

CLEANING HOUSE TIME

is near at hand. The question of what to do with your walls to have them sanitary, neat and attractive, has to be decided. You will not want to use kalsomine, because after it has been on a short time it rubs off on everything that comes in contact with it; and then when you wish to do it over again comes the nasty mass of washing off the old coat, which costs as much as to put it on in the first place. Wall-paper with its mouldy paste is unsanitary, and stops wall respiration. The Doctor says, "Walls to be healthy must breathe."

CHURCH'S COLD WATER

ALABASTINE

is a porous cement and admits of the free passage of air. It is permanent, and sanitarians endorse the use of it. Anyone can do plain tinting, and with the aid of instructions we give, and designs we furnish, an ordinary workman can do very nice decorating. Cheaper than paint or paper. ALABASTINE is for sale by all hardware and Paint Dealers—in packages only. For book of tints and further particulars, write mentioning this paper to

The ALABASTINE CO., Limited, PARIS, ONT.

the Dominion, no such surplus exists. The best estimate that can be made of the surplus for the year is \$7,500,000, a result sufficiently satisfactory to have been honestly stated. In Britain or the United States the real financial results would have been published. Some of the items under "capital expenditure" make the pretences of this form of bookkeeping quite obvious. Cash subsidies paid to railways are charged to capital account, and their amounts are excluded from the fiscal statement. For such expenditures the government has nothing of value that could possibly justify such a classification. In outlay for a public building, were it not that the necessity for public building is rightly regarded as a burden, there might be a plausible excuse for making a distinction. But when railway subsidies and such outlays as are entailed by the purchase of rifles for the militia are excluded from the year's account, the deceptive nature of the plan is quite apparent.

The present government should be honest in its accounting, and not copy the ways of predecessors.—Toronto Weekly Sun.

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.

THE BEST PUMMING

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,
Connell Street, Woodstock

HOTELS

VICTORIA HOTEL,
ST. JOHN N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor
JUNCTION HOUSE,
Newburg Junction

Meals on arrival of all trains—First-class
R. E. 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.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

This is to certify that the co-partnership that existed between the undersigned 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

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR BUILDING.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Building, Ste. Flavie," will be received up to and including MONDAY, the 4TH DAY OF JULY, 1904, for the construction of a Wooden Building at STE. FLAVIE, P. Q.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Station Master's office, Ste. Flavie, P. Q., and at the office of the chief engineer, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Moncton, N. B.,
17th June, 1904.

of running a first-class battleship. The reply showed that in the British navy such a ship would entail to keep her in commission the expenditure of almost half a million dollars a year. The figures given were for a first-class battleship of 13,000 tons. The wages of officers and crew would amount, turning pounds into dollars at the rough rate of \$5 a pound, to \$201,845. Victualing would cost \$73,020; coal, \$118,000; stores and repairs, \$47,740; naval and ordnance stores, \$27,500; a total of \$468,105.

A Medical Judgment of the Japanese.
The Japanese have taught Europeans and Americans a lesson and quenched in some degree the conceit of the Caucasian in his superior capacity to do all things. Even in the matter of diet, our long cherished theory that the energy and vitality of the white man is largely due to the amount of animal food consumed, must undergo revision.

The Japanese are allowed to be among the very strongest people on the earth. They are strong mentally and physically, and yet practically they eat no meat at all. The diet which enables them to develop such hardy frames and such well-balanced and keen brains, consists almost wholly of rice, steamed or boiled, while the better-to-do add to this Spartan fare fish, eggs, vegetables, and fruit. For beverages they use weak tea without sugar or milk, and pure water, alcoholic stimulants being but rarely indulged in.

Water is imbibed, in what we should consider prodigious quantities—to an English, indeed, the drinking of so much water would be regarded as madness. The average Japanese individual swallows about a gallon daily in divided doses.

The Japanese recognize the beneficial effect of flushing the system through the medium of the kidneys, and they also cleanse the exterior of their bodies to an extent undreamed of in Europe or in America.

Another—and perhaps this is the usage on which the Japanese lay the greatest stress—is that deep, habitual, forcible inhalation of fresh air is an essential for the acquisition of strength, and this method is sedulously practised until it becomes a part of their nature.

The Japanese have proved that a frugal manner of living is consistent with great bodily strength—indeed, is perhaps more so than the meat diet of the white man. As to the water-drinking habit which is so distinctive a custom with them, it is probably an aid to keeping the system free from blood impurities, and might be followed with advantage in European countries, to a far greater extent than is at present the case.

Hydropathy and exercise seem to be the sheet anchors of the Japanese training regimen, and, judging from results, have been eminently satisfactory.—Medical Record.

Suicide.
Again we are told that there is an increase of suicide. Medical science undertakes to connect it with local and material conditions, which, though they no doubt effect the spirits, can hardly be the whole account of the matter. Sensibility has been increased, bringing a keener feeling both of the joys and sorrows of existence. There must now be many unfortunates to whom in their darker moods life appears not worth living. At the same time the religious restraint has in a great number of cases been removed. The hypochondriac has ceased to be deterred from self-destruction by the belief that in ending a life of misery he is committing self-murder, and rushing unbidden into the presence of his Maker. Voluptuaries have been known to commit suicide from mere satiety. The Lord Lyttelton ghost story, about the only ghost story which seemed to rest on anything like evidence, was probably a case of this kind. "Suicide," said Napoleon, "is a rash renunciation of the chances of the future."

Yet when fortune left him he himself attempted suicide. Of the excuses for suicide the ruin of an honorable reputation is perhaps the least untenable. Quite different from suicide is a merciful shortening of the agony of death when there is no hope of recovery, which, perhaps, under proper medical authority, may some day be declared legitimate.

Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of Hemorrhoids, 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. 60c a box, at all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Running a Battleship.
Boston Herald.

In the British Parliament the other day the Admiralty was asked what was the cost

work hosiery and pearl-handled garters, which she make believe she doesn't know she's showin'. Her hair is got the very latest touch to it and is helped out with two switches, five puffs, a curly and side frizzes besides the regular bows and combs.

She's all there and she's strictly proper. It's fine. She looks like a hall and parlor maid in a swell hotel—the kind that gets three per and the privilege of smilin' at the gents and sittin' down awful hard on all the women who have the misfortune to come her way. That's what she looks like, but she starts to peelin' pertaters er mixin' dough—kind o' with the little finger o' one hand.

It's one of the enjoyable things in the world to me to see a scene like that and I'm always sorry when it's over. But, say! You couldn't get any ice out if you did it that way in real life.

By the time that hired girl would get the beans and prunes cooked soft, the pertaters ready to smash, the ham tar-biled and set to frizzlin' and the tea made, keepin' the young ones' fingers slapped out of the sugar bowl, the cat's tail from under her feet and the flies off the custard pie so's it wouldn't be mistook fer currant puddin', she'd wish that sky-blue pink muslin was the oldest rag she owned. She'd have the white lace apron thing tied around one of the kid's sore toes and be ready to own up that her own poor little tom-tit o' hair was about all she cared fer durin' rush hours in the kitchen.

I know. I've been there and I'm right here to tell it. It isn't nice, but it's the way it is. Maybe it wouldn't do to have it like that on the stage, as it wouldn't be comical enough. Still, for myself, I'm awful fond o' real livin' scenes, even though though they do get you feelin' blue and dumpy.

Why can't real kitchens be like them stage kitchens? That's what I want to know. Why can't the girls in 'em look and dress like the stage girls do? Why, honest, if they did there wouldn't be a saleslady in our store or any other store. And could you blame 'em? You couldn't think up enough money to pay girls to work in stores if kitchens was like they are in theatre pieces. Think of what kitchen work means to most girls and then get sassy at 'em if you can.

We'd all be in kitchens, and glad to be there, if they had roses runnin' over the doors and winders and our best fellers playin' peek-a-boo at us while we set the family dinner table with two plates, one spoon, a glass of salary, a phony-baked chicken and some cloth fruit in a card receiver, the bread comin' later as crackers used as buttons on

sombody's coat.

That's what I call having a good time, and it's the way life ort to be, and I'm never goin' to stop askin' why it ain't like that. But it ain't. No, it's not like the kitchens mother used to make, not a little bit.

In them the real trouble don't start until dinner is et and you feel lazy and not like goin' agin a stack of pots and pans, kettles, and cans with piles of dishes ornamentin' the edges in deep scallops, and no water hot. I tell you that's no joke, and it's what drove many a girl behind the counter where she can't neither sell goods nor hold her own with the floor gents, she's that outclassed and wrong-placed, and stands around lookin' cheap and for some one to say a kind word to her, when she might be in some swell kitchen queenin' it over a batch o' pies that would give her a reputation clean around the neighborhood and over into the next block.

What we need is more stage kitchens in real life, with more roses and good times in 'em and less grease and fewer dishes in the sink. I wouldn't think much of a girl who would just naturally like a place like that or go in one if she could keep out. Why, honest to goodness, I'd rather stand here and chew the rag over these "soiled ends" until I fell through into the basement than work in some kitchen I know. Money nor marbles wouldn't get me in one, ner licks ner looks keep me in. There has got to be a few roses in all of our lives and any girl that's got sense is goin' where there's a chance to get a smell at one once in a while, even if the real thing does get away from her.—Chicago News.

Required Help to Move in Bed.

Was a Great Sufferer and Almost in Despair—New Hope and Strength Came With the Use of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great food cure is doing wonders for weak, worn-out and discouraged women. Many medicines which are prescribed in such cases are merely stimulants which give temporary relief and arouse false hope.

Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food actually forms new, rich blood and increases the vitality of the body, its benefits are thorough and lasting and it cures permanent.

Mrs. M. A. Clock, Meaford, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I became very much run down in health and suffered from weak, tired feelings, indigestion and rheumatism. At times I was so badly used up that I required help to move in bed. While sick and down-hearted I received Dr. Chase's Almanac and sent for some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"Under this treatment I soon began to improve, and by the time I had used eleven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was happy to find myself strong and well again. I often think of what a lot of money I spent for medicines which did me no good, and believe I owe my life to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I hope women who suffer as I did will benefit by my experience and use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

That Fictitious Surplus.

Canada is the only country whose statesmen are ashamed to admit the cost of their work. In every other country the cost of government is added up in each year's accounting, the revenue is compared with it, and the difference is announced as a surplus or deficit, as the case may be.

But in Canada a foolishly deceptive device is adopted. A part of the outlay is separated from the rest and designated expenditure on capital account. This trick in bookkeeping, and in platform and journalistic pretence, cannot increase the cash on hand nor lessen the debt of the Dominion. Funds cannot be created nor debts wiped out by methods of accounting. But a shallow pretence is maintained by which surpluses are announced when deficits occur and in a year of surplus the favorable balance is dishonestly magnified.

For the fiscal year drawing to a close we have an announced surplus of \$16,500,000. But, in spite of the exceptional prosperity of

STAGE KITCHENS.

The Discerning Eyes of Bargain-Counter Tessie Distinguish Between Them and the Real Things.

Who would I like to be if I had me choice—is that what you asked? Oh, that's an easy one. I'd like to be the only child of the richest man in the world, weepin' at the tomb of me parents. There's nothin' cheap about me, is there? Why, say, honest to goodness, the confutements I'd carry around with me would make a dressmakers' convention look like a smooth dime with a hole in it. I'd make all the other girls think they was second-hand paper napkins at a rainy-day picnic!

Ne, I'm only jokin', I wouldn't neither. I'd give every single girl I knew a big diamond ring, so's she wouldn't catch cold, and I'd let 'em all take turns helpin' me steer my silk-lined motor-car when I took the air of a mornin' on the boulevards. Honest, I'm just full of schemes for benefitin' folks. There's money in 'em, too, if I could only get 'em started.

What's the matter with startin' a store with nothin' in it but boys' clothing padded in just the right places? Wouldn't that be a big go? I can see my little brother Toby climbin' in at the window to avoid the rush at the door and puttin' the whole of his savings bank money into trousers padded where it will do the most good.

Then there's another thing I've been thinkin' about a lot. That is makin' our home kitchens like them they have on the stage. Ain't them stage kitchens grand? They always get you interested just because they ain't a bit like the real thing. I always have to look at my programme before I can tell what it is.

Now, on the stage the drawin' room and liberry scenes in the millionaires' mansions is always just exactly like the real thing. I know 'em the minute I see 'em, and I'm an awful critic of swell high-life. I've seen fairyland scenes, too, that was natural and right up to sample. But not no kitchens. They're fine, but not like them I'm used to.

First, there'll be a cookin' range lookin' like it was made of patent leather with silver trimmin's, and there'll be roses in flowerpots and canary birds in cages and more roses runnin' up the windows. Then the hired girl will come rushin' in. She'll have on sky-blue pink muslin, ruffled, and a sort of a white lace apron trick and lace underthings enough to start a Monday mornin' bargain sale, and tan ties with French heels and open-

MID-SUMMER CARNIVAL.

The Grand Annual Carnival and Old Home Celebration opens next Tuesday morning. Preparations are going along on an extensive scale to make the celebration this year the best yet. The parade will be a magnificent display never before equaled in the Maritime Provinces. Programmes will be issued in a few days giving details of all the events for the wo days. We give below the entries for the horse races.

Tuesday, July 12th,

2.20 Class—Trot or Pace—Purse \$300.00.

- McGinty, b g, by Young Nelson, Allen Rooks, Bangor, Me
- Faith M., b m, by Mountaineer, Palmer Bros, Patten, "
- Gertie Glen, b m, by Red Glen, J W Gallagher, Woodstock, N B
- Joe Hal, blk g, by Talisman, C W Dugan, Woodstock, "
- Fairview Chimes, br g, by Chimes, J M Johnson, Calais, Me
- Walter L, ch g, by Boland, W H Rich, Millbridge, "
- Cherry Arden, b m, by Cherry Croft, Frank C Murchie, Calais, "
- Dora, b m, by Lord Dufferin, C Burrill, Presque Isle, "
- Nellie F, b m, M Cone, Calais, "

Same Day—2.28 Pace, 2.25 Trot—\$300.00.

- Miss Black, blk m, by Pembroke, Allen Rooks, Bangor, Me
- Princess, b m, by Saton, Palmer Bros, Patten, "
- Shamrock, br g, by Pure Wilkes, Frank L Thompson, Woodstock, N B
- Tom Phair, br s, by Clay King, J M Johnson, Calais, Me
- Dewey Dumas, by Dumas, W H Rich, Millbridge, "
- Eola, b m, by Delmarch, T H Phair, Presque Isle, "
- Utatlan, b s, by Mazatlan, J E Burham, Houlton, "

Wednesday, July 13th,

Free-For-All Trot or Pace—Purse \$500.00.

- Beatrice Greeley, b m, by Don R., Palmer Bros, Patten, Me
- Day Book, blk g, by Peffer, J M Johnson, Calais, "
- Calvin Swift, br s, by Petosky, W H Rich, Millbridge, "
- Miss Sterling, b m, by Sterling, Ira D. Carpenter, Patten, "
- Mattie C, ch m, by Alhambra, Geo P Findlen, Fort Fairfield, "
- Long Point, ch g, by Hill Boy, C H Quiney, Patten, "
- Gertie Glen, b m, by Red Glen, J W Gallagher, Woodstock, N B
- Joe Hal, blk g, by Talisman, C W Dugan, "
- Nellie F, b m, M Cone, Calais, Me

Same Day—2.25 Pace, 2.22 Trot—\$500.00.

- Mattie C, ch m, by Alhambra, Geo P Findlen, Fort Fairfield, Me
- Oakley Baron, br s, by Baron Oaks, J M Johnson, Calais, "
- Calvin Swift, br s, by Petosky, W H Rich, Millbridge, "
- Shamrock, br g, by Pure Wilkes, Frank L Thompson, Woodstock, N B
- Ping Pong, b g, by Lord Dufferin, Wm McIntosh, Bristol, "
- Dr Glen, b g, by Red Glen, C Burrill, Presque Isle, "

EXCURSIONS FROM EVERYWHERE.