

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MARCH 22, 1905.

**Don't Let Sick Kidneys Sap Health and Strength**

A man ought to be in his prime at 50; and hale and hearty at 70. Some are, most are not. Look at the men of 50, 60 and 70 who can't do a good day's work—whose backs ache—who are constantly urinating, day and night—who have no appetite—whose manhood is gone—with pinched faces, sallow skin, and shrunken muscles. Kidney Trouble is wrecking their lives.

What they need—what they should take without delay—is

**"Sun" Kidney Pills**

They make young men of old men, by making the sick kidneys well and strong. They stop the drains on the system—relieve the pain—make the blood rich and red—bring back the appetite—charge the whole system with vigor, strength and vitality.

Minto, N.B., July 31st, 1904.

"I have been a sufferer from Kidney Trouble, Lame Back and Headache for years, and have tried electric belts and many other remedies. I can truthfully say that I have received more benefit from two boxes of "Sun" Kidney Pills than from all the other remedies that I have tried in the past six years. My lameness is gone, my general health is improved, and I am more fleshy than is usual for me."

JOHN COAKLEY.

No matter how long, or how severely you have suffered with Kidney Trouble, "Sun" Kidney Pills will cure you. 50c a box—3 boxes for \$1.25. At all dealers or from The Sun Medicine Co., Oak Point, N.B.



**Clare Beach, Reformed.**

Hilda Richmond, in Youth's Companion.

"That man ought to be reported!" said Clare, wrathfully. "He had his big, clumsy thumb in my soup."

"Take mine," said Priscilla, soothingly. "Maybe the poor fellow is new at the business and hasn't learned to manage his thumbs yet."

"If that isn't just like you, Priscilla Morgan! I never yet have heard you complain about anything, no matter how trying. This morning, when that brakeman hustled us off the car, you said almost the same things that you did just now about the waiter. I believe you've formed the habit of saying pleasant things about everybody, whether you mean them or not. If that man doesn't bring me a decent dinner I'll report him to the proprietor. No, of course I won't take your soup! The idea! Eat it yourself before it gets cold."

The unfortunate man did not know of Clare's resolution, or he probably would not have joggled the cup till the coffee formed a little brown lake about its base, or tipped the platter till three drops of gravy trickled over the cloth.

Clare looked at her friend with a glance that spoke volumes; but the new waiter did not understand the language of girl's eyes, and stood back to see if the table lacked anything.

"Thank you. The dinner is very good," said Priscilla; but Clara only frowned at the spots on the cloth.

Clare and Priscilla had been visiting a school friend, and had missed their train in a small town where they changed cars. The long, dreary wait had made Clare impatient; the rain was falling dismally, and she felt it necessary to vent her spite on some one. Priscilla hastily paid for her dinner and escaped into the rain outside, while her friend was complaining to the proprietor of the restaurant, who looked as gloomy as the weather.

"There! I told you so!" said Clare, coming out radiant. "He thanked me for telling him about the soup and coffee. That's the only way to teach people a lesson."

"We have ten minutes to get to the station," said Priscilla, "so I think we had better start while the rain is holding up a bit."

"After this," said Clare, telling of their adventures when she reached home that afternoon, "I intend to stand up for my rights. The idea of allowing everybody to impose upon you! I'll venture to say that waiter will keep his thumbs where they belong hereafter."

"Good for you, sis!" applauded her twin brother. "I wish you had been at the game this afternoon. A crowd of girls sat right in front of us in great big flapping hats, and we had to squirm and dodge all the time."

"At a football game you must expect such things," said Clare, remembering certain occasions when she, too, had worn a picture hat, "but you want food clean."

"Dear! dear! dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Beach,

pounding on the window with her cane. "That miserable dog is back again! Clarence, run and chase him away from my late Chrysanthemums. That is the fifth time this afternoon that he has torn them out in his play. I do wish—"

The rest of her speech was lost in her wonder at her daughter's actions. Before Clarence could get as far as the door to do her bidding, Clare had dimly rushed to the cherished flowers and persuaded the playful dog to accompany her to the woodshed, where she immediately locked him in.

"I'm going to telephone to the policeman to come and take care of him," she announced, breathlessly, as soon as she reached the house. "There's an ordinance about dogs destroying property, and we'll see if it can be enforced."

"I'm glad you are going into the reforming business," said Clarence, leisurely putting on his slippers. "I've been trying for the last hour to get off my wet togs, but that dog has kept me running after him."

"Hurry up, children, and get ready for supper," said Mrs. Beach. "It will be ready in ten minutes, and you know Mary doesn't like to wait."

"If I were you, mother, I'd discharge Mary," said Clare, with determination. "If you'd stand up for your rights once in a while, you'd be better off."

"The rheumatism keeps me from standing up for necessary duties," said Mrs. Beach, languidly, "so it is hardly likely that I shall try standing up for my rights," as you call it. When you get older, dear, you will find that the wheels of a household, and the wheels of everything else, for that matter, run better for a little of the oil of patience and forbearance. It is a good thing to be a reformer in a righteous cause, but the reformers who try to straighten up the petty affairs of every-day life usually accomplish very little beyond becoming chronic gumbler."

"The policeman is leading your captive away, Clare," announced Clarence, as the street lamps suddenly flared up. "I wonder what he'll do with him."

"Supper," said the grim voice of Mary, and the dog was forgotten for the time.

"What do you think, mama?" cried Clare, coming home from school one afternoon a few weeks later. "Mr. Bancroft wants me to help in the post-office till after the holidays. The mail is unusually heavy at that time, he says, and I am to do odd jobs at the rate of seven dollars a week. Isn't that lovely? The other girls are green with envy, but Mr. Pickard recommended me on account of my good standing at school."

"Are you sure you can do the work?" asked Mrs. Beach.

"Perfectly," said Clare, in a tone of complete confidence. "If that little Nellie Carter can do it, I can, and she's been in there two years. I'm to go after school every evening this week, to learn all I can before vacation begins, but I had to stop and tell you first."

"No watching Nellie to learn this evening," said the postmaster, as Clare donned a white apron and prepared to make herself generally

useful. "The deputy was called home by his mother's serious illness, and Nellie will have to stay at the money order window. Here's the sheet with the price of the stamped envelopes, and this case has the general delivery letters. You see, it is arranged in alphabetical order, and you can easily find the letters. I must run up to old Mr. Crane's office to explain why this register was delayed, so do your best till I come back."

With these vague instructions Clare was left to fight her own battle.

She lamented the day that she laughed at the old-fashioned notions of her father, who insisted that children should be made to learn the alphabet first.

Clare did not know whether G was at the top of the case or the bottom. In her very few leisure moments she studied the intricate thing, but was forced to admit that algebra was as an open book compared with the mysteries of the unknown quantity before her.

"You're not likely to find 'Ford' down at the bottom of the case," observed a sarcastic old lady, after Clare had frantically taken out package after package of letters. "I suppose I shan't have any supper to-night if I wait for you to hunt up my Tribune and the Home Star. I do think the postmaster might get somebody that knew something. For half a cent I'd report him to the President. He's got no business keeping a body waiting like this."

"You've given me every Smith but the right one," said a man, thrusting a bunch of letters over the old lady's shoulder. "I said John R. as plain as anything, but just look at this mess of stuff, young woman. Where's that little girl that stays here? She's the one that knows this place."

Clare cast a despairing glance at Nellie, perched on a high stool, and longed to call upon her for aid, but that young lady was too busy to be disturbed.

TRY HARVARD BRONCHIAL SYRUP FOR YOUR COUGH OR SORE THROAT. AN INSTANT BANISHER OF CROUP. LARGE BOTTLES 25¢ DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

Clare sold stamped envelopes and wrappers at unheard-of prices, because her eyes usually straggled from one line to the other across the printed page, instead of keeping to the right one; but the patrons complained only when they were cheated.

When the unexpected prices, were in their favor, they concluded that a reduction had suddenly been made by the Government, and asked no questions.

"That girl in there charged me ten cents for seven paper wrappers," said an indignant woman, after vainly trying to get to the window to tell her troubles to Clare. "If she doesn't make it right I'll report her to the postmaster."

"Well, I declare! If it ain't that Clare Beach!" said her companion, craning her neck to get a glimpse of the distracted clerk. "I wonder how on earth she got Nellie Carter's place? Charged you too much, did she? Well, what can you expect of a girl that will have a little crippled girl's pet dog shot? Mrs. Toles told me with her own mouth that Clare shut their dog into the wood-house one night and telephoned for the policeman to come and shoot him. You know her, Bessie was just crazy about Fido, and she still cries every time he is mentioned. A girl who would do that would do anything."

"You don't tell me," said the woman with the paper wrappers. "What was the dog doing?"

"Not a thing but running over their lawn. Of course there is an ordinance about letting dogs go without muzzles, but who would think a girl would have a cripple's pet killed."

"Tired out?" said the postmaster, coming to relieve Clare after a period that seemed to the girl interminable. "What is it, madam? Charged you too much for wrappers? All right; here's your money! Ten stamps, Mr. Jones? No mail this evening, Mrs. Perkins. (Concluded on sixth page.)



**"PROGRESS" Tuxedo Suits**

For informal dinners, "stag" events, and all functions where ladies are not in evening dress.

There's a richness and elegance—a grace and smartness—to "PROGRESS" Brand Tuxedos that make them universally worn by well-dressed men.

Soft worsteds, lined with silk, cut in the newest London and New York styles, and faultless fitting.

Dealers have separate Tuxedo Coats and Vests, as well as the complete suits.

Sold by leading clothiers throughout Canada.



Progress Brand Clothing may be had from John McLaughlan, Woodstock, and C. J. Greene, Bath.

**MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.**

**Pianos**

Mason & Risch, Bell, Dominion, Karn.

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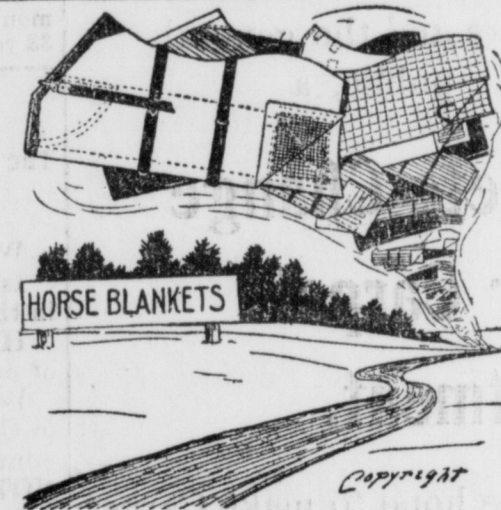
Bell, Dominion, Karn.

**Sewing Machines**

The New Williams

Violins, Mandolins, Harmonicas, Banjos, Accordions. A full line of first-class strings always in stock.

C. R. WATSON, Agent, Woodstock, N. B.



**IT'S AN ILL WIND**

that blows no good to some one. We have a large quantity of

**Fine Horse Blankets**

A pair of them should be a part of you horse's outfit. We have too many and make it an object for you to relieve us of some. You will admit the value of the blankets the minute you see them. And the smallness of the prices, too.

**FRANK L. ATHERTON**

(At the Sign of the White Horse)

King Street, Woodstock.

**North American Life Assurance Co. SOLID AS THE CONTINENT.**

A. C. CALDER, :: Agent, Barrister-at Law, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**Farm for Sale.**

In Wakefield containing 135 acres 70 acres cleared under good cultivation Post Office next door, 3 miles from grist mill, saw mill, blacksmith shop and store will be sold at a bargain. D. F. ALEXANDER, Farmerston, Carleton County.

"A few days ago it was my fate to be forced to listen to a long and tedious speech by an amateur speaker," said Simeon Ford; "I listened to him attentively for more than an hour, because, you know, I like to have people listen to me when I set out to bore them with language. Well, I am glad I listened, because, if I had not done so I would probably have missed one of the best wind-ups to a speech I ever heard. Just as we were all ready to drop off to sleep, he said: "'And now," as Lady Godiva said when she was returning on her ride, "I am drawing near my clothes."'"

**BRISTOL WOODWORKING FACTORY**

Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

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DOORS SASH MOULDINGS HOUSE FINISH SHEATHING ETC. STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times. Estimates given. Orders promptly executed. Write or call.

JOHN J. HAYWARD, BRISTOL, N. B.

**NOTICE.**

**You Have Some Plumbing**

You want done before winter. Why not get it done now? I can do it for you promptly, thoroughly and neatly, and at a reasonable price. Don't delay this work till the cold weather is here. Orders from out of town promptly attended to.

J. P. PICKEL, Plumber,

Connell St. Woodstock.

**Your Carriage Or Waggon**

Needs painting. It will tend to preserve it as well as to improve its appearance. Please bring it in early so that I can have plenty of time to do a good job and give the varnish plenty of time to harden before you take it out.

I have plenty of storage room.

F. L. MOOERS,

over Loane's Factory, Connell street, Woodstock.

**LIVERY AND HACK STABLE**

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Outfits for commercial travellers. Coaches in a livery at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates.

First-Class Hearses in connection,

Emerald Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

**SALESMAN WANTED**

at once to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Special list of New and Hardy Specialties in Fruits, Ornamentals, Shrubs and Roses. Liberal inducements. Pay weekly, exclusive territory, handsome free outfit. Spring season's canvass now starting. Write now for full particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto.

**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 may within Twenty Days give in a statement of their property and income as provided by law.

Dated at Woodstock March 13th, 1905. CHARLES COMBEN, JOHN DONNELLY, ALBERT G. FIELDS.

**NO MUD IN OURS!**

**WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR**

Gives the True Golden June Tint that Guarantees Prize Butter. The Largest and Best Creameries and Dairies in the World Use It.

LOOK FOR THE DANDELION TRADE MARK. BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES AND IMITATIONS.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.