

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

"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 man.

STONE & WELLINGTON.
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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.,
Brown 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.

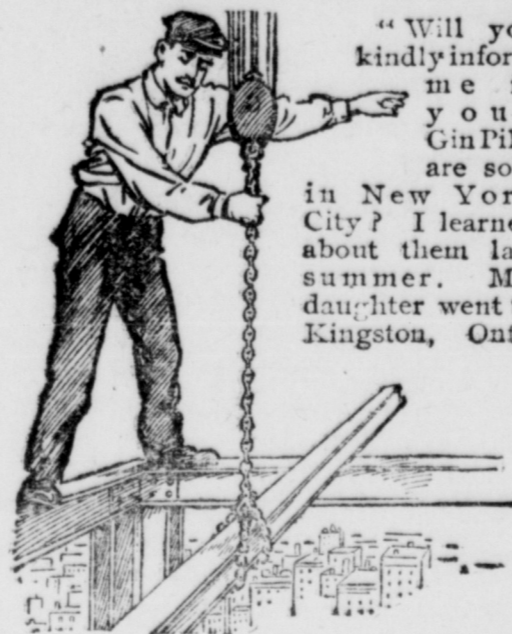
Also for
Bradley's Fertilizer and
Complete Manure.

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

"I WORK HARD FOR MY LIVING

AND NEED GIN PILLS

194 GORDON ST., STAPLETON, N.Y.



"Will you kindly inform me if your Gin Pills are sold in New York City? I learned about them last summer. My daughter went to Kingston, Ont.,

and spent the summer there. She got some of your Gin Pills and sent them to me and I tried them and I found them to be the best medicine that I ever used for Kidney and Bladder Trouble. Oh! they did me so much good and I am so much better. I hope you can fix it so I can get Gin Pills in New York."

CHARLES COLLINS.

Sold everywhere in Canada at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. N B Toronto.

If you need a gentle laxative or something to stir up the liver, take National Lazy Liver Pills, 25c. a box. 106

THE WIZARD OF THE FORGE

By Harry Dixon

One summer morning little John Anderson was drawing his wooden horse up and down in the sunshine outside the door of his father's forge.

By and by, feeling rather tired, he sat down on his good little horse's back, and nursing his chin in his hands, listened to the song of the hammer as it beat and beat on his father's anvil. Gradually words began to connect themselves with the music it made, and the question was repeated again and again. "What will you be when you grow to a man? Rattapan — rattapan — rattapan — pan?"

Johnny's eyes opened wide. He got upon his feet and stole timidly to the door of the forge, to see a queer old man, dressed in a light red cloak and a tall steeple hat, pounding away on the anvil.

"Ah, John Anderson, you have come like a brave boy," said the old man. "Now, tell me, when you grow up, are you going to be a draper or a butcher?"

Johnny twisted his fingers behind his back and looked shy.

"I'm the wizard of the forge," said the old man sharply, "and I cannot take silence for an answer."

"Soldier," said Johnny, quickly, "I thought everybody knew that I was going to be a soldier."

The wizard looked just a little bit hurt as he drew himself into a mere upright position.

"Then there is no time to be lost," said he. "If you are going to be a soldier, of course you know what a soldier it?"

Johnny smiled. There was nothing he liked better than talking about soldiers, so he told the Wizard right away that he had a whole regiment of them. They were made of tin, and he ordered them about while he sat on his gallant wooden charger, Wellington (he nodded towards the door of the forge, round the corner of which Wellington's head was peeping), and if that was not being a soldier, what was?

"Anything else?" said the Wizard, a little sadly.

"No; I don't think so," replied Johnny.

"Then allow me to present you with your sword."

He turned aside to a pile of steel bars, and selecting a short one, handed it to Johnny.

"That's not a sword, Mr. Wizard," said he, half smiling; "that's only a bar of steel."

"It's your sword," cried the Wizard in a tone that made Master Anderson tremble, "take it in both hands, my boy, and make the best of it."

Johnny obeyed, and as his fingers touched the steel the flames in the forge fire leapt three feet high; the wind from the bellows began to murmur like a distant gale, and the whole smithy was filled with a warm and beautiful light. The Wizard, redder, larger, and more upright than before, spoke in a solemn voice:—

"Put it in the fire," said he, "make it hot, my little man. Hammer it into shape, with care and diligence."

He seized the handle of the bellows, Johnny stood before the fire, thrusting the steel bar into the glowing depths. With magic speed it grew red hot. He carried it to the anvil, and began pounding upon it with the hammer till the sparks flew in a golden shower. But with the first blow a strange thing happened. The noise it made was the boom of a drum — a far-away drum — that with every blow grew nearer and nearer. Johnny's heart began throbbing with joy. Under the hammer the steel bar was taking the shape of a beautiful sword — flat, shining, and keen. As the toll went on, the sound of the drum grew

louder, the hammer came down with its last blow. The shining sword was finished, and as John Anderson turned his eyes from its flashing blade to the door of the smithy, it was to see a brilliant cavalcade awaiting him there. The Wizard of the forge laid a hand upon his shoulder. At the touch, his clothes changed like magic, and he stood arrayed in splendid uniform. Another moment — he was among the crowd at the door, mounted on a lovely horse, with his sword at his side.

And then John Anderson rode away. He rode away for a month and a day, and he saw sad sights as well as brave and noble deeds. For a little while he was vain of his sword and uniform, but after that he learned that there was more for a soldier to do than ride a fine horse, listen to stirring music, and order brave men about.

And so, one day when a sad campaign had ended, he thought about the time before the Wizard of the Forge had given him his sword. He would take it back and say that perhaps after all he had wished to be a soldier without really knowing what a soldier was. With the very thought, the uniform began to fade, the sword in his hand changed shape, and he stood in his father's forge once more. It was dark and silent and empty, but peering into the shadow he saw the red cloak of the wizard disappear through the doorway behind the bellows. He darted forward. The door slammed in his face with a loud report, and Johnny Anderson woke with a start to find himself sitting on Wellington's back at the entrance to the forge. The fire was burning low, for the blacksmith himself had just gone to dinner, and Johnny followed him a moment later through the very doorway that the wizard had used.

When he talks about being a soldier now, it is not the same soldier that he used to mean — but a better one.

BARONESS FOUNDS BIG FEET SOCIETY.

The Baroness Mohn, beautiful and distinguished, has started the Big Feet society in Munich. Its object is to preach the gospel that big feet are not only healthful, but beautiful.

Several hundred persons, some of them titled, have joined the society and have agreed to wear the "big boots" on all occasions and to bring up their children on the same principles.

Sure Signs Of Kidney Trouble

If your back is constantly aching and if you experience dull shooting pains, your kidneys are out of order. If your urine is thick and cloudy or your passages frequent scanty and painful, your kidneys and bladder are out of order. Neglect quickly brings on rheumatism, diabetes, lumbago sciatica and etc.,

Mrs. John Wagner of 110 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S., says: "Dull shooting pains would catch me across the small part of my back and extend into my shoulders and neck, often causing me to suffer with severe headaches and spells of dizziness. Spots would dazzle before my eyes and everything would turn black. I would fall to the floor and be unable to get up again without assistance. A friend told me of Booth's Kidney Pills and I began their use. The first box gave me relief and I am now well and strong."



All druggists sell Booth's kidney Pills 50c. a box with a guarantee to relieve or your money back. They are the world's greatest specific for Kidney and bladder trouble. Postpaid from the proprietors The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd. Fort Erie. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

THE BUSINESS SPY

Each of the Two Great World's Oil Trusts Have a Large Number of Private Detectives to Watch Each Other.

In old days, before Patent Acts had been passed to confer well-deserved monopolies upon inventors, the man who discovered a new process in the arts or in mechanics took the most elaborate precautions to guard it.

He worked behind locked doors; his workmen were put under oath not to reveal the process, and were searched when going out, while all visitors were rigorously excluded.

The business spy of those days had to resort to the most elaborate disguise, and he practically carried his life in his hands. The man who, in 1770, stole the famous Huntsman process for making steel, got access to the Attercliffe works under the guise of a half-frozen tramp, who begged admission one bitter winter night.

To-day the owner of a patent is protected by law from infringement in every country in the world, yet the trade spy is far more numerous than he was a century ago.

The Oil Business

There has been, and is, war in the

oil trade. The two great companies — one of which draws its supplies from America, the other from Russia — have been cutting prices.

Part of the campaign — the most important part — is conducted by spies. The Standard Oil, it is said, employs no fewer than eight hundred secret police, many of whom act as paid employees in the works of the rival company.

Thus the rival oil companies are kept informed of the yield of their enemies' wells, of the names of their customers, the wages they pay, and particularly of the prime cost of the carriage of their products to the various markets.

In England, many of the great wholesale firms have their own corps of secret police. There is at least one firm of whisky manufacturers whose secret agents constantly visit the retailers, their object being to see that no inferior substitutes are offered to customers in place of their own brand.

The owners of well-known brands of patent articles, such as soap, drugs, motor-car tyres, etc., also send round men, whom they call "inspectors," to see that the retail firms do not sell their products below the advertised prices.

How Dressmakers Suffer

The worst sufferers from trade spies are the fashionable dressmakers. Very large prices are paid to the artists who design new fashions in ladies' dresses, and these, of course, can be registered, and so protected.

Firms, however, that either cannot or will not pay the best artists are always on the look-out for these designs as soon as they appear; for, by making a few trivial alterations, they elude the copyright, and so manage to profit dishonestly by the brains of others.

MANUFACTURED MILK

Cows are not numerous in Japan, but the Japanese are fond of milk, and to meet this demand in the face of a natural shortage they long ago put their wits to work and evolved a product that the average person cannot distinguish from the regular dairy article.

The artificial milk is derived from the soja bean. The beans are first soaked, then boiled in water. Presently the liquid turns white; sugar and phosphate of potash in proper quantities are added, and the boiling continued until a substance the thickness of molasses is obtained. This fluid corresponds very accurately with ordinary condensed milk, and when water is added cannot be told from fresh. If the present rise in the price of British milk continues we can foresee a big run on soja beans. Now, Mr. Milkman, beware!

A man should never try to keep any secrets from his wife. Some kind friend will come along and tell her, anyhow.

A Wonderful Discovery.

An eminent scientist, the other day, gave his opinion that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. Just think! As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore, such injury is insured against blood-poison! Not one species of microbe has been found that Zam-Buk does not kill!

Then again. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should never forget this.

Again. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delorimier Ave., Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Co. and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Buk was introduced to him, and in a few months it cured him. To-day—over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years—he is still cured, and has had no trace of any return of the eczema!

All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box, or we will send free trial box if you send this advertisement and a 1c. stamp (to pay return postage). Address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

What Radium Will Do.

Sir William Ramsay pointed out at the recent Parliament of Science in Portsmouth, England, that if radium could be turned to mechanical use a ton of the marvellous substance would suffice to propel a ship of 15,000 tons, with engines of 15,000 horse-power, at the rate of fifteen knots for thirty years. He added by comparison that such a ship would require 1,500,000 tons of coal to get the same results. The Mauretania and the Lusitania consume about 7,000 tons of coal each for every voyage of five and one-half days.

THEY ALL FALL FOR IT.

