

What Paint Will do.

(From the New York Post.)

A captain on one of the ferry-boats plying in this harbor tells the following story of the value of a coat of paint:

"Some years ago I owned a small sailing vessel engaged in the coast and West Indian trade. While we were lying at an East River pier taking on a cargo for the West Indies, a stranger approached, and, critically eyeing my craft, asked:

"What'll you take for that boat?"

"One thousand eight hundred will buy her," I told him.

"I'll give you thirteen hundred for her," replied the stranger. "She is an old boat and not worth any more."

"I refused his offer and he soon disappeared, but I made up my mind to spend a little money on white lead and oil, and when I was lying in port unloading the cargo, I would have my men paint the boat and improve her appearance. When she sailed into this port again she looked as good as new. After reaching my pier, I saw the same fellow walking about looking the craft over. Soon he approached me and asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but how much will you sell her for?"

"You can have her for \$2,500," I told him.

"Call it \$2,300, and I'll take her," he replied, and it didn't take me long to accept the offer. I calculated I made about a thousand and on \$20 worth of paint.

A Lasting Cure of Itching Piles.

A Chronic Case of Unusual Severity and Long Standing Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Throughout Canada there are hundreds of cases similar to the one described below in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a positive and lasting cure for the most severe form of itching piles.

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin, for 30 years a resident of Bowmanville, Ont., writes:

"For twenty long years I suffered from itching piles, and only persons who have been troubled with that annoying disease can imagine what I endured during that time. About seven years ago I asked a druggist if he had anything to cure me. He said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was most favorably spoken of, and on his recommendation I took a box.

"After three applications I felt better, and by the time I had used one box I was on a fair way to recovery. I continued the treatment until thoroughly cured, and I have not suffered any since. I am firmly convinced that the ointment made a perfect cure.

"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment an invaluable treatment for piles. In my case I think the cure was remarkable when you consider that I am getting up in years, and had been so long a sufferer from this disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, 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.

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Clydesdale Stock Food,

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Pigs.

Sold under guarantee of satisfaction.

SEMPLE BROS. Hardware and Tinware East Florenceville.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR BUILDINGS.

Separate sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Station, St. Leonard Junction," "Tender for Dwelling for Agent, St. Leonard Junction," as the case may be, will be received up to and including

WEDNESDAY, THE 18TH OF MAY, 1904.

For the construction of a STATION and a DWELLING FOR THE AGENT at ST. LEONARD JUNCTION, P. Q.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the following places:— At the office of the Station Master, Lewis, Drummondville and St. Leonard Junction, 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.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 28th April, 1904.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

AN ACT OF CHARITY.

(Thomas Cobb in the Sketch.)

Mrs. Boldero, having been advised by the doctor "to keep up her strength," had ordered for luncheon a rump-steak-and-kidney pudding, which she was just about to carve, and some mutton cutlets, now in front of Miss Lucy Westlake, her companion, whose principal duty was to read Mrs. Boldero to sleep after the present meal and dinner.

The pudding was served in a white basin with a napkin around it, and the parlor maid stood interestedly looking on while Mrs. Boldero cut a V shaped piece out of the top, placed this on a plate, and began to spoon out the contents. Suddenly, pausing, with the spoon in her right hand, she turned wrathfully toward Mary.

"Where," she severely demanded, "are the kidneys?"

"Cook said the butcher didn't send them in time," was the answer.

Mrs. Boldero felt disappointed. She had thought of the pudding once or twice since her 10 o'clock breakfast. "Take it away!" she exclaimed, and Lucy Westlake tried somewhat markedly to look as if the affair possessed no interest in the world for herself, as, indeed, it would if Mr. Roper had not chanced to pass the house at that moment.

Mr. Roper occupied one room in a very small house a few hundred yards away; there he had lived as long as Mrs. Boldero could remember, and, although she had naturally never spoken to the old man, he was well known to her and to most other persons in the neighborhood by sight.

He looked more than sixty years of age; he was short, erect, and remarkably thin. His limp-brimmed felt hat, once black, had now become green, his tightly-fitting coat had faded from dark blue to brown. As Mrs. Boldero had often remarked, "a crossing-sweeper could not have dressed more shabbily," yet his white hair was always closely cut, his chin cleanly shaven, his large moustache carefully curled. From one of her servants (Mrs. Boldero had a habit of exchanging confidences of the kind) she had learned that Mr. Roper half-starved himself. "He certainly looks as if a good meal would do him good," she would remark.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Boldero felt a kind of interest in the old man, who often passed her window, and this afternoon she happened to look up in time to recognize him. "Ah!" she cried, "it would be an act of charity to give it to that poor man."

"Who is that?" asked Lucy, helping herself to the smallest cutlet.

"Mr. Roper," was the answer. "It would make him a meal every day for a week. I have a good mind to send it—"

"Oh, but—"

"I beg your pardon!" said Mrs. Boldero, sharply.

Lucy's cheeks were crimson, for she perceived what Mrs. Boldero could not see, that, although his clothes were fit for the dust-bin, Mr. Roper was a gentleman.

"You couldn't do such a thing," murmured Lucy.

"Not perform an act of charity? And why not, pray?" asked Mrs. Boldero. "Mary," she added, "take my plate and the pudding. I will have some cutlets. Cook can put the basin in a basket and Miss Westlake shall carry it to poor Mr. Roper directly after luncheon."

Lucy Westlake looked inclined to rebel. But, although, Mrs. Boldero might be a trying woman to live with in many respects, Lucy had a comfortable home, with a sufficient salary to enable her to help her own people. Caution prevailing, she set forth half an hour later with tingling cheeks and reluctant steps. Lucy was twenty-two, fair haired and pretty, a sensitive plant forced by circumstances into a stony garden. A wide brimmed hat shaded her face from the sun, the basket hung on her left arm as she timorously drew near to the terrace of small houses where Mr. Roper lodged.

Lucy's voice trembled as a short, stout, red-faced woman opened the street door.

"May I speak to Mr. Roper?" and turning her back, the woman of the house shouted his name at the foot of the narrow staircase. He came down a few moments later in the act of buttoning his shrunken, faded coat; too courteous to betray surprise, too hungry too refrain from sniffing slightly as the savor of the steak pudding tickled his nostrils.

"You wished to see me?" he inquired with a bow.

"Ye-es, if you please," said Lucy, glancing from the basket to Mr. Roper's face, and scarcely knowing how to explain her errand.

"A remarkably fine day," cried Mr. Roper, with a cough.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Boldero saw you pass our window," Lucy faltered.

"I have not the—er—pleasure of Mrs. Boldero's acquaintance, I believe."

"Still," said Lucy, becoming more nervous every instant, "she knows you very well by sight."

Mr. Roper straightened his back; he had been somewhat of a buck in his day—major in a line regiment, retired on half-pay some years ago. His only son had come to melancholy end, and, having left numerous debts

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MAY 11, 1904.

of honor undischarged, Major Roper had felt it incumbent to take them on himself. In order to raise immediately the necessary sum of money, he had sequestered the bulk of his pension, retaining, in fact, sufficient only to support the barest existence. He had then retired to this sedate country town, dropping the "Major" rather than bring, as he conceived, discredit on his profession. Another year and the debt would be wiped out; then, Major Roper told himself, he would once again be able to hold up his head.

"Mrs. Boldero presents her compliments," said Lucy, "drawing on her invention, "and she—she has sent you th—this."

"And what is 'this'?" he demanded, fixing his single eyeglass and leaning forward to peer into the uncovered basket.

"A—rump-steak pudding."

He stood glaring at Lucy's rosy face while he ferociously twirled his moustache.

"I am Major Roper!" he said.

"Mrs. Boldero thought—"

"She evidently thought she could insult me with impunity."

"I am very sorry," faltered Lucy.

His annoyance was the greater, if possible, on observing that the pudding was not even whole, yet, incongruously enough, the sight of it tickled his palate. Formerly a man of extravagant habits, economy had never become easy to him, and, although he made a practice of counting out his money into small sums, and wrapping these in separate scraps of paper, so that he might, at the worst, retain sufficient for rent and food until his next pension became due, he would extract sixpence from one pocket, a shilling from another, thus leaving the last weeks barely provided for, in a manner he was still a gourmand.

Every Saturday, after paying his small rent, he would purchase sixpenny worth of jam tarts, patronizing a shop where seven were bid for sixpence and thus insuring one for each day in the week. Today his meal had begun and ended with tart, whereas Mrs. Boldero employed an excellent cook. Still Mayor Roper found his appetite easier to control than his pride, which had never been more aggressive than now, when he looked forward shortly to leave Borrowfield and to live again within reach of a London club.

You will kindly present my compliments to Mrs.—er—"

"Boldero," faltered Lucy.

"To Mrs. Boldero, and tell her that I am very much—very much obliged—"

"She will be rather hurt," said Lucy.

"And I," said Major Roper, "am rather hurt."

"I do wish you would let me leave it!" cried Lucy, holding out her arm with the basket in her left hand close to his face.

"I have told you I am Major Roper!" he answered, stepping backward.

"Mrs. Boldero will be immensely angry," murmured Lucy, gazing from the basket into his face.

"Angry—with you, do you mean?"

"I am afraid she will," said Lucy, with a deprecatory smile.

Major Roper began to cough.

"You will kindly present my compliments to Mrs.—er—Boldero, and say that I am greatly obliged, and accept her—her gift in the spirit in which, no doubt, it is offered."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Lucy, and, with an air of extreme relief, she saw Major Roper take the basket.

"You will wait a moment for the—for the basin?" he suggested, as she would have turned away.

"I can come tomorrow—"

"There is no necessity to give you that trouble," he insisted. "If you will pardon my closing the door." He did not wish her to follow his movements, so, leaving Lucy standing on the top step and the street door ajar, the major held the basket gingerly as he walked along the passage to another door which led to a back yard.

There he removed the basin from the basket, standing this on the red tiles while he gazed with mingled sensations at the pudding. Never since his boyhood had he felt such temptation at the sight of anything to eat.

Holding the basin now at arm's length he stepped toward the dust bin, and therein emptied the enticing contents. A few feet to the right was a tap, and, stooping in front of it, Major Roper turned the water into the basin, which he afterward dried upon a duster that hung from a nail in the wall. Having replaced the empty basin, he carried the basket into the house and opened the street door.

"A thousand apologies for keeping you," he said, offering the basket to Lucy, whose face looked quite cheerful again.

"I hope you will enjoy the pudding, Major!" she cried, with a laugh which made him feel almost young again; besides, he had not been so addressed for many a day.

"You will kindly tell Mrs.—er—Mrs. Boldero it is one of my favorite dishes," he answered, with a bow, and Lucy nodded brightly as she walked away with the basket.

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Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, cures the inflammation, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.



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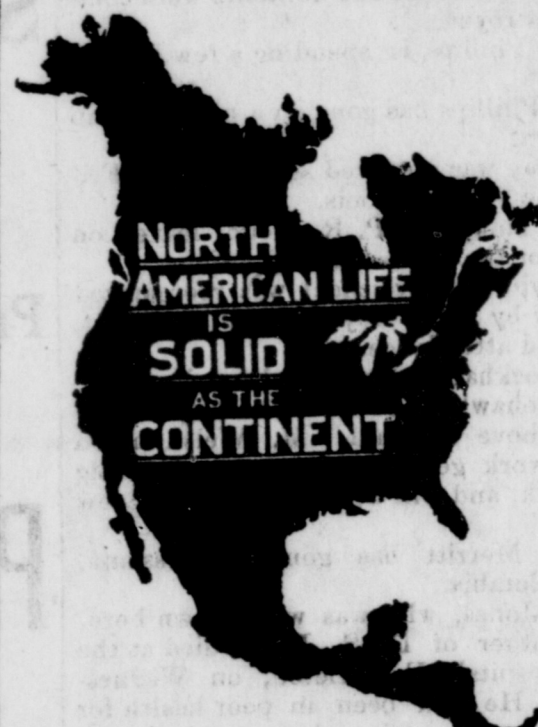
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	New Business	In Force	
1882.....	\$1,413,171	\$2,213,937	
1889.....	2,593,217	9,068,862	
1896.....	3,554,960	17,494,170	
1903.....	5,884,890	32,625,093	
*Excluding monthly plan.			
	Income	Assets	Net Surplus
1882.....	\$ 81,014	\$151,135	\$ 8,430
1889.....	291,741	816,710	71,365
1896.....	641,738	2,515,833	421,546
1903.....	1,381,364	5,625,801	550,237
*Excluding monthly plan.			
	1903	1902	Increase
Premium Income.....	\$1,132,616.91	\$1,049,652.74	\$82,964.17
Interest Income.....	248,746.78	221,187.47	27,559.31
Insurance Issued.....	5,884,890.00	5,773,905.00	110,985.00
Net Surplus.....	550,236.76	515,044.76	35,192.00

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