

THE HIT OF THE SEASON!

A DOLLAR FOR 75 CENTS.

Everybody hailing it with delight.
It's the greatest Clothing Sale Woodstock has ever seen.

Every Garment in our stock is included in this 25 per cent. Discount Sale.

Never have we sold so many articles in so short a time and everybody pleased.

It was such a simple matter to please them, too, as the styles were right—they were up to date.

We start off to-day with these same

Suits and Overcoats.

You can have choice of them, without a single exception.
One honest Dollar's worth for Seventy-five Cents.

Do not ask us to Book these goods, at these prices, as our object is two-fold. First, to turn them into cash; second, to make room for early arrivals of Spring Clothing. Don't miss this Sale.

R. B. Jones

Holiday Goods!

EVERETT'S BOOK STORE.

A large and varied stock of TOYS, GAMES, NOVELTIES, DOLLS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, BIBLES, &c.; CHINA WARE, CUPS and SAUCERS, DRIVING CARTS, WORK BOXES, &c., together with a large stock of Useful and Convenient Articles too numerous to mention.

CALL AND SEE.

W. H. EVERETT.

No. 6 MAIN STREET, - NEAR BRIDGE.

GREAT SCOTT!

He cried, are Geo F deForest & Sons the only Tea Blenders on earth? No, but they are the one firm of the very few who know what you want and how to get up a blend to please you.

Strong, Fragrant, Delicious Tea is the kind that is appreciated now-a-days—it is our real specialty and standby. If you want anything in tea write to

GEO. S. deFOREST & SONS, = = ST. JOHN, N. B.

About Milk.

Milk is said to be a perfect food, but in no sense a beverage and should never be used as such. For some invalids it supplies all that is necessary for sustenance and in this respect differs from beef tea, which does not nourish, but only stimulates although many people still foster the delusion that it affords both nutriment and strength. A very little milk, if it agrees with the individual is of more real value than a large quantity of beef tea. Again, cocoa and chocolate, made with milk, form a rich, heavy food, but certainly not a drink.

Fish has very high food value; in fact, it is very nearly as nutritious as chicken or turkey.

DRY GOODS.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

G. W. Vanwart

KING STREET.

Pung For Sale.

A good second-hand Dexter Pump for sale cheap. Enquire of the undersigned.

FOR SALE.

A LOW, LIGHT PUNG, comfortable and easy riding; almost new. Will be sold cheap. Apply to CHESLEY ESTEY, Esq., or R. V. DIMOCK.

TO RENT.

THAT desirable residence on Park street, owned and lately occupied by Mrs. T. H. Fleming. Good barn and cellar; house new; hot and cold water, bath and toilet room up stairs. Apply to

LOUIS E. YOUNG, Solicitor.

WANTED!

Dry Birch Plank.
Also Dry Pine and Bass-wood.

SMALL & FISHER CO.

Woodstock, Jan. 29, 1901.—41-5.

Poetry.

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

Literature.

HIS LOST LOVE.

A Story of a Marvelous Cure.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

After ten years spent abroad Eustace Carnivert found it pleasant to be back in Chicago. Here centered all memories of his ambitious boyhood, his laborious youth, his disappointed, disheartened, suddenly illumined manhood. As he stood awaiting his friend in the reception room of the latter he looked down on the congested sidewalks of the great street that ran far below. By narrowing his eyelids he could fancy it a strip of narrow, black and turbulent river. Much was as he remembered it, much changed. He had changed. He was not the boy of exquisite ideals who had made one of the State street throng. He was not the science loving lad who had striven and struggled and almost starved. He was not the studious and self denying individual who had sacrificed the necessities of the body for the rapture of the mind and the sustenance of the soul. No. The man who had come back was not the man who had gone away. "Save for one thing," he said to himself softly: "for one only."

"Old boy, old boy!" cried a rich and handsome voice. "Is it you—is it really you?" Then the hand which had crashed down on his shoulder gripped his hand hard, and the men stood looking into each other's eyes as only friends between whom an indissoluble bond exists look at each other after a parting of years. "You haven't changed, Harry. And your fame as a surgeon is as great across the ocean as in your own land. You should be a proud prophet to be honored here."

"I!" exclaimed Dr. Griscom. "I! Luck has come my way, but I refuse to be complimented by the American oculist whom Europe has delighted to extol! Come into my office. We can't talk here." He turned to the young woman in charge of the suit.

"I shall not be at liberty until I notify you," he said.

They had a good half hour together, the old friends who had been aspiring and determined and to whom repent and consequent wealth had come. They talked of many people, many things.

"You are married, I hear, Harry," Carnivert said.

"Long ago. There are three youngsters. The boy is called after you."

"You must recollect," said the other quietly, "that I was engaged to Margaret Chester. Her father was a power in the world of finance. The social and intellectual supremacy of the family was never questioned. The engagement was a tremendous mistake. I had nothing except my ambition. When I came to my senses after my insane declaration, I realized the culpability of which I had been guilty—the advantage I had taken of her frank and girlish affection. I went to her. I released her. She assented almost in absolute silence to the breaking of our betrothal. A few weeks later that windfall came to me—that undreamed of and mysterious legacy which enabled me to go abroad to study. I studied hard. Occasion offered; opportunities presented themselves. I took instant advantage of them, with what result you know. And now—now that I have come back circumstanced beyond all probability of poverty, distinguished in my chosen profession, if I may say so, I cannot find the only woman I ever loved—will ever love well enough to make my wife."

There was a brief, a sympathetic silence.

"I know," said Griscom. He did not look up. "The father failed. The mother went to live with her elder son in Montana. The younger boy—well, he went the pace that kills. A shattered mind was the culmination of a brief and brilliant career. As for Margaret—"

"You," in a tense tone, "know nothing of her?"

The surgeon hesitated. Then he said in a voice of decision, "Nothing."

Carnivert arose, walked down the office between the flanking cases of plate glass filled with glittering surgical and scientific paraphernalia, then slowly back again. Griscom sprang to his feet.

"Come!" he cried. "I'll be with you in a few minutes. You shall not go back to your hotel. What nonsense! Do you think you shall escape us as easily as that? You are coming home with me—coming to see Jennie and your namesake. Dress—dinner? Oh, we are not so formal as all that at our house."

At the Griscom residence Carnivert found a warm welcome. Griscom's wife was the kind of a woman who can make a guest feel that his coming brings pleasure; that his departure causes regret. It was a happy little household, neither monotonously dull nor so painstakingly gay as to be wearisome. The oculist of wide and enviable reputation was made to understand that he was well liked personally and not merely admired professionally. So he found himself often at the genial hearthstone of the Griscoms. Sometimes he sadly needed the serenity of atmosphere which there prevailed. For the search which he had come across the Atlantic to prosecute was void of result. All his following of clews terminated at a blank wall. All his inquiries brought replies negative and unsatisfactory.

One bitter midwinter night, coming into the familiar warmth and comfort of the Griscom establishment, he was startled by the alarmed impetuosity with which the wife of his friend accosted him.

"Dr. Carnivert, you will go at once to find Harry! Little Eustace is ill—diphtheria, I fear. I have a physician here, but, of course, the child must have his father. I do not know where he may be found just now. Perhaps at the Auditorium—he spoke of attending a dinner there—perhaps he has dropped into the club. Bring him home."

Carnivert did not find his friend at the hotel. Neither was he at the club. But he had been there. A telephone message had come for him an hour before. He had hastened to the hospital where he regularly attended. The oculist followed him.

"Dr. Griscom? I must see him at once. It is important—immediate."

"I shall tell him." A door at the left was opened. "You will wait here, if you please."

Carnivert entered the room indicated. It was one of the ordinary formal apartments to be found on the main floor of every hospital. A girl at a small table in one corner was manipulating a typewriter. At sound of intruding footsteps she rose, gathered her papers together and turned to leave the room. Attracted by something in her form, her motion, Eustace Carnivert glanced at her in sharp interrogation.

"Margaret!" He sprang forward, with a quick, low cry. "Margaret, Margaret!"

The papers fell from her hands. She stiffened, stood before him rigid, stone still.

"Margaret!" he said again and could utter no other word.

"Hush!" she said, striving to withdraw her hands from his fierce grasp. "Don't you notice—can't you?" The speech was wrung from her, broken, painfully.

"Oh, yes!" he cried. "My dear, my poor, dear girl!" He leaned forward, his eyes full of passionate pity, fixed full upon hers. "How long has it been so—how long?"

"I only learned it the day you gave me back my betrothal pledge." The long lashed lids drooped over the sightless orbs. "That was why I did not protest. I was trying to get up courage when you came to do what you did."

"And I have come back from the old world to find you! You were not using a typewriter?"

"Yes. I have one with raised letters—especially constructed for the blind. Henry Griscom got me a position here. It is light and easy. I am able to do many things. Dr. Griscom has been kind to me."

"He has not been kind to me!" vehemently. "He said he did not know where you were!"

"I made him promise that when I knew you were returning. Somehow I felt—I have always felt—you were coming back. But now you must go away again. You must forget me. I will not let my blindness be a burden and a barrier to you."

"You are thinner, paler than of old, Margaret, but sweeter—for your sadness—to me!"

"I have suffered," she said simply. "Now go!"

Instead he put firm, professional fingers on her eyelids—forced her to let him look long and steadily. A sound like a sob, still a joyful sound, broke from him.

"I can cure you, Margaret!" His voice was hoarse with exultation. "Thank God for that. I can cure you!"

Just then Dr. Griscom came in. Carnivert gave his message. The men went away.

"Fate brought you together after all!" Griscom said. "You do not blame me?"

"You could not break your word, but should not have given such a promise."

"How could I tell you loved her still—after all these years?"

"I thought you were my friend. The intuition of a friend is definite as divine. Do you think it is my nature to love lightly—to forget?"

"I know it is not. I ask your pardon."

"Here we are at the house. I shall wait to hear how the dear little lad is."

Griscom took the stairs three at a time. "Better!" he cried, coming down, radiant. "At least he is in no danger. His mother was unnecessarily alarmed. It is only tonsillitis. He will be about in a few days."

"That is fine! Now I must be selfish for a few minutes. Come into the library." There he turned and faced his comrade. "Harry," he said, "I can cure Margaret!"

"Eustace!" cried Griscom. "Are you sure? For God's sake, don't deceive yourself!"

"I have examined her eyes. I am positive. The operation will be similar to that which brought me the success I had fought so long to win."

The weeks that followed were of eager hope, of confident anticipation, of rapturous conviction. Doubt, despair—these had no place in the sanguine mind of the great oculist.

It came—the all eventful day. Then there was the enforced period of seclusion, of waiting. But when the hour arrived when Carnivert was to remove the bandages from the long unseeing eyes of Margaret Chester his hand trembled for the first time.

"Look!" he commanded in a straining whisper. "Look, beloved!" Her voice rang out, thrilling those who heard. "I can see! I can see! Eustace! Eustace!" Oh, the ecstasy of that cry! "I can see you!"

Then he had caught her in his arms. Her head was on his shoulder, her happy face crushed against his breast.

"Old fellow," Griscom said reverently, "there is something I must tell you now. After that parting between you and Margaret she transferred to you all the property she personally possessed. It was a legacy to her from an aunt. That is the money which you spoke of as having come to you mysteriously. Her lawyers were bound to silence. Without that gift of exquisite generosity you could never have gone abroad, studied, fulfilled your dreams of success, attained your present eminence!"

"Nor given Margaret back her sight!" Dr. Griscom's wife said softly.

Margaret was smiling through joyful tears. And her lover, in silence more eloquent than any speech, looked down upon her,—St. Louis Republic.

Aphorisms.

He who is not contented with what he has would not be contented with what he would like to have.—Socrates.

It is a wise man who knows his own business, and it is a wiser man who thoroughly attends to it.—H. L. Wayland.

The cheerful live longest in years and afterward in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness.—Bovee.

Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others and one, more important, which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

Montana leads all the States in production of copper and wool.

Every Mother A Doctor

It is an anxious time for mothers when the little ones get their feet cold and wet, and come home hoarse and coughing, or awaken in the night victims of deadly croup. Then it is that mothers turn gratefully to Dr. Chase, who, through his great Recipe Book and famous family remedies, has time and again saved the little ones and older ones, too, from suffering and death.

It is truly surprising how promptly Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brings relief when the throat is sore and irritated, when the cold is in the chest, and the cough painful and distressing. It allays the inflammation, heals the sore and torn membranes, soothes the nerves and clears the air passages.

People who know of the singular virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine do not think of accepting the cheap substitutes which many druggists offer in its place; 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady Takes on Herself to Cure Her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows: "My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time, but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day, after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking. Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend.'

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials, and price sent in plain, sealed envelope, correspondence sacredly confidential. Address: THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada.

For Sale by All Druggists.

Cheap Sale of FURS GOODS

We have a very large and well assorted stock of Fur Goods, consisting of

Men's Fur Coats,

In Astrachan, Coon Coats, Wombat, Marmot and China Dog.

Ladies' Coon Coats, Astrachan Jackets.

LADIES' COON CAPES, Astrachan Capes, Grey Lamb Capes.

Fur Collars and Bows, Opposum, Grey Lamb, Astrachan, Electric Seal, Dyed Opposum.

FUR CAPS—

Persian Lamb, Mink, Opposum, Grey Lamb, Electric Seal.

These Goods are in the Leading Styles and Makes; will be sold cheap to clear. Come in early and get your choice.

SAUNDERS BROS.



The Family Wash

Is robbed of its terrors for the housewife. We call and get it, wash and iron it carefully and thoroughly, and send it home just when you want it, all for

Five Cents a Pound.

You can see in a minute that it won't pay you to do your own washing when we'll do it at that rate.

Queen Steam Laundry.

S. H. CLARK, Prop.

Her Father—You have been paying attention to my daughter. You haven't proposed yet?

His Lordship—Not yet, sir.

Her Father—Now, let us come right down to business. What will you take not to propose?

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

House Agent (showing off jerry-built house)—I can assure you, sir, that this is a very healthy neighborhood. People don't die often here.

Mr. Subbubs—Not often, you say? Why, in my district they never die more than once.