

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion*.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



"Way For the Doctor!"

The physician and the nurse are safe in the slums. Their professions are their passports. Many a doctor, says the New York Evening Post, read with wonder a recent newspaper article describing an attack by East Side "thugs" upon a young doctor. "I don't believe that story," was the comment. Sure enough, it proved to be untrue.

"I am glad I was right," remarked one physician, who had expressed his opinion in regard to the tale. "After years of experience, I can tell you there isn't a quarter into which a doctor need hesitate to go. No matter whether the citizens are natives or foreigners, the doctor's little satchel makes them friends at the first glimpse. On some rare occasion an individual under the influence of drink may put on a hostile front; then the whole neighborhood rushes in for our protection.

"I recall one incident of my service as a hospital interne as a proof of this last statement. A young woman was desperately ill. Her family consisted of a husband, a quartet of brothers and several other relatives, all in a state of temporary insanity from liquor. Their excitement had spread through the tenement, and I found the halls crowded. Way for me, however, was quickly made, as a whisper of 'the doctor' went round; the great ugly-looking fellows stepped aside for me respectfully and quietly. Yet I was only a kid, half-scared to death, with my diploma not a year old.

"In the sick-room the relatives showed signs of distrust. The patient was in such straits that I decided to administer an opiate, but the moment I got out my hypodermic needle one of the brothers sprang at me. He seized my arm and sent my needle flying. Then the husband and another brother jumped at me, cursing in Italian.

"It looked bad for me. Fortunately the door into the hall was open, and two men from the outside ran in—two foreigners, who were regular desperadoes, as I afterward learned—and put up a fight to protect me. They whipped my assailants soundly, and threw them out of the room, and then stood guard while I administered the morphine.

"Once, as I walked through Cherry Street at night, my greatcoat half concealing my bag, two men stepped out of a dark doorway and seized me. One was about to give me a blow, when I stammered:

"I'm the doctor!"

"They released me instantly. By way of evidence I produced my bag. The fellow who had tried to hit me said:

"'Eg yer pardon, boss. Didn't know who you was,' and that was the end of it."

Perhaps the most remarkable case of immunity was that of a young interne who responded to a riot call, which involved the invasion of a saloon in which two rival gangs were engaged in a fatal battle. Bullets were flying and knives flashing. Two men lay dead and three were wounded. The doctor entered with the officers, against whom the fighters aimed their weapons.

Not a blow was aimed at the doctor. As he walked toward the nearest wounded man a big chap stepped aside to let him pass, lowering his revolver for the moment, only to raise it again and fire at a policeman behind the physician. Then the whole crowd, officers and "thugs," moved to the other side of the room to resume the fight, as if tacitly agreeing to leave the doctor undisturbed in his work. While he attended to his duties they continued battle until the roughs were clubbed into submission or chased into the street.

Cats and Dogs.

It happened not long ago to an unfortunate man, who had separated a cat and dog which were fighting, to pay for his interference with his life. The cat, so we read, scratched him so violently that he died from blood poisoning. The incident is only worth mentioning because of the light which it throws on the respective characteristics of the animals most frequently and most closely associated with man. Why was it reserved to the cat in this

case to resent human interposition? It is plain that she did not acknowledge any right on the part of the man to stop the fight, and that is only part of her ordinary independence of human control. Man, as Bacon shrewdly observed, is a god to his dog; but a cat is a practical atheist, and as she does not ask for her master's protection, so she renders him no submission. How pathetically does the canine reverence for man display itself in the behavior of a dog who finds himself in the custody of a railway official whom he has never seen, and whom he would not hesitate to bite if his master was at hand. But alone he feels himself helpless, and so he fawns upon his temporary tyrant, wags his tail and tries every artifice to coax him into good humor. Cats will often try to ingratiate themselves with strangers, but with them it is not a serious business. Just a smile and a 'poor puss' is all that is obtained or looked for.—London 'Globe.'

Exhausted Nerves Lead to Insanity.

IT IS WISE TO KEEP THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN FULL HEALTH AND VIGOR BY USING

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The leading artist of a great New York newspaper committed suicide recently because on his return home he found his apartments in disorder, the painters and decorators being in possession.

This is an illustration of overwrought nerves leading to insanity, and, whatever may be the last straw to unbalance the mind, there can be no doubt that exhaustion of the nerves is always a cause of mental collapse.

Diseases of the nerves are common to all walks of life, and the earlier symptoms are sleeplessness, nervous headaches, loss of memory, inability to concentrate the mind, indigestion, tired, languid feelings, discouragement and despondency.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures diseases of the nerves in the only natural way, by actually increasing the amount of nerve force in the body.

By its regular and persistent use the most severe forms of nervous exhaustion, such as partial paralysis, prostration, and locomotor ataxia, are thoroughly and completely cured.

Mr. JAS. G. CLARKE, Fosterville, York Co., N. B., writes:—"I have been a great sufferer from what the doctors said was neuralgia of the heart. The pain started in the back of the neck and worked down into the region of the heart. Though I had taken a lot of medicine of one kind and another I could not get anything to help me until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"When I began this treatment I could not rest in bed except by sitting upright on account of the dreadful pains about the heart and the quick, loud beating. The change which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has made in my condition is wonderful. It has entirely overcome these worst symptoms and is making me strong and well. If this statement will help to relieve the suffering of others you are at liberty to print it."

If you would feel strong and well and avoid all the ills and weaknesses so common at this season, enrich your blood and revitalize your nerves by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Told By Clergymen.

"Only once did I ever laugh in the pulpit of my church at the act of any person in my congregation," said the late favorite Methodist preacher, the Rev. J. B. Wakely, "and that was while I was preaching a sermon, which made uncontrollable sin much greater. Now, this story is about a red-headed lady and a small boy, and no one who has his eyesight can doubt the fiery colors of my hair. Perhaps this fact may atone to some degree for my sinfulness.

In a seat in the front row of the centre aisle of the church, immediately in front of me while preaching, sat a young lady with auburn tresses, and immediately behind her sat a small boy, who was quiet and orderly

until wearied, when he looked about him for something to occupy his mind. It was not long before he espied the flaming hue of the lady's hair, and, with a smile that showed that he had discovered what he was in search of, he put the index finger of his left hand in the hair for a moment; then taking it out quickly, as a blacksmith might a piece of red hot iron, he placed it on his knee for an anvil and beat it smartly with his right fist many times. This operation he repeated at intervals. The first time my sense of humor was too great for me and involuntarily I smiled; the second time I grinned and lost the thread of my discourse; the third time I caught myself laughing in the pulpit. It was the funniest thing I ever saw.

"The funniest story I ever heard," continued the reverend gentleman, "and they tell me I am full of funny stories, was about a brother clergyman, a mother and her baby girl. It was during the ordinance of baptism one Sunday morning, and my brother minister stood behind the font when the mother and her infant came before him. 'What name shall I give this child?' asked he.

"Now the lady lisped very badly under ordinary circumstances, and with the minister in front of her and the whole congregation behind her, she was greatly perturbed, and blushing replied, 'Luthby, thir.' 'What!' exclaimed he, and the lady repeated, 'Luthy, thir,' and let fall her modest glance from his penetrating eyes. 'Lucifer! Never will I baptize a child Lucifer! George Washington, I baptize thee,' and so on, and the girl wore that name until she died."

Skin Disease of Twenty Years' Standing Cured.

I want you to know how much Chamberlain's Salve has done for me. It has cured my face of a skin disease of almost twenty years' standing. I have been treated by several as smart physicians as we have in this country and they did me no good, but two boxes of this salve has cured me.—MRS. FANNIE GRIFFEN, Troy, Ala. Chamberlain's Salve is for sale by All Dealers.

Souls Above Lucre.

(London Daily Mail.)

Some curious letters are received by men who make a business of searching for pedigrees. For instance:

"I am a plumber and gasfitter who is out of work. My stummick is empty, but in my art is the blud of noble burth. I claim the family title and tenements which I will not be denyed the same."

A clerk writes: "I have long suspected that I am of high birth. People tell me that I have manners above my station in life. My photograph herewith shows that I have an aristocratic cast of face, and will, perhaps be a clew to my ancestry. I do not ask for fortune, but I aspire to the pride of race."

He Had "Power" Enough.

The colored minister was tall and powerful of frame, and as he preached he whacked the pulpit cushion with hammer-like strokes of his massive fist. But his preaching, according to a Southwestern bishop of the Episcopal Church, consisted mostly of the repetition of one phrase: "May the Lord give us more power. More power, O Lord!"

At last a small colored man got up in the back of the church, a disgusted expression on his face, and called out in piping tones:

"What you-all need, Bruddah Robbins, is not moah powah, but moah ideas!"

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE

H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props

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

First-Class Hearses in connection. Emerald Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

What's the use of paying more for clothes than they are worth? What's the use of style, without service—of wear



without good looks? What's the use of taking chances with any other Clothing when you can get

"Progress Brand" Clothing

Look for the Label that typifies progress.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN, WOODSTOCK TOMPKIN BROS., BATH

WOODSTOCK WOOD-WORKING COMPANY, LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, School Desks, Sheathing, Flooring and House Finish of all kinds

We employ a first-class Turner, and make a specialty of Church, Stair and Verandah work. Call and see our stock or write for prices before purchasing. All orders promptly attended to.

Just imported, a consignment of No. 1 White Wood. Clapboards for sale.

Hard Pine Flooring and Finish.

N. B. Telephone No. 68-3.

Union Telephone No. 119

'The Sign of the White Horse.'

Look Anyway

When in our streets and you will see a Harness that came from our shop.

Ask Anybody

If that Harness they got from us was all right. If it's not we want to know. We give a guarantee with every harness we sell. If they were not right, we wouldn't do that, would we?

FRANK L. ATHERTON,

Harness Maker and Dealer,

MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK.



THE BEST PLUMBING

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

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

Connell Street,

Woodstock

Dear Sir,

Does your Pung need Painting? If so I shall be glad to paint it for you in a first-class manner at the lowest possible price.

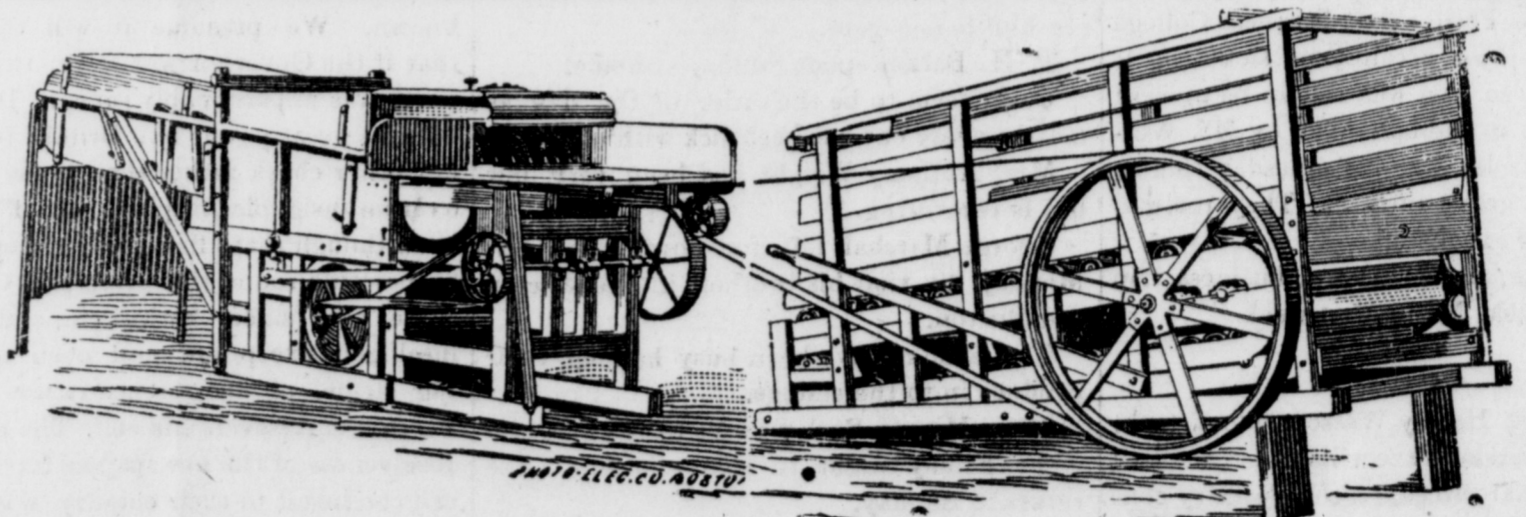
Yours truly,

F. L. MOOERS,

Carriage and Sign Painter,

over Loane's Factory,

Connell street, Woodstock



Having bought the Plant, Stock in Trade and Good Will of the 'Small & Fisher' Company, Limited, [we] are at the old stand open for business, and solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on our predecessors.

The above cut represents our celebrated LITTLE GIANT THRESHER which is the most reliable Roller-Bearing, Double Geared Machine on the market. These Threshers have been many years before the public, and through skilful workmanship and improvements, where circumstances have demanded it, they are still to the front. We are making them both End and Side Shake to suit the requirements of our customers.

Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere.

SMALL & FISHER, Ltd