

## Not Her Business.

Mrs. Plummer is one of the gentle, clinging women who are guarded and guided by some strong and well-balanced member of the sterner sex as long as they lived. When Mr. Plummer died she was overcome by grief and a sense of helplessness.

"Now, my dear Emily, what are all these bills?" asked her cousin one day, when Mrs. Plummer had been a widow nearly six months.

"They are gas bills," said Mrs. Plummer, looking apathetically at a small pile of pink slips, "and those blue ones are telephone bills. They are beginning to complain at the telephone office, and they've said something about taking out the telephone; and the gas company has shut off the gas already. I sat in the dark last night."

"Well, but why on earth don't you pay the bills?" asked her bewildered relative.

Mrs. Plummer looked at her guest with reproachful, tear-filled eyes.

"George has always paid the gas and telephone bills," she said, plaintively. "I supposed you'd understand."

## In the Wrong Box.

A muscular Irishman strolled into the civil service examination room in the City Hall, Chicago, where candidates for the police force are put to a physical test.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon.

"What's that?" answered the uninitiated.

"Get your clothes off, be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman disrobed, and permitted the doctor to measure his chest and legs and pound his back.

"Hop over this bar," ordered the doctor.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Now double up your knees and touch the floor with your hands."

He sprawled, face downward, on the floor.

He was indignant, but kept silent.

"Jump under the cold shower," ordered the doctor.

"Sure, that's funny," muttered the applicant.

"Now run around the room ten times to test your heart and wind," directed the doctor.

The candidate rebelled.

"I'll not, I'll stay single."

The doctor looked surprised.

"What's more continued the Irishman. "I don't see what all this fussing's got to do with a marriage license."

He had strayed into the wrong bureau.

Later he got a license, giving the name of Joseph McGlynn.

## Spencer's Autobiography.

The London Times publishes advance extracts from the autobiography of Herbert Spencer, which give interesting and curious remarks made by the philosopher. For example, he says: "After reading six books of the Iliad, I felt that I would rather give a large sum than read to the end," and, "After a perusal of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice' I have lost all faith in Ruskin's judgement; doubtless he has a fine and eloquent style, but he has uttered multitudinous absurdities."

Referring to Carlyle, Spencer says that "he either could not or would not think coherently."

The philosopher expresses admiration for George Eliot, both physically and intellectually, but says "the report which was current that he was in love and intended to marry her was untrue."

"You serpent!" hissed the fair, but angry, daughter of Eve. "You snake charmer!" retorted the wise son of Adam. Then she smiled, and, womanlike, forgave him.

## WHY ARE

## THE GRADUATES OF

## FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Better trained than those of most other schools! BECAUSE, unlike most business college men, the principal had had nearly TEN years practical office experience before going into business college work.

Send for free catalogue. Address,

W. J. OSBORNE,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.

## HOTELS

VICTORIA HOTEL,  
ST. JOHN N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor

JUNCTION HOUSE,  
Newburg Junction

Meals on arrival of all trains First-class

R. B. OWENS, Proprietor

## LIVERY AND HACK STABLE

H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props

On route for commercial travellers. Coaches in atendance at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates.

A First-Class Horse in connection,

Emerald Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 13, 1904.

## A School of Matrimony.

It is cheering news to learn that the State of Iowa is grappling with the divorce evil at the right end of the problem. In that enlightened commonwealth it is proposed to establish a school where young men and women, contemplating entering into the holy estate of wedlock, may take a course of instruction and receive a diploma for proficiency in knowing how to keep the domestic peace, and to this end a bill has been introduced into the Legislature asking that the Governor be empowered to appoint a "State Director of Marriage Reform Instruction."

Just what the curriculum in the School of Matrimony will embrace has not yet been made public, but the girls' course will undoubtedly begin with detailed instruction in how to cook and keep house. The first disillusion many—nay, most—husbands get is from the bad housekeeping of their wives. It is unromantic, but it is a truth, that you can drown love in muddy coffee, and choke it to death on tough steak, and slay it beyond the power of resurrection on soggy biscuit. Be sure that it is at a bad breakfast table that the young husband first begins to suspect that he has made a mistake in his choice of a wife and has missed his affinity. "Exhibit A" in many a divorce case is a leaden roll.

There's no use in saying this is putting things on a low level. It's simply taking human nature as it is. Plain living and high thinking may be enough for a philosopher. Heroes in novels can live on sentiment alone, but in real life most of us don't get much above our surroundings. We are never critical of those who make us comfortable, but there's precious little love that can survive an ill-kept home. The woman who understands the fine art of feeding us and making us comfortable doesn't have to sue for our love. She can command it.

Then somebody ought to endow a chair of "Perpetual Fascination." Cupid is always painted with wings. That is to show how easily love can fly away from us. Women never grasp the significance of this. They think because a man loves them once he will continue to do so. It is a cheering thought, and they work it for all it is worth. Many a man who marries a girl because of her daintiness and charm and amiability never sees that side of her character again. She wears her dowdy clothes for him, she saves her amiability for others, and her wit for strangers. I humbly maintain that a man who pays a woman's bills has a right to the best she can give, and I have never yet known a wife who persisted in regarding her husband as company who was worth fixing up for and entertaining who had to complain of his defection from his own hearthstone.

A thorough and exhausting course in the science of tact should also be included in the curriculum. Why can't wives be taught not to bump up against the angles in their husbands' disposition? Why can't they learn to avoid bringing up subjects on which they know beforehand they are going to disagree? Why can't wives be instructed how to rub the fur the right way instead of the wrong way? Of course, men are often pig-headed and unreasonable, but the art of the thing is not to treat a crank as if he were sane, and when you find you have stirred up an ugly temper, to give way for the time being without a fight. The secret of a great generalship is knowing when to attack and when to retreat.

But, happily, for marriage is a double team that no one person can drive, the School of Matrimony is to be a co-educational institute, for there is just as much need of men learning how to make a happy home as there is of women. They also sin through ignorance. A man doesn't deliberately marry a woman to break her heart, and when he tramples all over the flowers in her soul it's just because he was so untaught he couldn't read the "keep-off-the-grass" with which a woman's nature is hedged in.

Every man, contemplating matrimony, should begin in a kindergarten class in which it should be drilled into his mind that while you can run a courtship on hot air, it takes money to support a family. He should be taught to repeat "butcher bills, and grocery bills, and gas bills, and dry goods bills, and millinery bills, and doctors' bills, and all other bills and ills to which matrimony is heir, until he could say them backward and forward, or in his sleep. Then it wouldn't come to him with such a shock of surprise when he found that his wife couldn't work miracles, and that it wasn't chesper for two to live than one, after all.

Men should also be grounded in the geography of a woman's character so that they will learn that the girl who is bounded on the north by silliness and on the south by ignorance, and on the east by extravagance, and on the west by selfishness and laziness, and whose chief characteristic is a volcanic temper in a constant state of eruption, is a woman's land, from which a wise mariner will steer away. No man who is in love will believe it, but matrimony works no miracles in a woman. The latitude of her tongue and the longitude of her patience never change. Walking to the altar never yet converted a

butterfly into a useful household grub, or changed a snappish shrew into a meek Griselda.

Prospective husbands should also be taught that if flattery was useful before marriage, it is an absolute necessity afterward. Most men after the wedding let up on compliments and creams as if marriage extracted a woman's sweet tooth. This is a mistake. It is strange but a fact nevertheless, that words and not deeds count with a woman, and as long as her husband will hold one of her hands, she is perfectly content to work the other one to the bone.

It would also add no little to domestic felicity if husbands could be taught when a hat is a confection and a bargain at \$50, when a skirt "sets" right, and when it is a subject for tears, and how to hook up a waist in the back without wilting their collars and using language in which no gentleman should indulge in the presence of a perfect lady. But, perhaps, this is asking too much. There can be no absolute perfection in this world.

At any rate, the School of Matrimony has a great future before it, and the "State Director of Marriage Reform Instruction" is destined to be the solver of the divorce problem. May his tribe increase!

DOROTHY DIX.

Eye Strain Is  
Nerve Strain.

Seamstress and Stenographer,  
Sewing Girl and Student Suffer Alike From This Trouble.

Dr. Chase's  
Nerve Food.

The eye is a complicated mechanism, made up of a regular network of the most delicate nerve fibres.

When an unusual amount of work is required of the eye, or when the eye is kept constantly at high tension, nerve force is consumed at a tremendous rate, and unless the system is strong and supported by an abundance of rich, red blood there follows physical collapse.

What hosts of pale and emaciated girls are found in our offices and factories, schools and workshops, and what a large proportion of them are wearing glasses!

Their health and sight cannot possibly be improved, except by a building up of the nervous system, and this can best be accomplished by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Whether you have strained your eyes and undermined your nervous system by needlework, office work or study, you will be benefited by a month's treatment with this great food cure.

As your form rounds out, and your weight increases, as you find new vigor of mind and body, as your eye sight improves, and your vitality returns, you will be forever grateful that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food ever became known to you.

You cannot afford to delay the use of this great nerve restorative, for every dose is bound to be of benefit to you.

Mrs. S. Cole, Gibson, N. B., states:—"For years I have been a victim of nervousness and naturally suffered more or less from sleeplessness. At times I had severe headaches and my digestion was bad. Though I tried several kinds of medicine I did not derive any benefit until I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Since I have used this preparation my nerves are strengthened, my digestion is good, the headaches are gone and I can rest and sleep well. In fact this treatment has benefited my whole system and I feel very much better."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edman-son, 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.

## What He Would Do.

"My friend," earnestly exclaimed the temperance lecturer, pointing a long, quivering forefinger straight at the cowering figure of a man in one of the back seats, "what will you do when you come to the end of your tether and find honor, hope, friends, home, and all that makes life worth living lost, all lost?"

"Lost?" echoed the beery soul, dimly conscious that a question had been put to him; "b' George, I'd (hic) advertize."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c.  
CATARRH CURE ...

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, 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.

## Uncontaminate.

Frances had been brought up in a strict Presbyterian household, and in all her nine years had never attended service in a church of another denomination.

While on a visit with her mother to a part of the country far from her own home she entered the parlor one Saturday afternoon and eagerly asked:

"Oh mamma, may I go to the 'Piscopal church with Gertie tomorrow? I'll promise not to believe a single word the minister says!"—I. C. Tulloch, in April Lippincott's Magazine.

The Label  
That Protects.

This label is the best protection against ill-fitting, poorly made clothing. It is found only in the famous

"Progress"  
Suits & Overcoats

The reliability and uniform excellence of "PROGRESS" Clothing, make this label mean so much to judges of quality.

Sold by Leading Clothiers Throughout Canada.

Progress Brand Clothing may be had from John McLaughlan



## GOOD BUTTER

Is the only variety that  
sells now-a-days

The Very Finest  
is made in the

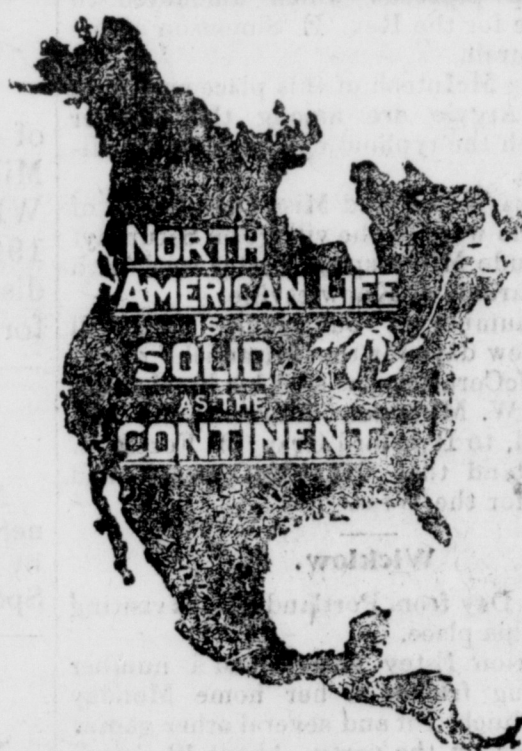
FAVOURITE  
CHURN.

It may interest you to know that we have just received a carload of these celebrated churns in sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4. They are now being distributed and will be sold by us and our agents at RIGHT PRICES.

No other churn is so simple or works so easy. No other churn gives the entire satisfaction that the "Favourite" gives.

## BALMAIN BROS.

Woodstock, March 9th, 1904.



## Comparison of Three

## Septennial Periods.

	New Business	In Force
1882.....	\$1,413,171	\$2,313,937
1889.....	2,598,217	9,068,862
1896.....	3,554,960	17,494,170
1903.....	5,884,890	32,625,063

\*Excluding monthly plan.

	Income	Assets	Net Surplus
1882.....	\$1,014	\$ 151,135	\$ 8,430
1889.....	291,741	816,710	71,365
1896.....	641,788	2,515,833	421,546
1903.....	1,381,364	5,625,801	550,237

	1903	1902	Increase
Premium Income.....	\$1,132,619	\$1,049,632.74	\$82,986.17
Interest Income.....	248,746.75	221,187.47	\$27,559.31
Insurance Issued.....	5,884,890.00	5,773,905.00	110,985.00
Net Surplus.....	530,236.76	515,044.76	\$15,192.00

A District Manager wanted for Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties. Apply to

WRIGHT & EVERETT,  
PROVINCIAL MANAGERS,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## PUNGS

## and Other Things.

Many Styles in Light Knee Sleds,  
and Heavy Pungs. Bob Sleds,

Great Variety of Trim-mings in all the Latest Patterns and Designs.

Material and Workmanship superior to anything offered in town.

Long Sleds,  
Neck Yokes,  
Spread Chains.

## HORSE SHOEING

Done by two Expert Professionals!

It is a pleasure to us to show you our goods.

## THE WOODSTOCK CARRIAGE CO.

Main Street, South Side of Bridge.