

Not Afraid of His Opinions.

There is one Englishman at least who does not desire to "pander" to United States sentiment. His name is H. S. Smith-Karr, and he writes to The New York Herald in these words: "I trust that the motion of Mr. Fletcher, of Oxford, to bar all Americans in the future from Henley will be carried, and, if possible, unanimously. Americans should never have been admitted to Henley in the first place, as their presence, whether as spectators or contestants, has lowered the social tone of this great English event. What right have Republicans, who are all alike, common in mind and manners, to pretend to any share in the amusements of a brilliant and ancient monarchy? An Englishman is assumed to be a gentleman until the contrary is proved, but it is the precise reverse with the American. Englishmen but lower themselves when they enter any contest with Americans, and I am in favor not only of barring Americans from Henley, but from all other English sports."

Bleeding Piles Entirely Cured
WHEN DOCTOR'S TREATMENT AND SURGEON'S KNIFE FAILED CURE WAS EFFECTED BY
Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It is now universally conceded that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most effective treatment obtainable for every form of piles. For the benefit of persons who are accustomed to look upon bleeding piles as incurable except by surgical operation we quote the letter of a young school teacher, who, after frightful experience undergoing an operation which failed, was cured positively by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This statement was given by Mr. Lepine with the idea of helping others who have not yet been so fortunate as to hear of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Granite Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes:—"I am taking the liberty of informing you that for two years I suffered from bleeding piles, and lost each day about half a cup of blood. Last summer I went to the Ottawa General Hospital to be operated on, and was under the influence of chloroform for one hour. For about two months I was better, but my old trouble returned, and again I lost much blood. One of my doctors told me I would have to undergo an operation, but I would not consent.

"My father, proprietor of the Richelieu Hotel, Ottawa, advised me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and two boxes cured me. I did not lose any blood after beginning this treatment, and I have every reason to believe that the cure is a permanent one. I gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the best treatment in the world for bleeding piles."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Capital Pair.

Mr. Balfour, the late Prime Minister, was playing a golf match the other day when his drive landed him in long grass.

"What shall I do?" he inquired of his caddie. "Try and drive to the furthest skylight ye can see, sir," replied that worthy.

Mr. Balfour did as he was bid, and landed fair and square on the putting green. He turned to his caddie with a smile.

"Ah, sir," said the boy, "if Ah'd your strength and ye'd ma brains what a capital pair for a foursome we shud mak!"

Head of the Swiss Confederation a True Democrat.

President Thoren is the first Chief Magistrate of the Helvetic republic to quit Switzerland during his term of office and to visit a foreign country in his official capacity, writes the Marquise de Fontenoy in The New York Tribune. The visit in question was to Milan, in connection with the international exhibition held there coincident with the opening of the sub-Alpine Simplon Tunnel. The latter is inaugurated in conjunction with King Victor Emmanuel, who deputed his cousin, the Count of Turin, to do the honors to the President at Milan. Several festivals were arranged for him, notably a State performance at the opera house of La Scala.

The President, who is a worthy old man of the farmer class, of a very retiring disposition, was much taken back by his warm reception, and terribly flushed thereby, his embarrassment leading him to perpetuate all sorts of gaucheries, which would have excited ridicule had it not been for his transparently kind, honest face, which caused people to warm toward him.

Thus he was utterly at a loss how to respond to the demonstration with which he was received by the audience at the Opera when he entered the royal box with the Count of Turin. Completely disconcerted, he thrust his hands into his pockets, then turned his back upon the house, and began talking, in a rather agitated way, to a member of his suite, completely ignoring the Count, who had to whisper to him to stand up when the national anthem of Italy was being played after the national anthem of Switzerland.

The old patriote of Switzerland, which is terribly proud and exclusive, having a horror of mesalliance, holds aloof from politics, and the only part it takes in public life is in connection with the army and sometimes in diplomacy, but it is very rare that a man of birth and of breeding attains the rank of President, an office which carries with it a salary, all told, of \$3,000 a year.

Sr Horace Rumbold, who was for many years British Minister at Berne, tells in his recently published reminiscences how, when calling one day at the house of the then President of the republic to pay his respects and to leave his card, he was admitted in response to his ring by a motherly-looking woman, with bare arms, all covered with soapuds, "Mme. la Presidente" having come straight from the family wash tub to answer the bell. Even Jeffersonian simplicity carried to its utmost limit could not offer a match for this. Moreover, a couple of years ago the suicide at Dijon, in France, of the twenty-six year-old son of the then President of the Swiss Republic (a worthy citizen of the name of Comtesse) served to call attention to the fact that the young fellow had been engaged up to that time in acquiring experience needed to qualify him as a hotel-keeper by acting as head waiter of a second or third rate inn at Dijon.

As in the United States, the President of the Swiss Republic has no official costume, and on the occasion of the review of the troops of the confederation at the annual manoeuvres he invariably appears on horseback in full evening dress, white gloves, blacked boots and a high silk hat, usually of an ancient vintage, presenting to all save the initiated a rather strange aspect. But, as I have stated above, the entire absence of all affectation and pretence completely disarms criticism and silences all tendency to ridicule.

Civilizing Africa.

The following letter, the original of which is in our hands, and which is unquestionably bona fide, has been communicated to us,

says The London Tribune:—

"Mansell's Column, Halambu Camp, "Insuzi Valley, Zuzuland, June 12.

"Dear Sir,—I wrote to you a short time ago, acknowledging the receipt of the clearance papers. Since then I have had one of the most horrible experiences of my life.

"Yesterday we left this camp at night, with the intention of beating the bush where the rebels are hiding. Unexpectedly we came upon a large camp of natives, who had just come from Natal under the command of Mehlakeluzu and Bambaata. How we managed to take the Zulus by surprise will always remain a mystery, but we surrounded them on three sides, and just at dawn, opened fire with field guns, Maxims and rifles within a space of about fifty yards square. The natives were simply terrified with fear, and as we advanced dozens of them ran out without arms and offered to surrender.

"Many of our chaps and the Transvaal Volunteers stood looking at them, hardly knowing what to do; but just then the Natal police, who have had several of their chaps murdered by the natives, came up and shot them down by dozens, shouting 'Remember Impanza!' After that we seemed all to go mad. We rushed about in the bush, shooting and stabbing the natives for about two hours till we were tired.

"The men were so excited that they were shooting in all directions, regardless of whether their own men were in front or not. Bullets were flying in all directions, and everybody seemed to be insane. After the fight we were hunting the bush all day, killing the niggers wherever we found them in trees or bushes. The friendly natives who accompanied us committed the most fearful atrocities, ripping up the stomachs of the enemy as they lay wounded.

"The next day we went out to the scene of the fight and shot the wounded who were still alive. Some of them were wandering around, mad with their wounds and thirst, and made for us with their assegais, but we soon quieted them. On our side we had two white men killed and ten wounded, and about five killed and fifteen wounded among the friendly natives. The enemy had about seven hundred killed. No prisoners were taken.

"It was simply a slaughter. The place where we first opened fire was a regular shambles. We expected to hear that this has about finished the rebellion. We are expecting to go back to Durban soon."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The East is All Right.

The Fredericton Herald says Rev. J. H. Macdonald of this city, now touring in western Canada, is one eastern man who has not had his head turned by his travels. He told a Calgary report that he much preferred the east, and he evidently thinks that the main object in the new province is the pursuit of the almighty dollar.

There may be some clothing as good as

"Progress Brand"

but not at the price.

None better at any price.



JOHN McLAUCHLAN, Woodstock. C. J. GREENE, Bath.

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For the year ended Dec. 31st, 1905.

Standing as at Dec. 31st, 1905:

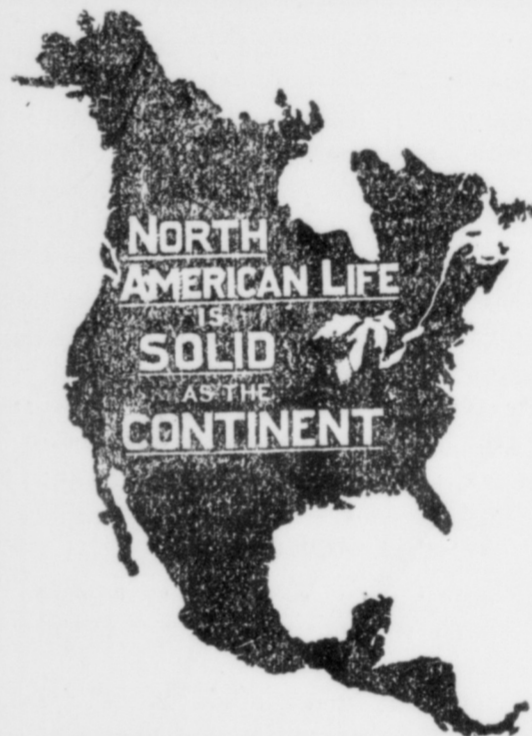
Insurance in force.....	\$37,827,606.00
Income.....	1,663,854.13
Assets.....	6,958,013.66
Net Surplus.....	570,010.43

C. S. EVERETT,

PROVINCIAL MANAGER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. C. CALDER, Barrister-at-Law

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