

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION



**CURES
BACKACHE
NERVOUSNESS
HEADACHE
AND
FEMALE WEAKNESS**

THE BUTTER FACTORIES OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

While in Aroostook, the writer drove to Woodstock, N. B., with President Alden of our Dairy Association and Instructor Thompson and inspected the butter factory there. Stepping in without warning, the normal conditions of the factory were at once apparent, and the satisfaction of the party was genuine, as they examined the complete sanitary conditions and found everything in perfect order, clean, sweet, well ventilated, every part painted and kept in the best possible manner. Only those familiar with conditions prevailing, ten years ago, when the government took up the question of encouraging dairying, can realize the great stride made.

New Brunswick, shut out of our market by reason of the tariff, is obliged to look to Liverpool and London for the sale of its surplus, and in dairy products, the Dutch butter leads, and is considered the finest in the world. When this fact is known and with it another of great significance, that to-day New Brunswick butter sells only one half shilling per hundred pounds less than the choicest of Danish make in foreign markets, the work accomplished by the government and its faithful corps of inspectors and inspectors seems beyond credence.

It has been done only by earnest, hearty co-operation with the individual dairymen, just the line of work the State of Maine proposes to take up under the recent act of the legislature. The butter made for foreign trade carrying twelve per cent moisture was thoroughly tested and its superior quality noted. Daily collections of cream and personal contact with cream-makers, backed by skilled methods at the factory, have given this result, and the 2,000 lbs made daily at the factory indicate the growth of the industry and confidence of the farmers. Here the party met Inspector J. F. Tilley, who for eight years has had entire supervision of the five northern counties of the Province and whose faithful services and mastery of all details have given him a deep hold on the heart-strings of the dairymen.

After a complete inspection of the factory Mr. Tilley drove the party to Jacksonville, where one of the large cheese factories was inspected, Pres-

ident Alden making thorough work and going into every detail. On this beautiful drive we caught a glimpse of some of the charming farm scenery of the Province and noted what opportunities there are on the St John for an aggressive agricultural sentiment, growing stronger year by year.

The great orchard of Mr. Sharp we did not have time to inspect, but caught a passing glance of its rich growth as we drove through. The attractiveness of Woodstock with its substantial residences and business places impressed the visitors who found the hour altogether too short, and the desire strong to give more time to an inspection of its industries and visit among its farms. One item of frequent comment was the quality of the horses seen on the streets, in the farm wagons and carts, indicating the presence of good blood and an interest in breeding not seen on this side the line. With a deep feeling of satisfaction the drive back was made, Mr. Tilley being drafted into the party, stolen away from home duties for a day to meet the workers at the institute at Houlton. As we crossed the line, we doffed our hats to the New Brunswick dairymen.—Maine Farmer.

A Reverie of Heroism. (BY A BANKER)

With the exception of certain sites in the Holy Land, perhaps the one building in all the world which must for all time excite the greatest interest to the beholder is that vast half-ruined edifice, that wonder of the city of the seven hills, the Coliseum. Though from time to time despoiled by successive dignitaries and rulers who used it as a quarry whence to procure ready-hewn stone for the erection of their palaces and other buildings, yet it still remains, a colossal monument of the virile might and stupendous achievements of those Roman world-rulers of old. And as the spectator stands upon the very spot where in regal splendour sat those cruel Roman Emperors, witnessing the orgies of carnage in which they took such ferocious delight, and indulges in a train of reveries of the past, what a flood of reminiscences surge through the mind retrospects at the same time of the most atrocious, malevolent savagery, and of the most intrepid, dauntless heroism and fortitude which has perhaps ever been witnessed on this earth.

Now it is the great inaugural display, lasting many days, with which Titus celebrated the opening of the great amphitheatre, when five thousand hungry wild beasts, collected from Europe, Asia and Africa, were turned into the arena to fight and devour the miserable victims, who were placed already there awaiting the savage onslaught of the ravenous animals. Now a number of gladiatorial contests are proceeding; men fighting to the death with each other, from time to time the attendants dragging out with ropes the slain and mangled bodies of the vanquished.

Now the arena is flooded deep with water, and two fleets of galleys engage in a desperate conflict, the fight continuing until one side is exterminated; the artificial lake meanwhile dyed red with blood and choked with corpses. Or it is a bull fight; or a cruel massacre of stately, harmless giraffes by smaller wild animals; or perhaps a chariot race or other more humane form of sport.

But that which chiefly absorbs the memory as we gaze down on that fateful arena, is the ghastly torture and martyrdom of devoted, heroic Christians, which so often took place on that very spot. Now perhaps a hundred or more valiant heroes and heroines are turned into the amphitheatre, a released horde of roaring, half-starved lions, leopards and tigers immediately leaping upon them. Or a number of Christians are chained to stout posts arranged round the arena, pitch being then poured over them, and then the whole set on fire to illuminate some gladiatorial display. Or a score or more of young Christian girls, robed in white, are led in by the heathen priests, and, as they resolutely refuse to deny Him who had saved them, a howling pack of savage wolf hounds is let loose upon the kneeling heroines, who limb by limb are soon torn to pieces and half devoured.

Ah! but those gloating spectators did not see all that was happening. For they did not see those bright angels who were hovering over that orgie of blood, who, as the spirit of one after the other of those young martyrs was released from its earthly coils conveyed it into the Presence of Him whom she had loved so well, who, on His throne of glory, was waiting to welcome and to reward them. Should we modern Christians be willing to undergo the same fate for His sake?

He—Did you enjoy the party? She—No. Every one was there whom I did not want to see and no one was there whom I wanted to see me.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss FRANCES SMITH, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

SPIRITUAL.

"Inner light" was a constant phrase of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends. There is an "inner light," named as "image of God," known as Consciousness, in one form, a practiced metaphysics, that which is above the physical. Not alone a condition, but a sense, realised becomes a knowledge. This sense, called the sixth sense, with the cognate faculties, readily constitutes man, the being that thinks, wills, loves, possessed of a nature, foreign to all below him, within nature yet above it. A. K. Wallace admits that, acknowledges that Evolution cannot explain man in his threefoldness 'body, soul and spirit.' In other words Evolution, has no key to unlock the Spiritual, that is with Revelation, and Experience.

We are obliged to use material terms, to express that not material. Behind yes! and above our most informed phrases there is an element we dimly realise, but fully sense. Every thoughtful man is a mystic, because intuition exceeds our thought-faculty. We are ensnawed by the Spiritual, because we are enclosed by God. Thought-forms of an invisible Spirit, hem us around. The definable is but the outline of the greater, Eternal in extent and character. Our position is that of Newton, "gathering a few shells on the shore, but the great sea beyond." Ocean depths, and a wide expanse, yet, part is like the whole.

We live inwardly by that above us. God is Spirit. The incarnation, in human form, gives us in the Christ, the nature and character of the Father, says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "God gives and we receive," and that is the way to live inwardly. Christ.

To have, to us, "the mind of Christ," as an active, living, controlling principle is to be Spiritually-minded. This implies a Spiritual sense; also, a spiritual life, and a resultant spiritual experience. A threefold evidence of man's position and relation; that no surface theories of life can touch or invalidate.

Historic Christianity has its place for life is one of organism, but the "I know", by inward witness is the Gibraltar of Christian certitude.

The Divine Life in the soul is our testimony as a people in the fullness of the grace of Christ. From inception to this day that has been our insistent call and demand. Not in special forms of speech, but in a vital living experience. Not exclusive as demonstrated by our name, but inclusive as demonstrated by our practice.

In the "New Light" of to-day we are not found on the shady side of the street! Nor yet in the rear, because of the march of progress, en-cased in an outworn creed, but abreast of truth, and abreast of the times, that belong to all times.

In our day new claims are made upon the Church of God. The meaning of the Divine Life in the soul has been widened; the mission of the Church has been broadened. "The Kingdom" is-and-is now. Spiritual is a quality of life, and its area the whole man in all the manifoldness of being. The "heaven," of grace and righteousness is for, "the whole lump." The wider vision finds us at the sun-rise; the "Free Spirit" of "love divine," of mutual joy, mutual privilege, finds us at the dawn of ever constant, unceasing "Morning Light."

"Christians think what ye inherit, Read the archives of your state, Jesus Christ is King by merit, O be worthy, and be great!"

Said, "De Quincy," that, "the Hebrews were great because they built within the Spiritual." Where else can we find greatness imperishable? And, where else is to be found life's greatness but in the Spirit of the Christ? And, is not that Spirit, the Eternal, in life and thought? Further, may it not be said that people are wise and understanding, who faithfully seek to express, to live and rejoice in the divine life of God in the Soul.

During 1902 the number of casualties on U. S. railways on account of accidents was 43,350, including 8,588 killed and 34,862 injured. Of railway employees, 2,969 were killed and 50,524 were injured. The number of passengers killed was 345 and the number injured 9,683.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN.

It occurred on a Lower Mississippi steamboat which lay at a small landing taking on freight. The dock-hands hurried back and forth across the gangplank, carrying to the boat boxes, barrels and similar burdens, and hastening to the wharf again for the next load. They were goaded to their work by a blasphemous second mate, who, pencil in hand, stood on the deck, at the end of the plank, making a note of the nature and destination of each article that was brought aboard. This information was sung out by the men as they passed, and all went smoothly enough until an old darkey appeared leading—or dragging, rather—a reluctant goat. Upon reaching the deck the negro paused in awkward silence before the recorder of freight, scratched his head, glanced reproachfully at his charge. The official with the pencil looked up in quick impatience at the delay and thundered out an interrogatory "Well?"

The old darkey, in great confusion, bent over the goat, fumbled nervously at the rope about its neck, and in another moment brought to light a bit of dingy pasteboard which seemed to be the merest fragment of a freight tag; then, straightening himself up with an air of relief, he removed the shapeless hat, bowed low to the indignant mate, and ejaculated:

"'s sorry, boss, 'deed I is, but dis yere goat done et up whar he's gwine at."—Lippincott's Magazine.



Fibroid Tumors Cured
Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

"Some time ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman."

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt in the minds of fair people.

New Jersey's Historic State Building.

New Jersey's state building at the World's Fair will be a reproduction of Washington's headquarters at Morristown. The New Jersey site joins that of Iowa on the main plaza. In this historic reproduction no exhibits will be permitted. The rooms will be fitted up with the furniture in vogue in colonial days, and the decorations will embrace many Washington relics. The building will be headquarters for the New Jersey commissioners and a resort for visitors from New Jersey.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

The German Government will order all the Mormon missionaries to leave Prussian territory immediately. At first their presence was tolerated goodnaturedly but Mormon missionaries have a way of making converts, and their success among Germans has led the Government to interfere.

The Government of Nova Scotia has appointed a Commission to take measures respecting a monument to the late Hon. Joseph Howe. The members of the Commission are Hon. J. W. Longley, Hon. Arthur Drysdale, Sir M. B. Daly and J. J. Stewart, C. O. Blackadar and W. E. Maclellan, Esquires.



Good Painting

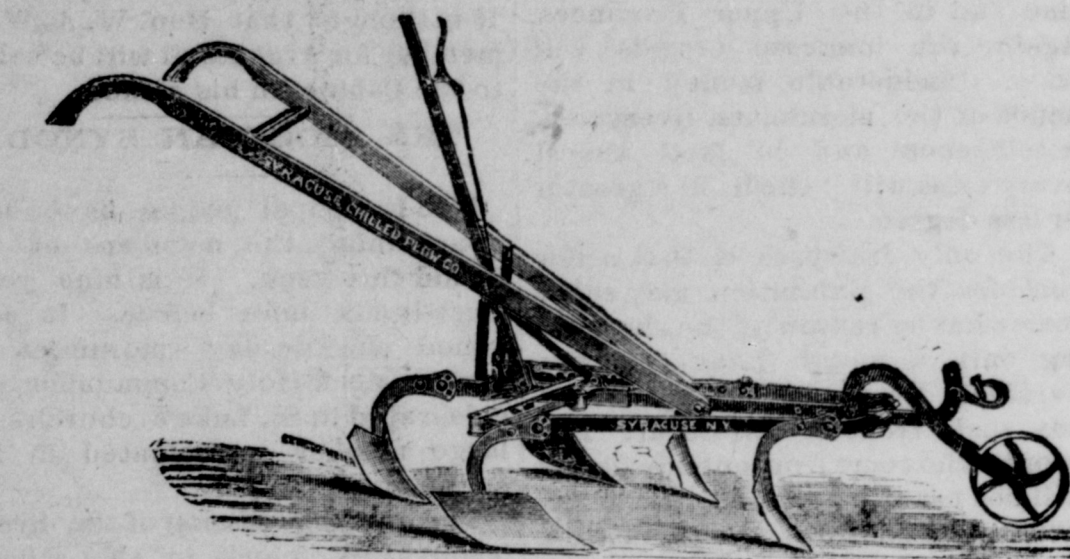
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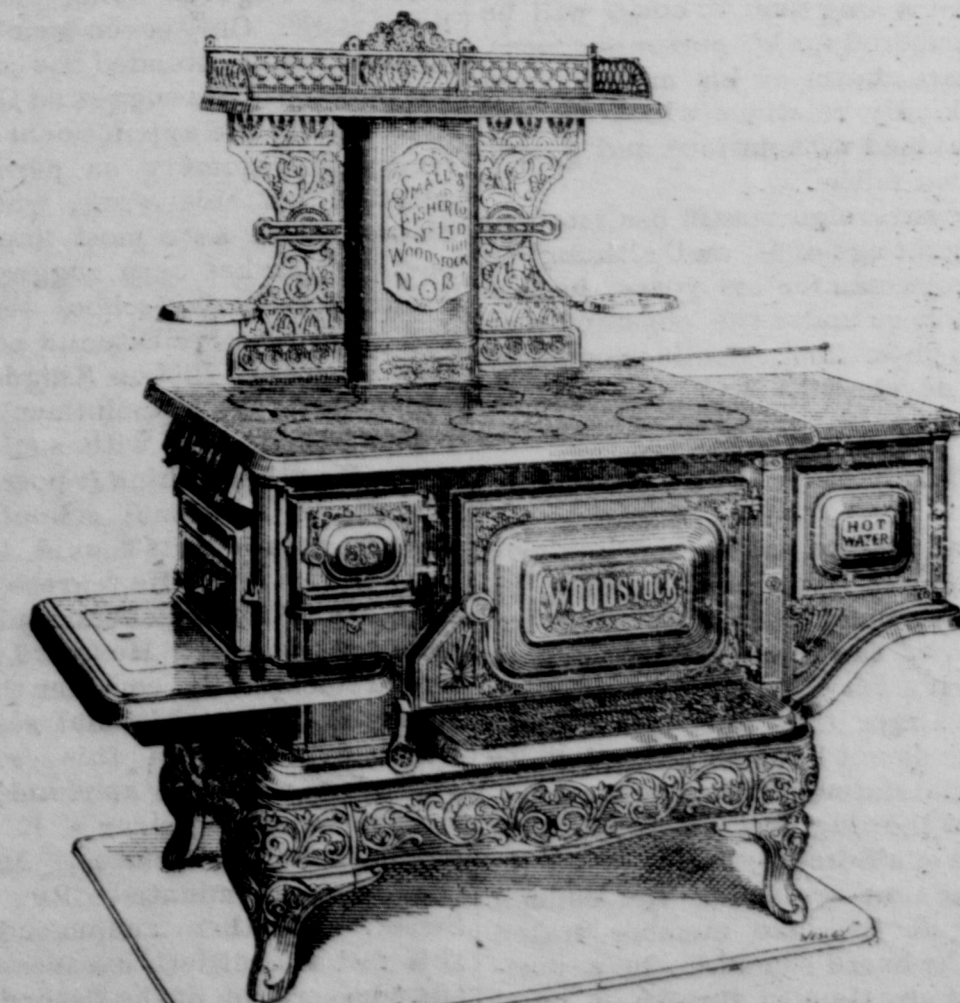
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