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VICTIM OF LUCK.

Aunt Maria is a devout worshipper at the shrine of the Goddess Luck. I imagine from her uncertainty this deity is feminine.

Aunt Maria is fat, fair and 50, with a well-endowed purse, and eccentric; the very type of aunt to inspire affection in the bosoms of her relatives, particularly as she is a widow and childless.

One day last month, when funds were running low and the world seemed full of importunate people who expect to have their bills paid, I thought that perhaps a visit to Aunt Maria, with timely reference to the expenses of the season, might reap its due reward.

I may say here that Aunt Maria's married name is Smith, but as we have all heard there is luck in odd numbers she has superadded her maiden name of Brown, and, to make the mystic spell complete, her mother's maiden name.

Aunt Maria was bustling down the stairs as I entered.

"Why, Arthur, this is luck," she exclaimed. "I am just going off to do a day's shopping. I hate shopping alone, and shall be so glad to have you with me."

I feigned a delight I was very far from feeling, and meekly followed my respected relative down the steps.

As we bowed round the corner Aunt Maria turned to me with a face of dismay.

"There, if I haven't forgotten my purse," she said; "well, I am an idiot."

I did not, of course, contradict her, but merely suggested we could easily return, and seized the check string to call James' attention, but my aunt grasped my hand firmly and said:

"I couldn't possibly turn back, Arthur; it is so unlucky. How much money have you?"

I pulled out nearly all my worldly wealth, about \$25 in bills and some odd silver.

"Is that all?" she said, scornfully, taking it however. "Well, you have your cheque book?"

"No," I said hurriedly, "I—er never carry one, they're so heavy."

"Oh! well, it doesn't matter. I can easily get some money at one of the shops where I deal. I'll send you a cheque tomorrow for this; at least not tomorrow, of course, that's Friday, and if possible I never write a cheque on Friday, it is such an unlucky day. You shall have it Saturday."

I thought it would be a much unluckier day for me if I didn't get it, and mentally resolved to stick to Aunt Maria till I saw her safely inside her door again, when I should have a chance of getting my money.

We proceeded comfortably for some distance, when the carriage was blocked a little. In an evil moment my aunt's eagle eyes gazing out of the window described a horseshoe of huge size just dropped by some passing dray horse.

"Oh, Arthur," she exclaimed, in tones of ecstasy. "I must have that lovely horseshoe. You can easily slip out while we're blocked and pick it up for me."

I reluctantly opened the carriage door and descended into the mud. Of course the moment I left the carriage the block broke up,

and I as engulfed in a roaring tide of destruction. Bus drivers swore at me, rubber tires spattered me from head to toe, and as I grasped the "luck-bringer" a ruffian who was also making for it snatched it from my clutch.

I felt quite ashamed of myself as I gained the carriage, with James and Thompson grinning and with the pristine beauties of my garments sadly dimmed.

Aunt Maria never glanced at my dishevelled appearance.

"Where is the horseshoe, Arthur?" she demanded, sternly. "You don't mean to say that you haven't got it when I particularly asked you to."

"I am sorry," I said, sulkily. "I suppose you would not want me to steal it; that would hardly be lucky."

"Well, I don't know," said Aunt Maria, thoughtfully, "stolen coal is one of the luckiest things. I always make a point of stealing just a little piece from some one else's scuttle and carrying it about with me. I shouldn't wonder if a stolen horseshoe might not be the luckiest of all. It was really most tiresome of you not to bring it. I should probably have had the most unprecedented luck."

At Twenty-third street we got out and sent the carriage home.

Walking down Broadway my relative's substantial foot struck struck a piece of iron.

With an agility quite remarkable in a lady of her age she stooped, seized the fetich, a metal boot tip, and calmly flung it over her left shoulder, where it struck in the eye an unoffending clergyman, causing him to utter a howl of rage and pain.

"That woman is mad!" he exclaimed, in loud tones, which at once attracted the attention of the passersby, "she deliberately hurled in my face a missile of some kind, which may cause serious mischief. She should certainly not be permitted at large. "Policeman," as a burly guardian of the peace approached, "I must ask your protection from this ferocious female who has just assaulted me."

"The man is mad himself," said Aunt Maria, indignantly. "I never assaulted anyone in my life. I am a widow lady, Mrs. Smith-Brown-Jones. Here is my card."

My aunt's commanding and stately appearance evidently impressed the policeman, for he suggested to the parson he must have been mistaken.

After this episode Aunt Maria's feelings required sustaining by a good lunch at Shauley's, where she recovered sufficiently to sharply reprimand the waiter for crossing the knives, and thereby leaving a loophole for the demons of ill-luck, and inadvertently spilling the salt she again hurled some over her shoulder, which powdered the coat of a smart old gentleman just passing.

Leaving the restaurant she darted nimbly into the road in preference to walking under a ladder, and I, to save her from being run over by a cabby who could not pull in time, had to seize his horse by the head and swing it half round. Later I unluckily caught sight of the new moon, and commented on the fact to my aunt.

"Oh! where, where?" she cried, anxiously, and catching sight of the pale crescent, she at once commenced an extraordinary series of genuflections, repeating as she did so in loud tones: "Bonnie lady moon, will you send me a present?"

Now, the spectacle of a stout elderly lady in a crowded thoroughfare bobbing solemnly up and down is bound to cause considerable comment, and my ears tingled as murmurs of "Quite a well-dressed woman, how shocking!" "How awful for her son, I suppose!" "He almost looks like a gentleman," rose on all sides of me.

"For heaven's sake, Aunt Maria," I cried in despair, as she straightened herself and commenced solemnly to turn over all the coins in her purse, "come along, don't you see half the city is watching your devotional exercises?"

"What nonsense you talk, Arthur," said Aunt Maria, placidly. "If you turn your money, you will never want for it all that moon. What a pity you didn't think of it."

The Growing Use of Concrete.

The use of concrete in the construction of buildings is growing at a very rapid rate throughout Western Ontario and Western Canada. There are said to be about forty concerns in and around London engaged in the manufacture of concrete blocks, the demand for which is said to exceed the supply. The bricklayers, who were at first opposed to the use of concrete have apparently come to the conclusion that the new material has come to stay, and some of them have purchased machines, and are employing their time during the winter months in manufacturing concrete building blocks. We know for a certainty that one firm of manufacturers of concrete block machines sold upwards of 250 of these machines this year, the majority of them going to the North-west.

Smith's Falls News:—A farmer lost a cow in a peculiar manner last week. The animal, in rummaging through a summer kitchen, found and devoured an old umbrella and several cakes of yeast. The yeast, fermenting in the poor beast's stomach, raised the umbrella, and the cow died in great agony.

SPURGEON'S PROPHECY OF REVIVAL.

The following is an extract from a sermon preached years ago in London by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon:

"In a few more years—I know not when; I know not how—the Holy Spirit will be poured out in a far different style from the present. There are diversities of operations, and during the last few years it has been the case that the diversified operations have consisted in very little pouring out of the Spirit. Ministers have gone on in dull routine, continually preaching, preaching, preaching; and little good has been done. My heart exults and my eyes flash with the thought that very likely I shall live to see the outpouring of the Spirit; when 'the sons and the daughters of God again shall prophesy, and the young men shall see visions, and the old men shall dream dreams.' Perhaps there shall be no miraculous gifts—for they will not be required; but yet there shall be such a miraculous amount of holiness, such an extraordinary fervor of prayer, such a real communion with God, and so much vital religion, and such a spread of the doctrines of the cross that everyone will see that verily the Spirit is poured out like water and the rains are descending from above."—Sel.

Thomas A. Edison expects to live to see the world's electricity produced by a direct process, without the intervention of steam. His belief is that instead of digging coal out of the earth, loading it on cars and carrying it great distances, there to put it under a boiler, to be burned, etc., and so to get power, plants will be set up at the mouths of the coal mines, the power there will be generated and carried wherever it is needed by means of copper wires. This means the doing away largely with locomotives and railway cars as coal-carriers. It is interesting to recall the opinion of the late Prof. Thurston, of Cornell, an eminent American scientist, on this very subject. We find the following editorial note in a recent issue of the "Canadian Engineer": The late Professor Thurston, in an article entitled "The Passing of the Steam Engine," set forth the opinion that only three lines of invention were open to the investigator, (1) The production of electricity direct from coal; (2) The making of light without heat; similar to that of the glow-worm and fire-fly; (3) aerial navigation.

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Music and Macaroni.

Henry James in a recent work says he thinks the literary critic should never take up a book merely to run it down, because if there is nothing good, in the work why waste time in discussing it? Criticisms that are attacks pure and simple he regards as cruel. "What, for instance," he asks, "could be more cruel than Rossini's silent criticism of a score sent to him by a young musician. Rossini was fond of macaroni. The musician, knowing this, sent him, along with his score, a packet of macaroni of unusual excellence. In a humble little note he asked the composer to point out the merits of his work, if he found any. Rossini's reply ran like this: 'Thanks for your score and macaroni. The latter was excellent.'

Latest Wire FROM Santa Claus

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NOTICE. THE ELECTION OF MAYOR AND TOWN COUNCILLORS For the Town of Woodstock, will be held on MONDAY The 15th 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 inclusive, who reside in District Number One, comprising Kings and Queens Wards, shall vote at or near the Council Chamber in the Town Hall (up stairs). All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter from M to Z, both inclusive, who reside in said District Number One, shall vote at or near the office of the Town Marshal in the Town Hall (down stairs). Polling Places for District Number Two All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A to L, both inclusive, 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, both inclusive, residing in said District Number Two, shall vote at or near William Karns. Nomination of Candidates for Mayor and Councillors. Nominations of candidates for Mayor and Councillors shall be filed with the Town Clerk at the Council Chamber in the said Town of Woodstock between the hours of ten of the clock in the forenoon and the hour of twelve of the clock noon, of THURSDAY, the ELEVENTH day of JANUARY next. Blank nomination papers can be had on application at the office of the Town Clerk. Dated this twelfth day of December A.D., 1905 J. C. HARTLEY, Town Clerk

Canadian Pacific Railway Effective October 8th, 1905. (Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.) DEPARTURES. (QUEEN STREET STATION). 6.45 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jet. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Junction to Boston; Palace Sleeper, McAdam Junction to Halifax; Dining Car, McAdam to Truro. 9.50 A MIXED—For Aroostook Junction, and M intermediate points. 11.51 A EXPRESS—For all points North; M Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. 4.30 P MIX-D—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch. 5.20 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John and East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; and Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest and on Pacific Coast. ARRIVALS. 11.51 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East; St. Stephen, Boston, Montreal and West. 12.31 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch. 5.20 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Plaster Rock and all points North. 6.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Aroostook Junction and intermediate points. 11.10 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, E. E. U.S. J. R., G. P. A., Montreal.

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