

**PEERLESS HAND LAUNDRY**

I wish to announce to the Public that I have opened a first-class HAND LAUNDRY, on Emerald Street, and am prepared to do

**First Class Work**  
at reasonable prices  
Give me a trial and be convinced.  
Work called for and delivered in any part of the City.

**I. E. GRANT**

321f

**"Satisfaction Guaranteed"**

Is The Rule of This Studio in Every Case.

THAT MEANS that you need not accept work from us that fails to please you. In fact we would much prefer that you did not, for we consider the satisfied patron our very best form of advertising and we are in business to stay.

We Please Others  
We Can Please You

Give us a trial

**Wilson's Photo Studio.**

**Hair Goods**

OUR SPECIALTY.

"Consider the postage stamps say's Josh Billings, it makes its Mark by sticking to one thing till it arrives. So do we. Our sole Business is the Manufacturing and importing of the latest fashionable Hair Goods at lowest possible prices. We carry all the latest novelties in Fancy Bands, Nets, Barettes, Combs, Etc. Give us a trial order to prove the satisfaction we can give you.

**Mrs. A. F. Winslow**

The Reliable Hairdresser  
REGENT ST - WOODSTOCK

**WANTED**

A live representative for Woodstock and surrounding District to sell HARDY NURSERY STOCK for

**"Canada's Greatest Nurseries"**

and meet the tremendous demand for fruit trees throughout New Brunswick at present. The special interest taken in the fruit growing business in New Brunswick offers exceptional opportunities to men of enterprise. We offer a permanent position and liberal pay to the right men.

STONE & WELLINGTON,  
TORONTO, ONT.

**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.

Are you going to plant Potatoes this Spring?

**BENN & TURNEY**

are Agents for  
**Buffalo Fertilizer Co's**  
New Brunswick Potato Special.

Also for  
**Bradley's Fertilizer and Complete Manure.**

It will pay you to see them before you buy your Fertilizer.

**PROMINENT RAILROAD MAN**

**STRONGLY ADVISES HIS FRIENDS TO TRY GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS**

"I have been a Pullman Conductor on the C. P. R. and Michigan Central during the last three years. About four years ago, I was laid up with intense pains in the groin, a very sore back, and suffered most severely when I tried to urinate. I treated with my family physician for two months for gravel in the bladder but did not receive any benefit. About that time, I met another railroad man who had been similarly affected and who had been cured by taking Gin Pills, after



having been given up by a prominent physician who treated him for Diabetes. He is now running on the road and is perfectly cured. He strongly advised me to try Gin Pills which I did,—with the result that the pains left me entirely.

FRANK S. IDE, BUFFALO, N. Y.  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free Write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. N B Toronto.

If you suffer with Constipation or need a gentle laxative, take NATIONAL LAZY LIVER PILLS. 25c. a box. 105

**What Waked Up China**

(Boston Globe)

Two returned missionaries from China gave differing, but not necessarily conflicting, views of the causes of the Chinese revolution. One of the clergymen thinks the causes were largely religious and ethical, while the other holds them to have been mainly economic. The stream of graduates of Christian schools in China flowing back annually for the past fifty years into the body politic has, in the opinion of one missionary, been the chief means of preparing the people for the change from monarchy to republic. His brother missionary sees in the 4,2000 representatives of foreign trade in China, in the 200 foreign consuls scattered around the country and in the rapid increase in the number of daily newspapers, the principal cause of the revolution.

**Massachusetts Senate Against Woman Suffrage**

Boston, March 20—Woman suffrage and the election of United States senators by direct vote were defeated in the senate today by close votes.

The senate went on record against the woman suffrage by a vote of 17 to 14, after a spirited debate. The galleries were crowded with women.

The resolution urging a senatorial direct vote amendment was lost by a vote of 19 to 14.

**Airships Bombard Arabs**

Tripoli, March 20—Two dirigible balloons making a reconnaissance over the Zanzour Oasis today were received with a brisk fusillade. They dropped 22 bombs into the Arab camp, apparently with great effect as the Arabs were seen to scatter in all directions.

**French Coal Strike Ended.**

Denain, France, March 24—The striking coal miners here will resume work tomorrow, an arrangements between them and the mine owners having been effected.

**Chief Crawford Advised Hyomei For Catarrh**

J. Wilfred Brown of Water St., Campbellton, N. B., says: "Hyomei cured me of a severe case of catarrh and asthma after four years of suffering. I was constantly hacking and spitting and the catarrhal droppings that came from the head into my throat affected my stomach and I could not enjoy my meals. Chief Crawford having the same trouble advised me to try Hyomei. I did so and soon I was without a sign of the health racking disease that had troubled me for so long. I now recommend Hyomei to all catarrh sufferers.

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) is guaranteed to cure asthma, bronchitis, croup, coughs and colds. A complete outfit consists of a hard rubber inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei and a unique dropper for filling the inhaler. Your druggists will supply you the outfit for \$1.00 (extra bottles 50c.) or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

**THE CURE**

By Albert Cleeve

Dara sat at the window looking out into the sunny street. The sky in places was as blue as any she had ever seen above the Riviera. The night before she had come back to her old home after having passed many years in foreign countries. She had gone to seek a cure and had not found it, for Dara had had an experience in love that had changed and spoiled her whole life.

She was a girl of twenty when Walter Kent came to Westmore to preach. He was just out of the seminary with the college interest still strong in him. He made friends with all the young people. There was not a girl in Westmore who did not admire him. After a while he singled out Dara for his special attention. Dara was elated and happy. She, too, was under the spell of the young minister's face and manner. She loved him. She began to dream dreams of the future and make little secret plans.

That fall Edith Mahan came home. Dara had known Edith in their childhood and now they resumed their friendship. People smiled at their intimacy. They said Dara Connell had better look out. If she did not Edith would get Walter Kent away from her. Finally that was what happened. Looking back now with the reasonableness of maturity, Dara could see how Edith had tricked her to win Walter Kent for herself. One day the truth came out.

Edith confided it. She was going to marry Walter Kent herself.

Before Dara had recovered from the shock of her revelation her father old Dr. Connell, died. And then Dara closed the house. She started out rather blindly. In New York, she joined a party of Cook tourists who were starting for Naples. She had plenty of money. The years slipped away. One day it came to her that she might as well go home.

She wrote to Johanna, the old German woman, who had been her servant, and had been left alone in the old house as caretaker. So it was last night when she arrived.

She got up and began to walk about the room. A great slab of mirror upon the wall caught her reflection at every turn. She realized that if Europe had not cured her wound it had at least hidden it away gracefully. The shy, rather awkward young girl had become a noble woman.

As she stood there the door bell rang, and she heard Johanna going to answer it. She had not expected visitors so soon. Of course she had known that Johanna would tell every one she saw that her mistress was coming home. Without any ceremony of announcement Johanna simply opened the door and let the visitor in. Then she withdrew. The woman stood waiting for Dara's recognition. She was small and faded. Her clothes had a look of not belonging to her. Against her shoulder she held with difficulty a large whimpering baby.

"I had to bring him," she panted in apology. "Dara, don't you know me?" Dara braced herself against the shock of recognition. "Edith Mahan—Edith Kent?" she exclaimed. Then out of her womanliness she bent over the little woman and kissed her, urged on by something pathetic in Edith's haggard eyes.

"Are you glad to see me, Dara?" she asked.

"Of course I am. But you mustn't stand holding that baby another minute. Let me take him. There! Sit down—relax. You do look so tired."

"I am," Edith said, obeying gratefully.

The baby had begun to cry. Dara touched a bell on the table, and Johanna appeared. Dara gave the baby into her arms.

"Take him away, Johanna," she commanded. When the German woman had obeyed she turned to Edith. "Now we can talk. Johanna is a good hand with children."

"I know she is. You don't care for babies, do you, Dara?"

"Why, I don't know. I've never had any intimate acquaintance with them. I suppose it makes a difference whether or not one is used to them."

"Yes, it does." There was a listless monotony in Edith's voice. As she spoke her eyes sought over Dara's ample perfection hopelessly. "I've had seven. I buried two; that makes five living. This baby's dreadfully cross most of the time. I actually dread taking him out. But there's no one to leave him with at home."

"If I had been you," pursued Edith, "I'd never have come back."

"Wouldn't you?" Dara was growing more and more bewildered.

"Not to Westmore. It's so dull, especially for a minister's wife. I'd rather be back in the convent. It's terribly wearing. And then one's household and a baby every now and then and a husband who's no better than a baby."

She had some swift mental pictures of the manse overrun with children like this heavy headed baby, of a half sick woman toiling dejectedly to keep the home going, of a soul worn man grinding out sermons in the dingy study at the head of the stairs. And she shuddered uncontrollably. She was very glad when at last Edith went away.

In the parlor Dara stood perfectly still, pondering and gazing at Edith's hair as if her weary, frail, comfortable body still filled it. A ruffled bit of white lay on the cushion. She picked it up and smoothed it out. It was a square of fine linen smelling faintly of sachet and monogrammed. In the centre was a hole! Dara caught her breath. To think of Edith Mahan carrying a ragged handkerchief. Edith who had always bridled herself on

being absolutely correct to the last detail!

Dara turned away and dropped the tell-tale bit of linen upon the table, and it seemed to her that she laid down with it all the years of heartache and disappointment she had known. The streak of sunshine that lay on the faded Brussels carpet, rightening it, seemed to brighten her future as well. She knew as well as if a charm had been said over her hat the past was past. She had found the cure.

**WHAT DID HE MEAN?**

"Two men got into a fight in front of the bank to-day," said a local tradesman at his family tea-table, "and I tell you it looked pretty nasty for one of them. The bigger one seized a great stick and brandished it. I felt that he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as the head paused in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery is immeasurable, proudly remarked: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidence of a dawning humorist; but, as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his bread and butter, he gasped and resumed his tea.

**Race Dying Out.**

There is at least one native race that is not dying out. This is the Maori, of New Zealand. According to statistics obtained in the census of Maoris taken in last March, the total native population of New Zealand is said to be 49,350, an increase for five years of 1617. In addition there are 215 Maoris on the Chatham Islands. It is a matter of difficulty to ascertain the number of half-castes living at Maoris. Probably all half-castes, and a large proportion of the Maoris as well in the South Island, now live in European fashion. The health of the natives has been generally good. There has been a great advance in the observance of sanitary laws, and the Maoris are beginning to realise that the excessive mortality amongst their children has been due to unsanitary conditions.

**MYSTERIOUS HUMAN RAYS**

The recent announcement, from Paris that a Major Darget has discovered that the human body emits rays, which he has named "V"-rays, is a reminder that confirmation has not yet been obtained of the mysterious rays which eight years ago M. Blondlot claimed to have seen. These rays, said M. Blondlot, were not only emitted by certain sources of light and heat, but also by the human body, and by animals such as frogs. They varied in their nature so much that a very thin sheet of aluminum was opaque to them when sent out from the brain or nervous system, but when originating in the muscles, the diaphragm, or the heart they easily passed through otherwise opaque screens. M. Blondlot named the rays the "N"-rays, after the town of Nancy, in the University of which he was a professor, but up to the present other investigators have utterly failed to discover their existence.

**Tenth of a Second**

It is not common to find a person who can correctly estimate the lapse of a single second, says a well known Scientist. But in these days of speeding motor-cars the exact time when each of two colliding vehicles must have occupied particular spots may be a matter of great importance. In a recent experiment a car took nearly two seconds to stop after brakes were applied, and in that time it moved 19 ft. So even fractions of a second are important. One can train himself to estimate even tenths of a second. Try it with a watch, and it will be found that it is just possible to count 10 in the lapse of a single second. But one must count very fast to do it.

**A Fountain Pen for Draughtsmen**

A detachable container for drawing ink which can be slipped into place on the handle of a draughtsman's pen has been devised by a Los Angeles inventor, and by its use the constant dipping into the ink bottle is obviated. The danger of dropping ink upon the paper is avoided likewise. Another advantage is that a number of these containers may be carried in a pocket case, each of them holding a different colored drawing ink, for use in draughting maps, etc. Thus it is possible to dispense with a tray of ink bottles on the table. For filling this device, an ordinary "dropper" is used. As the photograph shows, the ink flows from the reservoir through a narrow tube to the pen point, where it supplies an even flow.

**A Narcotic Cartridge**

Karl Burgsmuller, of Krelensen, Germany, has devised a means for temporarily narcotising animals, i.e., rendering them insensible. He fills a cartridge with a mixture composed of substances containing capsicum in an immediately gasifiable form, and of easily inflammable substances to accelerate the gasification. This is combined with a small quantity of an explosive agent between the mixture and an explosive cap with which the cartridge is provided. Possibly this is the explosive of the pistols sold for rendering burglars insensible.

**Terrible Result Of Blood Poison**

**After Three Operations Zam-Buk Was Tried and Proved Successful.**

If people would only use Zam-Buk for chronic sores, blood-poison, etc., before permitting an operation, scores of limbs would be saved.

Mr. Robt. Patterson of North Pelham, Welland Co., Ont., writes: "My daughter, Annie, had blood-poison in her finger. The doctor operated twice on the finger, but did not obtain the desired result, and a third operation was considered necessary.

"Three doctors were present at this operation, but after it had been performed the wound did not heal. Try as we would we could not get anything to close the wound.

"We at last tried Zam-Buk, and it was really wonderful to watch how this balm healed the wound. Each day there was a marked improvement. First the wound in the palm of the hand closed, and then the finger which had been bad so long began to heal. The diseased flesh seemed to rise out of the wound and then prop off, and new healthy flesh formed from below, pushing off the diseased tissue. In a short time the wound was completely healed. Had we applied Zam-Buk at first we might have saved the finger.

"We had another proof of Zam-Buk's power in the case of my son. When two years old he had his hand badly mangled. One finger had to be amputated and it left a running sore for some months. This wound, also, was finally healed by Zam-Buk."

For chronic sores, blood-poison, ulcers, abscesses, scalp sores, piles, eruptions, inflamed patches, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises, and all skin injuries and diseases Zam-Buk is without equal. 50c. box all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Have you tried Zam-Buk Soap? 25c. tablet.

**Report On Horticulture For 1911**

The report of the horticulturist for 1911 together with the seventh annual report of the Fruit Growers' Association, is issued this year as a separate document and is now ready for distribution. It contains 130 pages of reading matter and 28 pages of illustrations. Fruit growers should find much of interest in those pages dealing with demonstration orchards, the orchard survey work, apple insects, and fungous diseases and spraying directions. There is also an interesting account of the work in horticulture accomplished by Francis Peabody Sharp, New Brunswick's pioneer horticulturist. The full and complete list of the prize winners at the 1911 apple show are also given. Copies may be had free of charge on application to the Horticulturist, Frederickton, N. B.

**School Children Are Saving Much Money.**

Montreal, March 27.—Montreal school children bid fair to become financial rivals of Carnegie and Rockefeller, according to the report from the heads of the school savings bank scheme. During January and February a total sum of \$12,664.87 was deposited by 8,042 pupil depositors, this representing an average deposit of three cents per day per depositor, allowing forty school days to the two months.

**Rheumatism Cured by Booth's Kidney Pills**

T. E. Foster, of St. John St., Fredericton, N. B., says: "I have found more actual relief from Booth's Kidney Pills than in all else I have ever tried for rheumatism. The pain in my limbs



have lessened greatly and I am better and stronger than in years previous. My appetite has built up and I eat and sleep better than I have in over

three years. My general health is greatly improved and I can credit this only to Booth's Kidney Pills."

This is the Booth Kidney Pill way. These wonderful Pills are sold under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve any sufferer from Rheumatism or any trouble having its origin in the Kidneys. They cure Backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel and stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

Booth's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and Dealers, 50c. box, or postpaid from The R. T. Booth, Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.