

Ourselves Our Own Defenders.

From The Washington Post.

The last imperial garrison has been withdrawn from the mainland of the North American Continent, and Daniel Webster's famous apostrophe to the power of England and the drum beat that is heard around the world no longer maintains. For more than a century and a half Canada has been garrisoned by British troops, but henceforth Canadian troops are to be employed in that duty. Verily, Patrick Henry, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin taught England a wholesome lesson that is become her settled colonial policy. Canada is as self-governing as England herself, and has the protection of the British navy and the British army besides.

A George III. and a ministry like Lord North's would have driven Canada to rebellion long ago; but there will never be another King of England like George, nor another Premier of England like North. But for the cautious and conservative good sense of George Washington, Great Britain would have shoved Canada on us in the treaty acknowledging the independence of the thirteen colonies. England was exceedingly anxious to do so; but Washington understood that France would demand Canada for the part she played in the Revolutionary war, and that the demand would lead to war with France, and war would lead to alliance with England, and perhaps to our return to British allegiance. It was sound reasoning, for we could no more have successfully resisted France without the aid of England than we were able to resist England without the aid of France, and Washington wisely argued that if France wanted to regain Canada he would let her whip England for it rather than the colonies.

Canada will some day be a part of the American Union. England would jump at the thing right now, for in a few years Canada would be a dozen states, and ultimately two dozen states, and every one an enthusiastic Anglomaniac. Both political parties would be bidding for senators, congressmen and electoral votes from the new states at the far north, and the very first presidential campaign after annexation both parties would put the British alliance in their platforms for it is well known that there is nothing in this wide, wide world a political party will not do for a majority.

Canada at present is the obstacle. She has no more intention to become a part of the American Union than she has to join the German Empire. Canada is making money, is wonderfully prosperous, and is entirely satisfied. Before the century completes its fourth decade she will have a population of 25,000,000.

Nobody can tell whether at that early period, the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack will wave over Canada.

A Cool Robber.

Stories of the work of looters after the San Francisco fire have recalled a story of the work of a cool safe robber after the big fire in Baltimore.

Among the first of the big plants to go in the Baltimore fire was a big wholesale hardware establishment. Because it had caught so early, the fire in the ruins of this plant was pretty well cooled out and dead inside of two days. A couple of cops were put to guard the big steel safe of the firm. The safe had fallen through to the basement with the collapse of the building, and had struck plump on its legs on the basement's cemented floor. A number of the office employes of the firm who had been standing around watching the ruins of the offices were summoned, along about noon two days after the fire, to a newly-rented office out of the fire-swept district, to help in the reorganization of the forces. That left only the two cops to guard the safe. The policemen were strolling around, stamping their feet to keep warm, when a swell-looking elderly man, with mutton chop white whiskers, approached them, carrying a fine big Gladstone bag. He was accompanied by another man of somewhat insignificant appearance.

"Officer," pompously said the elderly man with the bag, addressing one of the cops. "I want to open our safe and see how things are inside of it," and he flashed a piece of paper signed by one of the members of the big hardware firm—a tidy forgery, of course—giving him permission, as manager of the establishment, to open the safe. He had got a pass through the main fire lines easily enough—too easily—and the framing up of the bogus letter was merely a minor detail. The two cops were impressed with his dignified and important appearance, and they told him to go as far as he liked. The pompous man began to fool with the safe's combination, keeping his ear glued to the front of it to listen to the clicks as he turned the knob forward and backward, but at the end of fifteen minutes he was unable to open the safe.

"Warped by the heat, I presume," he said affably to the cops, "and the combination thrown out of plumb," and he resumed his job.

As he worked away at the safe a considerable crowd of men possessing fire badges and

passes through the fire line assembled, and this aroused the wrath of the man with the white whisker.

"Officers!" he demanded. "I want you to chase these people away from here, if you please! I am not eager for an audience," which was the sure enough truth, although the policemen didn't understand it the way he meant it. The cops dispersed the crowd, and the man with the Gladstone bag went on tinkering with the combination.

After about twenty minutes' more work there was a rattle and a slight clatter within the safe, and the job was done. The portly man swung the vast door open with the assistance of his companion.

"Ah, everything seems to be all right—no damage whatever," he said in a pleased sort of way to his companion, and then, pulling out a large bunch of keys from his pocket, he fitted several of them into the keyhole of one of the inside steel doors, and presently opened the door, revealing big packages of currency lying snugly upon the shelves. The elderly man and his companion quickly stuffed the currency into the Gladstone bag, and then closed the safe, remarking that they'd be back for the checks and papers and books later on. It was not until the following day that the genuine representative of the firm turned up to open the safe, and when he made his appearance he was promptly arrested by the two cops as a fraud. When he had established his identity, and was released, the two cops told the story of how the safe had been opened the day before, and the detectives were set on the track of the man they described, one of the most noted safe manipulators in the business, a man who had made good, time and again, the boast of his pals that he could open any safe in the world not fitted with a time lock, inside of half an hour, merely by toying with the combination and listening to the pulse and heart beats inside. The fire started on a Sunday, so that the safe contained a great part of the Saturday collection of the hardware firm, a sum said to have been more than \$30,000, all of which the white whiskered cook took away in his nice Gladstone bag. He had such a good start that it was impossible to nail him at the time, but he was sent away in England last year for a jewel robbery, and is to be extradited for trial in Baltimore when his bit is done there.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

How He Lost It.

A party of Kentuckians, including Senator Lindsay and a number of the House were passengers on an east-bound train last fall, on their way to attend the opening of Congress.

Before the party retired for the night, the senator had permitted them to partake of the contents of a flask, which he returned with religious care to the depths of his dress-suit case.

In the morning, as the train was wending its way through the Allegheny Mountains, a member of the party who had risen early, perceived the senator pacing up and down the aisle, an expression of disgust and dismay upon his genial countenance.

"What's the matter, Lindsay?" asked the other.

"Matter enough," was the reply, "why, I've lost the better part of my baggage."

"Lost or stolen?"

"Neither," said Senator Lindsay, "the cork came out."

Not Worth It!

"Gentleman," a certain pompous lawyer was saying, "I have to earn a good deal. It may sound rather incredible but my personal expenses are over fifteen thousand a year. It costs me that to live!" "That's too much," interjected another lawyer who was listening. "I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

"Politics is a curious game," said Mr. Bourassa, in a recent debate in the House of Commons. "When I entered public life I had a country house and four horses; they are all gone now. Meanwhile gentlemen who came here with nothing, after a few years in the Cabinet, have country houses and horses, too."

Both Sides of the Shield.

Ethelberta Smith had been in the office months, and, says a writer in the New York Press, she was beginning to feel aggrieved. She thought she ought to have her salary raised. She waited a week for this to occur, then suggested it to her employer. Her reply was a mild but unsympathetic grunt. That evening Ethelberta bought a newspaper, went over the advertisements, and sat down determinedly to answer two of them. Both advertisers stated that they wanted a stenographer of some experience, intelligence and capability. This is what she wrote to each of them:

"Dear Sir. In reply to your advertisement, I would like to state that I am a young lady of refined manners and good appearance. Have been a stenographer for some time, and am now employed in the office of Mr. John Brown.

"I wish to change my position, as I do not feel that I am fairly treated where I am, having to work from eight until six, with no holidays and no possible chance of a raise in pay. My employer seems to think that a stenographer is a mere machine, with no feeling whatever. He is a mean man, and I can no longer stay in such a place. Besides, he does not regard the presence of ladies, and sits around in his shirt-sleeves. He is so engrossed with himself that he never addresses a smile or a kind word to anybody. I have been working in this place two months at a salary of eight dollars a week, and even now I can't get a raise. So I am going to make a change, and if you have anything better to offer me, I would appreciate an answer."

Ethelberta signed the letters, addressed them to the enigmatic box numbers mentioned in the advertisement, and went to sleep feeling that she would now vindicate herself.

On Monday morning her employer began opening up his mail, arranging the letters carefully in separate piles. Suddenly he sat up very straight, holding a sheet of newspaper before him, and looking at it as if he could not believe his eyes. Then he broke into a boisterous laugh.

"Miss Smith," he called, "will you take dictation, please? Yes, over here. Now, take this: 'Miss Smith, Stenographer, No. 27 Blank Street, Harlem —' Yes, that's right," he assured her, as she glanced up at him in surprise.

"But-but you must be mistaken. That's my—"

"Take dictation please. Now this: 'We have your two favors of Saturday, the 9th, and appreciate your reasons for wanting to change your position.'

"We, too, have been thinking of making a change, because our present stenographer, while of good appearance, actually pretty, in fact, is so conscious of her own importance that she is inattentive to business. When she came to us she was perfectly green. She has been with us two months and, at our expense, has learned her business, gained some speed on the typewriter, and acquired what facility in her work she possesses. Now, at the end of this time, she wants us to raise her salary, and is constantly trying to impress upon us our good fortune in having her here. 'We regret that we, too, work in our shirt-sleeves, but if you decide to accept the position here we shall certainly never fail to smile when we look at you. Very sincerely yours.' 'That will do, I think.'"

Now that Ethelberta and her employer understand each other, they are getting along very well.

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



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Acetylene does not pollute the air. Acetylene burns with a cool flame. Acetylene cannot be lighted in the generator. Acetylene is practically non-explosive. The generator may be handled with safety by a child.

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Twenty-Fifth Annual Statement

North American Life Assurance Company

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

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