

H. V. Dalling,  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,  
Woodstock, N. B.  
False Economy of  
Cheap Spectacles.



Sight is too precious to trifle with.  
When buying spectacles buy a good pair.  
We use perfect lenses.  
They cost a little more than the common kind, but the difference in comfort is worth many times the difference in price.  
Eyes examined free.

**HELLO!**  
IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN  
WATCHES, CLOCKS,  
JEWELRY OR SILVERWARE,  
or your eyes Tested and Fitted to Glasses in a scientific manner, just give us a call. We guarantee you satisfaction.  
All Repairing done neatly and promptly. Mail orders promptly attended to.  
Don't forget the place.  
H. V. Dalling's Blue Front Jewelry Store,  
No. 39, Main St., Woodstock, N. B.

**ROYAL HOTEL,**  
41, 43 and 45 KING STREET  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
RAYMOND & DOHERTY, Proprietors.  
W. E. RATHBON, (10) H. A. DOHERTY.

**BARKER HOUSE,**  
Queen Street, - Fredericton, N. B.  
All modern improvements in the several services and conveniences.  
FRED. R. COLEMAN, Prop.  
Feb. 15, 1896-97.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
J. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.  
First-Class Livery Stable in Connection.

**EATING HOUSE.**  
McAdam Junction.  
The subscriber having become proprietor of the McAdam Junction Restaurant will maintain and improve upon the reputation it has hitherto enjoyed.  
Best served on arrival of all trains and plenty of time given to enjoy them. The bill of fare includes every luxury in season and is served by competent and attentive waiters.  
A well provided Livery Stable for those desiring lunch.  
C. H. BRANNEN,  
Sept. 15, 1896-97 Proprietor.

**JUNCTION HOUSE,**  
Newburg Junction  
R. B. OWENS, - Proprietor.  
Meals on arrival of Trains. First-Class Fare.

**DR. S. PUGSLEY,**  
DENTIST.  
Office, over Collins' Book Store.  
44 MAIN ST., WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
F. O. Box 210. 15-17-97

**W. D. CAMBER,**  
DENTIST.  
NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for the PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.  
Office—In Connell's Wood Block, Queen St.

**J. J. GALLAGHER,**  
Barrister-at-Law,  
NOTARY, SOLICITOR, &c.  
OFFICE—Upstairs, Payson's Building, Corner Main and Central Streets, Woodstock, N. B.

**CHARLES COMBEN,**  
Barrister, Solicitor,  
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.  
OFFICE—29 Main Street, up stairs, one door below Carr & Gibson's. 15-17-97

**T. J. CARTER, LL.B.,**  
Barrister, Notary Public,  
Conveyancer, &c.  
ANDOVER, VICTORIA COUNTY, N. B.

**THEO. LAWSON,**  
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
ANDOVER, VICTORIA COUNTY.  
COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

**W. FRED. KERTSON,**  
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.  
Grand Falls, N. B.  
Judge of Probate, Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts, Victoria County.

**IRA G. EBBSEY,**  
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**NOTICE!**  
Notice is hereby given that in virtue of The Act of the Dominion Parliament, 63 and 64 Victoria, Chapter 103 and Chapter 104, the name of THE MERCHANTS BANK OF HALIFAX will be changed to  
**"The Royal Bank of Canada,"**  
from and after the second day of January, 1901.  
E. L. PEASE,  
General Manager.  
Halifax, 1st November, 1900-3m46.

**Poetry.**  
John Bull's Bon Voyage.  
The following heart-felt poem in the cockney dialect appeared in a Liverpool, Eng., newspaper on August 15th, at the time of the sailing of some 100 of our inviolable soldiers for their Canadian home.

"I'd've you know I'm proud of you I like the bloomin' crowd of you," Says Mr. Bull.  
"You're lean and sick and sore and sad; It was a tough job you did; You tackled it to suit your dad," Says Mr. Bull.  
"Ere's just a 6-pun note apiece, To keep the wheels in axle grease," Says Mr. Bull.  
"T'is but a trifle, meant to tell You bullock that I like you well, You stood so staunch, so brave you fell!" Says Mr. Bull.  
"A few of you is left behind, I hope you don't take that unkind," Says Mr. Bull.  
"I lost some others just as good, By Mauser ball and poisoned food—K' right it all! Let's give three cheers For our Canadian volunteers!" Says Mr. Bull.  
"We thought we 'ad the record name Before you young colonial came," Says Mr. Bull.  
"But I'll allow, when fightin' 'ot, And man to man, you bet the lot! By old St. George! you bet the lot!" Says Mr. Bull.  
"You've won my thanks and warmed my 'est, We'll never more be quite apart," Says Mr. Bull.  
"My bloomin' eyes is dim with tears, Oh, 'ang it all! Let's give three cheers For our Canadian volunteers!" Says Mr. Bull.

**Select Tale.**  
HIS DEATH WARRANT.  
"It was in the north some years ago," remarked the city editor. "We had a man on the paper who was simply a crank on homicides, and he was more than a mere reporter, for he had detective talent of the highest order. He didn't care much for the common crimes—burglaries, larcenies and such—gave him a good mystery murder and he was splendid. Not only did he have the history of all the famous murderers at his fingers' ends, but he delighted in ferreting out the most mysterious crimes that came within our province. In every case except the one I am telling about—and there were a good many crimes in that town—he traced out the murderer before the detectives even dreamed of his identity. "I have since thought the secret of his success was that he put himself mentally in the place of the murderer and reasoned it out from motives rather than from the 'clews' of the ordinary detective. "There is seldom much method in murder, he once said to me when in a merely conversational mood. 'Most men would commit it in about the same way under the same circumstances. It is only when a man does it systematically, as do the thugs of India, that a murder becomes truly mysterious. "I once asked him why he did not become a regular detective. "I was born and bred a journalist," he said, "and the habit is too strong to break. "That was literally true in his case. Otherwise I might not have told this story. "One morning the body of a fine looking man was found in an alley adjoining the electric light works in the very heart of the town. The afternoon papers had a chance at it, but didn't give much out of it, so I at once assigned it to Jones, as we will call him. Although he did not show up at the usual hour, I had no doubt he was already at work on it, as it was as mysterious a case as I had ever seen. "The victim was identified as a traveler who had just arrived, and so far as known he had no friends or acquaintances in the town. It was not a case of robbery, for all his money and valuables were left on his body. There was a slight contusion on the back of the head and a small needle-like hole through the man's heart. It was especially strange that such a crime could have been committed in a public thoroughfare, while there was absolutely no clue to the murderer or his motive. "But these difficulties were only such as would ordinarily put Jones on his mettle, so I did not doubt that he would have a good account of the affair. I was therefore somewhat surprised when he came sneaking in about 6 o'clock in the evening to see what his assignment was. He looked worn and haggard, but denied that he was ill, so I gave him the murder job. He went out without a word. "I did not see him again that evening. About midnight I began to wonder why I had not heard from him, but only speculated on the possibility of something having happened to him, for the idea that he could possibly fall never occurred to me. Finally, after an hour had gone by, I telephoned to the police station. Word came back that there were no new developments in the case and that Jones had not been there. Sending two men out to hunt him up, I set to work myself, and made a story of the murder from the afternoon papers. Just then Jones came in. His step was unsteady and his face flushed. He had evidently been drinking heavily, something I never knew him to do before, but he was not drunk; rather he seemed at

high nervous tension, although outwardly as calm as ever. "I decided to let this breach of discipline pass and merely asked him for his murder story. He replied that he hadn't written it. "Well, get to work on it at once," I said rather sharply. "Then he really surprised me by saying that he had nothing to write beyond the bare facts already known. The police had developed nothing new, and he supposed that I had worked up the story from the evening papers. "And has it come to you that you wait for the police to develop a murder case for you? I exclaimed angrily. "As for the reports in the evening papers, you can 'take' a better story than they had. "He sat down in apparent despair at his desk. Then I relented and coaxed him a little, begging him not to spoil his great record by failing in such a case. "There's a starter for you," said I, throwing him the article I had commenced. "Now go ahead and fill that out with a column description of the scene." "I haven't even waited it," he replied. Nevertheless he picked up the paper and read them, as if impelled by some hateful fascination. Then he took up his pen to make a few minor corrections. Then, as he totally oblivious of my presence, he began to write. "As about after sheet fell from under his fingers I snatched them up, read them hurriedly and shot them up to the composing room. I read rapidly, taking in the small account of the matter as long as it ran smoothly, while I had too much confidence in him to question the accuracy of his statements. I only realized that he was writing a great account—the greatest he had ever written. He seemed inspired with the very innermost thoughts of the murderer, and under his touch every trivial incident came out with distinctness and coherence that made the cause and method of the crime perfectly plain. "First he described the scene with accuracy and detail that would have been impossible for one who had not studied it closely. The selection of the spot was explained by the fact that the light electric light streaming through the windows of the engine house made it impossible for the passerby to see into the shadows. Thus, while impenetrable darkness screened the assassin, the rattles and roar of the machinery near by drowned all sounds of the struggle of the falling body. "The blow on the head, he demonstrated, must have been a stick, while the wound through the heart could only have been made by the use of those long, fine bladed stilettos of Italian make. Furthermore, the fact that this peculiar weapon was driven home with a firm hand after the victim had been stunned by a blow on the head indicated premeditation; and deliberate murder, while the theory of robbery was disproved by the fact that the man's valuables had been untouched. The only reliable theory, therefore, was that the motive of the murderer was revenge. "I never more masterly analysis of a case I never read, but here he branched off into what I at first supposed to be purely imaginary speculations as to the life of the murderer. He seemed to seek the life of the unknown man. These seemed purposely vague at first, but gathered in strength and certainty until I concluded that he must have some good foundation for them. Starting with hypotheses, he soon began to state them as facts. He described how the dead man, a once trusted friend, had entered the home of another, how by subtle wiles and deceit he had stolen the love of his wife; then followed an

account of how the murdered man had been driven to the crime by the discovery of his wife's infidelity. "I was born and bred a journalist," he said, "and the habit is too strong to break. "That was literally true in his case. Otherwise I might not have told this story. "One morning the body of a fine looking man was found in an alley adjoining the electric light works in the very heart of the town. The afternoon papers had a chance at it, but didn't give much out of it, so I at once assigned it to Jones, as we will call him. Although he did not show up at the usual hour, I had no doubt he was already at work on it, as it was as mysterious a case as I had ever seen. "The victim was identified as a traveler who had just arrived, and so far as known he had no friends or acquaintances in the town. It was not a case of robbery, for all his money and valuables were left on his body. There was a slight contusion on the back of the head and a small needle-like hole through the man's heart. It was especially strange that such a crime could have been committed in a public thoroughfare, while there was absolutely no clue to the murderer or his motive. "But these difficulties were only such as would ordinarily put Jones on his mettle, so I did not doubt that he would have a good account of the affair. I was therefore somewhat surprised when he came sneaking in about 6 o'clock in the evening to see what his assignment was. He looked worn and haggard, but denied that he was ill, so I gave him the murder job. He went out without a word. "I did not see him again that evening. About midnight I began to wonder why I had not heard from him, but only speculated on the possibility of something having happened to him, for the idea that he could possibly fall never occurred to me. Finally, after an hour had gone by, I telephoned to the police station. Word came back that there were no new developments in the case and that Jones had not been there. Sending two men out to hunt him up, I set to work myself, and made a story of the murder from the afternoon papers. Just then Jones came in. His step was unsteady and his face flushed. He had evidently been drinking heavily, something I never knew him to do before, but he was not drunk; rather he seemed at

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