

The Daily Herald.

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TELLS MARRIED WOMEN

How to Interest and Hold Their Husbands.

MUST MAKE LIFE

One Continuous Honeymoon to Avoid Marital Unrest.

"What shall I do to hold my husband?" moans the desolate young wife, pressing her wan, miserable face against the cold, frosty window and scanning the empty street.

The clock ticks unmindfully on, and the great hands point with cruel punctuality to one-two-three-four.

The fire dies and the last red spark in the struggling embers turns gray—but still he does not come.

"What, oh, what shall I do to hold my husband?"

Her cry is caught up by the night wind that goes sobbing through the dark eerie swamp and is lost in the sigh of the sweet grass down in the sombre marshes.

The best known guide to married happiness is the method of the courtship.

Hold the husband as you won the lover!

There is no other way.

Everything that you did then was for him.

All your charms, pains, ingeniousness, finesse, ambitions, hopes, and even your prayers were engaged in the cause of him.

You wore your smartest frocks, daintiest boots, sweetest tones, your loveliest smile, your most heavenly frame of mind for him. All these things did ye constantly for him.

Do ye then these things constantly for him now.

To have been heard speaking in that angry, strident tone and seen by him in one of those jaded and soiled party gowns you wear around evenings at home, would have made you ill for a week. Make it one long honeymoon. Do not ye then wear any of these things in his presence.

Make marriage one rapturous, beautiful, perpetual honeymoon.

Keep your husband always your lover.

"The honeymoon," we learn, is so called by the English, because it is "too sweet," by the Germans "Flitterwochen," because the glory departs so quickly; by the Norwegians, "the wheat bread days," because there are coarser days to follow.

I had a letter from a miserable young wife, telling how her husband neglected her for the charms of another woman, and asking what she should do.

"For all his indifference and neglect," she writes, "I love him still, more than anything I could hope for in this world or the next. I would risk my chance of heaven for a life of love with him here." This said woman cannot be the only one among Evening Journal readers suffering an anguish so unutterably bitter, so I promised my reply to her in today's Journal.

The wife who regards dearer than anything else the love and companionship of a husband whose love has passed on to another must win him back. This will require great love, great sacrifice, great self-control, great pains, great courage.

First, you must control your jealousy. This will be the hardest thing you ever did.

If love is the sweetest thing, this is the hardest thing of all.

But you must do it.

This means that you must not "nag" him about the other woman. To do so would only encourage his feeling for your rival and appeal to him as a very distasteful habit in you. You must neither get up in the dead hours of the night to go through his pockets to see what she tells him in her letters, nor put a detective upon his track to learn where he goes after business hours.

This will only make your heart heavier, inflict the unruly tongue with unnecessary trials, detract from your character and rob you of your own self-respect.

It will also encourage him to deceive

you, which will cause you keener suffering if you find it out than if he devotes himself to the other, frankly and openly. It will take the unflinching courage of an Alexander to brave this. You may fail, but you must bind up your wounds and go on.

Besides, to leave her personal feeling out of the question, can you rashly blame any man for being more susceptible to the personality of one woman than another? Is he to blame, are you to blame, or is anybody to blame if, without any will or wish of his own, his romantic love for Mary Ann turns to friendship and love springs up in his heart for Althea? Such situations are unfortunate, pathetic, tragic. We religiously discourage any conditions that favor them, while we no less conscientiously avoid putting the blame in the wrong place.

Love is amenable neither to fear, restraint nor force. It requires that you also control your pride. But pride and true love seldom go hand-in-hand. It will take humility and patience that surpasseth the understanding of pride to be as tender and considerate and devoted as in the days when you reigned supreme in his heart.

If you expect to win back your husband do not spoil your chances by constant brooding and grieving. If you do you will become a hollow-eyed, weazened, sorry old woman, whom no man will find attractive.

If young Squire Bowers asks you to take lemonade at the Sunday school picnic or to be his partner in a Virginia reel, you must go through the motions as gracefully and light-heartedly as though you were not enlisted in this great serious campaign for your heart's love and happiness.

Make yourself so irresistibly charming and captivating to everybody about that not slim are the chances of the recreant husband's passing and asking himself what he is losing and what, after all, he is getting in exchange.

And if it does not, you are all the wiser and stronger and in every way better for the trial.

ELIZABETH BACON WALLING.

Inflamed Nose and Throat

And such diseases of the respiratory organs as bronchitis, weak lungs, cold in the head and nasal catarrh, are treated with marvelous success on strictly scientific principles by Catarrhzone. The medicated vapor of Catarrhzone quickly traverses every air passage possible to be reached by any treatment. All soreness, pain, congestion and inflammation are at once dispelled, and by means of the healing powers of Catarrhzone the vitiated tissues are quickly restored. Where Catarrhzone is used colds last only ten minutes, coughs half an hour, and catarrh, consumption, asthma and bronchitis flee as from fire. A trial will convince any one of the startling merit of Catarrhzone. Costs \$1.00, small size, 25c. At Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

TEMPERANCE VALE.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

Jan. 13.—Bark hauling is the order of the day here now, nearly every time you look out you can see a load of bark enroute for Hawke Bay.

Mrs. Levi McElwain went to Millville last Sunday, to get a tooth extracted by Dr. Owens.

Edward Morse, made a flying trip to the Vale the other day, with his colt Gritty A. Wilkes. When she gets a few years older, boys look out.

C. A. Manzer and little son Frank are visiting relatives in this place.

V. Johnston, of Mapleton, makes weekly visits to Waterville lately.

Henry McElwain has gone to Keswick with his hay press. Samuel Draper and Chester Fox accompanied him.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Allen are rejoicing over the birth of a young son, which they have named John Samuel Manzer.

Corns Cured in 24 Hours.

When Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor is used, corns, warts and bunions can be removed in one day. No pain, no bother, no suffering. Try "Putnam's."

"Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal."

FAWCETT'S CAMP.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

Canterbury, [Jan 12.—As quite a number of the camps in the Province are sending you items, we thought perhaps a few from here would not be out of place. We have been here about two months and have our yarding all done, and have been making blocks about one week. We have had excellent weather all the fall for yarding and have a nice lot of logs piled up.

By the way I am rather ahead of my story, we are not getting spruce but making last blocks for the U. S. market.

A description of the operation might be of interest to your readers, who are not up in the last block business. They are made of rock maple lumber all together, for some reason no other kind of lumber being fit. We manufacture about twenty trees a day. The first thing in the operation is the hauling of the logs, Donald McIntosh and Harvey Dickenson are the teamsters, and by the way they get around and the size of the loads they bring in one would think they were experts at the business. Donald says he can haul anything that is cut off at both ends if it ain't too long. The farmers are doing the balance of the hauling at so much a tree. The next thing is the barking of the logs, which is attended to by Edward McCarthy and James Carr, and one would think to see the way the trees crawl out of the bark that they had some way of charming them.

George McDonald and Frank Tompkins after the trees were barked saw them up into lengths from twelve to fifteen inches, according to the size and length of block they are to make. Although these two men are not overgrown they get there with their part of the work in a way that would do credit to older hands. As the blocks are sawed off Fred Fawcett, son of the proprietor, stands with a lot of patterns of the different sizes of blocks makes and marks them off all ready for splitting. He is an expert at the business and one would think to see him, that he knew the size of all the feet in the U. S., and just how many there are of each size. The next thing is the splitting which is attended by Reuben Dow and William Eawcett. This is quite a busy job, but they appear to have the thing down to a science and have no trouble to keep their part along with the others. Next comes the chippers; they are, Hammond Dow, Roland Davis, Emery Osgood, Frank Johnson, Charles Johnson, they each have a block set up not unlike a meat block in a butcher shop, here the blocks are roughly chopped out into the different sizes all ready for market. What each chipper makes is kept separate during the day and his count brought in every night. A chipper is supposed to make about 500 blocks in a day, but some of them beat this considerably.

Osborne Watson, of Grand Falls, counts out the blocks and sorts each size by itself. The blocks have to be dried one year in sheds before they are ready for market. This part of the programme is attended to by Hezekiah Dow and son. Albert Mabie, of Liverpool, Eng., is the clerk and general handy man and can tell as nice a story as the best of them. Chas. Johnson also is not backward when it comes to telling a story. His latest is his experience in barking maples and giving the boys conundrums.

By the way I came near forgetting our cook, Mr. Albert W. Gray, of Maine, he does the thing up in a way that would do credit to any first class hotel in the province, we have all kinds of fancy cakes, mince pie, Washington pie, in fact a man is so overcome by the elegant spread that he don't know what to eat first. He is ably assisted by Mr. Mabie, the clerk.

Now Mr. Editor, thanking you for your valuable space, and wishing you a prosperous New Year, I will close.

Cramps are Like Burglars.

They come unexpected and when least expected. Be armed with a one minute cure in a bottle of Nerviline, which relieves cramp and stomach pains in five minutes. In colic, summer complaint, diarrhoea, indigestion and nausea, Nerviline is a remedy of remarkable potency, and acts promptly and satisfactorily at all times. The composition of Polson's Nerviline expresses the highest medical progress of the age, which accounts for its superior merit. Price 25c.

Hamilton's Pills are good Pills.

MOUNT ALLISON NOTES.

Sackville, Jan. 12.—The Mount Allison Institution opened on Thursday last, and

everything points to a very successful term for them all.

The ladies' college will have twenty-two more resident students this term than before Christmas and will probably have the largest attendance in its history, the total number in attendance being about one hundred and forty. Owing to the increasing number of students it has been found necessary to engage another teacher for the literary department, Miss Margaret Graham, B. A., an honor graduate of Victoria, being chosen. In the conservatory of music Miss Harriet Griford, a former pupil of Vanuucial of Florence, takes the place of Miss Tufts, who resigned on account of ill-health.

Both the University and the Academy have received additions to the number of students, the latter being better attended than for some years.

A handsome tablet to the memory of the late Lieut. H. L. Borden, Mt. Allison '97, will be unveiled on the 21st inst. T. B. Flint, M. A., K. C., Mt. Allison '07, the newly chosen clerk of the commons will deliver an oration on that occasion.

A meeting of the Board of Regents will also be held on the 21st, when a successor to Dr. Stewart, well known to many readers of the Herald as a former pastor of the Methodist church here, will be chosen, and plans for a new stone wing for the Ladies' college selected.

Among the students at Mount Allison who are known to Herald readers are the Misses Hazel Palmer, Marial Hatheway, Jennie McConnell, Annie McConnell, Nan Clark, a former student of the U. N. B., and Messrs. Rogers, Kilburn and Edgewood.

Completely Fagged Out.

The world is full of sickly, despondent, tired, enervated people, all hoping to be well some day. The surest road to health is along the way of taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone is a great appetizer and enables one to eat plenty of wholesome food without fear of indigestion or dyspepsia. This results in the rapid formation of an abundance of red, vitalizing blood, which will restore the nerves, increase flesh and vigor, and nourish and feed every organ of the body. Ferrozone is an ideal restorative and invigorant. It is a tonic of unequalled merit and anyone can use it with benefit. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. At Druggists or N. C. Rolson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Churchman—We had a spelling bee at the church last week. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it? Aecum—No, was it it interesting? Churchman—Rather. The first three words he gave out were "increase," "pastor," "salary."

FREDERICTON POST OFFICE

Arrival and Departure of Mails, Schedule Now in Force.

Mails close at the Fredericton post office beginning Oct. 13 as follows:

6.00 a. m.—St. John, United States; St. Stephen, and Charlotte, Carleton, Victoria, Madawaska counties, Fredericton Jct., Waasis Station, Rusiagornis Station.

7.00 a. m.—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, Mouth of Keswick, Upper Keswick, Millville, Woodstock, and 8.15 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

7.30 a. m.—Down river mails—Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

9.15 a. m.—St. John and C. P. R. stations east—Nova Scotia, P. E. Island.

3.30 p. m.—C. E. Station—Chatham, Newcastle and I. C. R. points north, Quebec city and province.

5.15 p. m.—St. John, United States, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., Woodstock, St. Stephen, Moncton, etc., (Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and N. W. provinces.

Arrivals.

9.15 a. m.—St. John, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., etc.

11.40 a. m.—United States, St. Stephen, etc.; Montreal, Ottawa and N. W. Provinces.

2.20 p. m.—Canada Eastern Mails, North Shore and Quebec.

4.30 p. m.—Down river mails.

8.10 p. m.—St. John, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., etc.

6.10 p. m.—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Mouth of Keswick, etc., Woodstock; 8.00 p. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

2.00 p. m. and 10.30 p. m.—City boxes served.

MAN-O'-WAR HAWKS.

Feathered Highwaymen That Do Their Fishing in the Air.

The man-o'-war hawk is a somewhat large bird and an expert fisher, but he does most of his fishing in the air. When the booby bird comes home from abroad, he finds the man-o'-war hawk "layin' for him," and, however persistently he may seek to escape by dashing flight, with much screeching and screaming, he finds that before he can safely set foot on the land he must disgorge a fish or two, which the swift pursuer adroitly catches in the air. It seems, however, to be generally understood as a modus vivendi between the fisher and the pirate birds that their contentions were only on the wing and that once on land they should dwell peacefully in their separate camping grounds.

The boobies are awkward and unwieldy on land and may be easily captured. They rarely seek to escape when a man approaches; but, accustomed to meet the demands of their familiar enemy, the man-o'-war hawk, by disgorging a fish in the air, they frequently resort to the same process and lay at the feet of the intruding stranger what stock of fish they have available. The man-o'-war hawks turned this practice to their own advantage by following after any man who might appear among the nesting birds, circling in the air just overhead, ready to pick up the fish which the frightened boobies might give up as a peace offering. The man-o'-war hawks were generally eager for anything and would hover closely, ready to take from the hand of a man whatever he might toss in the air. On one occasion one of these birds swiftly snatched a notebook which lay for a moment on the ground and sailed away, dropping it, however, on finding it be neither fish nor rat.

"More haste, less speed," and "haste slowly," are proverbs born of experience that some things can't be hurried without loss and waste. That is specially true of eating. The railway lunch habit, "five minutes for refreshments," is a habit most disastrous to the health. You may hurry your eating. You can't hurry your digestion, and the neglect to allow proper time for this important function is the beginning of sorrows to many a busy man. When the tongue is fool, the head aches, when there are sour or bitter risings, undue fullness after eating, hot flashes, irritability, nervousness, irresolution, cold extremities, and other annoying symptoms, be sure the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition have "broken down." Nothing will re-establish them in active healthy operation so quickly as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the stomach, nourishes the nerves, purifies the blood, and builds up the body. It is a strictly temperance medicine containing no alcohol or other intoxicant.

Given away. Dr. Pierce's great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing and customs. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 50 cents for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A farmer who had arrived in town on business dropped in at the cat show to see puss at her best. It's rather ridiculous for a farmer to buy a cat, because I know there's a dozen round the farm, but that's a beauty, and I believe I'll get it for my little girl. Do you suppose it's for sale, porter, and what is the price? A hundred and twenty pounds. Great turnips, he gasped, that's more than I give for a whole wagon load of pigs!

The Physician's Advice.

Once upon a time a very nervous man called on his physician and asked for medical advice.

"Take a tonic and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," said the doctor.

Several months afterward the patient received a bill from the physician, asking him to remit \$18 and answered it thus:

"Dear Doctor—I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, and so I dismiss it from my mind."

Moral.—Advice sometimes defeats its giver.

Fame.

There are many kinds of celebrity. When Haydon, the painter, visited Stratford, he held forth about Shakespeare to some rustics he met in a wayside inn. They told him that Stratford then contained "another wonderful fellow, one John Cooper."

"Why, what has he done?" "Why, zur, I'll tell 'ee. He's lived ninety years in this here town, man and boy, and never had the tooth-ache!"