

THE PHYSIC HABIT
THE RESULT OF USING SALTS, CAS-
TOR OIL, ETC., INSTEAD OF THOR-
OUGHLY CURING CONSTIPA-
TION BY
DR. CHASE'S
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

"Oh, a dose of salts will fix me up all right," you say, when the bowels become constipated and the liver and kidneys sluggish and congested.
And the temporary relief you obtain in this way deceives you for a time, but you are soon in distress again, and must increase the dose and resort more frequently to the use of this weakening and debilitating treatment.
Constipation and intestinal indigestion cannot possibly be cured until the liver is made active in its work of filtering bile from the blood and pouring it into the intestines, where it acts as a natural cathartic, hastening the process of indigestion, and the removal of waste matter from the body.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have a direct and specific action on the liver. They not only afford prompt relief, but positively strengthen and invigorate the kidneys, liver and bowels. Instead of encouraging the physic habit, they thoroughly cure constipation, liver complaint, biliousness and kidney disease.

If you would like to regain your oldtime vigor, and feel strong and well again, use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The backaches and body pains will disappear, your appetite and digestion will be good, you will escape sickness and disease because the filtering and excretory organs will keep the body cleansed from poisonous waste matter.

Mrs. James W. Belyea, Belyea's Cove, Queens Co., N. B.—"We have kept Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house as a family medicine for years and find them the most satisfactory of any remedy we can get. I can personally recommend them to anyone suffering from kidney and liver derangements and stomach troubles."
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Ed-
manson, Bates & Company, Toronto. Dr. Chase's Backache Plaster drives out all pains and aches.

Municipal Good Resolutions.

It is reasonable to suppose that not a few conscientious public servants make good resolutions of a municipal kind at the beginning of a new year, just as many ordinary mortals do. In order to help such officers to make a sane choice we reprint from the "Canadian Municipal Journal" the following suggestions made by the mayor of Denver, Colorado, who aspires to a more beautiful Denver, and is doing what he can along practical lines looking to that happy consummation. Believing in the value of personal suggestion and direct appeal, he addressed a proclamation to the citizens, in which he said:—

If your store front, residence, or fence is dull or dingy, order it painted.

If your awning is old, torn, or faded, get a new one.

If your sidewalk, fence, or gate needs repairing, fix it.

If your advertising sign is old and faded, take it down and paint it.

Destroy the young weeds that are starting on your property, and on your neighbor's property.

Resolve never to throw paper in the streets.

Take all dandelions out of your lawn—they spoil the beauty of it.

Burn all the rubbish possible; allow no one in your house to throw it on the streets, alleys, or vacant lots.

Promote not to spit on the sidewalks.

Organize a block improvement society, and permit no weeds to grow on sidewalk, areas or vacant property in your block.

Ask your milkmen, grocers, and expressmen to have their waggons painted.

Irrespective of the size of your house make your lawn the finest on the street.

Illuminate the front of your store in the business section.

Every effort put forth or dollar spent to improve our city's appearance will be returned twofold.

It is claimed that these suggestions have been cordially carried out by the people of Denver, and that they are perfectly delighted with the result. What has been done there can be done here.

Some Results of Woman Suffrage in Colorado.

Another woman said decidedly that she was glad she had a vote. "It pays me well, some of the time," she explained.

"How?" I asked.

"Why," she answered in surprise, "sometimes I get only one dollar for goin' an' votin' I sometimes more."

"But that's dreadful," I found myself protesting. "The ballot will never bring you any good, if you do that," I added, without great coherence.

The woman stared at me in blank amazement. "Why," she cried, "all the good it

do bring is that!"
"Your own principles—don't you want to be free to vote as you think best?" I urged.
Still she stared. "I never think anything 'bout it," she replied in all sincerity. "Votin' ain't nothing to me. It's a bother to do, but people say, 'Come do it; an' you'll be paid for your trouble; an' I goes. I'm a poor woman. It's er easy way to get a little extra money. My husband, he do it, too. They ain't no badness 'bout it," she ended, with simple frankness.

An older woman whom I met disclosed a manner of dealing with her prerogative which I afterward learned was rather common among the women of the poorer districts of Denver.

"I know some of the nicest people in town," she informed me; "generally, I votes the way they wants me to. They are awful kind to me; o' course they don't never give me money for votin'," she quickly supplemented; "I votes the way they wants, jes' 'cause they's good to me."—[Elizabeth McCracken, in the Atlantic.

All About a Swing Door.

"If you wish to be a hero-worshiper never make a pilgrimage to see your hero," says some one. According to a correspondent of the London Chronicle, the way to maintain one's respect for the dignity of Parliament is to keep away from the Houses during a session. The experience of this representative of the press was not one that tended to increase his awe for the visible workings of the government. Entering the gallery, he contemplated for the first time the legislators whose business it is to make the laws and adjust the taxes.

Down below a man is droning something about a door somewhere in the building that opens that way when it should open this way. He is very precise and very dull. He flounders and fumbles, and treats many foolish little questions at great length. At last, impressed by a feeling that the scene was quite familiar,—somehow,—asked my neighbor:

"Which is Balfour?"

"Those," he replied.

Then it flashes before me I have seen it all in caricature. The caricature is the actual reality. My eyes follow his discreet hunger, and find a pair of soles staring at me from the table on which the mace lies. Mr. Balfour does stick his feet on the table, and the Speaker does not ask him to behave. The picture might have jumped from the pages of a comic paper, and thereafter it was impossible to avoid seeing my lawgivers through the atmosphere of caricature.

The real interest of the members seems concentrated on keeping curious and school-boy traditions. Outside the stripe that marks the bar, you are not in the House, and members hover, tiptoeing the line and retreating. One point seems to be to keep your silk hat on your head unless you want to go to sleep or to address the Speaker. The incoming members bow to the Speaker as they pass to their seats. Few Englishmen bow gracefully; none of those few has got into Parliament. Were I a Speaker, I would rise and throw the mace at a member who cut such a ridiculous figure as the British legislator bowing to the chair.

And all this time the question of the swing door goes on. It is a long and dismal proceeding when one reflects on the really important questions which might occur to six hundred odd gentlemen gathered for the purpose of doing something.

At last there is a division, and I watch the members going out and coming in again. And I wonder why a member should not be able to record his vote automatically; why he should spend his life in tramping through lobbies to give an opinion with his feet rather than with his head; why he should waste his time in making and listening to speeches which are either inaudible or uninteresting.
Now it is over. Three hundred and forty seven gentlemen have spent a half-hour and between them have covered many miles to settle a question that I should leave with confidence to a kitchen maid.

Too Pointed Remarks.

"Well, I'll tell you how I feel about that," said the man in the silk hat and frock coat. "There's too much of it done altogether. It's getting so nowadays that every other preacher in town takes his text out of the newspapers instead of the bible and delivers an editorial from the pulpit. They aren't happy unless they're slamming somebody. Rostrum is a good man, but if nobody else gives him a hint I'm going to myself."

"I thought his sermons were rather good," said the thin man with the double eyeglasses. "That was a pretty good one he had on covetousness last Sunday."

"Yes, and do you know who he was hitting at? John W. Peckinby. Yes, sir. It was as plain as the nose on your face. What's Rostrum got to do with Carbureted Steel

Amalgamation? He doesn't understand it. It isn't to be expected that he would. He looks over his morning paper and he sees that attack on it and he takes down his concordance and digs out a text or two and then jumps on John W's neck. He knows about as much of the inside of that deal as the newspapers did, and that's not saying much. If he had known what I know he might—
But I don't care for that. True or not true, a man doesn't go to church to get roasted. And you can't keep up a church that way. If Pickinby draws out, and I guess he will, some of the rest of us will get an invitation to help on the next mortgage interest installment.

"And then, there was that west side slum district write-up in the 'Morning Sympathizer.' There was another chance for Rostrum. He knows that Smetterton owns mighty nigh a whole street in the heart of the district, but that rather tickles him than otherwise. He loads himself to the muzzle with pathos and righteous indignation, takes a careful aim at Smetterton, who's got a \$5 bill tucked in his vest-pocket ready for the offertory, and blazes away. I wouldn't have blamed Brother Smet much if he had got up and told a few facts about his tenants that the reverend gentleman had probably never heard. They're a hard lot, I tell you.

"And maybe Mrs Spanslow-Brown didn't get it on fashionable follies! He may not have meant it specially for her, but she took it that way, and a good many other people did, too. She may put on a good deal of style and spend a lot of money, but I guess she's got a right to it she likes, and I tell you the church would have come out at the little end of the horn on the organ proposition if it hadn't been for her lawn party. And there are mighty few of us he hasn't taken a shot at."

"Getting a little uneasy yourself, aren't you?" queried the man with the double glasses.—Chicago News

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Ozone (the coupon kind) because it costs too much to manufacture. Every drop is matured in our laboratory for three months before it is shipped. This adds considerably to the manufacturing cost, but it makes our preparation so pure and health giving that we can guarantee it as a cure for all germ diseases provided it is taken with Celery King, the great tonic laxative. It does not cost you anything extra to take these two remedies together, because we enclose a coupon with every bottle of Solution of Ozone entitling you to one full sized 25c. package of Celery King free of cost, so be sure and demand of your druggist Ozone (the coupon kind).

THE PUBLIC DRUG CO.,
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Chinese Courage.

When Great Britain took Wei-Hai-Wei on the coast of China, she pursued her usual policy and organized a company of native soldiers, with British officers in command. When the allies met the Chinese Imperial army in hard-fought battles around Tientsin, and finally stormed and took the city in the summer of 1900, preparatory to the march on Peking, the Chinese troops, officered by British gentlemen, fought shoulder to shoulder with the British. The fight over, one day some one talking carelessly made the usual claim that the Chinese are cowards, whereupon an officer, who had led that valiant band of British-uniformed Chinese, spoke for his men with all the ardor of British love of fair play. He said, "I hold that when men follow their leaders up a bullet-swept street, and right over the very barricades from which the bullets are pouring, they are no cowards; and that is what our Chinese troops in British uniform did."—The Chautauquan.

Griggs—Borely has got a job at last. He is working now in Hicks' livery stable.
Griggs—What doing?
Griggs—Hicks has some horses that won't take the bit, so Borely has to talk to them till they yawn.—Boston Transcript.

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NOTICE OF SALE.

To Annie A. Estabrooks, widow of Ezra Estabrooks, and the heirs and assigns of Ezra Estabrooks, late of the Parish of Brighton, Carleton County, Province of New Brunswick, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1883, registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the said County of Carleton in Book "Q" pages 234, 235 and 236, the 8th day of March, A. D. 1883, made between said Ezra Estabrooks late of the Parish of Brighton County aforesaid and Annie A. Estabrooks his wife, of the one part and George E. Foster of the City of Toronto, Province of Ontario, Gentlemen, of the other part, and by said George E. Foster assigned to the undersigned Alban W. Estabrooks by Indenture dated the 30th day of January, A. D. 1903, and registered in the Registry Office aforesaid in Book "F" Number 4 of Records, pages 775 and 776 the 28th day of January, A. D. 1903, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money thereby secured, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the office of William M. Connell, Barrister-at-Law, Town of Woodstock, County aforesaid, on SATURDAY the THIRTEENTH day of JANUARY next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon the lands and premises described in said Indenture of Mortgage and Assignment thereof, to wit:—

All that certain piece and parcel of land situate in the Parish of Brighton aforesaid, bounded as follows:—Beginning at the mouth of the Gin Brook so called, and following up the said brook in its various courses to the point where said brook cuts the western line of Lot Number Twelve, occupied by Samuel Cook, thence following said line in a southern direction to the bank or shore of said Becaguimic river, thence following the bank or shore of said Becaguimic river down stream to the place of beginning, containing by estimation Fifty Acres more or less, and distinguished as part of Lot Number Eleven on the north side of Becaguimic river, being same land conveyed to said Ezra Estabrooks by Samuel S. Foster and wife by deed dated the 7th day of October, 1899, registered in office aforesaid in Book "M" page 337.

And there will also be sold at Public Auction in front of the office of William M. Connell aforesaid, on the THIRTEENTH day of JANUARY next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon the lands and premises above mentioned and described. Above sale will be made by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage made between the late Ezra Estabrooks aforesaid of the one part and the undersigned Alban W. Estabrooks of the other part. By deed dated the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1895, registered in the office aforesaid in Book "W" Number 8 of Records, pages 37, 38 and 39, the first day of May, A. D. 1895, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys thereby secured default having been made in the payment thereof.

ALBAN W. ESTABROOKS,
Assignee of Mortgage and Mortgagee.
WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
Solicitor for Assignee and Mortgagee.
Nov. 8, 1901.

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.

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Meals on arrival of all trains' First-class
R. E. OWENS, Proprietor

HOUSES FOR SALE.

A great chance to earn a home, either on Main St., Broadway, Chaple St. or Connell St. My terms are easy, drop in and see me, J. W. ASTLE, Gen. Ins. and Real Estate Agt., Queen St. Woodstock, N. B.

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Farm for Sale

Two miles above Andover, N. B., along St. John river, containing 100 acres, 60 acres cleared balance good woodland. Under good cultivation. Cut thirty-two tons of hay this year, other crops according. House, barn and granary. Good water. Price \$1000. Apply to DAVID WATSON, Andover, N. B. Nov. 15, 1901.

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Cures Grip in Two Days.

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