

WOODSTOCK, N. B., DEC. 21, 1904



**Nova Scotia Wool.**

Nova Scotia sheep grow the best wool in the world. The air, climate and grazing give a strength, elasticity and silkiness to the wool, that cannot be duplicated anywhere else. The only underwear in Canada, made of Nova Scotia wool, is

**Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear**

The wool—process—knitting—workmanship—all combine to produce the best woolen Underwear Stanfield's. Every garment is guaranteed unshrinkable, by the only guarantee worth considering—"money back if unsatisfactory."

Wear "Stanfield's" this winter.

door smokes and the aroma penetrates your room, nor tell me you are going to leave in the middle of the winter because the thermometer in your room only registers 78 when you want it to register 80, nor tell the servants you were never in such a cold, cheerless place in your life, and that for your part you would rather go and live in a cold storage warehouse at once; nor hold indignation meetings in the drawing room and lead the other women on to making out a petition to me that I have the windows washed every Tuesday before 10 a. m., so that the man who does this work will not interfere with your visitors; nor—"

"What sort of women have you been having in your house, anyway?" asked one of the trio when the landlady paused for breath.

"Married women and spinsters who have nothing to occupy their time," said the lady of the house promptly. "Oh! I've suffered and bled and died from their idiosyncrasies."

"But men aren't such neat lodgers?"

"No," assented the lady of the house, "between their smoking and the ashes and the match sticks they strew about, and the beer bottles under their bed, they are not to say clean. But they are so comfortable. They go out early and come back late, and when they do come back they are so busy getting ready to go to see their sweethearts that they have no time to run their fingers over the window sills to see whether they have been dusted that morning. Then they sleep all day Sunday and then never cook in their rooms."

"The only thing a man quarrels about is hot water. If he can't have hot water when he wants it he says, 'By Jove! this won't do, you know,' to the maid, and she tells me, and we arrange to have enough for him next morning. And he never talks to other men about the house and leads them on to complain. A woman is not satisfied to protest by herself—she must always be backed by the lady in the second-story front. Still if you will promise not to do any of the things I mention, I might try you," (doubtfully).

But the young women didn't care to be taken in on a surferance and under suspicion, and so they pursued their investigations further. The next housekeeper interviewed said she didn't take women and children. "The children make a noise and the women I can't make comfortable."

"But you manage to make the men who live in your house comfortable?"

"Oh! certainly. That's quite different. But I can't make women comfortable. They're always making a fuss about something."

The next lady interviewed said that she would take fox terrier dogs at a pinch when accompanied by their master, but she felt that she was justified in drawing the line at women and children.


It was after this last experience that the young women went back to their boarding house in bitterest mortification.

"Women and children—and dogs," said the uncompromising one solemnly, as she brewed a cup of tea. "We'd better get settled quickly, for the time will come soon when even the boarding houses will draw the line at females, and we'll be forced to buy a house of our own, which will be embarrassing, as we have no money. I hope the women who have made their sex unpopular are now wandering around seeking where they may lay their heads."

"And dogs," said the youngest of the group, reflectively. "It is to this that the most intelligent part of the human race has been brought by making caramels and quarrelling about heat. It seems to me it's about time for us to die."—Baltimore News.

The West with all its growth and progress, has not yet wrested the manufacturing supremacy from the little towns of the East. In spite of handicaps in the way of lack of coal, iron and other raw material, New England still leads the country in many specialties. Nearly all the whips used in the United States are made in Westfield, Massachusetts, and most of the horn and shell goods in Leominster. Shirley manufactures suspenders in larger quantity than any other town or city in America. Attleboro leads in the production of cheap jewelry, and New Britain, Connecticut, in cutlery. How have these comparatively small places attained this position, and how do they hold it in the face of competition and disadvantage? One of the most noted mechanical engineers of France has lately made a tour of the United States. He answers the question. It is skill, he says—mechanical skill. "The workshops are magnificent. There are the true merchants. It is the birthplace of workers, one could even say artists, of the first order, who transmit their skill from father to son."

**Cure Yourself of Rheumatism**



Uric Acid causes Rheumatism. Kidneys are diseased—they let Uric Acid escape into the blood. The blood carries it all over the body—deposits some into the joints—leaves some to inflame the nerves and set them aching. So its weak kidneys after all that bring Rheumatism.

**"Sun" Kidney Pills**

cure Rheumatism because they cure the kidneys. They build new tissue in the kidneys—neutralize the Uric Acid—give the kidneys new strength and vigor—help them to do their work properly. There can be no Rheumatism with healthy kidneys. "Sun" Kidney Pills make kidneys well. Cure your Rheumatism with "Sun" Kidney Pills.

ALL DEALERS. 50c a BOX

**The Evolution of a Name.**

Two men who happened to be journeying across a Western state in the same railway-train became so well acquainted with each other that when they neared the station where one of them was to get off, they expressed their mutual pleasure at having met, and exchanged business cards.

One of the cards bore this inscription: "Geoffrey D'Arneille Attorney at Law, Williamville, O."

"Williamville?" said the other man. "Why, I lived in that town when I was a boy!"

"Well, that is a coincidence. I was born there, and have lived there all my life."

"I used to play with a boy named Jeff Darnell. Maybe you know him."

"Why—er—I ought to know him," said the other, looking somewhat confused.

"That was my name. Sorry I can't talk to you longer. This is my destination. Good-by!"

**A Memory Method.**

Association is the vital spring of memory and any one who analyzes his thoughts process may catch himself recalling a thing by a series of allied things. Many people have tried to systematize association and arrange a scientific memory method.

A mathematician has discovered a most interesting process for remembering dates. Suppose you have forgotten the year of the Norman Conquest. Take the date of your birth and add to it the number of the month when you were born. Multiply the result by the day of the month your father was born. Square the result. Add six.

Now divide by the cube root of the number of people in the United States. Forget the result, add ten hundred and sixty six, and you have the required date.

Milton, when under thirty years old, wrote at the suggestion of a musical friend a mask to celebrate the appointment of the Earl of Bridgewater as Lord President of Wales. The youthful poet felt himself honored by the distinction, even though he declined to allow his name to be used in connection with "Comus," as the mask later came to be known. A few weeks ago a statue of the poet was set up in front of St. Giles's Church, London, where he lies buried, and Lady Alice Egerton, a descendant of the earl for whom "Comus" was written, felt herself honored by being chosen to unveil the statue of him she called "a friend of my ancestors," thus confessing that mere pedigree was not to be compared with the distinction that comes with intellectual gifts. As the statue stands near the site of the town house of the Bridgewaters, it was thought fitting as part of the dedicatory exercises to present the mask with original songs composed by Milton's musical friend, as it was first presented at Ludlow Castle on Michaelmas night nearly three hundred years ago.

Some members of the congregation of the late Dr. Joseph Brown of Glasgow objected to his frequent absence from home, and complained of it—some of them to him personally, and more of them behind his back. When he thought he had heard enough of it he addressed his congregation one Sunday thus: "With regard to objections concerning my absence, I have to say, first, when I am out of the pulpit, I am usually in some other body's pulpit. When you are not in your own pew, are you in some other body's pew? Second, when I am out of my own pulpit, I put some other body into it. When you are out of your pew, do you put some other body into it? Third, when I am out of my pulpit, I sometimes get better men than myself to fill it, and you have a chance of hearing the leading preachers in the church; and sometimes I get worse men than myself to fill it, and the chances of hearing them ought to make you thankful for your mercies."

A correspondent sends Saturday Night the following anecdote: Shortly before the noon hour a few days ago, while at my post in the teller's cage of a branch office of one of the Canadian banks, a Chinaman, Sam Ling by name, whose fortune of some four or five hundred dollars was in our keeping, entered the bank and approached my desk. I noticed his face had an extremely anxious expression upon it, and I began to search in my mind as to whether I had paid my last laundry bill. "Well, Sam," I said, "what's the matter?" He shoved his book in to me before he answered, then, in an anxious voice, "Wantee money—allee money." He apparently expected to be refused, for when I handed him his money with the accumulated interest he heaved a sigh of relief. Taking it over to a desk, he began to count it. Carefully each bill was scrutinized, each coin examined and weighed. From one side of the desk to the other the pile moved back and forth, each time undergoing the same careful examination. For half an hour the counting went on, and then, evidently satisfied that all was right, and with a contented grin overspread his face, he came back to my wicket and pushed the money, in a confused mass, back to me. "What's the matter, Sam?" I said. "Isn't it all right—not enough?" "Allee right," said he; "puttee back again."

The average man knows in a general way that there is such a thing as hypnotism, and that a person when in the hypnotic state will do as he is bid. Consequently, when it is reported that a crime had been done by one man at the suggestion of another who had hypnotized the first, the average man is ready to believe it possible. This does not happen so often as is sometimes supposed, according to Dr. Pierre Janet, a French psychologist who has recently been lecturing in this country. Doctor Janet says that of all the cases where hypnotism has been alleged as a cause of crime, he knows of but three where the fact has been clearly shown, and in one of these hypnotic suggestions was not necessary to explain the crime. Doctor Janet says, further, that only five or six per cent. of mankind can be hypnotized, if one uses the term with precision. Other psychologists say that a man when in a hypnotic state cannot be persuaded to do anything which he would not do if fully conscious of his acts.

A colored Virginia preacher announced one Sunday morning: "Breddern an' sistern I shall discourse dis mornin' on de power of de miracle, an' I am gwine ter take as example de chillern of Israel acrossin' of de Red Sea. Dar was Moses on de brink of de sea, and right behin' him was de army of Pharaoh. An' all at once,at, breddern, de sea frize over es solid es a rock, an' de chillern and Moses walked across." In the congregation were some young negroes who had been to college, and whose orthodoxy had been slightly warped. One of them arose, and said: "Why, parson, that can't be possible, 'cause de geographies tell us that water don't freeze at de equator." The old man hesitated a moment, and then replied, scornfully, "I jest knowed one of you young niggers was gwine ter dispute de work of de Lawd. Young man, when de Red Sea froze de warn't no geography, and der warn't no equator."

Lyles—Did you ever come across a more conceited fellow than Bulger? They say he is an atheist and I believe he is.

Bonter—I wouldn't like to go so far as that; but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being.

During the funeral of an unpopular man in a New England village, a stranger having asked of the sexton "Who's dead?" and "What complaint?" the sexton replied, "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied!"

**Piles**

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Get a box at all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

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E. M. CAMPBELL.

**Canadian Pacific Railway**

In effect October 9th, 1904.

DEPARTURES.  
(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.45 A For Houlton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East; Bangor, Portland and Boston.

8.15 A Aroostook Junction, and intermediate M points.

11.33 A All points North including Presque M Isle and Edmundston.

1.25 P For Fredericton, via Gibson Branch.

3.10 P For Perth Junction, Plaster Rock and M intermediate points.

6.00 P For Houlton, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Portland and Boston. Palace Sleeper McAdam to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam to Boston. Parlor car McAdam to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

11.33 A. M.—From St. John and East; Houlton, St. Stephen, Boston, Montreal and West.

12.10 P. M.—From Fredericton via Gibson Branch.

1.17 P. M.—From Plaster Rock and intermediate points.

6.30 P. M.—From Aroostook Junction and intermediate points.

11.10 A. M.—From Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

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Strong healthy girls of good education who wish to qualify for graduate nurses. Apply to MRS. BURT, Union General Hospital, 158 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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