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**Tinwork**

in connection with

**Semple Bros.,**

HARDWARE,

East Florenceville.

For Ways That are Dark, etc.

"Where have you been all day?" asked Billy as the Irishman came sauntering in while the family were at supper.

"Oi was oover to Hooltin'" said Mike.

"I shouldn't take you a whole day to go to Houlton."

"The thrain got stuck on the way back" said Mike.

"In a snow bank?" said Billy.

"Woorse nor that" said Mike. "Smooglers."

"Oh smugglers; but how could they stick the train?"

"Well, you see, theer war foive wimin on the thrain goin' over, and they war the thinnest wimin you iver saw. They war so thin that thraa av thim sat in one sate and the other two hid betwain thim when the conductoor came for their tickets."

"Oi, wint down town for to see the soights and wint into a dhry goods store for a plug an wan av thim wimin war sthanding by the counter."

"Hiv ye got iny good cottin," says she to the clerk?

"We hiv" says he.

"Hoo much hive ye got?" says she.

"He thim whispered somethin in her ear."

"Oi'll take it siz she.

"He directed her to a room at the back av the store and sint a lady clerk with her. Thim I saw four men tak af their coats and begin to carry cottin to her."

Oi wanted to say the thing through but the clerk told me I hid better thry the hard ware store next door for tobaccor, so I thought thim I'n wait outside.

"In about an oor the lady cam oot assisted by the clerk an I fell into a packin box wen I seen her. It took two policemen to git me oot.

"Ye'er arrested" said one.

"What foer?" says I.

"For been Dhruunk" says he.

"Ye cin soorch me siz I but plaze soorch that foerst."

"That what? says he.

"Ilifant" says I.

"Ye're discharged" said he.

"The clerk thim waved his hand to a truckman acrost the strate. 'Coom oover said he.

"The truckman dhrove oover.

"Hoo much will ye charge to dhrove me to the thrain?" says the ilifant.

"Twinty sivin dollars said he. "That's what me wagin cost."

"Oi'll pay it if yez breaks down" say she.

"Drive on."

"It's tin to wan against ye" says he.

Oi followed thim at a safe distance. They got sthook going oop the hill. The truckman called to another wan for hilp.

"Oi noo ye'd made it says he. This is the fifth wan av thim.

The wagon was noo and sthrong an the lady wan the bet and paid the truckman foer dollars.

"Al a boord! siz the conductoor.

"Oi joumped on the car but hid to sthand outside. The five ladies war inside.

"The thrain did not move.

"Why don't yez go on?" says the conductoor to the man on the engin.

"That's what Oi'm cryin to find oot" says he. "She won't move."

"Thry again" sez he.

"He thried foer half an oor and moved six inches.

"Oi took oot a paper and pincil and figered hoo long it wad take to git to Dabic at this rate. If we don't hoory thought I we'll bate the record av the thrain on the Gibson branch. A frind told me that it war so slow a three had wanet grown oop undir it and throwed it af the track.

"The conductoor grew dispirit. He rooshed to the telegraft office and wired head-quarters; Can't git oover the grade.

"Hoo many cars they replied."

"Two"; siz he.

"Hoo many wimin!" siz they.

"Five"; siz he.

Thim take thim wan at a toime oover the grade."

We thraveled the eight moils to Dabic in three hours allowing two sthops foer hot boxes.

"The conductoor opened the dour an called oot 'Dabic Junction, change cars foer Woodstock!'"

"Thank the Lord" says I.

"Amen says he.

Oi stipped af the car abid af the wimin. The Coostims officer was standin on the platform. He shmeiled at me and thim I saw him toorn pale and thim he fainted did away.

"The ilifants" says I.

Wan av thim sat doon on a baggage truck to wait foer her thrain. She war the largest av the lot an I suppose filt too big to associate with the oothers.

Oi saw a man look at her an thim he winked at me.

"Hiv ye got a white ahirt siz he to me?"

"It is wanst a year" says I.

"Hoo much will ye take foer it?" says he.

"Ilivin cints" says I.

"Oi'll give ye ilivin dollars" siz he.

"What foer?" says I.

"Didn't ye hear the noos?" siz he.

"What noos?" siz I.

"The cotton market's cornered" siz he.

"Who did it? siz I.

"Mrs. Dan Dooly" says he. "Ye know her hoosbind hiz been thryin to do it foer a toime but she did it at last. Cotton hiz joumped to fifty cints and white shirts to twilve dollars.

"The thrain thim cam along and the ilifants lift.

"Oi hilped the Collector to his fate. "Hiv they gone?" siz he?"

E. STANLEY.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets  
All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.  
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Women are Queer.—Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JUNE 14, 1905.

SINCERITY.

BY MAURICE SMILEY.

To be sincere. To look life in the eyes  
With calm, undrooping gaze. Always to mean  
The high and truthful thing. Never to screen  
Behind the unmeant word, the sharp surprise  
Of cunning; never tell the little lies  
Of look or thought. Always to choose, between  
The true and small, the true and large, serene  
And high above Life's cheap dishonesties.—

The soul that steers by this unfading star  
Needs never other compass. All the far  
Wide waste shall blaze with guiding light, tho'  
rocks  
And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze.  
Secure from storms and all Life's battle-shocks  
It shall not veer from any righteous ways.

The Time to Sell--A Story With a Moral.

When the father of the writer was a backwoods lad he and his brothers made a trap for wild turkeys. It was a rail pen in the woods with a door on one side that would fall when a string was pulled. From this door he laid a trail of corn out along a game-frequented path and corn was placed inside the trap. Then the boys stationed themselves to watch. Fortune favoring them, soon came a pair of old turkeys and fourteen nearly grown young ones and finding the corn, started eagerly upon the trail, picking it grain by grain. They reached the pen, some went in and the boys' hopes rose. More went in; all was tense excitement behind the blind. All the young ones were in; then the mother of the brood entered. "Pull the string, William," whispered the brothers. "Wait till the old gobbler goes in," he replied. "Pull the string," they insisted. "Wait, I say; we want them all." Out came the old hen. "Pull, pull." "Wait till she goes back in." Out came two young turkeys. "Pull the string, William," was the demand, despairingly. "Wait till they go back, I tell you." More came out. Finally the string was pulled. One runt youngster was imprisoned, the rest flew away.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

On way to find out how nice a girl isn't is to marry her.

Vanity is what other people think of what you think about yourself.

A jolly fat baby makes most anybody forget how slim his bank account is.

A woman dresses very queer to have her figure always look different from what it is.

What a girl likes about a big, strong man is the way she can't waltz him around her little finger.

It's a terrible temptation to a woman to want to make herself believe that men are pursuing her.

Half the time a girl marries a man because she can't bear to think how bad he will feel if she doesn't.

A woman's clothes are nine-tenths of the joy she has in life and ninety-nine one-hundredths of the sorrows of the man who pays for them.



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At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line

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**I. C. CHURCHILL,**

Connell Street, Woodstock

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Shirts 8c—Collars 2c—Cuffs 4c—per pair—underwear 5c each—Handkerchiefs 2c—Shirt Waists 15c—Long Night Gown 10c—Duck Coats 25c—Socks 3c.

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"IS GOOD TEA."

It is good tea because it is made of the young, tender, juicy leaves of the tea plants of Northern India and Ceylon.

These leaves contain a large percentage of Theine, which is a mild stimulant and an aid to digestion.

This is why Red Rose Tea is good, not only while you are drinking it, but is good after you drink it.

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All Former Celebrations Will Be Eclipsed. Special Excursions and Cheap Rates from Everywhere. This will positively be the Grandest Celebration the Town has Ever Witnessed.

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J. P. MALANEY, Secretary.

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Violins, Mandolins, Harmonicas,  
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**J. C. R. WATSON, Agent,**  
Woodstock, N. B.

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.

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over Loane's Factory,  
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