

# Red Rose Tea

"IS GOOD TEA."

It is good tea because it is made of the young, tender, juicy leaves of the tea plants of Northern India and Ceylon.

These leaves contain a large percentage of Theine, which is a mild stimulant and an aid to indigestion.

This is why Red Rose Tea is good, not only while you are drinking it, but is good after you drink it.

## Accidents will Happen.

A SERIAL BY HARRY W. HAVENS.

Early on a January morning in the year 1885 the usual passenger train pulled out of Odessa carrying passengers bound for different points along the line, although for the most part they were destined for Cronstadt there to witness the great winter manoeuvre of the first division of the Imperial Army.

Great excitement prevailed among the inhabitants of Southern Russia at this time as in this grand military spectacle was to be seen the few grey bearded veterans, survivors of that gallant band who under the heroic Prince Gortchakof so bravely defended Salastapol against the allied English, French and Sardinians.

The monstrous engine which seemed like a living thing a tribute to Stephenson its inventor, snorted and puffed as it furrowed its way through banks of snow, over sky scraping trestles, through gorges and over frozen streams spanned by massive bridges such as Russian architecture is capable of designing; whistling ever anon as it neared a blind curve or siding, was if such could be possible really alive to the situation and exceedingly jubilant over the thought that it carry spectators toward the Russian fortress there to witness the grandest military spectacle ever witnessed in Russia's greatest stronghold.

It was a clear frosty morning with the thermometer registering twenty-five degrees below zero and so far as human eye could discern gave promise of a perfect winter day. The moon had not yet gone to rest behind the western hills but was still throwing out its silvery beams in such a splendid manner that it would seem as though it was putting on its most brilliant tint and showing all its magnificence and glory as it rode unmolested by a floating cloud through the starry canopy before it gave way to the more powerful and all glorious sun.

Twilight was breaking into day and the great crimson sun like a ball of fire was just making its appearance on the eastern horizon when the train pulled up for the first time since starting at the small town of K—. Ten well furnished and comfortably heated coaches were packed to the limit of their seating capacity, but now some twenty new excursionists were added to the already mighty list and among them was a young man, a Russian by birth and parentage but who had received a considerable portion of his education on the further side of the Atlantic. He had been given a vacation and resolved at once to visit old home in Moscow, intending at the same time to follow up his vocation that of a reporter for a New York journal.

Through some ill luck he had been detained longer at Malta than he expected and was two weeks later in arriving on Muscovitish soil than he otherwise would have. So now taking all things into consideration he determined not to stop at his native town at all but take the advantage of the cut in the rates and get an excursion ticket to Cronstadt both because he wished to have something new for his paper and also to satisfy his anxious desire to set eyes upon the Czar and Royal family.

He said to himself that the expression of those eyes was such as would return a love truly made and he worked himself up to an awful state pondering in his mind how he could make an acquaintance with her. This was the theme that held answer to the hundred ideas that came to him nothing but the black thought of defeat.

(To be continued.)

By noon the number of the passengers had diminished by the occasional drop off of some weary laborer or business man, etc.

The young Russian occupied a seat in the rear of one of the coaches to the right side and had therefore a full view of the interior. The fittings and furnishings of the car were similar to those used in America but one thing in particular that called his attention was the absence of the bell rope. On examination he espied a wire running along the side of the car just below the window. Along this wire were several buttons and upon inquiry (he could converse in Russian as fluently as in English) he was informed that this was an electric wire that ran the entire length of the train it being automatically connected between the cars as they coupled and ended in the engineers cab. There was an electric apparatus at this end that registered every touch of the button and the car it was in.

Young men and charmingly well dressed young ladies, with here and there a grey beard or a soldier's helmet met the gaze of the anxiously observing rear guard as our man styled himself. All this could he see but for the most part their backs were toward him. Two seats perchance were turned backward and their backs were toward the snorting monster that was slowly but surely pulling them nearer and nearer the great seaport.

In one of the seats sat two ladies, one was young and beautiful and not a Russian but an American. Her features were clear; her hair black and her eyes dark not to a degree that shades the complexion but between a brown and a black and oh so sharp and witty looking. Was it any wonder why the young reporter whom we will hereafter call Alex Regalovitch, was it any wonder why he could not keep his eyes off this fair figure. Beautiful! Yes to him it seemed as though she had almost reached the perfect mark.

Though he did not notice it it seemed to him that she was at intervals casting an anxious glance toward him. Could he have but obtained her name he possibly would have calmed himself somewhat but so far as he could see they would go out from that train unknown to each other and this to him would seem terrible even cruel. For now the passion of love was upon him and he thought that of all the ladies he had seen and been acquainted with none were worthy to be spoken of in the same breath as this beauty a perfect stranger to him. It was in his mind to say "Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile" but he suppressed it thinking it would be sacrilegious to do so.

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(To be continued.)

## A LUCKY GIRL.

Saved from Deadly Decline by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"When I think of my former condition of health," says Miss Winifred Perry, of West River, Sheet Harbor, N.S., "I consider myself a lucky girl that I am well and strong to-day, and I owe my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered almost all that one can endure from weakness and nervousness. I was as pale as a sheet, and I wanted away. The least noise would startle me, and I was troubled with fainting spells, when I would suddenly lose consciousness and drop to the floor. At other times my heart would palpitate violently and cause a smothering sensation. Night and day my nerves were in a terrible condition, and I seemed to be continually growing worse. No medicine that I took helped me in the least until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had taken a half dozen boxes, I felt so much better that I stopped before. He told me to continue their use, saying I could take nothing better, and I got another supply and soon began to regain health. I took about eighteen boxes in all, and they fully and completely restored my health, and I have had no sickness since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just as much for every weak, nervous, pale-faced young woman, who is slipping from anemia into deadly decline. They make new, rich health-giving blood, and thus is what every heart, girl and woman must have to retain their health. It is because these pills actually make new blood that they strike at the root of all common ailments of life, such as headache and dizziness and back-aches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, kidney troubles, sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance and paralysis. But only the genuine pills can do this, and the sick one should see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper and every box. Don't let any one persuade you to take anything else. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Great Men of Lowly Birth.

Most of the great men of history of lowly birth. Lord Wolseley was the son of a butcher; Columbus, the son of a weaver; Horace, the son of a manufacturer; Sir Richard Arkwright, the son of a barber; Shakespeare, the son of a wool stapler; Watt, the son of a blackmaker; Virgil, the son of a porter; Stephenson, the son of a fireman at a colliery; Burns, the son of a ploughman; Franklin, the son of a tallow chandler; Oliver Cromwell, the son of a brewer; Asop was a slave; Beaconsfield was a lawyer's clerk; Thomas Paine, a stay maker; Defoe, a hosiery, son of a butcher; Ben Johnson, a bricklayer; Bunyan, a travelling tinker; Dickens, a reporter, and son of a reporter; Edmund Kean was the son of a stage coach carpenter; Cervantes was a common soldier; Homer was a farmer's son and is said to have begged his bread.—Thos. D. Brown.

"NOW I KNOW THE JOY OF HEALTH." I am Brimming Over With Vitality—Appetite is Good—I Sleep Well—I Feel Happy.

## FERROZONE

Made Me Feel Like New.

One of the earliest settlers in the town of Turnbull, Man., is Mr. John W. McNichol. Everybody knows him; knows how poor his health was for years.

Thanks to Ferrozone, Mr. McNichol is a hearty, strong man to-day. Here is his statement:

"Last Spring I was terribly run down. I was so completely fagged out I could not do any hard work."

"In the morning I was tired—my limbs ached all over."

"Appetite?—I simply didn't have any."

"Sleepless?—Yes, nervous and unhappy too."

"I braced up at once after taking Ferrozone. It put new life and vitality into my body. My nerves are strong, I eat heartily, I sleep well. Now I know the joy of health."

JOHN W. McNICHOL.

Won't you take Ferrozone too? It's really a marvellous tonic, some people say there is almost witchery in the way it builds you up. Its concentrated nourishment—that's what Ferrozone is—just one chocolate coated tablet to take three times a day. No other medicine in the world restores so quickly. Price 50c per box, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or by mail, from N.C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., and Kingston, Ont.

## Cuba's President.

When Tomas Estrada Palma was first elected president of Cuba, in February, 1902, he belonged to no political party save the party of Cuban patriots. Since then the Cubans have been separated into parties on lines of support or opposition to various policies. As the time for an election approaches the president has announced his adherence to the Moderate party, to which it is commonly supposed he will look for support in the campaign for re-election that is about to begin. His term will expire next year; consequently an election must be held in a few months.

## Paying the Piper.

Of some interest at present are the following figures showing the tonnage and cost of new construction in the British, French, German, United States, and Russian navies for the five years ending March 31st, 1905:—

	Tons.	Cost.	Cost per Ton
Great Britain	601,755	£46,712,123	\$77.5
Russia	387,586	£22,836,802	£59
Germany	188,861	£18,839,704	£99.8
U.S. of America	154,184	\$14,668,817	\$95.1
France	178,822	£17,589,215	£98.6

## Candles as Bullets.

A difference of opinion seems to have arisen over the effect of firing a candle at a board. For a long time the ancient tradition has held its own that the soft tallow hurled at the mark by a musket would put a hole through an ordinary plank. Yet here comes a gun bearer who declares that he has tried the experiment and finds the material of the candle wildly scattered upon the target. Of course with present day rifles and breechloaders it may not be possible to discharge a candle effectively from a military arm or from the latest style of sporting guns. But it would certainly be a pity to leave the question unsolved.

## High Prices for Pictures.

The pictures of Louis Huth, which were sold at Christie's London last month, realised £53,452 10s. A portrait of Vestris, the dancer, by Gainsborough, realised 4500 guineas, and a black and white drawing by the same artist 1000 guineas. A landscape by Corot was sold for 2250 guineas, and a smaller canvas by the same artist for 2000 guineas. Another Gainsborough was bought by Messrs Agnew for 2900 guineas. Two of Hogarth's works sold respectively for 1000 and 1250 guineas, while a Moreland brought 2000 guineas.

THE CARLETON SENTINEL, New Brunswick's oldest paper, is a favorite visitor in the homes of all. Try it.

## Nervous Women

Their Sufferings Are Usually Due to Uterine Disorders Perhaps Unsuspected

## A MEDICINE THAT CURES



Can we dispute the well-known fact that Canadian women are nervous?

How often do we hear the expression, "I am so nervous, it seems as if I should fly; or, 'Don't speak to me.' Little things annoy you and make you irritable; you can't sleep, you are unable to quietly and calmly perform your daily tasks or care for your children."

The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous debility, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia. A tendency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to nervous prostration.

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of prostration and suffering so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Miss Leah Stowell, of 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Your medicine is indeed a Godsend to suffering women, and I only wish that they all knew what it can do for them and there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony. I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, extreme nervousness and excruciating headaches, but a few bottles of your Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy and I do not know what sickness is, and I have enjoyed the best of health now for over four years. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has sent sunshine into thousands of homes and hearts.

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all women of its virtues? Surely you cannot wish to remain sick and weak and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can be as easily cured as other women.

## Hull & Glidden, CARRIAGE BUILDERS.

For a Neat, Stylish and Reliable WAGGON, call at our

FACTORY ON KING STREET.

Repairing a Specialty.

## Cash PAID FOR WOOL

Carleton Woollen Co. Ltd., WOODSTOCK, N. B.

## Notice to Builders.

We have received direct from the SOUTH, a large shipment of

## Hard Pine

For Sheathing and other purposes.

\*\*\*GIVE US A CALL. WE CAN SUIT YOU.\*\*\*

THE WOODSTOCK Woodworking Company, Green Street, near College School.

## If You Buy Here

YOU CAN GET

YELLOW EYED BEANS (FIT FOR SEED.)

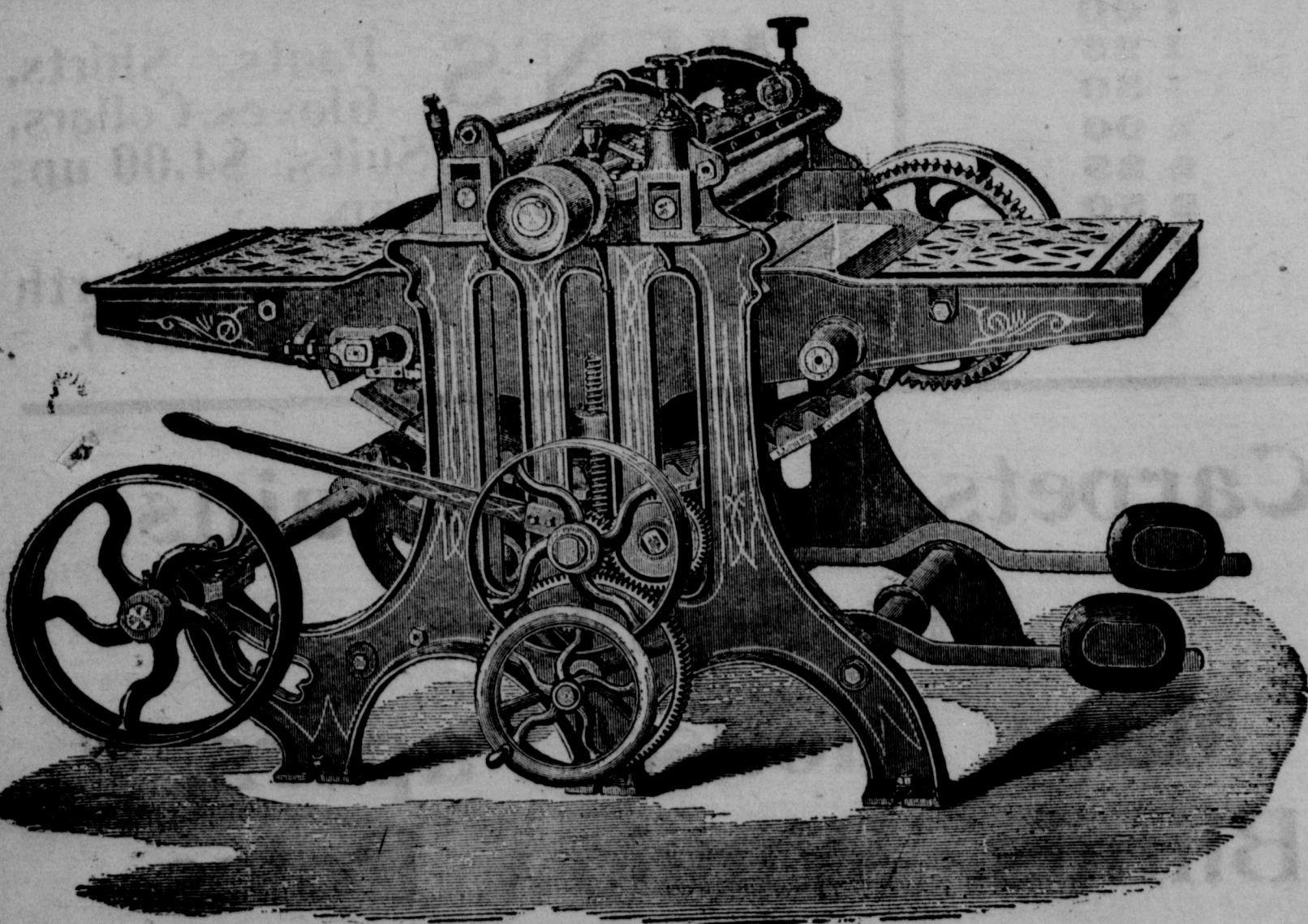
White Dutch Onion Sets (THE FINEST IN TOWN.)

## GARDEN SEEDS

(THAT WILL GROW.)

By the way! Don't forget that GOOD MOLASSES.

## H. G. NOBLE.



## Revolving Bed Surface Planer.

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR SURFACING GREEN, ICY, WET OR THICK LUMBER.

SMALL & FISHER CO. Ltd., WOODSTOCK, N. B.

## PAGE LAWN FENCE

Indestructible, Handsome, Perfect. Only 20 cents per running foot. Supplied by us or local dealer.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED, Walkerville, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, St. John.

FOR SALE BY

H. D. Curtis, Bristol, N.B. Howard Drake, Mount Pleasant, N.B. W. W. Ross, Hartland, N.B. Bohan Bros, Bath, N.B. John N. Perry, Connell, N.B. E. B. Hutchinson, Upper Wicklow, N.B. Cyrus W. Kinney, Florenceville, N.B. Milton McBride, Lindsay, N.B. James T. Atkinson, McKenzie Corner, N.B. Geo. B. Martin, Debec, N.B. Belmont Bros, Woodstock, N.B.