

**Faultless Fitting Underwear for Ladies**

Knit in the fabric from long fibred wool—cut to fit and made up without inside seams. Your smartest dress will not show a wrinkle if you wear

**Stanfield's "Truro-Knit" Underwear For Ladies.**

The soft, unshrinkable wool is as grateful to the skin as silk. The loose knitting gives greater warmth with less weight. Every garment is knit to fit perfectly—won't stretch with wear or shrink with washing. All drawers are made with the new shaped band, which prevents bunching around the waist and over the hips.

Guaranteed by the makers to be absolutely unshrinkable. Wear it this winter and learn the luxury of perfect underwear.



**The Spoils of War.**

Ex-Attache, in New York Tribune.

Some of the most valuable old masters of which Joseph Bonaparte had deprived the National Gallery at Madrid while King of Spain now adorn the walls of Apsley House, the London residence of the fourth Duke of Wellington. His grandfather, the first and Iron Duke, had captured them, together with much of the baggage of King Joseph, when the latter was driven by the English to abandon his Spanish crown and to retreat to France, and they were forwarded to London, along with the other belongings of the famous peace King Ferdinand, learning that the paintings in question were in London in the possession of the Duke of Wellington, requested the latter to keep them as a token of his gratitude for his services in helping to place him on the throne of Spain.

Since Waterloo looting in wars between civilized nations has been virtually abandoned. It is, however, still tolerated in conflicts with barbarous or semi-barbarous foes, and, indeed, laws yet exist unrepealed in England, as well as in most other monarchical countries of Europe, vesting in the Crown—that is to say, in the Sovereign—the right to all loot taken in war. It is only after the anointed of the Lord, or his representative, has had his pick that the remainder is either distributed among the troops or else sold at auction, and the amount realized divided among them at a ratio proportionate to their respective rank.

As most of England's wars during the last hundred years have been with Asiatic and African potentates, it is not astonishing that the Windsor Castle should be filled with loot, and the plunder for which the Sovereign has no room there is distributed among the national museums, that at South Kensington coming into the largest share. King Edward would probably feel horrified at the idea of accepting an article of value that had been plundered from some of his contemporary brother monarchs of Europe—barring, perhaps, the Sultan—and I am perfectly sure that the same prejudices would be entertained by his fellow rulers at Berlin, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, and elsewhere on the Continent. But, somehow or other, the potentates of Africa and of the Orient seem to them to be perfectly fair game, people whom it is quite Christian to plunder and to deprive of their most treasured possessions. Indeed, on the strength of the plea that it was necessary to "give the savages a lesson which they would remember," European troops have almost invariably made a point of sacking the palaces of the dusky enemy's ruler; lucky for the latter, indeed, if they did not burn his residence to the ground, as in 1864, when an Anglo-French force set fire to the famous summer palace of the Emperor of China, after having previously plundered it. Priceless porcelains, silks, jade, and cloisonne enamel represent Queen Victoria's share of the loot, part of which is at Windsor Castle, some at Buckingham Palace, and the remainder at the South Kensington Museum. An equal share of the treasure of the summer palace

was assigned to Napoleon III., and while some of the plundered property is still in the possession of Empress Eugenie, the greater part will be found today in the French National Museum of the Louvre.

At Windsor Castle are the splendid regalia of King Thebaw of Burmah, the gold bracelet amulets, collar, and diadem of the two Kings of Ashanti, and a large quantity of beautifully carved elephant tusks which belonged to the African King of Benin, while the crown of Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia and the State umbrella of the Kings of Ashanti are at South Kensington Museum India is, of course, largely represented in the collection of loot at Windsor Castle, and some of the finest pieces of plate and jeweled ornaments, including a superb tiger's head, composed entirely of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, came to King Edward from the treasure house of this or that once powerful Oriental ruler whose dominions have been annexed by England in the last two hundred years. On State occasions the great sideboards in the Waterloo Gallery of Windsor Castle are weighed down with vast quantities of gold and silver plate, much of which was originally destined and even used for sacramental purposes by the Roman Catholic Church, and constituted part of the loot of the Spanish Armada and of the plunder of the British buccaneers of the Elizabethan and Stuart era, who roamed the seas in search of Spain's treasure ships, plundering and sacking the cities and churches of what used to be known in those days as the Spanish Main. This was considered perfectly natural and authorized, and there is not at the present moment a monarch in Europe whose palaces do not contain treasures that represent in a similar fashion the spoils of war.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the modern ethics of loot is to be found in the fact that, every Western ruler whose troops took part in the occupation of Peking by the allied forces four years ago, obtained a portion of the plunder of "the Forbidden City." Emperor William received a quantity of extremely interesting astronomical instruments, several hundred years old, which are now one of the attractions of his palace of Sans-Souci, at Potsdam, while the London illustrated papers published photographs of large cases of loot in the imperial palace at Peking addressed to the British Sovereign at Windsor Castle, yet there is not a single looted French clock or any other bit of plunder of the Franco-German war of 1870 to be found in the palaces of the Kaiser or of any other of his fellow German rulers, in spite of the widespread impression among the masses of the French people to the contrary. But then the French were a civilized nation, professing Christianity and of the white race, instead of being yellow Asiatics or dusky Africans.

Perhaps I ought to make one reservation in connection with the war of 1870. Old Emperor William, it must be admitted, did carry back with him to Berlin at the close of the campaign a little bit of plunder in the shape of a small silver candlestick belonging to the Palace of Versailles, of which he had made use throughout his stay there, and which in former days had been similarly used by King Louis XIV. of France. The old Kaiser was conscientious about the matter, for, as he was driving out of the palace gates of Versailles for the last time on the eve of his return to Germany, he stopped his carriage, called the gatekeeper to him, and, showing him the candlestick, told him that he was taking it away with him, and that he did not wish any one to have dishonestly imputed to him on account of its disappearance. At the same time he placed in the concierge's hand a sum of money far exceeding the intrinsic value of the candlestick. At the time of the old Emperor's death, seventeen years later, it was found on the little table beside his bed at Berlin.

**Before and After Vacation.**

Mrs. Sawyer to her mamma: "Dear Mamma,—We go to the country tomorrow for six long, delightful weeks of perfect rest and quiet. Horace has found the most charming place, a dear old farm right on the bank of a beautiful river, with green fields and grand old woods all around it. Won't it be splendid for the children? I intend keeping them out doors every minute I can, and they'll come home brown so brown and healthy you won't know them when you come to see us in the fall. We expect to have a perfectly lovely time. I'll write again when we get there."

The same to the same: "Dear Mamma,—We came home Saturday and you don't know how glad we are to be here again! Horace will know it when he gets me to the country again. There we were cooped up in two stuffy little rooms with one closet about as big as a soap-box. I wrote you before about the dreadful war

they had because the well was within ten feet of the barn, and about our dear little Horace getting so dreadfully poisoned with ivy before we had been there three days. I haven't dared to tell you before, but Maudie and Bruce came near being drowned in that dreadful river. They were playing in a leaky old boat when it upset, and if Horace had not chanced to be right at hand they would have been drowned.

Then they were lost in the woods for five dreadful hours, and little Bruce got pitched over a fence by a hooky cow. All of the children got into a hornet's nest one day, and they were stung all over. Harold fell from the hay-loft and knocked out two of his front teeth, and Horace had to gallop six miles for a doctor, for we feared the child was injured internally. Horace was taken with malarial fever, and it is lucky it didn't end in typhoid. We found out just as we were leaving that there was a foot of water in the cellar, and that the wall were covered with a green slime.

"And mosquitoes! I never saw anything like it. We had to fight them day and night. Claude fell into an old well, and it is a mercy he wasn't killed. We had feather beds to sleep on, and apple pie for desert every day we were there."

The farmer had a big yellow dog that barked and howled all night, and four or five old roosters that began to crow at about two o'clock every morning and kept it up until six. And the hen-house was right under our windows. There seemed to be thousand crickets in our room, and it made me nervous to hear the rats scampering about between walls and overhead that I couldn't sleep for a minute. We stayed one week and came home. I'll write again when I get rested."

**A Sensitive Soul.**

A poet began it, a true poet and a good man who would not for worlds have been responsible for such mischief as his words wrought. Della was at the impressionable age that summer. The poet met her need of an ideal, and she, being a clever girl as well as a pretty one, showed such a quick comprehension of his fancies and such a ready sympathy with his moods that he very nearly mistook her for a kindred genius.

"That is a rare, sweet, sensitive soul," the poet told some one—who promptly told Della. "The world should touch her gently, not to bruise a petal of the flower."

Then presently the poet went away, leaving Della to try to "live up to it." Unhappily, she had no very clear idea of the man's meaning, and the word "sensitive" misled her. She took it that in order to develop her nature she needed to follow her precious fancies and have her own way.

Sensitiveness of a certain kind is easily preserved and cultivated. It soon became apparent to her friends that one must not contradict or oppose Della if one wanted to get along with her. When she saw fit to volunteer advice, as she frequently did, one must either follow it or hurt her feelings. Fortunately her former associates did not have to come in contact with her very often, for the sordid details of life oppressed her more every day, and she spent most of her time in reading novels and poetry.

Not even her own family knew "how to take her." A persistent grievance-hunter, the slightest contradiction, or suspicion of it, was enough to convince her that nobody loved her, and make her, and everybody else, uncomfortable for the day. Yet it was her elder brother who finally comprehended and wrought a cure. When Dick returned from Heidelberg, he studied her for a week, and made few comments.

"The trouble with you, sis," he said, at last, with the frankness that elder brothers use, "is that you're conceited and selfish. It's a pity you didn't have to earn your living for six months, working in somebody's kitchen. That would knock the nonsense out of you."

"Sensitive? Rubbish! You have no business to be. Nobody has. We're put here on earth to make life go more smoothly for each other, not to hunt up trifles to complain about. You don't think much of other people's feelings, or you wouldn't go moping round as you do. Brace up!"

This was "brutal," to be sure, and Della wept over it profusely, but it was calculated to be remembered, and it gave her a new point of view. To be able to see herself as others see her is a saving grace that the sensitive soul generally lacks. There is hope for her the moment she begins to realize that the rest of the world has rights.

**A Tactful Tribute.**

The absent mindedness of distinguished men, however much it may be a source of annoyance to themselves, serves to furnish the public with entertainment. Many venerable anecdotes still in circulation, plain and with variations, are based on this weakness

**BABY'S OWN SOAP**  
prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.  
Best for toilet and nursery use. oas  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mrs. MONTREAL.

of men of genius. The oft told story of the man who forgets his own name is one of them; it is told of many famous personages, and doubts of more than one of them with truth. Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard College, is one of the number. Of him the accepted form is that he could not recall who he was for the information of a person who requested him to leave his name for another person, passing by, paused to speak, and addressed him as "President Quincy."

"The very name I was trying to remember!" exclaimed the absent-minded president, with vast relief.

A little known and far more interesting, if less amusing, story of his forgetfulness was recently related by one who in turn had had it from his father, present as a boy when the incident occurred. Mr. Quincy, on a notable occasion, was prepared to address a great meeting in Faneuil Hall. His speech fell naturally, into two divisions. He delivered the first part and began the second.

"At that time, gentlemen," he said, and stopped. He paused, repeated, "At that time, gentlemen," and stopped again. A third time he repeated the phrase; but what should have followed had gone completely from his mind and could not be recalled, and he took his seat in confusion and distress.

It was more than an awkward situation for the chairman of the meeting, Harrison Gray Otis, and for the great, silent audience—it was a painful one. But Mr. Otis, rising and stepping forward, announced quietly that if the eloquent speaker required time to collect his thoughts before proceeding there was no doubt that all would willingly wait for him, if it were till midnight. But should he proceed no further, he added:

"What he has said has been so clear, so cogent and so convincing, that he may rest assured he has already sacrificed every man present—except himself."

**Backache Means Kidney Trouble**

Dull, steady ache, or sharp, shooting pains in the back and through the hips, are the surest signs of Kidney trouble. Don't neglect Nature's warnings. Don't let your Kidneys become so diseased that Chronic Diabetes or Bright's Disease is inevitable. Now is the time to start the cure with



You know the first box is going to do you good. The pain stops, the urine clears, appetite picks up, sleep is sound, and you feel better all over. A few boxes more will completely cure you, make the Kidneys well, and thoroughly tone up the whole system—make you feel like a new person.  
ALL DEALERS. 50c A BOX.

**Intercolonial Railway. TENDER FOR BUILDINGS.**

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Building, Stellarton," will be received up to and including

MONDAY, THE 31ST DAY OF OCTOBER, 1904,

for the construction of a Stores and Office Building at Stellarton, N. S.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Station Master's Office at Stellarton, N. S., and at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the requirements of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTIGER, General Manager.  
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 15th October, 1904.

**FOR SALE.**

A grist mill, carpenter's work shop a oining house, two barns, hog house and three acres of land, at Northampton, seven miles below Woodstock, on the east side of the river, situated about two rods from the highway road and about six rods from the river. Apply on premises to HUGH GIBSON, Northampton. 11th Aug. 1904.

**IDEAL BONDS**

Have you time to investigate the "Ideal Income Bonds" of the **LONDON LIFE?**

**SATISFACTION.**—They are in every way deemed MORE SATISFACTORY and desirable than land, stocks, houses or debentures.  
**PROTECTION.**—They afford better and MORE COMPLETE PROTECTION than any other system yet devised.

**FOR HUSBAND, WIFE AND CHILDREN.**—The same income that is payable to the husband for life will also be payable to the wife for life if she is the same age. If older the income will be larger; if younger the income will be proportionately smaller. After the death of the husband and wife the residue of the Bond goes to the children.

\$450.00—Per year will be the INCOME PAYABLE on \$10,000 bond maturing after 45 years of age.  
\$470.00—Per year will be the INCOME PAYABLE on \$10,000 maturing after age 50.

\$500.00—Per year will be the INCOME PAYABLE on a \$10,000 bond maturing after 55 years of age.  
\$540.00—Per year will be the INCOME PAYABLE on a \$10,000 bond maturing after 60 years of age.

\$600.00—Per year will be the INCOME PAYABLE on a \$10,000 bond maturing after 65 years of age.  
\$680.00—Per year will be the INCOME PAYABLE on a \$10,000 bond maturing after 70 years of age.

**TRUSTEES.**—It is not necessary to appoint a Trust Company to administer these bonds as the LONDON LIFE becomes your trustee under Government supervision.

**IDEAL INCOME BOND BOOKLETS.**—Booklets explaining advantages of these Bonds mailed to any address. Apply to,

**W. S. SAUNDERS,**  
Prov. Supt, FREDERICTON, N. B.

**NOTICE.**

**You Have Some Plumbing**

You want done before winter. Why not get it done now? I can do it for you promptly, thoroughly and neatly, and at a reasonable price. Don't delay this work till the cold weather is here. Orders from out of town promptly attended to.

**J. P. PICKEL,**  
Plumber,  
Connell St. Woodstock.

**TO HORSEMEN**

The list below, of things we keep constantly in stock, will no doubt suggest to your mind something of which you are in need:

- Wool Foot Mats, Wool Lap Robes,
- Seal Robes, Shawl Robes,
- Summer Horse Blankets, Fly Screens,
- Leather Fly Nets, Corded Fly Nets,
- Linen Wagon Boots, Rubber Wagon Boots,
- Oiled Wagon Boots, all kinds of Horse Boots,
- Bandages, Tongue Lawling Bits,
- Humane Bitts, Perfection Bitts,
- Snaffle Bitts of all kinds.
- Shoe Boil Rolls, Interfering Rolls,
- Razor Straps, Belts, Leather Suspenders,
- Whips, Whip Stocks, Lashes,
- Sweat Collars, Team Collars,
- Express Collars, Light Driving Collars,
- Leather Collar Pads, Polishes,
- Myers' Putz Cream, 10, 15, 25 and 40c.
- " " Pomade,
- " " Silva Putz Silver Polish,
- Diamond Hamen Dressing, half pints and pints.
- Standard Ha Dressing, U. N. O. Dressing,
- Frank Miller's Harness Soap in pans and cakes,
- Eagle Brand Colgate's Harness Soap in cakes,
- Chimax Water Proof Oil Harness Blacking,
- Crystalline Axle Grease,
- Mica Axle Grease, Asbestoline Axle Grease,
- Imperial Axle Oil, McLan's Axle Oil,
- Beaver Brand Axle Oil,
- Bickmore Gall Cure, Lotasine Gall Cure,
- Imperial Hoof Ointment,
- Dr. Daniel's Hoof Ointment,
- 3rd Seat for Carriages,
- Brushes, Curry Combs, Cards, Mane Combs,
- Wagon Washers, Shoe Thread, Wax,
- Harness Awls and Needles,
- Blacksmiths' Leather Aprons.

**FRANK L. ATHERTON**

(At the Sign of the White Horse)  
King Street, Woodstock.

**LUMBER FOR SALE.**

Crain Bros., of Bath, have for sale at the Otis Shaw mill, at Florenceville, a quantity of good Spruce and Hemlock Boards, Frames, Dimensions and other lumber sawed to order. Prices right.

**CRAIN BROS. BATH.**

**To Cure a Cold in One Day** Cures Grip in Two Days.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. on every box. 25c.  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. W. Grove*