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MY FIRST BOW TO THE KING

Lieutenant at a Levee.

(London "Tit-Bits.")

Just as a young debutante looks forward to her first drawing-room with feelings as much of nervous trepidation as of delight, so a young officer or lawyer fights more shy of his first levee than of facing an enemy in the field or conducting his first case in court, although naturally he feels proud of the prospect of coming individually under the eyes of his King.

I am not ashamed to confess that when some time ago, in all the glory of the full-dress uniform of a lieutenant of Yeomanry, I made my way on foot to St. James's Palace to be presented to His Majesty as one of his soldiers, it was with a little internal quaking and an external trembling of the knees, which rather belied my brave appearance. I was just in time, as I neared the Palace, to see the King's equipage, with its escort of Lifeguardsmen making a gallant show with their glistening helmets and nodding plumes, dash up through a roar of welcoming shouts from the crowds of curious sightseers, and to feel proudly that I, too, was a part, however insignificant, of the "show."

My own reception by the crowd, however, was not quite so cordial as that of the King, although one critic did exclaim, 'I say, Bill, don't think 'e's a tor!' which, after all, was rather a dubious kind of a compliment. But a soldier of the King can afford to be criticised, I thought, as, with the air of a field marshal, I ran the gauntlet of the crowds and at last found myself safely landed within the palace walls.

And what a startling transformation it was from the dinginess of the world outside to the blaze of color and life and animation in which I found myself within the palace. Here were hundreds of men stretching away in a long vista as far as the eye could see, a river of moving colors as variegated as those of Joseph's coat and probably far more picturesque. They were men of all types and ages—a few generals, erect and still imposing in scarlet tunics, cocked hats, and plumes—men apparently old enough to have fought at Balacava and Inkerman, and still ready if need be to take the field again; and rubbing shoulders with these grizzled veterans were dapper young subalterns of Guards as gaily attired as so many popinjay, and no doubt full of dreams of the day when they too, should wear a general's badge. Here are aides-de-camp in their richly embroidered tunics, gold aigrettes, plumed hats and gold sashes; Highland officers in tartan trews and feather bonnet; trim naval commanders in their more sober but most becoming blue and gold; officers of engineers and artillery, of cavalry and infantry of the line, yeomen and volunteers—an epitome, in fact, of the British Army, and all sporting their bravest colors.

Dotted here and there in this gorgeous stream of color, slowly moving onward to the Throne Room, are the white wigs and black robes of lawyers fresh from the courts and their briefs, and come to pay homage to the King; men in the modest splendor of black velvet court suits, steel-looped cocked hats, and swords and buckles of steel; stray ministers of the Crown in gold-laced uniforms; scarlet-clad dignitaries of the Church; county lieutenants in silk-lined embroidered tunics, silver-laced trousers, and crimson and gold sashes; Chinamen, gorgeous in robes of silk and gold; picturesque Japanese; and turbaned Turks.

In my uniform of dark green I felt quite eclipsed by the blaze of color around and in front of me, as moving with the stream I found myself passing through room after room scanned by keen-eyed officials, on the lookout for anything irregular in dress, and the entrance to each room guarded by two gentlemen-at-arms ready to bar the entrance with a cord of silk if the pressure should become too great.

At last, after what seems hours of slow progression, I catch a distant glimpse of the Throne Room, voices which until now have been incessant become hushed, I clutch my ticket of presentation to make sure that I have still got it, and summon up my evapor-

ating courage for the ordeal which is now near.

A little later I find myself at the entrance to the Throne Room and catch sight of the King, in field marshal's uniform, standing on a raised platform with a brilliant group behind, to the right, and in front of him—Royal Princes and household officials in gorgeous uniforms. My name is announced in a clear, cultured voice—that of the Lord Chamberlain—and with a dazed feeling and a shakiness in the legs I walk forward, make a clumsy obeisance to the King, receive a gracious smile and a bow in turn, and somehow, before I realize that it can possibly be over, I have emerged from the room and find myself in a corridor outside.

After all, I thought, it was not very formidable, and I might just as well have saved myself all my trepidation. For a few moments I waited in the corridor watching the steady flow from the Throne Room—the Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Law, Ministers and attaches—and I could not help fancying that they all seemed as pleased as myself at having done homage to our gracious King, and that the ordeal was over.

Canada's Sovereign Title.

It is refreshing to read such a statesmanlike editorial article in a New York paper as the one quoted below. Seldom does a United States journalist show such breadth of view and courtesy in treating of Canada's position among the nations as is displayed by the writer in the "Tribune." However, we must inform New Yorkers that Mr. W. F. McLean, M. P., is not an "Honorable," although there's no telling—

We regret to perceive another misunderstanding of the United States on the part of our Canadian friends and neighbors. It is revealed in some recent remarks of the Hon. W. F. McLean, M. P., at a dinner of the Canadian Club in Toronto. Assuming the reports in the Canadian papers of his address to be correct, Mr. McLean said "there was not a public man in the United States who admitted that Canadians have a right to an independent national existence." We assume of course, that he was entirely sincere in making that amazing statement. Then we must add that he was entirely, egregiously and, to our mind, incomprehensibly mistaken.

We doubt if there is a public man, or a private one either in the United States, whose opinion on such a matter is worthy of consideration, who does not unhesitatingly admit that Canada's title to independent national sovereignty is as good as our own. It is of older date than our own. It was fully recognized by us at the time when our title was established. It was again and again recognized by the great statesmen of our early years who founded our national policy—by Hamilton and Jefferson alike, when they both proposed that the North American continent should be divided between the United States and Great Britain to the exclusion of all other nations. If it ever has been seriously challenged or questioned since, we are not aware of the fact. Moreover, since McLean referred to the Monroe Doctrine, we may add that that doctrine is as much a guarantee of Canadian sovereignty as of any other sovereignty on the American continents. It is at once a pledge that the United States will not wantonly infringe upon Canadian sovereignty, and a warning to the world that no foreign power will be permitted to do so. Perhaps Canada does not need, or does not think she needs, our guarantee, but she can scarcely regard the making of it as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition.

The United States regards Canada as, under British imperial suzerainty, an independent sovereign nation, whose title is as valid as that of any nation on the globe. It has no thought of annexing Canada against her will, nor does it, indeed, regard annexation as necessary or inevitable. It is not sitting up o' nights to coax or to coerce the Dominion into union with the Republic. If ever Canada should, at her own will, seek such union, the United States would probably be cordially responsive. But if Canada never does seek it, the United States will regard with entire equanimity and satisfaction the

prospect of continuing for all time to share this continent with another great English speaking commonwealth, and will only hope for constantly increasing sentiments of mutual esteem and constantly strengthening bonds of friendship between these two sovereign nations.

Newfoundland Problems.

A London despatch represents that Lord Lansdowne is purchasing French rights on the west shore of Newfoundland by a payment of \$600,000, and that French fishermen will be allowed the same privileges in catching fish and bait that British fishermen enjoy. The question at once arises whether the Foreign Minister is or is not consulting the Newfoundland authorities in thus dealing with their most highly-prized rights. The French would be getting a magnificent price for the treaty shore if, in addition to a handsome sum of money, they obtained the same rights as to fishing and procuring bait that a Newfoundland fisherman possesses. If Newfoundland wishes to extinguish the French claims on the west coast at this sacrifice, well and good, but it is inconceivable that Lord Lansdowne would use them as pawns in the game without the consent of Newfoundland. The French shore is virtually valueless to the French and without the right to get bait at Newfoundland ports the fishing on the banks can scarcely be profitably pursued. Newfoundland is in reality mistress of the Atlantic cod-fishing industry, and if she were a portion of the Dominion of Canada this could be demonstrated beyond denial. It is the French counties that have enabled the French fisherman to keep up the fight so long. If the Newfoundland fisherman had as strong national backing the struggle would soon be settled in his favor. To give away all that he has so long fought for would be an egregious settlement of the questions at issue. It may be hoped that the despatch in question is erroneous in its statements.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By Eddie Willeboey Bock.

Dear Little Boys and Girls—How glad I am to be with you once more, and what a thrill it sends over me to note the genuine pleasure in your faces.

You know, of course, that I am the only and original lah di dah Editor in the land, and that my thoughts are all pure.

Always have pure thoughts, dear boys and girls, even if you cannot constantly have me with you as a personal conductor.

Pure thoughts are not always as easy as you think. Only by sending me a dollar a year and reading my advice can you hope to have a ladylike mind.

But if I read your minds aright, not only do you wish to have pure thoughts, but also to know how to get along in the world. And this has always been my motto: As much cash as possible, and as many pure thoughts as possible to go with it.

This is the secret of success. Perhaps you think my dears, that it is an easy thing to be as successful as I am, but try it and see. There are grafts and grafts, as you know. There is the Scotch graft of Mr. Carnegie, and the Christian Science graft of Mother Eddy, but the Namby-pamby graft is the toughest yet.

Sometimes, as I look around, my heart aches to think of the number of men and women in this country who are too intelligent to read the "Ladies Hum Journal."

But I do not dare cater to them, for fear I shall lose all the others.

And so, dear little ones, you see that I, too, have my trials. In the midst of my anxiety as to whether a druggist who works on Sunday can be a Christian, whether a young woman who has become engaged to a young man should allow him to take her to Thursday evening prayer meeting without a chaperon, whether the times are prosperous enough to allow of a receipt of more than two eggs to a custard for four, and whether a young boy of thirteen should be allowed to kiss a chorus girl under seventy years of age, I am constantly obliged to consider whether the nature of my advice is calculated to increase the circulation.

This is the main point, and one that has to

be approached in a prayerful spirit.

In the meantime, my dear young friends, remember what I have said. Be pure, be intelligent, and be foxy, and if you cannot fool all the people all the time, you can fool some of them all the time, which is good enough for all practical purposes.—"Life."

One of Wiman's Hobbies.

N. Y. Tribune: The late Erastus Wiman for years had an ardent desire to be the means of introducing some practical invention of great public utility. The natural result was that he was besieged by cranks of all sorts and conditions, each convinced that his device was just the thing to meet Mr. Wiman's requirements.

An old acquaintance tells of many incidents, pathetic and humorous, witnessed by him in Mr Wiman's office 314 Broadway, the headquarters of his commercial agency. For several years, it appears, Mr. Wiman was accustomed to devote an hour in the middle of the day to those who came to see him outside of the usual routine of business. Then it was that men with inventions made the best of their opportunities. They would flock to the railing about his desk, and in turn lay before him the merits of the device they wished exploited.

No matter how extravagant the scheme, Mr. Wiman listened patiently while its originator dilated upon its merits. It appeared to him in any way he made another appointment. If the inventor pleaded poverty, out would come a roll of bills, and the patent, model, or whatever it was remained on deposit until they could consider it further. Few went from him sorrowing.

The same acquaintance says that Mr. Wiman once told him that he was willing to entertain a hundred cranks, in the hope that the hundred and first would appear with the long awaited device.

Many Cannibals Remain.

N. Y. Sun: There are many places in the world today where cannibalism flourishes.

Scattered about the Pacific Ocean are many cannibal islands, where the natives eat human flesh because they like it, for food. In other cannibalism is practised as a sort of religious rite.

The natives of New Guinea are confirmed cannibals, and not long ago they killed and ate the members of an exploring party led by the well-known missionary and explorer, Dr. Chalmers.

Dr. Chalmers was one of the founders of Port Moresby, the principal town in the British part of the island, and had done more in the way of exploring New Guinea than any other man. On his last expedition up the Fly River, the largest in New Guinea, he was at first received with all the old-time respect which the natives were wont to show him, but one night they killed the whole party and ate their bodies, including that of their friend, the doctor.

Seven Spanish sailors who were wrecked near the mouth of the Muri River, in West Africa, were captured and eaten by the natives recently.

Today there are cannibal tribes living in many parts of South America. Such tribes inhabit that region of wilderness belonging to Colombia known as the Cacaqueta, and the brother of Gen. Rafael Reyes, the special envoy of Colombia to this country in the Panama matter, was killed and eaten by some of them while attempting to cross to the head waters of the Amazon.

Some of the tribes of Northern Luzon are suspected of being addicted to cannibalism. Ghoulish tales of cannibalistic practices are told of the voodoo worshippers of the interior of Hayti.

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Gentlemen—I have used your Spavin Cure on my horses for the past fourteen years and it has always given me good results in every particular. I also have one of your books that I have found very useful. If you have any later editions of the "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," will you kindly send me one.  
Respectfully yours, B. F. FRISVOLD.  
It is an absolutely reliable remedy for Spavin, Splints, Curbs, Ringbones, etc. Removes all humors and leaves no scar. Price \$1.50 per bottle. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Write your druggist for KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, or to "A Treatise on the Horse," the book for the address.  
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TENDER FOR STATION.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Kempt Station," will be received up to and including

TUESDAY, THE 5TH DAY OF APRIL, 1904,

for the construction of a Station, with Dwelling at Kempt, about 14 miles east from Ste. Flavie, P. Q. Plans and specification may be seen at the Station Master's Office at Kempt, 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.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 18th March, 1904.

NOTICE.

THE TENTH annual meeting of the Tobique River Log Driving Company will be held in the City of Fredericton, at the Queen Hotel, in said City, WEDNESDAY, the SIXTH day of APRIL, proximo at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors and for the transaction of such business as may legally come before the meeting.

Dated twenty first day of March A. D. 1904.

HENRY HILYARD, President.

J. C. HARTLEY, Secretary-Treasurer.

N. B.—Every owner of logs or other timber intended to be driven by said Company during the Driving season of 1904 must file with the Secretary a statement of same on or before the day of the annual meeting, and no lumberman can become a member of said Company now entitled to vote at its meetings until said statement has been filed.

TOBIQUE RIVER LOG DRIVING COMPANY.

Contract for Driving.

TENDERS for a Contract for three years for driving the logs, timber and lumber put into the Tobique River from the several points below mentioned out into the River Saint John, at the rates below stated, will be received by the Tobique River Log Driving Company at Woodstock until noon of the FIFTH day of APRIL and at the Queen Hotel in Fredericton until noon of the SIXTH day of APRIL next.

The tender to state the amount that will be paid by the tenderer annually for the contract. The contract to contain such clauses and conditions as the Directors may prescribe to secure the faithful and satisfactory performance of the work. The rates to be paid per thousand superficial feet of timber, logs and lumber driven out into the River Saint John will be as follows:—

- 1st—From the Forks of the Tobique River...40cts
- 2nd—From Two Brooks...30cts
- 3rd—From Gulquac and Burnt Land Brook...25cts
- 4th—From Wapskehegan...20cts
- 5th—From Points below...10cts

The directors are not obliged to accept the highest or any tender unless the same shall be satisfactory to them, as to the ability of the party tendering to carry out the contract, the price offered, and all terms and conditions of the tender. The tenderer must name two bondsmen who are ready to enter into a Bond with him for the sum of four thousand dollars for the due performance of the contract, and the written consent of such persons to enter into that bond, must accompany the tender.

In case the driving of the logs, timber and lumber be not contracted for upon tender, the same will be sold at Public Auction in front of the York County Court House on WEDNESDAY, the SIXTH day of APRIL next, at 4 o'clock, p. m., pursuant to the provisions of Act of Assembly. Tenders may be addressed to the Secretary at Woodstock, or at Queen Hotel, Fredericton. Dated 21st March A. D., 1904.

J. C. HARTLEY, HENRY HILYARD, Secretary-Treasurer. President.

FARM FOR SALE.

Situated in Parish of Woodstock nearly five miles from town, one quarter mile from school house and post office. Contains 150 acres more or less, 90 acres cleared, well watered, fine growth of hard wood. Large orchard, good dwelling house, three barns, carriage house, sheds etc., all in good repair, and land under excellent state of cultivation. Sold with or without stock, farming implements etc.

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