

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.

For Sale

FOR SALE.—Some Northern Spyes, and Golden Pippin apples, by the peck or bushel. Apply to MISS HENDERSON, Orange St.

FOR SALE—2 Brood draft mares, 6 and 8 years old, 1 two-year-old filly, 1 year old colt, 4 good milch cows, 4 two-year-old heifers, 5 yearling heifers, 1 brood sow, and Farm Implements. Apply to ISAAC SLIPP, Jacksonville, N. B.

FOR SALE—Invalid's Wheel Chair, never used, will sell at a big discount. Call on, or address Mrs. W. A. Brackett, Broadway.

To Let.

TO LET—The B. B. Manzer house on Green Street, occupied by F. W. McLean. Possession given May 1st.

Wanted

WANTED—Girl to set type, apply at DISPATCH Office.

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.

WANTED—A 5 x 7 Plate Camera, must be in good condition and price low, address, stating make and price, W. A. Brackett, Box X, Woodstock, N. B.

Found

FOUND—On Saturday evening, a bunch of keys on the Post Office steps. Call at the DISPATCH Office.

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.

CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently.

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."

Sermon From Shakespeare

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

Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.

—Henry VI., Part I., Act V., Sc. 2.

The statement, that "Of all base passions fear is most accursed," is somewhat startling. It is true that it is uttered by Joan of Arc to stir the heart of King Charles and make him valiant in the presence of the English troops, and is an exaggeration for a particular purpose. However, there is much truth in it. As Shakespeare has it in Troilus and Cressida it is often too true that: "Fears make devils of cherubins."

It is rather astounding to hear fear called a base passion. Weakness it is admitted to be, but a passion—is not that too strong an expression? Love and hate, joy and grief, avarice and revenge, are passions, but fear,—can it be placed in the same category? Brutus feared Caesar's ambition. His mind was so swayed by this feeling of fear that, from a staunch friend and ideal citizen, he became one of a group of brutal murderers. Such fear can only be classified as passion. It stirs a man to the roots of his being, changing his nature, often dethroning his will; mere animal impulse taking the place of reason. It was fear, lest Abel had gained greater favor in the eyes of Jehovah than himself, that caused Cain to slay his brother. It was fear that made Peter deny his Lord.

Macbeth was a man of such high honor, courage and loyalty that he had deservedly won the admiration of the nation and the esteem of his king. He was "peerless" among the nobles of his time. Tempted, he fell and slew his king. Fear of discovery and fear that he might lose his basely-won throne haunted him, and from that moment he became a devil incarnate. In slaying Banquo, Lady Macduff and her children and others, he was not prompted by revenge or mere hate, but by fear.

Communities are often startled by the crime of someone held in good repute. Men highly esteemed, and deservedly so, have been known to be guilty of grave breaches of trust, embezzling the funds of individuals and institutions. Fear is the passion that usually prompts such action. Investments have been made and failure is threatened. It is a time to bravely face disaster, but this base passion fear turns the honest man into a thief. Even more shocking crimes than theft have been occasioned by fear. The majority of the murders of the world are committed to conceal lesser crimes. Dread seizes the criminal that he may be discovered for some deed against society and to remove the danger he resorts to murder. Practically all suicides, save those of the unfortunate insane, are the acts of cowards who fear to face the battle of life.

The passion of fear like the passions of joy and hate, is contagious. What is a panic, but a sudden plague of fear? In a crowded building an unusual cry startles some timorous soul. A rush is made for safety. Without knowing why, others act in a similar manner and the panic spreads till the audience is a seething mass of humanity. Such a building becomes a pandemonium filled with wild-eyed, unreasoning demons. Occasionally when a ship has been in collision on the ocean a panic seizes crew and passengers. A fierce scramble for life follows; boats are overcrowded and overturned, the weak are thrown into the sea. In the presence of such scenes the truth of Joan of Arc's words, "Of all base passions, fear is most accursed," is realized.

In time of battle fear is the greatest enemy with which troops have to contend. Courage is as valuable as a regiment, if fear reigns in the oppos-

ing host. Every war presents a number of instances of this base passion. Regiments through fear have acted as might sheep at the approach of wolves. Individuals show the white feather, and by fear armies have been swayed. When a retreat begins, it spreads. At first only a few timid cowards may fall to the rear, but their act often causes contagious fear to seize their comrades. They fear an ill report less than their personal safety. There is no nation but has to blush when some battlefield is recalled.

Fear lowers moral character, courage raises it. Cowards are usually crueller than brave men when they have an opportunity of showing their power. The Anglo-Saxon race has been, since the days of William the Conqueror, renowned for its courage. And what people or what individuals are as generous to their defeated enemies?

Courage can be cultivated. There are few men who have it in their first battle. A regiment must be shot over before it can be depended on. If it stands firm under a storm of bullets, no fear of a panic seizing its members in future engagements. Every man has spiritual and physical enemies to meet. Whether he is to be strong or a weakling depends upon the way he faces his first battles. If fear possesses him he cannot win. He may turn and flee, or, in a cowardly effort to save himself, become a very "devil" in human form. After all Shakespeare was not far wrong when he made Joan of Arc say, "Of all base passions, fear is most accursed."

You Breathe It

By the simple act of breathing, we inhale life and death. You breathe air crowded with disease germs. These lodge in the membrane and at once commence their deadly work. In a night you develop a cold and before long you are in the grip of Canada's deadliest enemy—Catarrh.

You also breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei) and by so doing breathe in life—Hyomei is medicated and vaporized air. In its journey through the breathing organs it arrests and kills catarrh and cold germs, soothes the inflamed membrane and commences the work of healing. Ask druggist E. W. Mair what he knows about Hyomei. You will find that he not only sells it but guarantees it. A complete outfit will cost you \$1.00 from your druggist or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont. You will find it invaluable for coughs, colds, catarrh and all kindred diseases. Money refunded if it fails.

Church Union Vote Reported To Presbytery

The quarterly session of the St. John Presbytery was held in St. Andrew's Church school room Tuesday morning, last with Rev. Dr. Smith, of Fredericton, acting as moderator.

A detailed report of the vote taken on the question of church union was submitted and showed a majority of 27 against the principle of church union, while on the other hand there was a majority of 46 in favor of the basis of the proposed union. The standing on the question of the principle of church union was, for union, 2,558; against union, 2,585, majority against, 27; the vote on the basis of the union was, in favor of the basis, 2,181; against the basis, 2,135, majority in favor, 46.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Rev. James Ross, moderator; Rev. F. Baird, clerk; Mr. Peter Campbell, treasurer; Rev. J. H. A. Anderson, treasurer of the travelling expense fund.

In connection with the proposed union between the congregations of churches at St. Stephen and Milltown, Rev. Gordon Dickie reported that a committee had visited St. Stephen and at a meeting of the session and trustees the union was voted impracticable. A similar vote was passed by the congregation of Milltown. The report was received and the committee thanked and discharged.

Was Ambassador Reid Indiscreet?

London, March 19.—It is evident from the attention being given in official circles to the New York Times' interview with Ambassador Reid in which the latter is quoted as saying that England to-day is in a condition similar to that which prevailed in France, before the revolution in that country, that the matter will become a subject of official inquiry. One step has already been taken to ascertain if Mr. Reid was correctly quoted.

As a result of a discussion in the lobbies of the House of Commons, Sir Henry Dalziel, member for Kirkcaldy, gave notice of his intention to ask Sir Edward Grey, secretary of state for foreign affairs, whether his attention had been called to the interview, which Mr. Reid had denied.

Tired?—Nature's Sweet Restorer



Abounding in stimulating goodness, a most healthful and pleasing beverage. Its sustaining and invigorating qualities are beyond dispute.

THE CHAPERONE

By Diane Robson

Mrs. James Dix was looking out across the Rue de Rivoli at the morning's brightness of the Tuileries Gardens, when the boy in the hotel lift brought her a cablegram.

It was a message from her lord and master in Chicago declaring that her immediate presence was required. At once all the brightness faded out of the Tuileries: for the frivolous gaiety of Paris had been especially attractive to this portly, easy-going, good-natured matron of the West.

"But mother, you'll have to go alone. It'll be a whole month before my singing lessons are finished, you know," broke in Elya, who was having her flaxen hair shampooed by a real Parisian hairdresser.

Mrs. Dix clasped her ring-bedecked, pudgy hands. She always clasped her hands when she agreed about anything.

"You'll have to have a chaperone, of course, dear," she added. "Now, who can we get on such a little notice?"

There was silence for a moment, while the deft fingers of the hairdresser ran through the flaxen hair with a soothing touch. Then Elya's girlish voice sounded in a delightful treble:

"Oh, mother! I know the very person. She's terribly nice and awfully ladylike." (Elya always emphasized her adverbs, and used indiscriminate ones, at that, "and she's an American, and that's the best of all—nough!") In her eagerness she'd turned her head a bit too suddenly and some soap had gotten in her sapphire eyes.

"Oh, I know who you mean," helped out Mrs. Dix, while her daughter struggled with the soap. "You mean Miss Clemmens the governess to that little English boy who died last week? Yes, she's looking for another engagement, that's true. And she certainly is a lady."

So Miss Dorothy Clemmens, of New York, was engaged to chaperone Elya Dix for a month in Paris, and then bring her back to America.

To console herself for her mother's departure, Elya had Miss Clemmens secure tickets for that night's opera. She sat in a box, in her young beauty, set off by a \$200 Paquin gown, and serenely allowed the audience to stare.

Already she was learning that the mission of the beauty is to support modistes and to be stared at. Behind her, robed in some soft, inexpensive gray stuff, with a narrow white lace collar sat her chaperone.

The opera was "Siegfried," the scherzo of Wagner's great symphony, as Lavnigac has called it. Upon Miss Clemmens' music-parched soul (she'd not heard an opera for over a year) it fell like gracious dew and fetched a sweet refreshment. When the orchestra tells the mood of Siegfried in the second act, feeling the first fret of awakened passion, her eyes shone like stars, her lips parted slightly and just at that juncture a man in the audience caught her perfect profile as she leaned slightly forward.

That same look, downward and sidewise and smiling! That exquisite head in its cloud of wavy dark hair! Paul Demarest brushed away the years that had blurred it all, and then suddenly he remembered. Yes, he remembered. Oh it was so long ago, so many years ago!

And she was in the same box with that gay little butterfly, that American flirt, Elya Dix. Bless Elya Dix! — it was the first time he had ever felt grateful to her. He would make his way to her box at the end of the second act.

"Why, Mr. Demarest! I'm awfully glad to see you — I honestly am! Thought you'd forgotten me. And I'm all alone now — mother sailed unexpectedly for home this morning, and I'm all alone now." Elya greeted him in her young, untamed effusiveness as he entered the box.

"All alone?" he questioned gravely. "Well, there's Miss Clemmens here, my chaperone. By the way, she's an American, too. Miss Clemmens, Mr. Demarest; you've heard mother speak of him, I'm sure — Oh, here come Dickie Marston and Bob Sawyer. How terribly jolly!" Elya reached out her daintily gloved hand to greet two new comers.

They were of the aggressive type, these two English chaps and in a few seconds Demarest made his way to Miss Clemmens in the rear.

"Do you know, Miss Clemmens," he began curiously, "the last time I saw you you wore your hair in two braids, and I wrote a poem and dedicated it to the curls at the end."

His voice and mouth were grave, but there was a smiling gleam in his eyes.

Miss Clemmens glanced rather blankly from beneath her heavy lashes at this man well under forty.

"I think," she began, with a calm dignity befitting her position — but just there, on the very second word of reproval a flash of understanding radiated over her tired, lovely face. "You—surely, you're not 'Prince Paul'?"

"The very same—princess."

Paul Demarest bowed very low.

"But—but why Demarest?" pursued Miss Clemmens with puzzled uncertainty. "A grand uncle over here, without any closer issue, left me his money and estates, providing I'd take his name in the bargain. I took them all." The light rillery in the voice changed to seriousness. "But I'd have known you, princess, if you went by any name under heaven!"

"For pity's sake!" dimpled she. Then she added with a wistful dignity: "But I must have changed a deal since then. That was nearly twelve years ago — just fancy!"

"I don't see the changes," said he gallantly. "To me you're just the same."

But oh, how tired she looked, his gay, light-hearted little princess. And how he longed to fold her protectingly in his arms!

In six months he did.

Accepted Insult.

She—"And knowing my sentiments on the subject, did that odious Mr. Binks insult you by offering you a drink?"

He—"That's what Mr. Binks did."

She—"And how did you resent it?"

He (meekly)—"I swallowed the insult."

From Generation to Generation.

Grandfather Billings smiled covertly when Billings Junior wondered where Billings third, aged seven, got his "trickiness." "If I didn't keep my eyes open," said Billings Junior, hotly, "Billy would outwit me every time."

"This morning," he continued, "I promised him a whipping to-night. When the event came off just now, he never flinched or yelled. 'Pluck pure and simple!' said I to myself, mighty proud, for I wasn't sparing him in the least. But that wasn't it at all," he concluded, in disgust. "The young rascal had on three pairs of trousers."

"As I remember it," observed Grandfather Billings, reflectively, "you used to insert a small geography when a 'good sound one' was due you."

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Finest Quality.