

England's Trial.

The irony and tragedy of life so glare at one in the interrupted pageant of the English coronation that it is difficult to think of anything, or look at anything, but the personal and national disappointment and suspense which the King's illness has caused. Acute as these are, however, we cannot prevent our thoughts from running beyond the anxieties of the hour. "It is with to-morrow that my spirit wrestles," said Metternich, who added that "the present day has no value for me except as the eve of to-morrow." That is the necessary attitude of the statesman, as of all who follow, with Dr. Arnold, history in the making with eager and intent interest. A dramatic crisis, like King Edward's sudden fall under the stroke of disease, makes us pause for a breathless moment to cry out on the vanity of pomp and station, and to exclaim that men are but shadows pursuing shadows; but the wholesome habit of the mind soon reasserts itself, and we ask, "What of the future?"

In measuring the part which the monarch plays in the public life of Great Britain, we have to admit that it is more ornamental than vital. The crown is a great symbol of union and of sovereignty; but actual government resides elsewhere. The English people are a democracy. It is a commonplace to say that, in England, the King reigns but does not govern. Thus in any such threatened demise of the crown as now confronts us, the eye of the observer must look beyond the monarch to the nation, beyond the kingship to those broadening precedents of English liberty which are the real hope and strength of the dwellers in the three kingdoms. In their tried stability is the only guarantee against such chance shocks as the one which has now stayed a public festivity, and left all England watching by a royal sick-bed.

This is not saying that the personal influence of the sovereign may not be very great. The late Queen exercised it in an extraordinary degree. Even in her case, however, it was a womanly and royal power, not a directly political power. King Edward, of course, has had no opportunity to rival her hold on the hearts of the people; and he very properly kept his hand off party politics. As Prince of Wales he was bound to know no partisan differences. During all his long career as heir apparent he so bore himself in all his public functions as to win the commendation of even English Liberals for his impartiality and correct behavior. The scandal of the eighteenth century, when a Prince of Wales could be in open alliance with the Opposition, we shall never see recur.

To mark the change which time has wrought in the English monarchy, we have only to contrast George III. with King Edward VII. The former was not only a King, but an active and astute politician. He made and unmade Cabinets. He had his "men" in Parliament. Political plots were hatched in his bed-chamber. If the present king should essay anything of that kind, he would provoke a revolution. Mr. Bryan's solemn appeal to King Edward last year to "stop the Boer war" was a characteristic mingling of impudence and ignorance. The King has to do what his Prime Minister tells him to do. King Edward, it is true, is credited with having exerted himself to secure honorable terms for the Boers, as a condition of surrender; but he did it in and through his Ministers, and had they not been persuaded, the King would have been powerless.

These reflections remind us how deeply and broadly based are the political institutions of England, and how little their security is endangered by any change in the crown. At the same time, important political consequences would surely follow, in the present posture of affairs, the death of the King or even his prolonged disability. It is not simply that the coronation revels will be broken off. Matters more weighty than the coronation hinge upon it, and these will now appear in a different light. There was, first, Lord Salisbury's probable retirement at an early day, with the readjustment of the Ministry and, presumably, a dissolution of Parliament. There was also the heralded conference of Mr. Chamberlain with the Colonial Premiers. By that alone the public policy and the party fortunes of England might easily be more affected than they possibly could be by any mere disaster to the royal family. But this conference, upon which that daring and ambitious and forceful politician, the Colonial Secretary, had pinned so many hopes, will now be either adjourned or held under auspices very different from those anticipated.

These are among the remote effects of the King's illness on which, we may be sure, thoughtful Englishmen are already meditating. But, of course, their immediate preoccupation is with the personal, the human aspect of the dramatic and staggering blow that has fallen upon their nation. They are unquestionably meeting their national trial with manly firmness. The note struck in the

addresses in both houses of Parliament was one of genuine sorrow touched with resolution to endure with courage whatever the future may bring. And it is to a nation which thus knows how to take the buffets of fortune as truly as to the sufferer in the palace, and to those who are personally stricken in his illness, that our respectful sympathy goes out today.—New York Post.

A Surprised Doctor.

SAID A CASE OF ST. VITUS DANCE COULD NOT BE CURED.

Called One Day and Found the Patient Ironing and Learned That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Had Succeeded Where Other Medicine Had Failed.

The sufferer from St. Vitus dance, even in a mild form, is much to be pitied, but when the disease assumes an aggravated form the patient is usually as helpless as an infant, and has to be watched with as much care. St. Vitus dance is a disease of the nerves and must be treated through them, and for this purpose there is no other medicine in the world acts so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this statement is found in the cure of Miss Louise Luffman, whose home is at Poucher's Mills, Ont., who was cured by these pills after two doctors had failed to benefit her in the least. The young lady's mother tells the story of her daughter's illness as follows:—"I do not think it possible anyone could be afflicted with a more severe form of St. Vitus dance than that which attacked my daughter Louise. Her arms and legs would twitch and jerk, her face was drawn and finally her left side became numb as though paralyzed. Two doctors attended her, but their treatment not only did not help her but she grew steadily worse. Her tongue became swollen, her speech thick and indistinct, and she could neither sit still nor stand still. She could not hold anything in her hand and it was necessary to watch her all the time as we feared she would injure herself. The last doctor who attended her told me she would never get better, and it was then that I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken two boxes we could see an improvement in her condition. Her appetite improved, she could sleep better and the spasms were less severe. From that on there was a marked improvement in her condition and one day the doctor who had said she could not get better called while passing and found her ironing—something she had not been able to do for months. I told him it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that was curing her and he said, 'Well, I am surprised, but continue the pills, they will cure her.' She used in all eight or ten boxes and is now as healthy a girl as you will find anywhere, and she has not since had a symptom of the trouble."

If you are weak or ailing; if your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A little boy had come to school for the first time. The teacher, to encourage the children to speak, asked them simple questions, such as, "How many feet have you?" etc. The cautious little man, however, listened without saying anything. At last the teacher, noticing this, said to him:—"How many feet did you say you had?" "Afraid of committing himself, he said: "Please, sir, I didn't say I had any."

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BORN.

CONNELL.—At Digby, on Sunday, June 29th, to the wife of C. G. Connell, a son.

SHAW.—At Middle Simonds, on Thursday, June 19th, to the wife of David W. Shaw, a son.

MARRIED.

GIBERSON-ROGERS.—At the residence of Mrs. Whitfield Giberson, Aroostook J'ct., June 26th, Chester Giberson, and Miss Alice M. Rogers, of Fort Fairfield, were united in marriage by Rev. R. W. Demmings.

MCLEAN-SEELY.—At Waterville, June 25th, by Rev. A. W. Currie, Mr. Joseph McLean and Miss Hannah Seely, both of Waterville.

WATERS-CULBERSON.—At the parsonage Jack-sonville, on the 25th, June by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Mr. Hanford J. Waters to Miss Kate P. Culber-son.

KENNEDY-BROWN.—At the home of the bride, Azordale, Car. Co., N. B., on June 21st, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Mr. Christie Kennedy to Miss Annie Brown.

CAMPBELL-CHENEY.—At the home of the bride's father, June 25th, by Rev. A. W. Currie, Fred D. Campbell and Miss Adeline Cheney, both of Lindsay, Carleton County.

TRAFFORD-McCORMAC.—At the Union church, Connell, on the 25th of June, by the Rev. Merritt L. Gregg, Sewell N. Trafford, of Centreville, and Miss Pearl M. McCormac, of Connell.

TURTON-COCKBURN.—At the Methodist parson- age, Woodstock, on Wednesday afternoon, June 25th, by the Rev. H. C. Rice, Geo. H. Turton, of Montreal, to Frances Mary Cockburn, of the same city.

TURNER-SHAW.—At the residence of the officiat- ing minister, Florenceville, N. B., June 25th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward assisted by Rev. W. H. Smith, Mr. Benjamin T. Turner, of Carlisle, N. B., to Miss Cora Grace, daughter of Bela B. Shaw, Esq., Carlisle.

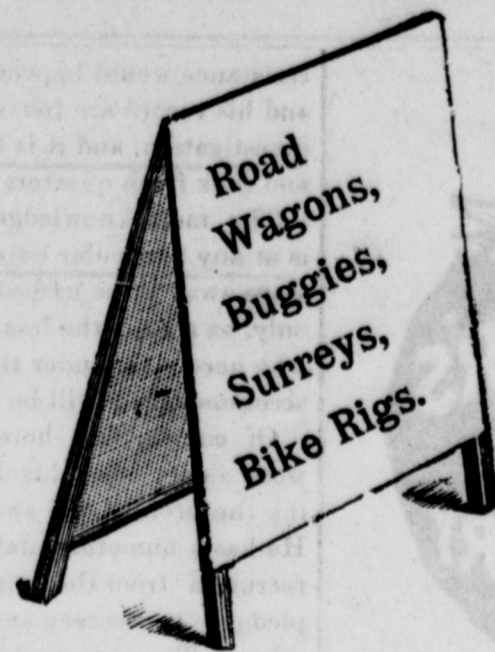
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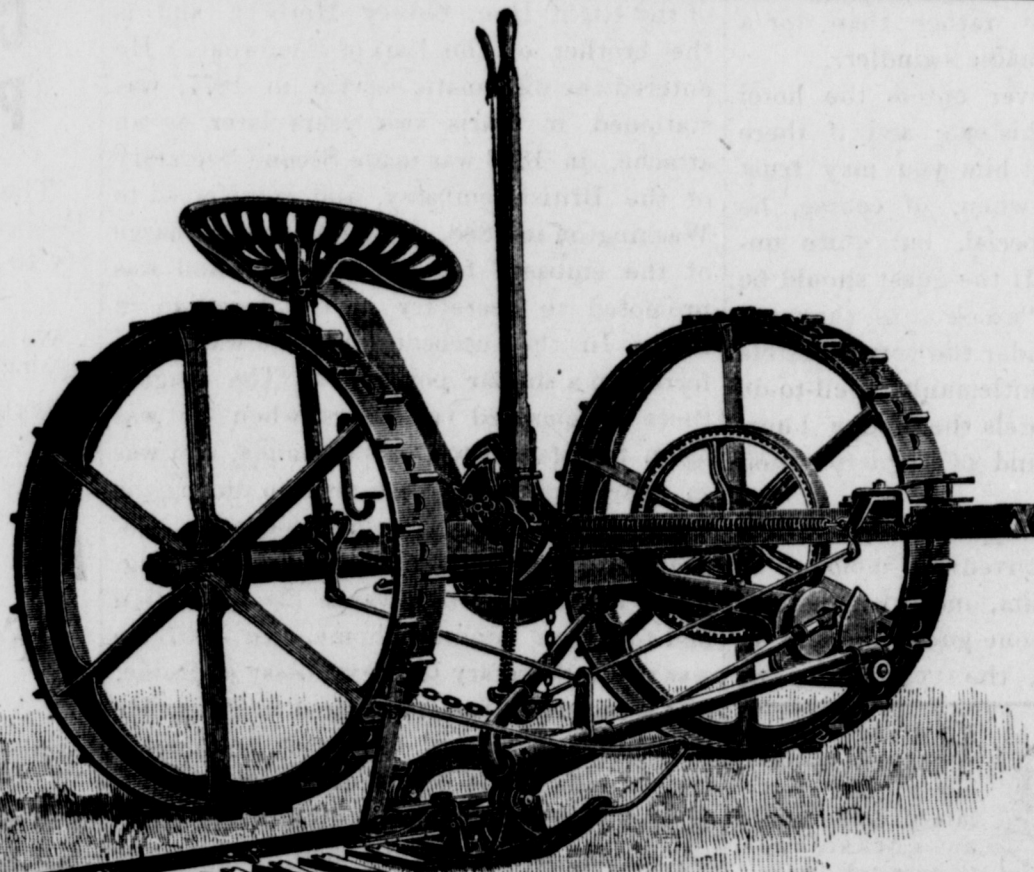
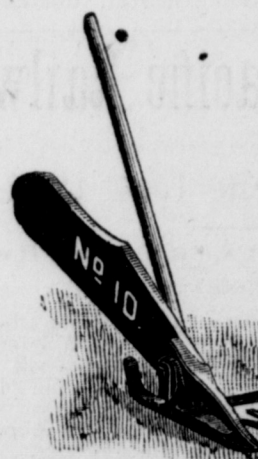
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