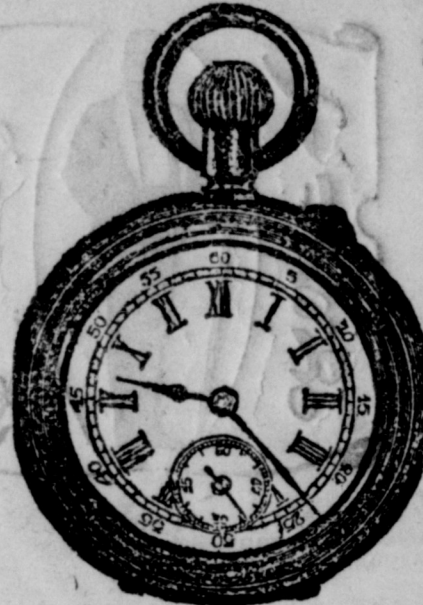


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Address THE KING TABLET CO.
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Literature.

Annie's Birthday Gift.

A STORY OF BLACKMAIL AND ITS RESULTS.

The village clock was striking the hour of five afternoon as Annie Graham stepped out of her trim and comfortable cottage to meet her husband at the gate.

She made a pleasant picture for the eye to rest upon. Her year of married life had been a very happy one, and never did maiden look more eagerly for her lover than did she for her husband's return from the distant city, whither he had gone a week ago on business for his employers.

Among the few ornaments she wore was a beautifully engraved gold bracelet which encircled her left wrist. As her eye caught its gleam a peaceful smile lit up her sweet face, for it was her husband's gift on her last birthday.

She stood at the gate and looked down the road in the direction of the small mining village through which her husband must pass on his way from the station. A man's form came into view on the quiet road, but a single glance sufficed to show her that it was not the familiar figure she looked for. She scarcely observed the man further, her eyes traveling beyond him to scan the road, till he halted almost at her side.

"Can't you spare a copper for a poor fellow who has walked all the way from"—he began, with the usual plea and whine of the professional tramp, but he stopped abruptly and gave vent to a low whistle.

"So it is you?" he exclaimed sneeringly, recovering from his surprise. "Aren't you glad to see an old pal?"

She looked at him for a moment, then drew back in fear. "I suppose you've got too high and mighty for the likes of me," he continued, observing her action. "I heard you had got spliced to the gaffer of a mine somewhere about this quarter, but had no idea of such a slice of luck as this happy meeting with you. So this is where you hang out, eh? It does look rather comfortable inside."

He drew nearer the gate and made as if to enter.

"No, no, you cannot come in," she cried in alarm. "See, here is some money. Take it and go away."

He examined the contents of the purse which she handed to him. They amounted to only half a dollar, and he was dissatisfied.

"I'm as dry as a dusty road in June, and this will hardly wet my throat. Let's see that bauble on your wrist. It should be worth something," he said, looking greedily at the bracelet.

"No indeed, I will not. I have already given you more than enough, so please go."

"Not if I know a thing or two," he said, with a cunning leer. "Did you tell your adorable husband that you got the swop from Watson's for nabbing a trinket like that? No, I guess not."

"You know how false that charge was," she cried indignantly, but with fear in her eyes at the mention of her husband.

"Oh, of course you say so, but who would believe you?" he returned. "Hand over that bit of jewelry, and mum's the word."

"It's my husband's gift to me," she pleaded, "and I cannot part with it. I will give you its value in money, but do not ask this."

She turned to enter the house for the money, but he was too quick for her.

"Not so fast, my pretty. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' any day. I can make as good terms with your husband, so it must be that gilt thing or nothing."

She eagerly scanned the road again. Yonder at last was the well known stalwart figure of her husband. Should she tell him all and trust to his believing in her innocence? What if he should believe this man's story?

These thoughts passed quickly through her mind. The risk of losing his love and respect seemed too great to face. She slipped the bracelet from her wrist and handed it to the man.

"There, take it and go quickly," she said, with white, drawn face.

He snatched it from her and walked away, humming a lively air and looking the virtuous man he claimed to be as he passed her husband a short distance from the gate.

John Graham greeted his young wife affectionately, and together they entered the house. He observed her pallor for the first time as she turned up the light of the dining room lamp.

"What's the matter, Annie?" he inquired anxiously. "You look as if you had got a fright. Have you been moping in my absence? I meant to be back a couple of days sooner, but I could not get my business finished in time."

"It is nothing, John. I did weary for your coming, and I am glad to see you home again," she said, with an effort to keep the tremor out of her voice.

"I have news for you, dear," he said when they were seated at the tea table. "I met some of my people in the city and was invited home. As they appeared to be holding out the olive branch of peace of course I went, and the upshot was that matters were smoothed over. They have most graciously condescended to forgive us for marrying, and my mother and sisters are coming on the 28th to spend a few days with us."

"See what I have brought you from the city, I remembered that the 28th is your birthday and thought you would like this. You might wear it when they come, along with the one I gave you last year. I want you to be at your best before my people."

As he spoke he drew a small parcel from his pocket and unfolded it, revealing a bracelet of exquisite design upon a bed of velvet. He handed the gift to her with a tender smile.

"I am not worthy of this, John," she said faintly, while a mist rose before her eyes. She was already paying dearly for her error in her transaction with the tramp.

"Nonsense, my dear. Bring out the other one and let me see how they look together."

"Not to-night, John. Please don't ask me," she said so earnestly that he looked up in surprise.

"I'm afraid you are not yourself to-night, Annie. You do look rather ghost-like. But don't trouble about the bracelets, as I can see them both on the 28th."

When the guests arrived, it struck him that his wife had never appeared to greater disadvantage. She looked pale and anxious and seemed to avoid meeting his eyes. He was annoyed to see the proud lips of his mother and sisters curl at his wife's awkwardness, and he felt that she had not done herself justice. Once he whispered:

"You are not wearing both bracelets to-night?"

"No she answered in a low voice and with averted eyes. He turned away, with a look of disappointment."

When the visitors retired for the night, he took both her hands in his. "There is something wrong, Annie. What is it?"

Could she tell him, or must she go on deceiving him and enduring the misery of the past few days? He was a man who was upright in all his actions and hated deceit in any form. Yet she would only be doing him a further injustice by concealing the truth. In a low voice she began and recounted the whole story. When she had finished, he remained silent. She lifted her tear stained face to him.

"You do not believe me, and therefore you cannot forgive me?" she asked wistfully.

"I both believe and forgive you," he said gently. "But what you have told me is not quite new to me. I knew about the charge against you when I asked you to marry me, but I believed in you. And within the last twenty-four hours I have heard the rest of the story. Do you recognize this?"

She was astonished to see him hold up the bracelet which she had parted with so unwillingly to the tramp.

"Your friend the tramp got the worse of drink with the money you gave him and was locked up at the police station," he resumed. "This was found in his possession, and he could give no proper account of it. Lieutenant Stirling happened to mention the matter to me. I had my own reasons for being interested, and, along with Stirling, I interviewed the man. I knew him at once to be the man who was the Watson's groom when you were with them. We worried the matter out of him, and now it appears that it was one of the servants whom he was courted at the time who was the real thief."

"Then I am cleared at last?" she cried joyfully.

"Yes, I could have told you all this a few hours ago, but I wanted you to learn to trust your husband more fully. I am glad that you have told me everything frankly. Now let us forget the past."

"The best birthday gift you have given me is your forgiveness," she said gratefully.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Handsome Designs Sent Free of Cost to Any Address in Canada.

Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns are the Most Popular.

The continued and increasing demand for the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns, is the best proof of their great popularity.

The fascinating art of Mat and Rug making in the home is now cultivated by women of every social rank. There is with many ladies a pride and pleasure in being able to show nice specimens of their handiwork. The Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns combine beauty and simplicity. After securing one of these patterns, any lady can easily hook it and produce a valuable and attractive room ornament.

The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes are prepared to send to any address, free of cost, sheets of pretty and suitable designs to enable ladies to select from. Address The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

The Obsequies of Cecil Rhodes at Cape Town.

Cape Town, April 3.—Throughout the morning continuous streams of people passed by the coffin containing the body of Cecil Rhodes, as it rested in Parliament House. The funeral procession this afternoon was most imposing. The coffin was draped with the tattered Union Jack which belonged to Mr. Rhodes, and which he regarded with peculiar veneration, and with the tattered flag of the British Chartered South African Company, which went through the fight at Massikessi, and was carried on the Long Cecil gun carriage used at the siege of Kimberley, through the crowded streets to the cathedral. The streets were lined by troops, who saluted the passing cortege. The pall bearers were Dr. Jameson, Sir John Gordon Sprigg, the premier of Cape Colony, and six others. The chief mourner was Col. Frank Rhodes, who walked alone and bareheaded, followed by the other brothers of the deceased and representatives of Lord Milner, the British high commissioner, and

Stomachs on Stills.

The man who puts on stiffs does not increase his actual stature by the breadth of a hair. He feels taller while he's on the stiffs, and when he's off them he feels shorter than he ever felt.

Stimulants are the stiffs of the stomach. They make a man feel better for the time being, but he feels a great deal worse for them afterward.

The need of the man whose stomach is "weak" is not stimulation but strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery perfectly answers that need. It cures the diseases of the digestive and nutritive system which make the stomach "weak." It enables the digestion and assimilation of food, so that the body receives the nutrition on which depends its strength.

"I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carries, Esq., Taylorstown, Loudoun Co., Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat now anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thank you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to you. A gentleman told me of your medicine, and how it cured his wife. I thought I would try a bottle of it. I am now glad that I did, for I do not know what I should have done had it not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

The sluggish liver is made active by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Sir Walter Healy-Hutchinson, the governor and commander-in-chief of the Cape of Good Hope. All business was suspended during the funeral, and all the public buildings were draped in mourning. In front of the cathedral stood a huge crowd, bareheaded, and the building itself was filled to its capacity. The archbishop and other clergy received the body at the porch, and there the opening sentences of the burial service were pronounced, bells tolling, and the organ playing a funeral march. The procession then passed down the main transept.

The archbishop made an address, during which he declared that Mr. Rhodes had faults, of which he, probably was as conscious as anyone, but, nevertheless, he was a great man. Though not a great church-goer, continued the archbishop, Mr. Rhodes was essentially religious. At the conclusion of services the procession re-formed, a dead march was played, and the mourners proceeded to the station. There the coffin was borne into the De Beers Company's saloon car, which had been converted into a chapel ardente. The family, the executors of the will, and others, accompanied the remains to Rhodesia.

HAPPY FARMERS' WIVES.

USE WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S "IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR" from year to year because it gives the most satisfactory results. In every part of Canada, richly flavored, golden tinted butter is seen on every farmer's table—butter that is good enough for royalty. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S "IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR" does the good work. Ask your dealer for it. Refuse substitutes.

NATURE'S HEN ROOST.

The number of birds that go to the arctic regions to breed is vast beyond conception. They go not by thousands, but by tens and hundreds of thousands, and because nowhere else in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place such a lavish prodigality of food.

The vegetation consists of cranberry, cloudberry and crowberry bushes, and these, forced by the perpetual sunshine of the arctic summer, bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the arctic summer, and if the fruit ending birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve in the meantime, so they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow.

But each year the snow descends on an immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is thus preserved perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes, with the unconsumed last year's crop hanging on them or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground.

The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Northern Asia. It never decays and is accessible the moment the snow melts. The same heat which thaws the fruit brings into being the most prolific insect life in the world—the mosquito swarms on the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts. The gun barrels are black with them, and clouds of them often obscure the sight.

Thus the insect eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and thus the presence of swarms of cliff chaffs, pipis and the wagtails in this arctic region is accounted for.

EVERY BODY SATISFIED

Winnipeg, April 3.—Further returns of voting on the liquor act referendum received to-day increase the total vote to about 30,000, with many of the distant rural municipalities to hear from. The unreported places are expected to split about even, leaving a straight majority of about six thousand against the enforcement of the act. The total so far received now stands:—Against the act, 18,464; for the act, 11,137 majority against, 6,327. The official returns for Winnipeg received by Returning Officer Hubbard, are:—Negative, 6,887; affirmative, 2,481; majority, 3,406.

A rather odd phase of the situation is that all the parties that were interested in voting claim victories.

MORAL VICTORY FOR ALLIANCE.

The Dominion Alliance followers say that the result of the election justified their expectations. Thousands of Temperance people, the Alliance claims, did not vote because of the position the Alliance took. This they say is well, for they claim that the voting was so corrupt that as a representation of public opinion it was useless. The result was a splendid moral victory and vindication for the Alliance and for the cause of true temperance. The prohibition league on the other hand, claim that the position of the league, that every temperance man should turn out and vote was vindicated by the fact that over 1,000 votes were polled in its favor. They point out that if the result in the city be subtracted from the total vote, that the vote in the rest of the province, for and against, will be about equal, and this, though the temperance men did not organize, and the liquor men put up the fight of their lives. This section of the temperance party also claim that there was a great deal of corruption in the election.

The liquor men say they do not claim a moral victory. All they wanted was a practical one, a majority of the votes, and this they received.

Noted Outlaw on the Upper St. John Shot by a Warden.

AUGUSTA, Me., March 25.—Further details of the shooting of Peter La Fontaine, the notorious outlaw of the St John headquarters, by Game Warden H O Templeton, have reached here. Wardens Templeton, Houston and Forrest had been informed as to the whereabouts of La Fontaine by some of the outlaw's acquaintances, and started in pursuit of him. La Fontaine learned the wardens were after him and started for the Canadian line, hauling a brush drag after him to conceal his snow shoe tracks. The chase was a long one, through the thick woods, and finally led to one of La Fontaine's many camps.—When the man had been sighted, the officers stole up to the door. La Fontaine was lying in a bunk on the opposite side of the cabin, and when he saw the officers he sprang toward his rifle. As he did so Templeton fired with his revolver. The bullet entered the man's left side and he fell back.

An examination of his wound convinced the officers that he was mortally hurt, and upon his request he was taken to his home in Canada where his mother lives. Whether or not he survived the journey it is not known here; but from the nature of his wound it is believed that even if it does not prove fatal La Fontaine will be crippled for life and never will trouble the officers of this State again.

La Fontaine is about 50 years old. For many years he has defied the officers of this State. He said he would do as he wished, the laws to the contrary notwithstanding, and that he never would be taken alive. He has been hunted almost continuously for years, but always evaded capture when close pressed by crossing the Canadian border and remaining for a time at his home.

The place where the tragedy occurred is about 50 miles from the head of Moosehead lake on the St John headquarters.

Asthma Gasps

Too many asthma sufferers give up their search for cure, believing that their particular case is beyond the control of scientific treatment.

It is only necessary to point all such to a new hope in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the one great remedy which has proven its efficiency not only as a prompt relief, but also as a thorough cure for asthma.

Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says:—"I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, I did so, and it cured me."

It is impossible to imagine a better treatment for asthma than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It soothes the excited nerves, clears the bronchial tubes, gives prompt relief to the frightful spasms, and, when used regularly, thoroughly and permanently cures asthma. 25 cents, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Oil for the Children.

Give them oil—cod-liver oil. It's curious to see the result.

Give it to the peevish, fretful child, and he laughs. Give it to the pale, anæmic child, and his face becomes rosy and full of health. Take a flat-chested child, or a child that has stopped growing, give him the oil, and he will grow big and strong like the rest.

This is not a new scheme. It has been done for years.

Of course you must use the right oil. Scott's Emulsion is the one.

Scott's Emulsion neither looks nor tastes like oil because we are so careful in making it pleasant to take.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada,
50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

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For the next 15 days, with each dozen CABINETS at the usual price, we will give—absolutely Free—One Large PHOTO, Life Size, which alone would be worth all that you have to pay for the Cabinets.

Space here will not permit us to say more, but we invite you to call at the Studio and see samples of this beautiful work.

G. A. KEITH.

P. S.—Kindly make appointments for sittings.

It is stated that it is probable that the annual militia camps of New Brunswick will be held in the month of June this year.