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Twenty-cent circular on application to your paint or hardware dealer. We will send one direct if you drop us a postal.

BE YOUR OWN ARTIST.
Select the tint, or combination of tints of **ALABASTINE** you desire on your walls and have **THE PAINTER** do the work. Or, do it yourself by simply mixing with cold water and applying with a brush. The result will be a durable, cement-like coating, pleasing, healthy and inexpensive.

CHURCH'S COLD WATER

ALABASTINE

is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers, in packages only, never in bulk. Made in Canada by

The ALABASTINE CO., Limited, PARIS, ONT.

Do We Work Too Hard?

One of the curious outcomes of civilization is that people who are civilized have to work much harder than savages and barbarians.

The savage spends most of his life in enjoyment. The civilized man is fortunate if he can snatch a few weeks, or even days, out of the year to enjoy himself. And even this relaxation he looks upon as a preparation for more work. So hard have we to work, indeed, that we regard labor as the chief end of our lives.

Of course, this view is absurd. What we work for is to provide food, clothes, houses and other necessities of existence, and over and above these to procure good furniture, pianos, pictures, books, jewelry, theater tickets, rooms to dance in, cricket and golf apparatus, yachts, bicycles, horses and other means of enjoyment.

Now, to spend nine-tenths of our lives in getting these and only one-tenth in the enjoyment of them is absurd. Yet that is what most people do, and, in fact, the man who gives the most time to labor and the least to enjoyment is looked upon as the most sensible member of the community. He is actually quite the most foolish.

Ask that man a few questions and you will discover his stupidity. "Why do you work so hard?" "I am happy only when working." "What do you work for?" "To make money." "What is the use of money?" "To buy things." "What are the things for?" "To be enjoyed." "When are you going to enjoy them?" "When I knock off work."

But he only knocks off work when he has given himself consumption, heart disease, rheumatism, or some other disabling malady by overwork.

The irony of it all is that one of the chief aims of civilized people is to invent labor-saving machines. They have been inventing these for hundreds of years, yet work is carried on at higher pressure than ever. The Americans, celebrated for labor-saving machinery, are the greatest slaves to work in the world.

Then look at all the unnecessary things that we work for—for instance, silver-mounted and perfectly useless canes. These are a mere survival of barbarous times, when everyone had to protect himself. White linen shirts most expensive to keep clean, and very uncomfortable; silk hats, etc., etc., etc.

Half of the things we buy with money earned by overwork we should be just as happy without, and very much happier, for we would have more time for enjoyment.

Take an individual case. A man works from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon. He rushes to the seaside in a crowded train, arrives there tired, is bored all Sunday, gets up before he has slept enough on Monday morning, and back to work. What does he go to the seaside for? To make himself fit for more work. If he does not go to the country he breaks down—a clear proof that he has worked too hard. As a result we have a Royal Commission enquiring into the deterioration of the race.

A great doctor says that we all work too many days in the week, and if a medical commission were appointed to draw up a scale of work-hours they would probably turn out something like the following:

For school children, three hours in school and one hour's lessons at home.

For outdoor workers, eight hours daily.

For factory hands, clerks, shop assistants, etc., seven hours daily.

For writers, professional men and other brain-workers, five hours daily.

The week to consist of five days—four days work and one day's rest.

Holidays, two weeks at least, four times a year.

If something like this rule were adopted we might not be so rich, as a nation, but we should enjoy better health, greater happiness and longer life.—"Answers."

The Folly of Believing in Luck.

"You think, then," said the gentleman who stood on the marble steps leading up to his \$700,000 palace, "that your present condition is due merely to the fact that you have been unlucky."

"Yes," replied the humble one who leaned upon the handle of the lawn mower, "I have made up my mind that I must have been born under an unlucky star. I've worked hard all my life. A dozen times after saving carefully and getting ahead a little I've tried to become a leading citizen but something has always happened to spoil my plans. Once I started in the milk business and had just begun to see my way clear ahead a little when somebody brought into the neighborhood a cow with a contagious disease. Mine all caught it before I had time to discover the presence of danger, and I lost everything I had."

"I opened up a grocery in a manufacturing district next, and then a panic came on and they closed all the shops and the people moved away, so that I lost all I had saved again. Then I went to work and hoarded up every cent I could until I had \$500. In a bank that was supposed to be as sound as the government itself. The cashier looted it one day, and I was penniless again. Then I thought I would buy real estate. After saving again I bought a lot that everybody thought would rapidly increase in value. The day after I made the last payment on it the city decided to locate a dog pound on the adjoining lot, and I couldn't even get anyone to take it as a gift."

"And you think all this has been mere bad luck, eh?" said the rich gentleman, with a smile of mingled pity and contempt. "My good fellow, there is no such thing as bad luck in this world. We succeed or fail according to our abilities. You lack foresight, that's all. You should before going into the dairy business have taken precautions to prevent your cows from being contaminated. You showed poor judgment in opening a grocery store in a district that was liable to be affected by business conditions, and you should have known better than to put your

money in a piece of ground that adjoined a suitable sight for a dog pound. People never get rich or great through mere luck. Bad luck is always the excuse of people who lack the ability to rise. It's as old as the world and as foolish as the belief of the man who thinks he can lift himself by his bootstraps. Go ahead now and finish mowing the lawn. After you're through I'll see about giving you a regular job for the summer."

The humble one went on with his work. As he was pushing his mower past the turreted stable the coachman emerged.

"Do you know how the man who lives here got his money?" asked the stranger.

"Haven't you heard the story? Thirty years ago when this city was a struggling village and nobody thought it would ever amount to anything a man who owed him \$75 had a ten-acre lot here. It was mostly a swamp and couldn't be used for farming or building. He couldn't pay the \$75 so the boss had to take the land. He tried to trade it off for a mule, and I guess would have done it all right only the mule died just before they came to an understanding. A little while after that the boom struck the place and he wanted to sell out for \$20,000, but the people who were going to buy busted up and he had to take his swamp back. He was so disappointed that he took sick and was out of his head for three weeks. When he got so he could set up and recognize people again his land was worth \$4,000,000. The man with the mower then went on about his work, for he was cutting the grass by the job, and couldn't afford to waste time."

Fought Death by Walking.

"Go home and die comfortably." A wasted shadow of a consumptive, Charles E. Norris, of San Francisco, received this advice from physicians.

It was not encouraging advice, but Norris promptly replied, "I'll not. I'll fight, and if I die, I'll die fighting." Pinning his faith to the open-air cure, Norris has now tramped from the valley of death to sunny health, and expects to keep on tramping to the end of his days.

It is three years since he set out on his walk against death, and his record is now 11,340 miles. Though sixty-three years old, Norris has combined with the exertions of a rugged life the cares of striving for existence. This constant striving he regards as an essential part of his cure.

He has been asked to take others with him on his tramps, but has refused unless they agree to go as he is—penniless. "If they are able to afford the luxuries of good hotels, snug beds, rich food, they stand small chances of being cured," he says.

Because of his clean cloths, Norris is regarded by the professional tramps with suspicion, and often he is mistaken by them for a detective. He is now writing a book of his experiences.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

The Farm Well. The Cheese Factory and Creamery.

Some rather startling facts in regard to the water supply of our farms, cheese factories and creameries, were brought out at the conference of dairy instructors and experts held in Ottawa last fall, the official report of which is now being distributed by Mr. J. A. Rad-dick, Chief of the Dairy Division, Ottawa. In discussing the sanitation of cheese factories and creameries, Dr. Connell, bacteriologist at the Kingston Dairy School, pointed out that one great sanitary requisite is good water. Most of our factories obtain their water from shallow wells, only a few using water from deep wells, springs, creeks or rivers. Good water can be secured from shallow or surface wells, yet such water is always classified as suspicious by sanitarians when it is used for drinking purposes. The reason for this simply is that such water is ground water, derived by seepage through soil of the rain or snow water. Shallow wells are usually placed quite close to the houses or factories which they are to supply, and thus the soil in their neighborhood is apt to become contaminated, and this contamination is sooner or later carried by seepage into the well. Fortunately, the soil is an excellent filtering and cleansing agent, but it is only able to dispose of a certain amount of contaminating material. Such disposal takes time, so that if there is a particularly heavy rain the contaminating matter may be carried far into the earth below the purifying layer, and thus soak unchanged into the wells. If a large amount of this contaminating material

finds its way into the soil, the earth becomes "soured", and can no longer dispose of or purify the waste, which tends to soak into or mix with the ground water. Some surface wells are so constructed as to be mere surface drainage pits; that is they are not raised above the surrounding earth, and hence receive the surface washing direct. Farmers and makers ought to realize that a surface well does not get its water from some hidden source below, but is simply a collecting reservoir for the ground water derived from rain and snow water. And farther, that if the soil in the neighborhood of such a well is saturated with slop water and house and factory drainings, that sooner or later these will make their way into the well.

SOME TESTS.

Prof. Shutt's chemical analysis of farm well water have shown the majority of the wells to be little better than cesspools. From 100 to 200 samples a year are analysed at the chemical laboratory of the Central Experimental Farm, and not one-fifth of these can be passed as safe and wholesome. By far the greater number are utterly condemned, while others are reported as suspicious, putting them in the category of those that are unsafe to use. The bacteriological examinations of Dr. Connell, and Prof. Harrison of the Ontario Agricultural College, show similar results. Dr. Connell mentioned that out of a dozen factory waters sent him last summer not one was found fit for use. All were badly contaminated, and for drinking purposes would be immediately condemned. Later Dr. Connell had an opportunity of seeing two of the wells from which the samples were taken. Both were subject to direct gross contamination from drainage water lying under the factory floors, and the streams of dirty slime could be seen opening into the wells about four feet below the surface. Both these waters were very foul, so foul that animals would not touch them. Such a well is generally termed a "mineral" one in the section, probably because the sulphuretted hydrogen of decomposition causes an odor somewhat like that of natural sulphur water.

IMPROVEMENT NECESSARY.

A factory well cannot be kept uncontaminated, so long as the drainage and whey disposal system of the factory is not carefully looked after, so that the first essential for a pure water supply from the ordinary well is good drainage. Next is the proper construction of the well, including its covering, so as not to permit surface washings flowing in. As Prof. Shutt pointed out, this drainage matter, apart from its actually poisonous character, is the very material upon which microbes and germs live, and water polluted from the barnyard, privy, etc. is always loaded with countless millions of bacteria. It is impossible to turn out first class dairy products where such water is used, so even from the dollars and cents standpoint, improvement in this respect is imperative.

It is not the smell or appearance of water that denotes its condition. Many samples of water, which to the sense of smell or sight or taste are perfect, yet simply reek with filth. The bacteria which we cannot detect by our senses are far more dangerous than those which we can detect.

Here Charity.

Modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of court. M. A. P. tells us that a young American woman wished to be presented at the court to the King of Saxony.

The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They re-presented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker.

The young woman cabled home, and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer:

"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

THE HORSE MARKET

Demande Sound Horses Only.
Lame horses sell at less than half their actual value and are neither desirable for use or sale. The remedy is easy. A few bottles of



will work a permanent cure for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. It cures thousands of cases annually. Such endorsements as the one following are a guarantee of merit.

Cured two Bone Spavins of Ten Years' Standing.

Earville, N.Y., Mar. 11, 1904.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Gentlemen—Some years ago I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on a horse that had two Bone Spavins, and it removed them entirely. These spavins had been on him from birth, and were of ten years' standing. I now have a case of a mare that was cured by falling through a bridge, and am going to give her complete treatment with your Spavin Cure. Please send me a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Yours very truly, CLARK O. FORT.

Price \$1.50 per bottle. As a treatment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or on request.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

NOTICE.

The Marble and Granite Works of the late John Gallagher will be continued under the same name, J. Gallagher & Son, at the old stand, under the management of Gallagher Bros.

Thanking the public for past favours and hoping for a continuance of their patronage we would advise persons wanting anything in the above line to give us a call, examine our stock and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Satisfaction guaranteed in quality of stock, workmanship and prices.

Yours truly,

GALLAGHER BROS.

April 27 '3m.

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,

Cornell Street, Woodstock

We Do First-Class

HAND LAUNDRY

WORK—AND CHEAP.

Shirts 8c, Collars 1 1/2c, Cuffs 4c, Undershirts 4c, Night Shirts 5c. Shirt collars ironed straight, as not to hurt the neck; stand-up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Family work promptly done and work cheap. Parcels called for and delivered. Please call and try; if not satisfactory will be repeated free. The proprietors will guarantee satisfaction in this line at cheapest rates. Give us a call. Please open parcel and see that your work is properly executed. If it suits you please recommend us to your friends. Goods called for and delivered when desired to any part of the town.

WAH SING,

QUEEN STREET.

HOTELS

VICTORIA HOTEL,

ST. JOHN N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor

JUNCTION HOUSE,

Newburg Junction

Meals on arrival of all trains First-class
R. B. OWENS, Proprietor

The Sunshine

of public favor is poured upon the Life Insurance Company which deals justly and fairly with its policy holders.

THE LONDON LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Has established a reputation for Honesty and Fair Dealing. Premiums payable yearly, half yearly or quarterly.

Write for information to

W. S. SAUNDERS, Chief Provincial Agent, or

J. N. W. WINSLOW, District Agent,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

County Council Meeting.

The regular June Meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of Carleton will be held at the Court House on Tuesday the 21st day of June next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated this thirty-first day of May A. D. 1904.

J. C. HARTLEY, Secretary-Treasurer
Municipality of Carleton.

June 1-31

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

This is to certify that the partnership that existed between the under-signed Harry G. Noble, of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, and Province of New Brunswick, merchant, and Percy J. Trafton, of the said Town of Woodstock, merchant, under the firm name of Noble & Trafton, for the purpose of carrying on a general retail business at said Woodstock, was on the thirtieth day of April last, dissolved by mutual consent.

Dated this second day of May, A. D. 1904.

HARRY G. NOBLE,
PERCY J. TRAFTON

All Steel Land Rollers.

Our rollers have **solid steel shaft** two inches in diameter.

Fitted with **roller bearings** and draw from middle of axle.

Drums of heavy sheet steel with **closed ends.**

Easily **worth** many dollars **more** than the inferior rollers offered by our competitors. If you examine them you will agree with us.

These excellent rollers are now in the hands of our agents along the line. They have also the celebrated **Perrin Plow**, the only Sulky Plow on the market that will do its work satisfactorily.

BALMAIN BROS.

Woodstock, May 4th, 1904.