

Fearful Carelessness, Not Tomatoes Brings Cancer.

Mrs. S. Oakes, S. Dayton, N. Y., says: "Some people claim that tomatoes cause cancer. Many tomatoes are eaten here, and cancer is much more prevalent than formerly. But some who have cancer have never eaten tomatoes. Please tell us what you think." Your last sentence but one settles the matter. The careless theory of tomatoes causing cancer is too thin to be considered for a moment. Cancer is an awful disease. Surely it cannot come except as a penalty for very serious violations of nature's laws. The student of this matter has not far to go to see what may easily be the causes of this terrible punishment. Very many pigs get their living largely from corn mixed with and soaked in the excrement of steers they are following. Others are fed on filthy floors, or in the mud of yards, where the result is much the same. Then quite a few are kept in slaughter yards. And chickens are often allowed to eat filthy-saturated grain from the droppings of horses and cattle, or are fed meat scraps that perhaps are no less filthy. Can entirely wholesome flesh and eggs be made of such food? And a large proportion of stall-fed animals develop unhealthy organs. Some are condemned; many get eaten. Not all dairy cows are so kept and fed as to be healthy, by any means. There may be danger in the milk, or the meat. It is well known that poisons are used more or less as preservatives of canned goods. And then the poisons thrown off by human lungs are breathed over and over in many a home. And other poisons are generated from overeating, or hasty eating, or worrying, or anger, causing indigestion. And constipation is almost a national ailment, and adds its chances for absorbed poisons to the already long list. Thus the body often becomes self-poisoned. The idea of shutting our eyes complacently to these fearful causes of sickness and death and trying to lay the blame to the harmless little tomato is certainly absurd.—T. B. Terry, in Practical Farmer.

A Chicken For Him.

Once upon a time a youth who had commenced to navigate the sea of matrimony went to his father and said:

"Father, who should be boss—I or my wife?"

Then the old man smiled and said:

"Here are 100 chickens and a team of horses. Hitch up the horses, load the chickens into the wagon and wherever you can find a man and his wife dwelling stop and make inquiry as to who is the boss. Wherever you find a woman running things leave a chicken. If you come to a place where the man is in control, give him one of the horses. After seventy-five chickens had been disposed of, says the San Francisco Chronicle, he came to a house and made the usual inquiry.

"I'm the boss o' this ranch," said the man.

"Got to show me."

So the wife was called, and she affirmed her husband's assertion.

"Take whichever horse you want," was the boy's reply.

So the husband replied, "I'll take the bay."

But the wife didn't like the bay horse, and she called her husband aside and talked to him. He returned and said, "I believe I'll take the gray horse."

"Not much," said Missouri. "You'll take a chicken."

More Discipline Needed.

The editor of the Clinton Advertiser comments as follows upon the tendency of the modern school system in matters of discipline:

"For spanking a big girl who persisted in climbing through a schoolhouse window instead of walking out the door, Roy Cornell, a teacher in a district school in Iowa, has been arrested. Roy did precisely the right thing and if the judge who hears the evidence has got any New England blood in his veins he will commend the wisdom shown. There's one trouble with the school system at the present day, and that is, the teachers are given too few liberties in the matter of discipline. If a young girl persist in climbing through a schoolhouse window, or a boy blows cigarette smoke in a teacher's face, the punishment is deferred until the committee or the superintendent can look into the matter and mete out such punishment as he believes the culprit deserves. It would be a good deal more effective if the average teacher might carry about a good leathern strap and use it whenever it becomes necessary. It would be easier for the teacher. It would be better for the rebellious. Punishment now-a-days is a good deal like warmed-over hash.

A Schurz Story Of Lincoln.

One of the many foreigners who sought my introduction was a young German count whose identity was vouched for by a member of the Prussian Legation. He had a long row of ancestors whom he traced back for several hundred years. He was greatly impressed with the importance of this fact, and thought it would weigh heavily in securing him a position in our army. If he could only have an 'audience' with the President and lay his case before him, he believed, the

result could not be doubtful. He pursued me so ardently with the request for a personal introduction to Mr. Lincoln that at last I succumbed and promised to introduce him if the President permitted. The President did permit. The count spoke English moderately well, and in his ingenious way he at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was, and that they had been count so-and-so many centuries 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln interrupting him, that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way if you behave yourself as a soldier. The poor count looked puzzled, and when the audience was over he asked me what in the world the President could have meant by so strange a remark.—Carl Schurz, in McClure's.

Living by Music.

A member of a musical organization who takes special pride in his skill as a tuba player is also an accomplished violinist.

"Every practical musician," he says, "who expects to make his living at the business ought to play at least two instruments—one brass and the other string. It often happens that a man playing two instruments can secure an engagement where he who plays but one would be left unemployed during part of the time. Traveling companies who take their musicians along often insist on their doubling up—that is, playing brass in a street parade or in front of the theatre and a string instrument in the orchestra. In the good old summer time the demand is for brass. In the winter strings are in request, so at the change of season many cornet and horn players put away their brass instruments, take up their fiddles and their bows and play at balls and dances all the winter long.

"Besides this, there is another thing to be considered. Every cornet and horn player must look forward to the time when his lips give out. After years of horn playing the overtaxed muscles of the lips become relaxed. They are strained from the constant demands made upon them by holding them in a certain position. Sometimes a player retains his embouchure for life, sometimes it gives out suddenly, sometimes there is a gradual deterioration in strength of muscle and he finds himself playing worse than he did before and is compelled to realize the fact that his lip is giving way. The infirmity is a kind of paralysis of the lip, somewhat resembling the scrivener's cramp, which attacks the fingers of the bookkeeper. The lips remain otherwise in good order."

Happiest Man in World is at New York.

Dressed in the conventional costume of the East Indies, with gorgeous silken turban, the Mahatma, Agamya Gain Paramahansa, leader of the occult society known as the Yellow Robe Ascetics of India, Wednesday told of his hopes and aims in teaching the ignorant in this country, says a New York exchange.

He arrived on Monday night, and temporarily at least is a guest of Dr. Backman, of No. 39 West Eighty-second street. How long the Mahatma will remain in this country is problematical.

"Yours is the great country for inventors," he said, "but they are not real inventors, only in a material sense. I do not believe that success at material inventions and the making of money produce happiness. What is money? I care not for it. I never seek money. It must seek me. My faith does not support itself by seeking financial aid, but instead entirely by voluntary subscriptions. In this country your societies and beliefs begin first by seeking subscriptions and crying for money, money, money."

He was asked to explain his belief and what he is endeavoring to teach. He talked with great animation in a sonorous voice, delving into the occult mysticisms sufficiently to make one who did not understand gasp for breath.

"First," he began, "man should know what is the object of all animates, and the big objective of all is happiness. What is happiness? These things are coming from an ultimate source and you misinterpret them, and this matter, happiness, is nothing but the personification of mind. So we are the dreamy creations. This is the nature of evolution and involution, and then we can understand the source of happiness and knowledge.

"My philosophy is too high and cannot be understood by scientists. I don't call scientists of material things real scientists. I call them bargainiers. For instance, every one knows that this world is changeable, and the forces acting are changeable; mind, desire, thoughts and all are changeable. What is unchangeable is existence. You yourself are unchangeability.

"You are the sear of mental absence and presence. So you have forgotten your own self. The monkey beats the mirrors because he sees the other monkey, but his beating is useless because it is himself that he beats. The baby, with diamond ornaments in her ears, cries when she sees them in a mirror, but she does not know they are her own ears. So it is with everything. You are your shadow and you have forgotten yourself and become a great shadow.

"So I have come to this Western land to

make them free from mental illusion because I have come to realize myself. So I don't claim this material body any more, but claim the knowledge extended like space. I don't know who are lucky to enjoy this unknown store of happiness which I have gained from my ethereal source. If people will not grasp my teachings I will treat them like the babies, because sometimes learned men become babies with the babies."

The Mahatma said he had arranged that curiosity seekers shall be refused admittance at all times. Truth seekers, he said, will always be welcome. He was asked who is, in his opinion, the happiest man in the world, in America and in New York. With his inscrutable smile, he conveyed the impression that one man combined all three, the Mahatma himself. He is ninety years old.

DANGEROUS PURGATIVES.

Medicines of This Class do Not Cure--Their Effect is Weakening.

Nothing could be more cruel than to induce a weak, anaemic person to take a purgative medicine in the hope of finding relief. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that a purgative medicine merely gallops through the bowels, weakening the tender tissues. He will tell you also that a purgative cannot possibly cure disease, or build up bad blood. When the blood is weak and watery, when the system is run down a tonic is the one thing needed—is the only thing that will put you right. And in all this world there is no tonic so good as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Every dose of these pills actually make new, rich red blood which fills the veins, reaches every organ in the body and brings health and strength to weak despondent people. Miss Annie Beaudreau, Amherst, Magdalene Islands, Que., says:—"I was pale, my heart would palpitate violently at the least exertion, and I suffered greatly from severe headaches. I tried several medicines which seemed actually to leave me worse. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a half-dozen boxes have made me as well as ever I was. They have done me so much good that I would like every weak girl to try them."

It was the new blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually made that restored Miss Beaudreau to health and strength, and in the same way they will restore all sufferers from anaemia, indigestion, heart palpitation, neuralgia, rheumatism and the secret ailments that make the lives of so many women and growing girls a burden. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BORN.

LOCKHART.—At Sydney, C. B., May 5th, to Mrs. A. L. Lockhart, a son.

DIED.

AGNEW.—At Centerville, May 5th, Mrs. Wm. Agnew, aged 70 years.

SULLIVAN.—At Woodstock, May 10th, Annie Loretta, aged 15 years, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Sullivan.

WIGGINS.—At Meductic, on May 12th, Mrs. Stephen Wiggins, in the 73rd year of her age, leaving one son and four daughters. (Press and Sentinel please copy.)

The Canada of the South.

Argentina is more nearly an even rival with Canada than is any other country in the world.

The southern republic occupies a position below the equator practically identical with that occupied by the settled part of Canada north of the line. With a wheat crop averaging from one hundred to one hundred and thirty million bushels a year, Argentina is running us about a neck-and-neck race. In beef cattle and sheep our southern rival is far in the lead, but in dairying Canada holds the first place. Finally, with 260,000 immigrants arrived in Argentina last year—made up of mixed races—the two countries were about on a level in that respect also. Both are developing a new nationality, but in the case of Argentina the Latin element forms the basis, while here the foundation is Anglo-Saxon.

It will be both interesting and profitable to the people of Canada to keep watch on the progress of the young giant of the south.

Away From Home

A Philadelphian said to the late Baroness Burdett-Couttes, whose husband Ashmead Barlett, was a native of the Quaker City.

"I once dined with the aged Peers at her home in Piccadilly. She talked about the poor and their sufferings—and she narrated an incident that had once befallen her friend, Charles Dickens.

"Dickens, looking for local color for his novel of 'Hard Times,' visited Manchester. He went through the hovels of certain Manchester cotton spinners, and these foul houses filled him with pity and horror. Meeting the Manchester manufacturer who owned them, he said: 'Do your employees really live in such houses as these?'

"Certainly not," the manufacturer replied. 'They only sleep in them. They live in a mill.'

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LIMITED.
**HIGH
CLASS
TAILORS**

We wish to state that all our customers can find us at the stand formerly occupied by us in

**GRAHAM'S BLOCK,
Queen Street.**

We are prepared to attend to the needs of our patrons in the best manner known to us and to the tailoring trade. We are pleased to be in a position to state that we have the best staff of help we have had since our start in the business eleven years ago. We can make garments quicker and better than ever before.

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LIMITED.

SALE OF FARM.

Are you looking for a nice Farm, one that will give you pleasure to work. One that will give you large profits on your labor? Pleasantly located, model farm buildings, with all conveniences for making work easy. If you want something you will be satisfied with, write me today for particulars regarding it.

J. W. ASTLE, QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

Time to Paint.

I have the Best and most economical paint for you to use.

Semple Bros.

East Florenceville,
Plumbers and Tinsmiths

Please, Mister, Quit Your Swearing."

Can't get the Stovepipe up? Swearing won't help it! A pinch of "Sooto Dust" placed on the fire would have cleaned the stovepipe, chimney and all, without taking down the pipe! Make it from simple ingredients, and never take the pipe down again to clean it! Will send you the formula for 25 cents, and guarantee it to be perfectly harmless and effective. Money back if not as represented. You can make big money with this formula. Address W. H. BRAMLEY, Formula Specialist, East Florenceville, N. B.

A SPLENDID SHOWING

that SHOULD INTEREST those who are thinking of attending a Commercial School. The number of new students who enrolled at the

Fredericton Business College

during the months of January and February of this year, was

MORE THAN DOUBLE

that for the same months of last year. We cannot supply the increasing demand for students trained in this school. Send for FREE Catalogue-Address.

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
Fredericton, N. B.

English Liquid House Paints.

Mixed ready for use. For painting the exterior and interior of buildings. The English Liquid Paints are particularly suitable for House Painting. They are Pure Linseed Oil Paints and the White Lead used in their manufacture is Brandram's B. B. Genuine, making an article superior to any Liquid Paints on the market today, and if properly applied are guaranteed to give satisfaction. We are sole agents for English Liquid House Paints, and carry a full stock of the different shades at our stores, Woodstock and Centerville. W. F. DIBLEE & SON.

Burning Children to Death.

Almost every week one reads in the newspapers of children being locked in the house and left by their parent to set fire to things and burn themselves to death. The thing is becoming so common, and involves such a careless and cruel disregard of human life, that the people who do it should be branded as criminals and punished with sufficient ignominy to teach others a lesson.