

**CIRCUS DAY AT WOODSTOCK, Friday, Aug. 30.** Performance at 2.00 and 8.00 p. m.

**100 CIRCUS CHAMPIONS AND CELEBRITIES 100**

22 FAMOUS EQUESTRIANS  
18 DARING AERIALISTS  
23 MERRY CLOWNS

**Le Fleur Troupe**  
10 Lovely Ladies of Faultless Form in Classic Poses on a Great Revolving Pedestal.

11 Arabian Tumblers  
Celebrated **Stirk (10) Family**  
America's Greatest Cyclists and Roller Skaters  
10 Reckless Rough Riders  
100 SHETLAND PONY BALLET  
**Marvelous Picards**  
Aerialists Supreme  
7 Russian Cossacks  
SUPERB GARLAND ENTREE

**42 DOUBLE LENGTH R. R. CARS**  
**500 PEOPLE**  
**350 HORSES**  
**MUSEUM**  
Double Menagerie  
Real Roman Hippodrome  
Scores of Trained Wild Beasts  
**Pretty EDNA MARETTA**  
The Only Lady in the Entire World who throws SOMERSAULTS on the Naked Back of a Swiftly Running Horse.

Thundering Roman Chariot Races  
Educated SEALS & SEA LIONS  
A COMPLETE JAPANESE CIRCUS  
9 SENSATIONAL EQUILIBRISTS  
Only Lady Japanese Artists in America  
20 Astonishing Acrobats  
HIGHEST JUMPING HORSES  
HERDS PERFORMING ELEPHANTS  
CAMELS, LLAMAS AND BOS INDIGUS  
CAKE WALKING HORSES  
TRAINED IMPORTED ARABIAN STALLIONS

**Grand STREET PARADE 10:30 DAILY**

It has an altar magnificently carved, and fairly loaded with gold and silver. The railing in front of it is made of virgin silver, and beneath it are kept the keys of Jerusalem, Acre, and Rhodes. Some of the paintings in the church were brought from Rhodes, and it has tapestries made in Brussels at a cost of \$30,000.

Cita Vecchia is in the center of the island and about on the top of it. It is so high up that on a clear day the coasts of both Sicily and Africa may be seen from its walls.

**The Human Christ.**

(Rev. Chas. F. Dole.)

I carry a beautiful picture enshrined in my mind. It is the image of the perfect man. Strength, justice, courage, truth, grace, faithfulness are in every line of the face. Kindness, sympathy, hope, gladness, enthusiasm, constant good-will shine out of the eyes. Unknown cost of effort, peril, pain, sorrow, and sympathy has gone into this face. But it is not worn or sad.

The look of victory is there—of good overcoming evil. There is firm rebuke in the face of the picture at meanness, oppression, cruelty, selfishness, and pride. But infinite humanity also is there, as of one who believes in me to the last, expects the best of me, is determined to win me to his radiant faith in the right. The face is not too serious; it casts on me many a smile of genial good humor. There is no companionship in the world quite equal to it. In its presence I am refreshed, strengthened, and heartened for every enterprise.

No one has ever seen in bodily form the ideal face of my picture. It belongs to no single nation, or color, or race, or religion. It is not man alone; it has womanly tenderness along with its strength. It is as pure of evil thought as it is fearless of danger. It is a universal man, the son and heir of the universe. It is the image of God; it is doubtless my best self—the man I would choose to become.

The man in the shrine of my heart is like a wonderful composite photograph. All illustrious human persons and values have gone into making it. Whatever faults and foibles good men have ever had fall away. All the good are in my picture, but it is greater than any one of them all. The prophet of Nazareth, who blessed little children, is with me, and many a dim figure of great prophets before him. The Buddha is with me, with his vast pity for suffering humanity. Socrates, drinking the hemlock and scorned to save his life by running away from his duty, has entered into the soul of my picture. The brave English King Alfred is there, and many a true-hearted statesman and patriot; Washington at Valley Forge, and Abraham Lincoln writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, or visiting his wounded soldiers in the hospitals. The men and women who have made and moulded the lives of each of us are in the picture, loving fathers and mothers, high-minded teachers, honest merchants, faithful workmen, good physicians. Even the heroes of story are with us—the noble bishop in Les Miserables, Romola, and Adam Bede. Contributions fresh from human life go daily into making my picture. It is never complete, because it is infinite, like the life of God. Yet nothing that I possess is so real.

I too help in making the picture. Every good thought, every kind act or word, every utterance of good-will develops and deepens the picture. To know the real man in my heart, to love him, to keep company with him, most of all, to do his bidding, and not to dare or wish to move against his will—this is to be at one with myself; this is to love all true men everywhere; this is the essence of worship and communion with God.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by All Dealers.

**Agreed With Him.**

The late James McNeil Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man rushed in with his hat in his hand, and, supposing Whistler to be a clerk, angrily confronted him.

"See here," he said, "this hat doesn't fit."

Whistler eyed the stranger critically from head to foot, and then drawled out:

"Well, neither does your coat. What's more, if you'll pardon my saying so, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers."

At a meeting of the Master Bankers Convention in Toronto last week Mr. Rutherford of Toronto said "every man in business," has a business worth advertising, or he should not have the business. It would be better business for him to be busy with some other man who has a business worth advertising. Like most other mortals, you are in business for profit, and I overheard one of you whispering to his friend-at-elbow, "and we kneed the dough." Naturally the newspaper stands in the forefront. Buy all the space you can afford more than you think you can.

**WILSON'S FLY PADS**

Every packet will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper

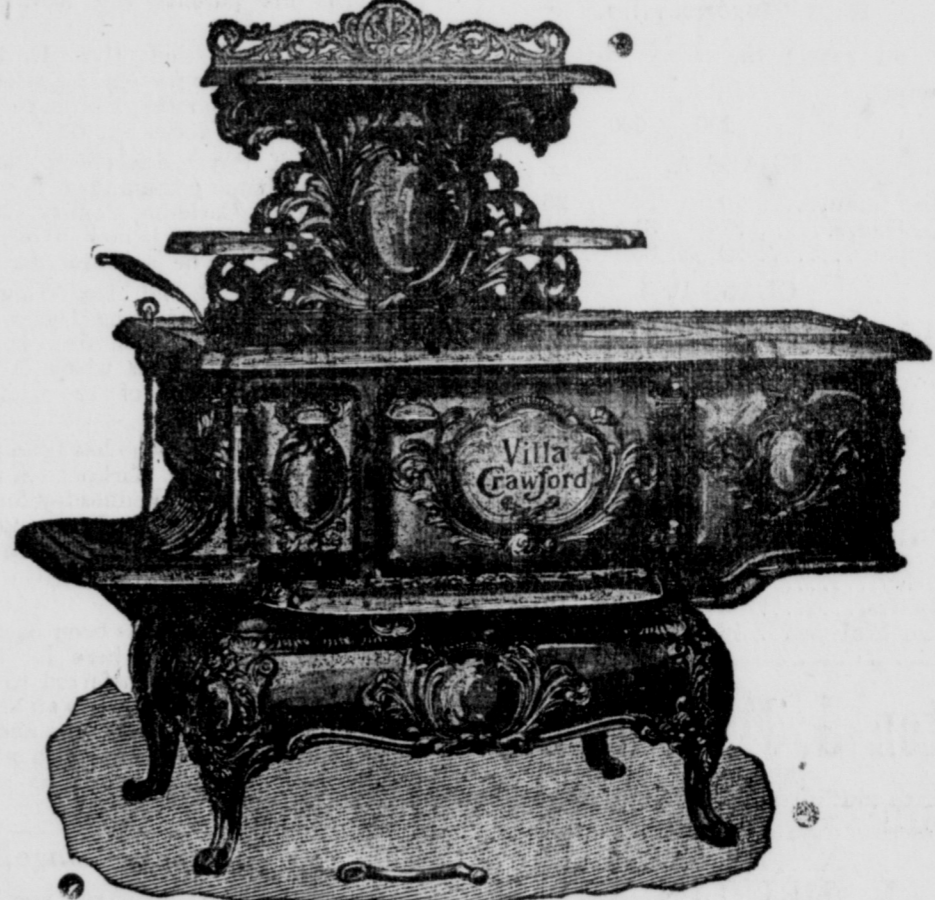
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES  
10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

**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

**Didn't Care to be Numbered.**  
Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone bell rang vigorously several times, and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver, and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do.  
"Hello!" he called.  
"Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-six?"  
"Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye think Oi am—a box car?"



Ranges, Cook Stoves, Heaters, Furnaces, Hand Plows, General Machine Shop Work, Tin and Furnace Work. Celebrated Syracuse Reversible Sulky Plows.  
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**Luck.**  
(Chicago Record-Herald.)  
"There goes one of the luckiest fellows I ever knew."  
"Did he find g gold mine, or was some rich man kind enough to leave him a lot of money?"  
"It was better than that. He started one day to write a sublime poem, but it turned out to be the words of a popular song."  
Butter Paper for sale at this office.

**MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP**  
Will make you bright, strong, and healthy; it tones and invigorates every organ of digestion, cleanses your blood of all impurities and gives new life to your entire system. It CURES ALL STOMACH TROUBLES.  
Price 50 cts per bottle. Sold everywhere.  
A. J. WHITE & CO., MONTREAL.

**Malta, the Key of the Mediterranean.**  
Malta is, says Frank G. Carpenter in Chicago Record-Herald, just about half way between Gibraltar and Port Said. It is scarcely a fly speck on the map of the world, but it is one of the most valuable of all strategic points. It is in the center of the most traveled sea, a great station on the busiest of commercial highways, and just where the steamers stop to take on coal.

Malta is now handling about 500,000 tons of coal a year. The coal is brought from Great Britain and retailed to the steamers. Most of the ships which go to Austria, India, and China by the Suez Canal call there for fuel, and the port has a fleet of 600 lighters which are used for that purpose. Malta is a strong naval station and the government is building a breakwater at a cost of \$5,000,000 to enlarge the harbor to accommodate the navy. The island is the chief base for repairs and outfitting of the Mediterranean fleet, but the fleet has already outgrown its capacity, and for this reason the British are building new docks and at Gibraltar.

But first let me tell you something about the Maltese Islands. There is quite a number of them, but the only ones of note are Malta, Gozo, and Comino, and they altogether have an area of but 117 square miles. They are mere rocks cropping out of the sea, but they are covered with a thin rich mold. They are the most thickly populated part of the globe.

Malta is the biggest, and its area is just about that of the district of Columbia. It rises right up out of the water, and as one looks at it from the steamer it seems bleak and bare. The slopes are precipitous, but the land is so terraced and held back by stone walls that all of it is cultivated. To look at it you would not think it could raise anything. It seems more like a stone quarry or a stone pile than a fertile region; nevertheless everything that is planted grows, and Malta alone supports more than 200,000 people. This is over 2,000 for every square mile, and more, it is said than any other part of the globe.

The two chief towns of the archipelago are Valletta and Cita Vecchia, which are both on this island. Valletta has 80,000 and its harbor is where all the great ships stop. The town is built on a hill, high above the water. The streets ascend at all sorts of angles, and one has to climb up or down in going to any part of it. Lord Beaconsfield once said that the architecture of Valletta was equal to that of any city of Europe, but it seems to me he overdraw it.

The buildings are much like those of Naples. The streets are narrow, and the tall stone houses extend out over them. There are many balconies, and as there are few back yards the family washing is generally hung out from them over the streets. It flaps to and fro in the breeze as one walks through the city, and now and then the pearly drops from a newly washed shirt or pair of unmentionables splash on one's hat or down the back of his neck as he goes by.

From the harbor the view of the city is beautiful. Great walls, which look like forts, rise up from the water, and back of these the houses mount the hills in terraces. Many of the buildings are painted in bright colors, and under the glorious sun of the Mediterranean they shine out resplendent. The city has some fine structures. It has an opera house, in which Patti sang the first time she came to Malta; it was when she was still a girl, and the price she received was \$25.

Another building of note is the Church of St. John, containing the tombs of the grand masters of the Knights of Malta. This church is one of the most remarkable in Europe, and it is revered by the knights throughout the world. It is now over 300 years old, but it is still in excellent condition. The church is gloriously decorated.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY, BETTER THAN THREE DOCTORS.**  
"Three years ago we had three doctors with our little boy and everything that they could do seemed in vain: At last when all hope seemed to be gone we began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in a few hours he began to improve. Today he is as healthy a child as parents could wish for."—Mrs. B. J. Johnston, Miss. For sale by all dealers.