

**A Prized Cough Cure**

"I have not been without a bottle of Coltsfoot Expectorant in the house for over nine years. At that time I procured it for a bad cold I had. It worked such wonders then that it has been a household remedy ever since, and we will have no other for coughs and colds—it is so pleasant to take, and all of my children look for it as soon as they get a cold at all. Nearly all of them have been subject to croup, and that's when I find Coltsfoot Expectorant useful. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you wish."

MRS. LEWIS NIGH.

**Free Sample of Coltsfoot Expectorant**

will be sent to any person sending their name and address and naming this paper. It has established a wonderful record as a successful cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and all irritated conditions of the throat and chest. It is the prescription of a great specialist in medicine. At all good druggists, 25c. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto. Send for Free Sample To-day.

**Concerning "Degeneracy"**

There is one word in our language which I have come to hate with a virulence far greater than that reserved for many mortal sins: the word "degenerate." First popularized by a half-educated coxcomb, who tried to explain the universe in terms of a before-breakfast grouch, it has spread till now genius, insanity, and crime are all lumped under the one overworked heading. This is an extreme instance, of course. The term is usually applied to criminals—any sort of criminals. The man who breaks the law—and gets caught—is not simply one of us who has gone wrong, but a "degenerate," a creature apart, a being outside the pale of human sympathy. This hand-me-down moral classification is backed by a host of physical signs—"stigmata of degeneration," they are called. A lobeless ear gives you so many points toward a Lombroso diploma of "degeneracy"; a low forehead, so many; a high palate, so many; defects of hearing, mouth-breathing, insensitive skin, all have their assigned value. On every hand we are asked to drop the old-fashioned notion that man is a responsible creature, that he belongs to the "educabilia," as Cuvier would say, and is capable of learning, even though with stripes. Instead, we are told that man is a mere test tube full of diverse moral or immoral chemicals, and that the "expert" can foretell the inevitable reaction by the color of the hair and the cut of the front teeth.

There is an element of truth in all this. There are human beings whose natures are so warped that they cannot go straight. But these unfortunates, while they furnish many of our sensational, un-understandable crimes, are really only a tiny proportion of our criminal population. The average criminal, at the beginning of his career, is very much like the average non-criminal. He may be, usually is, a little more lazy, a little more impulsive, a little less given to estimating the remoter consequences of his acts. And that is all. He commits crime either from the conjunction of impulse and opportunity or from calculation of profit. Train him to curb the impulse or show him that crime is unprofitable and he drops the business, if he can. And that is precisely the way in which every one of us has one to whatever moral position he may hold today. There is no sharp division between the sheep and the goats. The man who can look you between the eyes and say that he has never had a criminal impulse, is either a most accomplished liar or has a conveniently slippery memory.

And what is true of the inner nature is true of the outward signs. "Stigmata of degeneration" exist, I know; but there is hardly one of them that cannot be found in more honest men than in thieves. The high palate and receding chin usually mean no more than that their possessor was troubled as a child with adenoid growths, which his parents were too poor or too ignorant or too careless to have removed. The lobeless ear can be found ten times at a fancy ball for every once at a prison chapel. These things may be danger signals; but if so, nature is too wise to restrict their distribution.

Prince Eugene of Savoy had an assortment of "stigmata" that would have sent Lombroso into ecstasies of delight. He was a confirmed mouth-breather. He had a low forehead and a high palate. His chin was receding. He drooled saliva like a teething baby. There are indications that his skin was below par in sensitiveness, though I shouldn't care to go into details; and his personal habits cannot be discussed in print outside the columns of a medical journal. Louis XIV. must have had some faith in "stigmata," for he refused the young man a commission in the French army. Whereupon, Eugene called the Grande Monarque a stage king for show and a chess king for use, took his sword to the Austrian market—and the things he did to Louis's armies for the next few years are positively painful to contemplate. After that raising of the siege of Turin, for instance I can think of few more unhealthy jobs than that of instructing old King Louis in the phenomena of "degeneration."

Every criminal who "squares it," as tens of thousands do, gives the lie to our complacent pessimism. Nine-tenths of the crime

which costs us an empire's ransom each year is the result of habit, or accident, or environment. These are bad enough, in all conscience, but they can be dealt with. The talk of "degeneration" is little more than a bit of lazy fatalism, which makes us neglect our plain duty and brotherhood for the contemplation of our imagined virtue.—George L. Kaapp.

**The Unfairness of the Rich.**

A family removed from the country to the outskirts of the city, and brought their chickens along. Having more eggs than she could use, the good woman of the household sold a few among her neighbors, charging twenty cents the dozen; whereas eggs down town were selling at twenty-five cents. She was perfectly content with the twenty cents; the neighbors were perfectly content with the eggs; and, being of but moderate circumstances, they were glad enough of the saving. However, informed by her laundress, a woman of wealth and position proposed to have some of those eggs.

"But it is ridiculous to pay only twenty cents a dozen!" she declared. "The idea! I am very willing to pay thirty, if they are fresh. I shall tell her so."

She sailed away in her auto—and evidently she "told her," for the next time that the laundress applied for eggs they were thirty cents.

It was the unfairness of the rich—the arrogance of wealth. The one purchaser had too much money. She had money to waste, and she was not satisfied unless she was forcing it somewhere. Ten cents, to her, indicated the difference between wealth and poverty. So it did to the laundress—but from opposite angle. The luxury, not the necessity, of this so-called democracy is setting the standard of value. The viewpoint is wrong; and such little incidents as the inflation of the price of eggs from twenty to thirty cents are what make Socialists.—Edwin L. Sabin.

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen, painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by All Dealers.

**Helpful Hint.**

Almost every day one reads some article or hint which seems so helpful that an inward resolution is formed to remember it the next time it might prove useful, and quite as often when that "next time" arrives the little bit of knowledge stubbornly refuses to be recalled. It is much better either to cut such small items from the paper or magazines and paste them in a scrap book suitably indexed, or to copy them with pen and ink in a blank book kept for the purpose. Some hints worth preserving are given below:

If a lamp has been overturned or there seems any danger of an accident from a coal oil stove, never attempt to put out the flames by throwing water on them; this will only cause the oil to float and spread. Instead, throw on earth, sand or flour; either of these will soak up the oil and quickly extinguish the fire.

A strong solution of Epsom salts in water is a splendid remedy for burns, greatly alleviating the pain and also assisting in healing.

To allay a severe coughing spell try a tablespoonful of glycerine in a little hot milk, taking it a little at a time until the paroxysm is overcome.

When carpets have become faded try rubbing them over with a cloth wrung out in a mixture of water and household ammonia. The carpet must be thoroughly swept and free from dust first.

Kid gloves that are not very badly soiled may be cleaned with white soap and milk. Dip a finger covered with a soft, white cloth into a little milk, rub the solid parts of the glove until they are clean. This will not injure the most delicate colors.

If stung by a bee or wasp, tie a thick plaster of wet salt over the injured spot. It will take out the pain at once.

For a weak throat a nightly gargle of salt and water is an excellent strengthener. Use a teaspoonful of salt to a glass of water.

Frequently when the sewing machine refuses to work properly it requires a thorough cleaning. To do this place it near the fire if possible in order that the oil which has become congealed may be loosened and easily wiped off. Then oil it well with kerosene and allow it to stand an hour or so. After this, work it well for five or ten minutes, wipe off all the dirt and kerosene, and oil it very lightly with the usual machine oil. Work it again rapidly, and again wipe and clean it thoroughly; then oil it in the usual manner, always using the best grade of sewing machine oil. A thorough cleansing and oiling in this way will often make a refractory machine run like a new one.

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

**Canadian Pictorial.**

EASTER NUMBER

The April issue of the ever-popular 'Canadian Pictorial' may well stir with pride the heart of a true Canadian. 'The noted Canadian of the Month' is the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, Sir Daniel McMillan, and a picture of Lady McMillan is given in the Women's section. Winter scenes of varied beauty, including Ice Formation on Lake Huron, the Muskrat's Winter Home, exquisite views, just taken of Niagara, in Winter Garb, well represent the season in which Canadians delight, while scenes of budding spring are not wanting. A couple of fine pictures show Ontario's two great Hydraulic Lift Locks at Kirkfield and Peterboro, either of which has twice the capacity of the largest work of kind anywhere else in the world. Another picture is of Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame, who grew up in Canada, and installed his first working telephone in Brantford. A remarkable view, taken seven hundred feet under ground, shows a couple of brawny miners in an Ontario gold mine near Kenora, and the new electric engines on the G. T. R. for the St. Clair tunnel will be of special interest. Besides these, and many other Canadian pictures, there are pictures from across the water, such as a huge English Telegraph Exchange, the Thames Frozen Over, a windsome group of a schoolmistress at 85, and her pupils, etc., etc., all of them of interest to Canadians.

Weddings of the month, Fashions, Toilet Hints, Care of the Baby, Wit and Humor, News in brief serve to complete a delightful number. The Canadian Pictorial is a pleasure to look at, a pleasure to touch. No home should be without it.

To Canada or Great Britain a club of three new subscribers at half-rate.

Ten cents a copy, \$1.00 a year, to all parts of the world.

The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter St. Montreal.

**Inferences.**

Where is the boom without its bang?  
 Many a hapless man has died of "charged accounts."

Speed is the vampire that is sucking the blood of nations.

The laughing world pauses only to listen to louder laughter.

Every time Folly jangles her bells, Satan listens attentively.

Nothing is more tragic than comedy—when you are the target.

The wise enjoy timely foolery, but fools have no time for wisdom.

Cynics "simplify" life by cutting out moral obligations.

Minna Thomas Antrim.

**Printed By Request.**

Mix the following by shaking well in a bottle, and take in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime.

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. A local druggist is the authority that these simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at nominal cost at our home druggists.

The mixture is said to cleanse and strengthen the clogged and inactive Kidneys, overcoming Backache, Bladder weakness and Urinary trouble of all kinds, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Those who have tried this say it positively overcomes pain in the back, clears the urine of sediment and regulates urination, especially at night, curing even the worst forms of bladder weakness.

Every man or woman here who feels that the kidneys are not strong or acting in a healthy manner should mix this prescription at home and give it a trial, as it is said to do wonders for many persons.

The Scranton (Pa.) Times was first to print this remarkable prescription, in October, of 1906, since when all the leading newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and other cities have made many announcements of it to their readers.

**Ever Do This?**

A Washington artist was showing a visitor through his rooms one day, pointing out the various objects of peculiar interest, when the caller stopped before an antique clock, which, just at that moment, had struck the half-hour.

"Do you know," asked the visitor, "I've often wondered what was the use of a clock that strikes every half-hour?"

"Well," said the artist, after a slight pause of reflection, "it has this advantage: if you are lying awake at night and hear it strike one three half-hours in succession, you know that when you hear it again it will be two o'clock."

Edwin Tarrisse.

Success lies in grasping every opportunity presented, adopting every appliance, system or device that will save or earn more money, thus keeping abreast or a little ahead of competitors.

The man who is satisfied with his business—satisfied to go on in the same old way, allowing others to take the lead—is in a dangerous position.

**The Farmer and The Auto.**

Much has been written about the farmer and the auto. Doubtless more has been said and thought by both parties to the argument than ever has found expression in the newspapers or on the floor of the house. And as is generally true of controversies, much intemperate language is used by the over-zealous partisans to the dispute.

The farmer, on the one hand, has been denouncing the automobile in no uncertain tones, chiefly because it debars his wife and daughters, and even himself, from an unrestrained use of the highways he has paid hard money to maintain. This antagonism has shown itself in some very drastic proposals for restrictions to be placed by the legislature upon the owners of these motor vehicles.

The owner of the car, on the other hand, largely encouraged by the optimism of the manufacturers, who wish to increase their sales, claims that the majority of automobilists are careful in their driving, show every consideration of the pedestrian and horse vehicles, and as members of the Ontario Motor League are doing pioneer work of no mean proportions in the art of road-making in the province. And as it is true that our roads are poor and as every encouragement for their betterment is justifiable, these motor car owners claim that they have as perfect title to justice at the hands of the legislature as have the farmers who own horses.

In both stand points there is enough truth to make the question a difficult one to settle. It is the abnormal, fantastic and uncharitable individual who causes the suffering. These latter include such characters as reckless, dare-devil chauffeurs, speed fiends, intoxicated with the recklessness of going, who lose their sense of responsibility to others' rights. Also in the same category comes the farmer who holds up the honest driver, vituperates him roundly for even an imagined usurpation of his rights, and occupies the road out of sheer wantonness.

That there is real suffering in the country through the freedom of the auto traffic, is only too true. Go into any country place and the feeling against the auto is intense. The farmers' wives are getting out to the stores now that the roads are bad, and autos cannot run, because as they say, travel on good roads this year will not be for them. The majority of farm horses are not accustomed to the auto, and rather than risks, the ladies stay at home. This in itself is a big enough hardship in country life to warrant some remedy by the legislature. That they must restrict excessive speeding, that they must put reckless driving to the lowest possible point, making the driver of an auto bear the onus of the wrong, and that the drivers of motor cars bear their fair share of the cost of road maintenance, and be made to fear the results of breaking the speed laws by a rigid law of car detention or imprisonment, are imperatively urgent things now.

No freak legislation is justifiable at any time. The auto is here to stay, and until the new order of things evolves, the man or woman who drives a horse must be as safe and as well protected from the motorist, as law, with effectual sanction, can make them.

Unless something is done to aid the farmers in a better enjoyment of their leading roads, either by legislation or by the manufacturers themselves, in placing a car upon the market cheap enough to enable farmers to use them until they become general upon the highways, any member for a rural constituency should be forcibly reminded of his trust to the people he is elected to serve.—Toronto World.

"Yes," said Mr. Swellman, "I'm looking for a coachman." "Well, sor," put in the applicant, "shure, I know all about horses an'—" "But have you had any experience with an automobile?" "Not exactly, sor, but I wuz tossed by a bull wanst."

It pays to be a leader, for then you can be doing new things while others follow along at the old pace.

**The Stability of a Bank is Reflected in the Confidence of its Depositors.**

Growth of deposits of The Royal Bank of Canada since incorporation:

1870	\$ 288,000
1875	870,000
1880	1,230,000
1885	1,750,000
1890	3,280,000
1895	6,200,000
1900	12,000,000
1905	26,500,000
1906	28,000,000
1907	35,000,000

In the savings department accounts may be opened with deposits of one dollar or more on which interest will be credited or paid four times a year.

The minister whose sermons are made up merely of flowers of rhetoric, sprigs of quotation, sweet fancy, and perfumed commonplaces, is—consciously, not unconsciously—posing in the pulpit. His literary charlotte russes, sweet froth on a spongy, pulpy base, never helped the human soul—they give neither strength nor inspiration. If the mind and heart of the preacher were really thrilled with the greatness and simplicity of religion, he would week by week, apply the ringing truths of his faith to the vital problems of daily living. The test of a strong, simple sermon is results—not the Sunday praise of his auditors, but their bettered lives during the week. People who pray on their knees on Sunday and prey on their neighbors on Monday, need simplicity in their faith.—Baptist Banner.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Campbellton Wharf Extension," will be received at this office until 4.30 P. M. on Monday, April 27, 1908, for the construction of an extension to the wharf at Campbellton, Restigouche County, N. S., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Shewan, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., Geoffrey Stead, Esq., Resident Engineer, Chatham, N. B., on application to the Postmaster at Campbellton N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for four thousand two hundred dollars (\$4,200.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, March 27, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

**Canadian Pacific Railway**

Effective October 13th, 1907.

(Trains daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)

**DEPARTURES.**

(GREEN SHERIFF STATION).

6.45	A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jct., St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Jct. to Boston; Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jct. to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jct. to Truro.
8.20	A MIXED—For Aroostook Junction, and M intermediate points.
12.15	A EXPRESS—For all points North; M Presque Isle, Edmundston, Rivere du Loup and Quebec.
1.35	P MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster M Rock, and intermediate points.
4.50	P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
5.42	M (St. Andrews after July 1st), Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.

**ARRIVALS.**

11.41 A. M.	EXPRESS—From St. John and East; St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.
12.15 P. M.	MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via Gibson Branch.
12.55 P. M.	MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.
5.42 P. M.	EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Rivere du Loup.
6.30 P. M.	MIXED—From Aroostook Junction.
11.05 P. M.	MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. W. M. STITT, G. P. A., Montreal. W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John

**NOTICE.**

**SMALL & FISHER LIMITED**

We wish to inform you that the above Corporation has been reorganized with entirely new management, and that any orders entrusted to us will have prompt and careful attention.

With strict attention to business and ample capital, we confidently solicit a share of your business.

We make a specialty of Stoves, Furnaces, Heavy Waggons, Patent Mangle and Agricultural Implements.