

**House For Sale**

The House known as the Marston house, on Connell St. This house has been remodeled and put in first-class condition—contains eight sleeping rooms—has all modern improvements, hot water heat, large lot of land, for further particulars, apply to George R. Mavor, Woodstock. 37tf

**For Sale**

FOR SALE—Two Gasoline Engines, apply to Mrs E W Williams Maple Shade Farm Lower Woodstock 51

**To Let**

TO LET—A cottage on Maple Shade Farm, about three miles below town. apply to Mrs E W Williams

**Wanted**

WANTED—Middle aged woman to do general Housework in small family with no Children. Write or call and see the Editor. 1tf

WANTED—Teacher male, or female, to finish present term in the advanced department of the Jacksonville Superior School. Apply to J. F. Harper, Secretary of Trustees. 44tf

HOGS WANTED—Highest market price paid for hogs. If you have any to sell it will pay you to call on R. S. PHILLIPS, King Street 30tf

**New Spring Suits**

in the latest styles.

**One piece Dresses, Coat Suits and Underskirts.**

**A fine display of Waists in the Newest Designs Whitewear, Hosiery, Wall Paper.**

**MRS. F. L. MOOERS**

Payson's Block, Main St

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

**ON BUSINESS OR PLEASURE TRAVEL SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTES**

The Montreal Express leaves Halifax week days at 8 a. m., St. John at 5.55 p. m. week days and Sundays. Due Montreal 8.30 a. m., THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE. Fast Express Trains for Boston leave St. John 6.45 a. m. and 6.40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

**NURSERY STOCK**

Before ordering trees, write us for our Catalogue and prices or see our nearest Agent. We are the largest growers of Trees in Canada. Full line of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry and Plum trees. Our trees are noted for fine root system and largest limb growth. Our Nurseries are patronized by the largest and most progressive Fruit growers of Canada. Write for an Agency. Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen Ltd., Browns Nurseries, Welland Co. Ontario.

**Sermon From Shakespeare**

(Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd.)

O that a man might know The end of this day's business ere it come! But it sufficeth that the day will end, And then the end is known.

Julius Caesar, Act, V., Sc. I. Every general has, like Brutus, on the eve of battle longed in his heart to know what success would attend his efforts. It is well that the end cannot definitely be foretold. If any army were sure of defeat it would rush in a panic from the field at the approach of the opposing force. If it had absolute assurance of victory it would not put forth the effort that would make it strong for future battles. The battle will end, that is sufficient. Let every effort be put forth to win a decided victory.

Brutus is not the only individual who has longed for definite information with regard to the future. The desire to have accurate knowledge of coming events is universal. Witches, wizards and astrologers, professing to be able to foretell events, did a flourishing business in the prescientific age; and in modern times palmists and fortune-tellers of various kinds still find their dupes. Curiosity with regard to the fate of one's business or life has induced many to seek those who profess to be able to look into the seeds of time and tell which grains would grow and which would not. This curiosity is a sign of weakness and impatience. It marks a tendency to lean upon others; the wise man can approximate at his own future. It denotes discontentment; the strong man is content with the present, while building on it for the future. The day will end; be ready for it. Every hour should be lived as though in the next the end would be known. There will then be no over-anxiety about it, no vain curiosity to know what is or is not to be the ultimate outcome of present actions.

Would it be well if the future were an open book and the end known? No worse fate could befall mankind. It is a law of nature that many shall strive for the success of the few. A thousand acorns struggled to live their lives for every oak that grows to majestic proportions. The success of any one individual is in a sense the product of the efforts of hundreds who have seemingly failed. Let it be supposed that a man knew that on a definite day in a given year he was to die! What would likely be the effect on him? If he were a peculiarly strong man he would work with energy to complete as many tasks as possible before his death. The majority of men would, however be enervated by the shadow of the day of doom. It would press upon their imaginations with unbearable heaviness. They would be like the condemned man from whom all hope has been taken, counting the hours till his execution.

The great beauty of life is that the end of each day's business is concealed. With rare exceptions all men are confident of long life and that success will crown their present efforts. If it were not so effort would cease. The average man, if he knew that he had but a year to live would fold his hands and cease toiling. Yet in that year he might accomplish something worth the whole of his previous existence. Again if the ultimate fate of each individual were known, what unhappiness would be in the world! When incurable disease has taken hold of friend or kindred sorrow presses heavily upon the hearts of companions and relatives. Until the fatal hour arrives those in close contact with the victim suffer greatly from the mere knowledge of the inevitable. If the death hour of each individual were

**CANADA BEATS THE UNITED STATES**

**MORE HONORS FOR GIN PILLS**

HOLYOKE, MASS., U.S.A. "Having taken two boxes of your excellent GIN PILLS, they relieved me so much that I am quite satisfied with the results. I gave an order to my druggist about three weeks ago to send me some more. Nothing has come yet and I had to borrow a box from a lady friend who is also using GIN PILLS. I have none left and am sending you \$1.50 for three boxes which I would ask you to send at once as I am not quite so well when I am without GIN PILLS."

AGATHE VANESSE. Gin Pills must be good when people in Massachusetts send all the way to Toronto to get them. There is nothing like Gin Pills—nothing just the same or just as good. Don't accept substitutes if you value your health and want to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Trouble, or Rheumatism. Insist on having Gin Pills. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. N B Toronto. 92

fixed in the calendar as are feast days, hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," would be non-existent; and hope is the star that guides, the sun that brightens man in his journey through life.

Suppose, once more, that business success or failure could be accurately foretold. Would this knowledge be conducive of energetic action? What would be the use of toiling late and early, of studying and planning, if in the end failure for the individual was to be the result? It is well that a knowledge of their business future is concealed from men. All are confident that the end of the day's business will be success. It is this confidence that has made men great inventors and producers. Of the thousands who put forth effort but few are successful from the world's point of view. The wayside is white with the bones of those who have failed. And yet they have not failed, their efforts have encouraged others. The foundation stones of a cathedral are hidden from view, they attract no attention, yet they are vastly more important to the structure than the golden dome which inspires admiration in the multitude. Every worker may be a humble stone in the foundation of some noble enterprise. Should he know that, his ambitious would never be realised his heart would cease to hope and his hands to work.

It is a blessing that the future is a closed book; that the end of the day's business is concealed. The end is coming, and there is much to be done. The crown of successful achievement may be yours, but it will not be won by sitting idly by and awaiting the inevitable doom.

**Hymoei**

**The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh**

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymoei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hymoei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hymoei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hymoei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hymoei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

**Allan Liner Left 750 Passengers in Quarantine**

Quebec, May 27—The steamer Tunisian, of the Allan line reached Quebec at 5 a. m. today after a delay of twenty hours at Gross Isle, where she left 750 of her passengers, all steerage, in the quarantine station. A case of small-pox was discovered on board. Several stewards were also landed together with some provisions. The passengers will have to remain at Gross Isle for at least sixteen days.

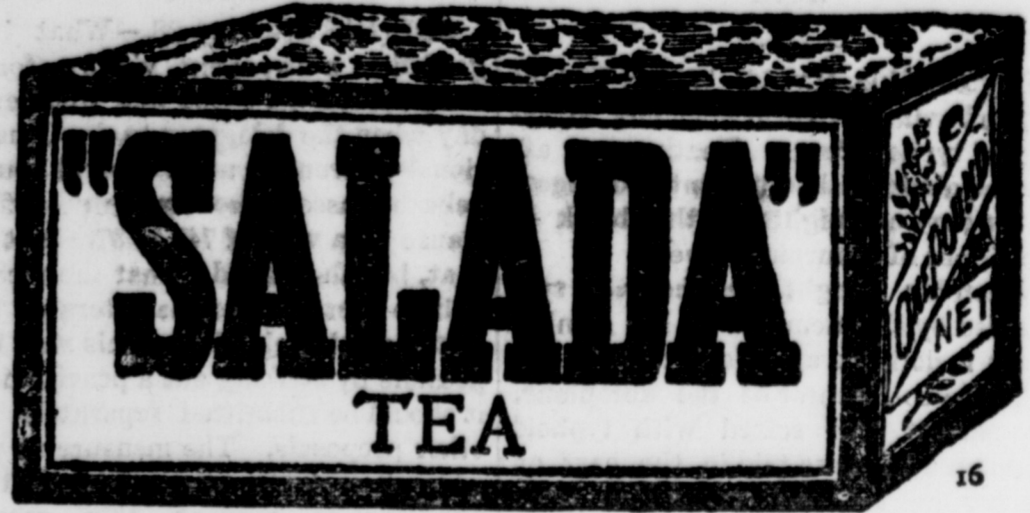
**French Repulse Moorish Attack With Heavy Loss**

Fez, (by wireless to Tangier), May 27—A strong body of Moors made another fierce attack on this city this morning, some got inside the walls, but were dispersed or killed. The French lost one officer killed and thirty soldiers killed or wounded. The Moorish casualties were heavy.

Down the winding country road walked a strange trio—a comely and perfectly composed looking maiden and two men, on each of whose face one could perceive the influence of jealousy. Their names were Miss Jones, Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson. Suddenly a severe thunderstorm came on. Lightning flashed, and Mr. Brown remarked that he was frightened. Here was Robinson's chance. "What are you afraid of?" he answered, contemptuously. "I am as cool as can be." "Why, of course," answered the astute Brown. "If I were alone I should be the same, but I am afraid for Miss Jones in this lightning. You see she is so attractive." Robinson is still a bachelor, but Brown is not.—Glasgow 'News.'

**SEALED LEAD PACKETS ONLY**

The native purity and garden freshness of



is preserved by the use of sealed lead packets.

**Big Shortage of Horses For Militia Camp**

Ottawa, May 28—The Canadian army is unhorsed. Or at least a large portion of it is. Just at present the most imperative need of Hon. Col. Sam Hughes' military machine is not so much men who can hit the bull's eye at 500 yards as it is horses. The cavalry, artillery, engineering and other branches of the services, which are now preparing to go into training camps next month, are reporting that it is impossible to get anything like a full quota of horses. Canada seems to be horse poor.

Local recruiting officers report that they have searched in vain among the farmers for horses to rent for the camp at Petawawa, which opens next week. The Gatineau valley district is one of the best horse-producing districts in Canada. But thought the department pays \$1 per day for every horse sent to camp and through officers are in some cases increasing this out of their pockets to \$2 per day, only about one-third of the necessary supply has so far been secured. Farmers are selling their horses at \$200 a piece for shipment to western Canada and buyers report that the demand far exceeds the supply. Similar conditions are reported from other parts of Canada. The department pay ninety cents per day to recruits who go to camp. The horse draws ten cents per day more. But the extra hay for horses does not even bring out enough "scrubs" to provide mounts, draw artillery wagons and handle the other camp chores.

Telegraph

**6 Year Old Girl Is Cured of Kidney Trouble**

Mrs. Alex. Moore, of James St., Oxford N. S., says. Booth's Kidney Pills cured our little daughter, Christian, age six years, of many symptoms of kidney weakness. She complained of a sore back, the kidney secretions were frequent and uncontrollable, especially at night. Her stomach was weak and her appetite poor. This caused her to have frequent headaches, and the least exertion would tire her. We had tried many remedies, but she did not improve. Finally we learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and procured a box. In a short time she was well and does not now complain about her back, the kidney secretions have become normal, and she plays around the house with no apparent fatigue. We always recommend Booth's Kidney Pills."

Booth's Kidney Pills carry a guarantee that if you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Booth's Kidney Pills are a specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. Sold by all druggists, 50c. box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

Booth's Kidney Pills

**Against Marriage of the Physically Or Mentally Unfit**

Toronto, May 29 This week's issue of the Canadian Methodist organ, The Christian Guardian, advocates drastic legislation for the marriage of the unfit.

The unfit should be eliminated by the necessity of producing health certificates with the marriage license, the Christian Guardian says and sums up with this declaration:

"Whether it is due to his misfortune or to sin, the man who is not normal physically and mentally or who has a communicable or an incurable disease, ought not to be allowed, in justice both to the present and the coming generation, to marry and reproduce his kind. And the church has a duty in enforcing this sentiment upon the state, for its embodiment on the law."

**YOUNG FINANCIER.**

It appears that there is more or less humbug about the traditional slowness of the messenger, the fabulous laziness of the office boy—and all that sort of stuff. At any rate, there is a young fellow in Cleveland who may be said to be abreast of the age in which he lives. He works in a downtown office building, but he has a rapidly growing account in a savings bank.

The other day our young hero went to his bank to make a deposit of 50 cents. The teller, with more than his customary haughtiness, informed the boy that the bank would not receive deposits of less than \$1. The kid didn't waste any time arguing about it. He walked over to the desk, wrote a check for \$1 and presented it at the paying teller's window. It was honored, of course. Then the little financier said:

"I wish to deposit \$1.50." And that deposit was accepted. And the teller ground his teeth.

Haec fabula docet—that you can deposit a cent if you have an account.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**SMOKE SHAMROCK PLUG**

Finest Quality.