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The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the bones called the marrow and some say red blood also comes from the spleen. Healthy bone marrow and healthy spleen are full of fat.

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It was Almost too Late.

Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, who has taken a party of ten Red Cross nurses to Japan, was talking in Philadelphia about the perils of war nursing.

"I wish heartily," said Dr. McGee, "that soldiers could shoot no better than my cousin."

She paused, smiled and resumed. "My cousin went gunning last fall for the first time. He bagged nothing; every shot missed. But he was ashamed to go home empty handed, and therefore he stopped at a grocer's and bought a rabbit."

"Good luck," he cried to his wife on his return. "Look at the rabbit. See where the bullets went through him."

"My cousin's wife took hold of the rabbit, and at the same time she sniffed, grimaced and turned away her head."

"You were wise, my dear," she said, "to shoot this rabbit today. Tomorrow would have been too late."

Made Him Madder.

Nobody outside the journalistic profession has any idea how difficult it is for an editor to please some of his patrons. For instance referring to a public man's reputation for carelessness in the matter of his toilet, a paper announced:

"Mr. Maguire will wash himself before he assumes the office of town councillor."

This made Maguire furious and he demanded a retraction, which appeared thus:

"Mr. Maguire requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town councillor."

Oddly enough, this only enraged Maguire the more.

If there is one enterprise on earth that a 'quitter' should leave severely alone it is advertising. To make a success of advertising one must be prepared to stick to it like a barnacle on a boat's bottom. He should know before he begins that he must spend money—lots of it. Somebody should tell him, also, that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with his expenditures early in the game. Advertising doesn't jerk—it pulls. It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, and year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power. It is likened to a team pulling a heavy load. A thousand spasmodic, jerky pulls will not budge the load, while one-half the power exerted in steady effort will start and keep it moving.

One day a well-known politician was enjoying a chat with a friend at a London hotel, when a strange young man came up and said:

"Can I see you for a moment, Mr. Dash?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Dash, rising. The young man led him across the room and seemed to have something important to say to him. Arrived in the corner the stranger whispered into the politician's ear:

"I am on the staff of the evening paper, and I should like to have you tell me what you think of the situation in the east."

Mr. Dash looked a little puzzled at first, then he said:

"Follow me."

And, leading the way, he walked through the reading room, down some steps into the drawing-room, through a long passage into the dining-room, and drawing his visitor into the corner, behind the hat rack, he whispered:

"I really don't know anything about it!"—
Spare Moments.

"How much better off a man would be if he would take his wife's advice!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Tompkins, "I have told Charley time and again not to bet on horses that don't win. But he will do it."—
Washington Star.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 20, 1904.

Duke of Cambridge's Wife.

The most romantic feature of the late Duke of Cambridge's life was his marriage, which was often incorrectly described as "morganatic," when, in fact, it was legally no marriage at all. Under the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, no marriage of a member of the Royal Family is valid without the consent of the reigning sovereign, and this was never obtained by the Duke. Why it was not given has often been the subject of wonder, since several members of the Royal Family have since married persons not of Royal birth.

The Duke's wife, who was known throughout the remainder of her life as Mrs. Fitz-George, was an actress, a Miss Farebrother, daughter of a printer in Bow street. She was the reigning beauty of the Lyceum during the Kaeley regime, and is still remembered as Abdullah, captain of the Forty Thieves, in one gorgeous extravaganza. The marriage took place at Arbornhill church, attached to the barracks in Dublin, where Prince George was then quartered with his regiment. It was a quiet affair, and the happy couple proceeded at once to Montrelier House—a capital brick three-storeyed edifice hard by. His marriage was not recognized at Court, and is not referred to in the "Peerages."

But the Duke and the actress were very happy, for she was a lady of great personal charm, amiable, and an excellent talker. There were three sons and one daughter, who were kindly treated by her late Majesty, and had the entree of the Royal Palaces, though their mother, the extravaganza actress, daughter of the printer, had not.

The sons are Col. George FitzGeorge, Read-Admiral Adolphus FitzGeorge, and Col. Augustus Charles FitzGeorge.

Mrs. FitzGeorge, who was greatly esteemed by the members of the Royal Family, as well as by others who knew the Duke of Cambridge personally, died in January, 1888. The Duke's bereavement was severe. Other members of the family shared his regret. For a time he withdrew from public engagements, but in August of the same year responded to the invitation to unveil in the cemetery at Evere, Brussels, the fine monument erected to the memory of the British who fell in the campaign of Waterloo.

The Sunday School Tour.

The date fixed for the opening of the First Provincial Tour of the New Brunswick Sunday School Association draws near. The persons composing it, and described in previous notices, are, at this time of writing, expected and expecting to be on hand. These are Mr. Alfred Day, of Detroit, Mich., who will be, it may be said, the chief speaker; Messrs. Tullar and Meredith, of New York, who may fairly be denominated musical evangelists, and under whose guidance will be the important work of the song department of the tour, and Rev. A. Lucas, the indefatigable Field Secretary, whose intimate knowledge of the province and ripe experience in, and passionate love for, the work, will make his relation invaluable to the tour.

The various sections comprised in organized Sunday work will be traversed. Teacher Training, and the Home, Senior, Intermediate, Primary and Cradle Roll departments will be given due prominence. Not only will stirring addresses, full of interest, growing out of careful study, and practical experience in, the matters involved be given, but large opportunity will be afforded to ask questions with the view of obtaining help to solve the many local difficulties that may be confronting any of the workers in attendance. To all such questions there will be forthcoming satisfactory answers.

His Illustration Failed.

Prof. John S. Bassett of Trinity College, North Carolina, is a foe to all bigotry and narrowness, says the New York Tribune. He tells the following story of how a minister was fittingly rebuked for uncharitableness:

The clergyman arose one Sunday evening with a fresh green walnut in his hand, and held it up so that all might see.

"Dearly beloved," he said, "with this walnut I am going to give you an object-lesson. See me now remove the rind of the nut. This rind is soft, dirty, useless, profitless. It is like the—church."

"Now I come to the shell. It is hard, strong, a difficult thing to crack; but there is no nourishment in it; it is valueless, a thing to be thrown away. This shell my friends, is like the—church."

"And finally breaking the shell, we come to the kernel, which is like our own church. I—"

At this point he opened it to show the kernel—and found it rotten.

"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant of the opposite seat, "do you know that I've never spent a penny for liquor in my whole life?"

"Really!" responded the young man to whom the remark was addressed, with a look of great interest on his face; "how do you work it?"

Shut your mouth.
And open your eyes,
And other people
Will think you wise.—"Life."

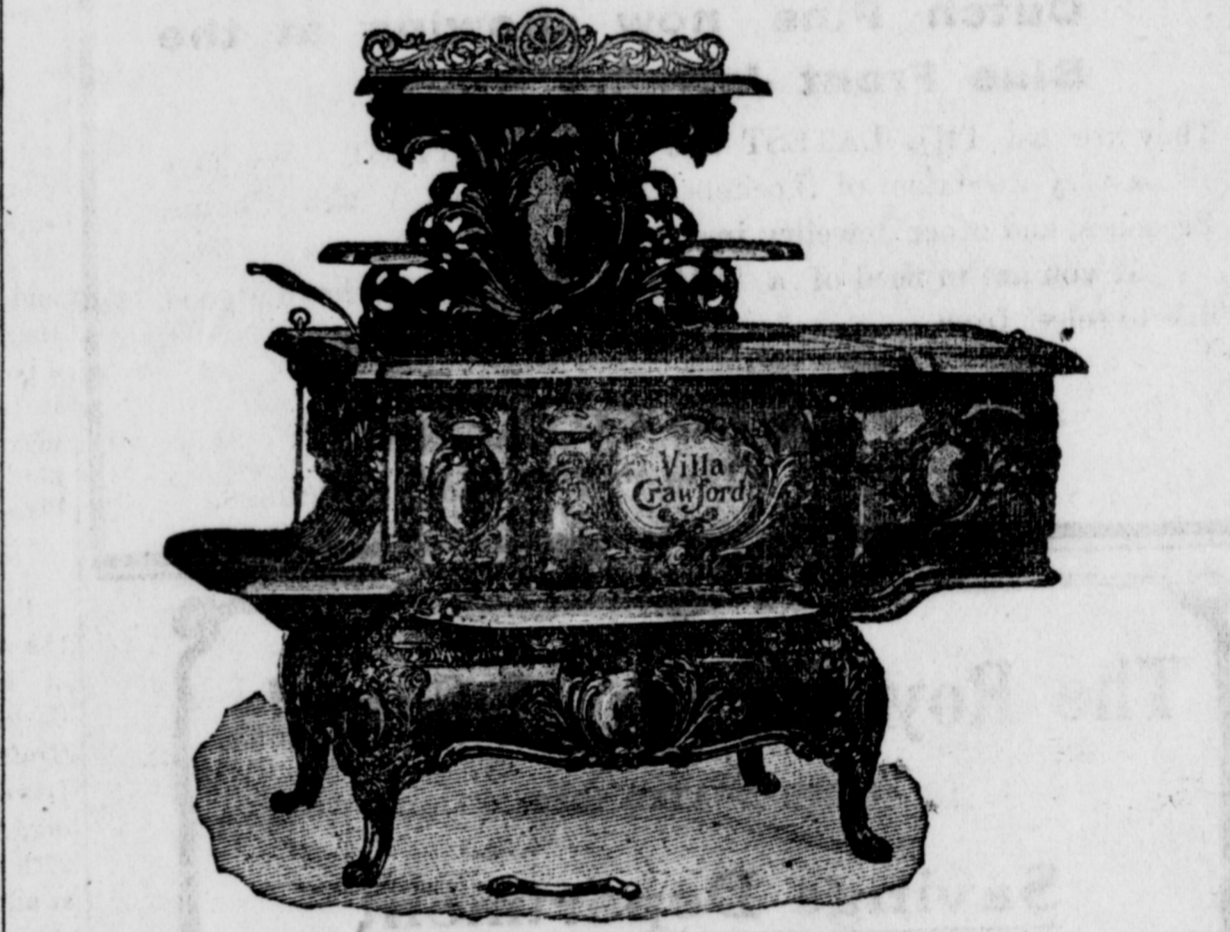
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Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Water Tanks," will be received up to and including

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All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER,
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Moncton, N. B.,
11th April, 1904.

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Feb'y 1, 1904.

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April 1, 2 no.

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