

Female Suffrage.

Australia, the pioneer of human progress, has once more been giving us the benefit of an experiment rather costly to herself. In the usual auction of parties bidding against each other for votes, she has been brought to the adoption of female suffrage. The natural consequence ensues. The women, carried away by sentiment, vote with the wildest of the three parties and give it practically the control of the Legislature. An effort is now being made to get the other two parties to waive their differences and combine for the salvation of the State. The women do not feel, nor can they be expected to feel, responsibility, for the simple reason that none has by nature been cast upon them. The responsibility for the support, protection, and guidance of the State has been cast by nature upon man. If man, in a craze of sentiment or a paroxysm of faction throws it on women, nature will assert herself and confusion will ensue. The result of Socialism, extravagant trades unionism, and feminism in Australia appears that the growth of the country is arrested, that immigration has decreased, that the birth rate is falling off, and that the general outlook at present is not bright. A reaction will now probably set in.

For Valor.

Mr. Andrew D. White tells in his reminiscences of his diplomatic career, which appear in the Century Magazine, a story of a British officer who has since won distinction. This was General Methuen, who at the time of Mr. White's ministry to Germany was a young colonel connected with the British embassy.

One day, while walking in a remote part of the Thiergarten, Methuen saw a working man throw himself into the river, and instantly jumped into the icy stream after him, grappled him, pulled him out, laid him on the bank and rapidly walked away. When news of it got out he was taxed with the deed by members of the diplomatic corps; but he awkwardly and blushing poolpoohed the whole matter.

One evening not long afterward the old emperor sent for the colonel. When he presented himself, his majesty took from his own coat a medal of honor for life-saving and attached it to the breast of Methuen, who received it in a very awkward yet manly fashion.

An Eloquent Peroration.

'And,' said the rising young politician, as he reached his eloquent peroration, 'I predict that our candidate will, when the votes are counted, be found to have ridden to success upon a tidal wave of glory that will have swept all before it, like wildfire breaking in flying spray upon the strand when the sun of victory shall blaze forth its first effulgent rays upon the close of one of the most noble, most memorable campaigns that has ever been launched upon the sea of politics, to gather strength and carry all before it like the cyclone sweeping across the broad prairies from which even the orb of day has disappeared in terror.'

Rough on The Old Man.

He was a philosopher and a talker. She was a woman of action. They stood together on the bridge and watched a tug that was hauling a long line of barges up the river. 'Look there, my dear,' said he. 'Such is life. The tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges like the women are—'

His wife gave him no time to finish the sentence. 'I know,' she said; 'the tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden.'

Not Dangerous.

"Boy," said the self-appointed adviser, "don't be so careless with that gun."
"Oh, it will not hurt you," answered the boy indifferently.
"Yes, that's what they all say," continued the adviser, "put it always the empty gun that kills."
"Well, you needn't be disturbed then," replied the gunner, "because this one is loaded with buckshot in both barrels."—January Lippincott's.

Starting at the Right End.

Society Belle—"Mother, Mr. De Brass has proposed and I have accepted."
Mother—"What? Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you! Mr. De Brass hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and won't have until his father and grandfather die."
"The Mr. De Brass I am referring to is the grandfather."
"Oh, bless you, my child!"

Farmers Should Visit the Big Markets.

If, says Green's Fruit-Grower, farmers could visit the markets of the large cities and inspect the stock of poultry, there would be quite a revolution in the methods of marketing poultry. It is a fact that the larger share of poultry reaching the market is inferior, and when a commission merchant receives a choice lot he will not forget from whom it came, and will endeavor to secure his trade and procure for him the highest prices.

Politics.

Who was the United States Government founded by?
Mark Hanna, John D. Rockefeller and Tom Platt.
What is it called?
A Republic by some—by others, a political syndicate.
Who is at the head?
The President.
What are the duties of the President?
To send messages to Congress, ride horse-back and hunt bears.
Are there any other branches of the Government? If so, name them.
The Senate, the House of Representatives, the Standard Oil Company and the New York Stock Exchange.

What are the duties of the Senate?
To buy and sell stocks, bring on wars when the President hesitates, play poker, and conduct a general brokerage business.
What are the duties of Congress?
To double the pension list, fill up the "Congressional Record" and draw salaries.
What are the duties of the Standard Oil Company?
Elect the President and declare dividends.
What are the duties of the stock Exchange?
To keep the country stirred up in time of peace, unsettle the business interests all the time, and set an example to every young man.

How often is the President elected, and why?
Every four years, to keep the country from getting too prosperous.
Where is the seat of the United States Government?
In Oyster Bay, Wall street and Washington.

In the discharge of his onerous duties, has the President anyone to help him?
Oh, yes. Several good guides and the Cabinet.
What is the Cabinet?
A picked body of the best poker players in the land.
What are the duties of a Cabinet?
Never to resign from their posts except when they are really needed.

In reality, is the United States a monarchy or republic?
Both. It's a republic on Sundays, and a monarchy on every other day in the week.
Why is it called the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Because it always has a keen appreciation of a good joke.—"Life."

How to Manage a Wife.

A great many methods have been suggested as to the best way to manage a husband, but up to date no one has thought it best to guide the poor husband. The following will therefore be found the best way to manage a wife. It has never been known to fail.
Never contradict her. You are right, of course, nine times out of ten, and she knows it, but to tell her so makes her always unmanageable.
Never oppose her. When she suggests that in the absence of the cook you get up and light the fire, do so at once, willingly and cheerfully. If she wishes you to walk the floor with the baby obey with alacrity.
Never deny her. Possibly she will exceed her allowance, but this is always your fault, because you are not man enough to support her.
Never be cross. When you come home at night, having failed once or twice during the day, or been insulted by a total stranger, or with a large, powerful pain in your stomach, laugh it off, and conceal your real feelings.
Never tell her the truth. When she asks you how you like her new hat swear that it's the greatest thing for the money you ever saw. When she shows you her new gown, be lost in admiration. When she is cross and irritable, tell her she is an angel.
Never disagree with her. When she suggests that you have a cold and need a hot mustard plaster, grin and bear it. When she tells you she needs a change, tell her that you are glad she mentioned it.
Never interrupt her.
This is the only way to manage a wife.—Tom Masson.

A Particular Doctor.

A doctor tells a good story in connection with a lad who was recently in his employ. It was part of his duty to answer the surgery bell and usher the patients into the consulting room. One morning there presented himself at the surgery door a young fellow with whom Buttons was on speaking terms.
"Halloo, Jackson," he remarked, "what's the matter with you?"
"Oh, I just want to see the doctor," was the reply.
"Have you brought yer symptoms with yer?" inquired Buttons; "cos that's the fust thing he'll ask yer about. If yer ain't brought 'em ye'd better pop back an' get 'em; he won't be down for another quarter of an hour, an' he's awful partikler about 'em."

It is Essential to Happiness in the Family Circle.
There is no place where there is greater need of true, refined, everyday courtesy or where it will be more greatly appreciated than in the home circle. Yet in how many households do we see an entire lack of it.
The husband comes in tired and surly, hurries down his meal, gives the cat a kick and departs without one kind word or gracious act to any one.
The children are noisy and quarrelsome. The mother, tired and nervous, has only sharp, recriminating words for her husband, the children and the servant. The whole atmosphere appears surcharged with the very quint-essence of disturbing and disheartening elements.
Let a visitor come in to make a neighborly call, however, and how quickly everything is changed. Both husband and wife welcome him with the sweetest of smiles and courtesy. When the visitor departs, he is bowed out with the most charming grace and in silver tones invited to call again.
This is eminently right and proper, but why should not the same consideration prevail among those who are bound to each other by ties of family relationship—"our own, whom we love best"? Why should not the wife, the child, the servant, whom you meet every day in the most intimate relations—why should they not, I ask, be vouchsafed some courtesy as well as the guest who calls for a brief hour?
"Charity begins at home," we are told, and I think courtesy should too. No one, be he man or woman, can stand weeks and years of continual fault finding or habitual discourtesy.
You bow to your next door neighbor when you meet her in the street and give her a kind or cordial word. Why not be respectful to members of your own family? Try it. You will find you will be happier for it. Your home will become an ideal one, and every one will be influenced to good by the light which will radiate from it.

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RUSSIA'S FIGHTING STRENGTH.
Force of 50,000 Men in Manchuria at Beginning of Difficulty.
The force of troops which Russia had in Manchuria on August 31 was not in excess of 50,000. No one, probably not even the military commander at Vladivostok, knows just how many Russian troops are mobilized just over the Russian border from Manchuria and strung out along the great Siberian railroad. An American army officer who in September travelled over the Siberian railroad found detachments of troops at every station and even at stations which were too small to find a place in the railroad time table were soldiers bivouacked. In Eastern Siberia American army officers estimate there is a force of not less than two hundred thousand, which can promptly be rushed into Manchuria, massed on the Korean frontier or made ready for foreign invasion.
The organization of the Russian army is held in high respect by most American army officers, although some say the army has to a certain extent been so corrupted that in time of war the subsistence and quartermasters' departments might collapse. This is not generally believed. The full strength of the Russian army, according to the latest official report, is:
Infantry, 24,176 officers and 663,388 men.
Cavalry, 5,171 officers and 127,772 men.
Artillery, consisting of 479 foot batteries, 50 horse batteries, 30 Howitzers, 20 mountain batteries, 5 sortie batteries and 78 flying park, 5,987 officers and 161,585 men.
Engineers, consisting of 95 field sapper and 13 fortress sapper companies, 38 companies and 1 detachment of field and 7 detachments of fortress telegraphers, 16 pontoon companies, 33 railroad companies 14 submarine mining companies, 6 balloon detachments, 1 military topographer corps. 1 field engineer and 2 fortress engineer parks, 1,307 officers and 33,912 men.

Baldness not Due to Modern Flour.
The human race was afflicted with baldness and toothlessness centuries before white flour was known. It is possible that both these afflictions are less prevalent now than in the olden times. All the olden time pictures and statues of the dead heads showed up a good percentage of bald heads, and tooth pulling and filling and even artificial toothmaking were practiced away back in history. Out of the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum are taken whole sets of false teeth along with loaves of bran bread.

Indication of Interest.
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
"Teacher is interested in you, pa."
"How so?"
"Why, today after she told me seven times to sit down and behave myself she said she wondered what sort of a father I had."

Mr. Trucker—I think I shall give up my business, my dear. I might as well have some good out of my money."
Mrs. Trucker—Oh, not yet, Samuel! But when one of us dies, I shall give up house-keeping and see a little of the world.—Town and Country.

RUM AT HARTLAND.

There are frequent evidences of rum being sold in Hartland. It is said that a certain man brings it in his sleigh and peddles it out. If some person would point him out, we would like to introduce him to Rev. B. Colpitts, who might find him easier employment for the cold months, where he would not be exposed to the cold weather. We are not so sure that rum is not kept for sale in the village. It would be well to look where drinking men frequent. Crows congregate near the carrion.—King's Highway.

Sir Benjamin Baker, who built the Nile dam, has just given out some new figures concerning the dam and its consequences. During the critical periods for the crops—March to June—the supply of water for irrigation was doubled by the dam. The irrigation of rice, prohibited in previous years, was allowed, and the increase in value of land now converted to irrigation is calculated at over \$25,000,000.

Rooney: "Where did ye git th' black eye, Moike?"
Clancy: "Why, Tim Dolan's just back from his honeymoon—an' 'twas we advised Tim t' git married."

I suppose you thought you were fishing when you caught me?" growled the man who is always disagreeable.
"Well, I used to think so," sighed his little wife; "but now I know I must have been bear-hunting."

Fred: "Frank is in a terrible fix."
Georgie: "How so?"
Fred: "Jessie's father threatens to disinherit her if she marries him, and she says she will sue him for breach of promise if he doesn't."

Jands—"And what business did you say he was in?"
Sands—"Why, he's a general contractor."
Jands—"Oh! Puts up buildings?"
Sands—"No; manufactures corsets."

Wife (in her latest dress from Paris)—Harry, what's the difference between a 'gown' and a 'creation'?"
Harry—I can't give the exact figures, but it's a small fortune.

Mr.: "What would you do if I should die and leave you?"
Mrs.: "Leave me how much?"

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"Houseboating on the Kootenay."
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"British Columbia."
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The old reliable remedy for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. It works thousands of cures annually. Cures without a bluish, as it does not blister.



Complete Cure for Bone Spavin.
Russell, Manitoba, Jan. 29, 1903.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Gentlemen: I had to treat a young horse of mine four years ago which had a Bone Spavin and got kicked on the same leg and was very badly swollen; so bad that I had to bathe it in warm water, then applied Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had Typhoid Fever the same winter and only gave the Kendall's Spavin Cure half a chance, and it only took one and a half bottles to cure his leg with very little treatment, and it did so completely that you would never know that he had a spavin; he never has gone lame since.
Very truly yours, GEO. S. HARRIS.
Such endorsements as the above are a guarantee of merit. Price \$1.50 per bottle. As a inducement for family use, two for \$2.50. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address "DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT."

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A grist mill, carpenter's work shop adjoining, 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. Aug. 19-ft. 4

Canadian Pacific Railway
In effect October 11th, 1903.

DEPARTURES—Atlantic Standard Time. (QUEEN STREET STATION).
6.45 A. MIXED—Week days—for Houlton, Mead, Adam St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John and East Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper car McAdam to Halifax. Dining car McAdam to Truro.
9.05 A. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook, M. Jct. and intermediate points.
11.28 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North. River du Loup and Quebec.
12.30 P. MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
2.20 P. MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jct. M. Plaster Rock and intermediate points.
5.59 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton, M. Saint Stephen, Saint Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John and East; Vancouver, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston.

ARRIVALS.
11.12 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
11.25 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Boston, Montreal, etc.
1.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Plaster Rock and intermediate points.
5.59 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.
7.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook Jct.

11.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
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