelor, old and cranky, was sitting alone in his room. His toes with the gout were aching, and his face was o'erspread with gloom, no little ones' shouts to disturb him—from noises the house was free. In fact, from cellar to attic 'twas as still as still could be. No medical aid was lacking; his servants answered his ring, respectively answered his orders and supplied him with everything. But still there was something wanted, which he could not command—the kindly words of compassion, the touch of a gentle hand. And he said, as his brow grew darker and he rang for the hiring nurse. "Well, marriage may be a failure, but this is a jolly sight worse."

Won at Woodstock.

Hedley Staples' Milicete hockey players who were skunked at Marysville the other night won at Woodstock last night 10 to 0. The Woodstockers must have been an easy proposition.—F'cton Herald.

The scribe who wrote the above item must have had a deckle edged skate on. The result was just the opposite.

The best way of effacing a failure is to obtain a success.

The Hockey Game.

WOODSTOCK VS. INDIANS.

On Thursday evening Sagamore Gabe Sacobie with his band of braves from French village met the local puck chasers in the Century Rink. When the sanguine red men appeared on the ice, resplendent in their seamless bags and minus the much-heralded war paint, the rink was crowded with spectators, upwards of two hundred of whom came from the ancient town of Houlton where hockey is as yet a fond dream. There is as much room as ever for missionary work in the noble game in that town, for even the great Sherlock Holmes would have been unable to get a line on the principles of the game from Thursday evening's exhibition.

At half past eight His Honor Judge Carleton dropped the puck on the ice and the slaughter began. For a few moments the spectators entertained the hope that they were about to witness a good lively game of hockey. It was lively enough but not exactly what the young Canadian is taught to look upon as hockey. After a general mixup the local forwards charged, and when the whites of Ikey's eyes became visible Smith shot the rubber into the net. Not to be out done Lister pushed it back again and after a short rest some one shot goal number three and the local rooters tried to lift the roof. George Sacobie and Martin Paul then tried to raise a cheer, but after a twenty feet spurt the Milicete rover rolled over in the centre of the rink and it was all off. Visions of double figures were now in sight and in the second half the rivalry became keen among the locals as to who would make the highest individual score. Lister won the honours, making Paul fan the air five times in succession. The braves meant well but they frequently got in the way of the puck or the score would have been up in the twenties. During the last ten minutes of the game the blocking and butting was of a high order and the run was fast and furious. When the whistle blew Woodstock had made a score of ten and the Milicetes were without a scalp.

It was a record-breaking crowd and there was enough fun to go all around. It is to be regretted however that their opponents were not sufficiently strong to make it a good practice game for the town boys. A gentleman from Houlton was heard remark that it was no doubt a fine game but he didn't see why the Indians had so many goal-keepers. He put the thing in a nutshell. They were all goal-keepers.

The following was the line-up:—

WOODSTOCK.	Goal.	MILICETES.
Munro.	Isaac Paul.	
Dalling.	Point.	Simon Paul.
McLean.	Cover.	Tommy Brooks.
Hull.	Centre.	Bennie Brooks.
Lister.	Rover.	George Sacobie.
Mercer.	Right Wing.	Martin Paul.
Smith.	Left Wing.	Gabe Sacobie.

Woodstock 4; Marysville 3.

Monday evening's hockey game was of the kind that people are willing to pay their money to see. From start to finish both teams played the game and the interest never lagged for a moment. Sharp playing started from the face-off and after six minutes play a pretty combination among the forwards netted a goal for Marysville. Then the town boys got down to their work and in the remainder of the half scored three goals of which Drysdale shot one, Smith one and Lister the other. It was however not one-sided hockey by any means, but a sharp hard contest.

The visitors made up their minds to rush matters in the second half and they evened the score by less than ten minutes aggressive work. Just here the local team showed that they are capable of making a good rally when it is needed. They went to work with a will and for the greater part of the remainder they kept their opponents on the defensive. Shot after shot was parried by the Marysville goal-keeper, but out of a general scrimmage in front of the net Woodstock scored the final and winning goal.

It is generally admitted that the game was the best ever seen in the century rink. It was somewhat rough, but hockey is naturally a rough game. There was some kicking on the part of the visitors but good players are often good kickers. The visitors showed better team work and their forwards were probably slightly better at stick-handling than our own boys. The Marysville rover made a brilliant play in the first half making a successful dash through centre and scoring even after a fall in front of goal. Fullerton played a game at goal that was a revelation. For the locals

Drysdale and Smith played a splendid game. The latter was always on the puck, but was perhaps a little hasty. Hull played his usual good game. Lister, Dalling, Mercer and Munro also held their own well in their respective positions. Individually the Woodstock boys are almost all right, but the forwards should try more passing. Better combination work will make a good strong team.

A good crowd witnessed the game. Hal Drysdale acted as referee.

The following is the line-up of the teams—

MARYSVILLE	Goal	WOODSTOCK
Ben Fullerton.	M. Munro	
Wm Scott.	Point	W. Dalling
Geo. Brogan (capt)	Cover	Point Clyde Hull
Gordon Hovey	Rover	F. Drysdale (capt)
Weyman Hovey	R. Wing	Geo. Mercer
Lorenzo Arnold	L. Wing	Arthur Smith
C. McLean	Centre	W. Lister

HON. W. P. JONES ELECTED BY ACCLAMATION.

The Court House Bible Mysteriously Disappears.

On Saturday the 18th Sheriff Hayward held a court at the court house for the nomination of candidates for the local legislature in a by-election rendered necessary by the appointment of W. P. Jones, M. P. P., to the office of solicitor-general.

The court opened at 10 o'clock and nominations were to be received till 12 o'clock. Mr. Jones' nomination was filed in good time. Mr. J. R. H. Simms a barrister who resides at Bath arrived later with a paper in which he was nominated as a candidate by 29 voters of the county. He later became aware that his nomination paper was imperfect because the signatures had not been sworn to. He telephoned to Mr. Charles T. Boyer, of East Florenceville, who was in town and who could prove the signatures. Mr. Boyer went to the court house at once and when Mr. Simms asked to have him sworn as to the authenticity of the signatures, no bible could be found. The court bible which had been there in the judge's room all morning had mysteriously disappeared.

It was by this time rapidly nearing 12 o'clock and Mr. Simms and Mr. Boyer hurried out of the court house and at length found Mr. Golding who took the necessary affidavit. Mr. Simms therefore returned to the court and presented his nomination paper and deposit to Sheriff Hayward, who informed him that he was too late as it was after 12 o'clock and he could not accept it. Sheriff Hayward showed Mr. Simms his watch which registered about 12 o'clock. Mr. Simms produced his watch which showed the time a few minutes before 12 o'clock. Some high words passed between the sheriff and Mr. Simms who accused the sheriff of setting his watch ahead and the sheriff answered "you're a liar."

The sheriff then declared Mr. Jones elected by acclamation and the court closed.

The Benefit of Fairy Tales.

It is very reasonable to argue that no creation of human fancy could last as fairy tales have lasted through no knows how many hundreds and thousands of years unless it was very good, for that which is not good and not sound must surely die, and only that which is good and sound shall last through the grinding of the ages. So I believe that parents could fill their children's imaginations full of fairy tales if they would make those imaginations strong and healthy. As for that man or woman who has not these bright and joyous things flying like golden bees through the dim recesses of his memory I can only say that I think his or her parents must have been neglectful of the earlier training of their child and that I am sorry for that poor soul who has lost so much pleasure out of its life.—Howard Pyle in Book News.

Judge Cowing of New York, before whom 35 000 criminals have appeared, to an interviewer the other day said:—"The character of the predominating crime changes with the season—as the weather turns hot or cold. With the coming of winter crimes of violence grow less frequent and those involving dishonesty increase in number. Summer, with its oppressive heat, its picnics, and its flowing streams of lager beer, swells the number of assaults and murders. We are creatures of sensations, all of us influenced by every impression the outer world makes on us. You cannot make a man half so mad in winter time as in summer. When it is cold we crouch by the fire—the blood is sluggish, and the passions are at rest, but the brain is brooding, and that's the time when evil plans are born and nursed." The wonderful absence of serious crime in Canada may in part be accounted for on Judge Cowing's theory. With at least eight months of quite cool weather the temptation to murder any person other than the weather forecaster is slight indeed.