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**Ignorance Sometimes Profitable.**

A mail boat had gone down with thousands of pounds in gold on board. Divers were employed to recover the treasure if possible, and one of them, after much toil, saw the prize actually before his eyes. But something else was there—boxes of a special shape that he happened to know denoted that they contained dynamite. The diver hesitated about tampering with them. What if they exploded under water? And so he returned to report.

In the meantime another man went down. He was quite ignorant as to what was the appearance of a dynamite box. He clambered over the obstacles without a thought, and he rescued the gold. Five hundred pounds formed his reward, lost to the other diver through the accident of his knowing too much.

Ignorance in some circumstances may thus have its advantages. From the deck of a vessel lying in an Indian harbor the little daughter of a Maharajah fell overboard. "Man a boat!" was the cry. "There's a shark near." Then over the side went a soldier who had been sitting near. He rescued the child, for the great fish disappeared at the splash, and the dusky chieftain made his fortune on the spot. "You are a plucky fellow," said others, crowding around. "We could have done it, only that shark's fin frightened us." The hero hurried to his cabin to change, and to his chum he said: "Shark's fin! Good heavens! I thought that was a piece of drifting wood." Here again it was the man "in the dark" who scored.

Two years ago a certain Russian Nihilist was selected by lot to throw a bomb at Count X. The man arrived in the capital, but, unknown to himself, was shadowed by the police, who had been secretly informed of his mission. Nothing, however, was really found out against him, but still one secret service man was not satisfied. In a restaurant one evening the two sat at adjoining tables and soon were conversing. Suddenly the detective asked point-blank: "Do you know Count X?" "I have not that pleasure," answered the would-be assassin, without moving a muscle. "Well, I am he," said the detective. Then before he knew what he was doing the Nihilist with a knowing smile retorted, "Oh, no, you are not." At once arrested and his lodgings searched, the knowledge that the man had thus unintentionally displayed sent him to Siberia.

"Merchandise to the value of £20,000 in exchange for the right to build a railway." This offer was made by a French syndicate to a certain North African chief. But that ruler happened to be a reader of European newspapers, and in one copy that he possessed was an account of a serious railroad accident near Budapest that had been attended by much loss of life. "No, no," said the chief warily, "I understand what your railways are. They will kill off all my people, and then you will seize my whole country."

So the line went instead through the dominions of a neighboring potentate, who knew nothing of railways, and only wanted the consideration that was offered. His villages soon became thriving towns that ere long attracted the total population of the entire region, and the other ruler was ruined.

It is in cases of this sort that a little knowledge is especially dangerous. Not long since a Swiss mountain was being bored through to form a railway tunnel, and one day the men learned from a clerk that the directors had wired to the engineer on the spot, "Keep men satisfied, for no more hands can be sent this winter." Thereupon those men promptly struck for higher wages. Their demand was met, when they again asked for more. Then the engineer struck too, worked was stopped, and the men waited. But one day a watchman ran out of the tunnel to say that the sound of boring had reached his ears. And when an Italian engineer stepped through the opening made, those long-idle workmen learned to their disgust that tunneling had all the time been going on also from the other side.

"Not to know," therefore, as we have seen, is sometimes a distinct benefit. A trooper who had gained the soldier's highest honor was not long back taken to visit a military hospital, and he was much impressed. Leaving the building, he paused and said fervently, "Thank goodness I never came here before!" "Why?" "Because," said the soldier, "if I had known then how one can get knocked about I could never have won my V. C."—"Cassell's."

**Their Little Evenings.**

Ethel," said Mr. Henry Jenkins, solemnly, the Japanese have taken Feng-Wang-Cheng. Now Mr. Jenkins takes a violent interest in the Jappo-Russo conflict, hanging about the corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets in the afternoons until busy citizens butt into him and say things undreamed of by the teacher of the infant class.

"Um-m," commented Mrs. Jenkins, who was wreathing chiffon around a wiry skeleton of a hat and who had hazy ideas concerning the war. "Henry, do you think I had better put roses at the side or just foliage?" "Confound the foliage! Ethel, can you as an intelligent woman take no interest in the question of the day? Did you hear what I said about Feng-Wang-Cheng?"

"Yes, dear, but where is the place? It sounds like a laundry."

"It's—its away out in the East," said Jenkins, pompously.

"But the East is a big place. Do you mean that it's in China?"

"Ye-es. That is—it's where the Russians have been. I shouldn't be surprised if the Japs should bottle up Port Arthur tomorrow."

"Bottle it! You'd think it was pickles or canned fruit. I do think war is the silliest idea. They don't seem to have the slightest idea of what they are doing. It has made camphor ever so much dearer. I was just telling the druggist last night that it

would cost me ever so much more to put away my furs. And I shouldn't be at all surprised if kimonos were to cost more in the autumn. Do you suppose they will, Henry? I want to get a pale blue one with white strips down the front." But Henry was lost in the columns of the Saturday paper and refused to raise his speculations to kimonos.

**The Way Things Grow.**

WHAT I OBSERVED.

Young Jack Smith met Mrs. Willie Jones, apparently by accident, in King street; the two stopped and chatted a few minutes; walked half a block together; the lady hailed a car with her parasol, and, presumably, went home.

WHAT MRS. WIZZEN TOLD HER HUSBAND.

It's simply shameful the way that silly little Mrs. Willie Jones cuts up with Jack Smith—and so publicly! This afternoon the two were together again, promenading up and down King street for over half an hour—laughing and attracting attention in the most brazen manner. I think it's just awful. And when she left him—waved her parasol till everyone turned and stared. I think someone should tell Willie. It's only fair that he should know what's going on.

WHAT WIZZEN TOLD NOSEY AT THE CLUB.

Don't see much of Billy Jones these days, eh! Guess the poor little beggar has his hands full with that wife of his. She and Jack Smith going a pretty swift pace. Meet regularly, I understand. Someone telling me only yesterday that she was seen with him in King street with more on board than she really needed. Yes—a fact—straight. (Whispers, slaps his friend on the shoulder and chuckles.) Poked him in the ribs with her parasol and created quite a scene as he was putting her on a car. Mighty pretty girl, though. Don't know what she sees in Smith. Oh, yes! It's no secret—but don't let on that I told you.

WHAT NOSEY TELLS HIS FRIENDS.

Hear Billy Jones is thinking of bringing an action against Jack Smith. Oh! haven't you heard? Thought everyone knew the way she and Jack have been going on. There's talk of an attempted elopement. Someone put Billy on to the game. Caught them just as they were starting off. Ran across them in King street, heading for the station, after bowling up pretty well. Drinks! Well, I should say she does! Oh, yes! Quite a scene. Refused to return home. Hit Billy over the head with her parasol. Fact. Oh, he saw the game was up, so he caved in and helped Billy get her on a car. Haven't seen him for a day or so. May have left town. Best thing he could do under the circumstances.

**Poems That Never Die.**

10 VICTIMS.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—  
 The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;  
 Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim  
 Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,  
 But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary the broken in heart,  
 Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;  
 Whose youth had no flower in its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,  
 From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day  
 With the wreck of their life all around them, un-  
 pitied, unheeded, alone,  
 With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its psalm for those who have won;  
 While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun  
 Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet  
 Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,  
 In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying and there  
 Chant a requiem. low, place my hand on their pain-rotted brows, breathe a prayer,  
 Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,  
 Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;  
 Who have held to their faith, unswayed by the prize that the world holds on high;  
 Who have died for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! Who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,  
 Are they those who the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?  
 The martyrs of Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae's straits?  
 Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?  
 William Wetmore Story.

**Danger of a Future Boer Rising.**

Dealing with the position and grievances of the British garrison in South Africa, The Times' Johannesburg correspondent says: Though fully conscious that a large section of

the Boers do not take kindly to our presence here, and that the attitude of the Dutch in Cape Colony forms a permanent element of unrest, I do not share the views of those who anticipate a Boer rising in the near future. True, our new fellow subjects are very busy organizing at the present moment; their immediate aims, however, are political, and, although the basis of this organization for political purposes happens to be identical with the basis of their organization for military purposes before the war, undue significance need not be attached to this point. It is practically the only system that occurs to the Boer mind—namely, that of field cornets. The average Boer has neither the means nor the inclination to make up his mind on any given point; he finds it far more convenient to have it made up for him. Hence the power wielded by the field cornets, and in turn by the two or three men to whom the field cornets look for guidance and instructions. This power can be exercised indifferently in the direction of the ballot-box or for purposes of armed insurrection.

**Healthy Kidneys, Pure Blood.**

**By Means of the Kidneys Only Can the Blood be Purified and the Kidneys Are Kept Healthy by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.**

At this season of the year the kidneys are always sure to be more or less deranged. The work of filtering from the blood the poisonous impurities which result from the artificial winter life is too much for them, and spring finds the blood loaded with waste matter and the kidneys in a sluggish and clogged condition.

The effects are felt throughout the entire system. The liver, in sympathy with the kidneys, becomes slow and torpid in action, the bowels are constipated and digestion is impaired, giving rise to headaches, dizzy spells and feelings of discomfort.

The quickest and most satisfactory way of setting the kidneys right is the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This great family medicine is endorsed by the many thousands who have tested its merits. Acting as it does on kidneys, liver and bowels, it is not only prompt to relieve, but thorough and lasting in the benefits which it bestows.

Next to a personal test of this preparation, probably the best evidence of its value is found in the enormous sale which it has throughout the length and breadth of this continent.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., 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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 The old reliable remedy for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. It works thousands of cures annually, Cures without a blenheim, as it does not blister.



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 Russell, Manitoba, Jan. 20, 1909.  
 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; six for \$5. As a hint for family use it has no equal. 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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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.

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Infants' White Muslin Dresses, Infants' Cream Cashmere Cloaks, Infants' Silk and Muslin Bonnets, Children's Cashmere Hose, pink, sky, cardinal, cream, tan and black, Children's Muslin Hats, Children's White Dresses, etc.  
**MISS A. M. BOYER,**  
 CONNELL'S BLOCK,  
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 Fitted with **roller bearings** and draw from middle of axle.  
 Drums of heavy sheet steel with **closed ends.**  
 Easily **worth many dollars more** than the inferior rollers offered by our competitors. If you examine them you will agree with us.  
 These excellent rollers are now in the hands of our agents along the line. They have also the celebrated **Perrin Plow**, the only Sulky Plow on the market that will do its work satisfactorily.

**BALMAIN BROS.**  
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