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I AM A MOTHER



How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them.

Every woman interested in this subject should know that preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by the use of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Maggie Gilmer, of West Union, S. C., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was greatly run-down in health from a weakness peculiar to my sex, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. It not only restored me to perfect health, but to my delight I am a mother."

Mrs. Josephine Hall, of Bardonia, Ky., writes:

"I was a very great sufferer from female troubles, and my physician failed to help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound not only restored me to perfect health, but I am now a proud mother."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Oriental Secret Telegraphy.

In Asia and Africa the natives possess a mystic power of rapidly and secretly communicating news over vast distances. An instance of this strange faculty was furnished during the Indian frontier expedition against the Waziris in 1895. Seventy-five miles as the crow flies and 120 miles by mountain roads from their base at Shik Badin the British troops defeated the Waziris. Heavy mist prevented the news of this success being telegraphed until the following day, when, communication being opened up, the British officer at Shik Badin anticipated the news of the victory by stating he had been informed of it by natives on the very evening of its occurrence. The most famous instance of this sort is associated with the assassination of Lord Mayo by a convict in the Andaman Islands. Within a few hours of this murder an English official at Simla was told by his Pathan servant that the viceroy was dead. Telegrams announcing the news did not arrive until the next day. How such messages are transmitted is hidden from Europeans, but again and again in India, as also in Egypt during the Sudanese campaigns and in South Africa during the Boer war, the authenticity and speed in such native telegraphy were proved.

Freaky Mental Notes.

"Have you ever noticed what strange memoranda man's mind makes?" asked the observant inquirer. "You have met people who cannot remember 2224 except as a number which they call 'twice 1212.' That's an ordinary case, but I think I got across a champion freak mind the other day when I was looking up a man who has been dead for some fifteen years. I got to his neighborhood and began questioning the old timers. 'Yes, I remember Charley Johnson well enough, sure I do,' said one old fellow. Then I wanted to know what Charley Johnson's trade had been. 'He's Charley Johnson's trade?' answered my informant in a perplexed tone. 'Charley Johnson's trade? Well, darn it, what was his trade now? What did Charley do, anyway? Just wait a minute. I know that there is something here in the house that will remind me what his trade was. Just let me look around a minute. Let us see, what was it now? That's right, that's right; there I have it. Charley was a baker. That's right. You see that there picture over there? It has some Dutch writing under it. That reminds me of Dutch cake and makes me think of it that Charley was a baker. Now, what do you think of that? Why couldn't that freak mind just as easily remember that Charley was a baker as remembering its memory?"

Quite Necessary.

Lives of poets should remind them. They must have good feet in rhyme. If when gone they'd leave behind them Footprints in the sands of time.

—Muscopolis Journal.

WHEN FOOD WAS SCARCE.

Prices That Ruled in Paris During the Siege of 1870.

The following interesting statement of the prices that were paid for food during the siege of 1870 is taken verbatim out of the Journal of a French officer stationed in Paris at the time:

"Toward the middle of October we had to make up our mind to sacrifice the animals of the zoological garden. The elephants and many other beasts were bought by M. Debos, the owner of the English meat shop in Av. Friedland. The meat of the elephants was sold from \$10 to \$12 a kilogram (two pounds), the trunk commanding the highest price, \$16 a kilogram. The trunk and feet were both declared delicious by all gourmands. In the same shop a pair of young wolves were sold for \$2.50 per pound. The meat was soft and without taste. The biggest price was paid for a young live lamb that had been swiped by a franc-tireur from the enemy. One hundred dollars was paid for it.

"Here is an exact price list of some victuals toward the end of the siege:

Two pounds of horseflesh.....	\$5.00
One ham.....	15.00
A whole cat.....	3.00
A rabbit.....	10.00
One turkey.....	20.00
One egg.....	1.00
A rat.....	2.00
A pigeon.....	3.00
One pound of butter.....	6.00
A pound of beans.....	1.50
A peck of carrots.....	2.00
One cabbage head.....	3.00
One stick of celery.....	2.00
Wood to burn (100 pounds).....	2.00

"Even the rich had to live on the meagerest diet and to take into their menu things that till then only the trapper in the virgin forests was supposed to eat. I leave it to you to imagine what kind of meals were served in the small restaurants and boarding houses.

"Moreover, everybody had to submit to the strictest orders. People stood in file before the butcher and baker shops to wait for their turns. Each household was furnished with a card from the municipality authorizing the bearer to buy a certain amount of meat and bread. The cook, the housewife, the young girl, the little child (most never go shopping in France), were posted for hours before the shops in rain and snow, with wet feet, shivering with cold. The unfortunate ones endured without a murmur these hardships. Women throughout the time of the siege were setting an example of courage and self-abnegation not always followed by men.

"It was a sad and touching spectacle, these long files of women, nearly all dressed in black, grouped before the doors of the dealers, watched by the national guard, with whom they at first were laughing and chatting, till the sufferings from the cold had silenced the laugh and sometimes brought forth the tears.

"But in spite of all precautions the stores one by one were exhausted, the provisions, put in too late before the siege, were used up, and, while the babies, deprived of milk, died in great numbers or, fed on sweet wine and bread, pined slowly away, the big people tried to find new resources to prolong their lives."

Generous Mrs. Crewe.

A gambling story is told of Charles James Fox that rather reflects on his honor. He was one of the ardent admirers of Mrs. Crewe, a noted beauty of her day, and it is related that a gentleman lost a considerable sum to this lady at play and, being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave Mr. Fox the money to pay her, begging him to apologize to her for his not having paid the debt of honor in person. Fox lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met the supposed debtor afterward and, surprised that he never noticed the circumstances, at length delicately hinted the matter to him.

"Bless me!" said he. "I paid the money to Mr. Fox three months ago."

"Oh, did you, sir?" said Mrs. Crewe good naturedly. "Then probably he paid me, and I forgot it."

Risky Revenge.

Gagnini, the wonderful violinist, had a narrow escape at Ferrara from a violent death. Enraged by some hissing from the pit, he resolved to avenge the insult, and at the close of his programme informed the audience that he would imitate the language of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewling of a cat, and the barking of a dog, he advanced to the footlights, and, saying, "This is for those who hissed," imitated the braying of an ass. At this the occupants of the pit rose, rushed on to the stage and would probably have killed the retreating calculator had he not hastily retreated.

Fixing His Status.

A waiter spilled some soup on the clothing of a portly, choleric old gentleman dining with his wife in an up-town lobster palace the other night, whereupon the old gentleman jumped to his feet and, calling the manager, burst into a trade which ended with the somewhat antilematic charge that the waiter was "no gentleman."

"This man is not supposed to be a gentleman," said the manager coldly. "He is merely a waiter."

Tommy Spoke.

Minister—If any one present can show cause why this couple should not become man and wife, let him speak now or forever hold his peace. Tommy—I kin, mister. He thinks aunty's only twenty-five, and she's forty.

Economy may be the road to wealth, but nine-tenths of those who are compelled to travel it never reach the goal. —Chicago News.

THE HUMAN TONGUE.

It Is Very Inquisitive, With a Strong Will of Its Own.

The curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye, but the tongue, within its limits, is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth, let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent, let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity, and see what the tongue will do. It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties, it comes back as soon as they are discharged and feels the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man. The tongue in nothing more than in this matter proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled.

It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve it except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change.

CANES IN SPAIN.

Some of the Natives Have a Small Arsenal of Them.

Every Spaniard has a stick, the well to do own several, and the "gilded youth" often has a small arsenal of them. The term arsenal in this case is used positively and not figuratively, as the Porto Ricans, like the Spaniards, have quite a craze for sword canes and dagger canes, and they make these with remarkable skill.

The blades of the finer specimens come from famous smiths in Toledo and other Spanish cities and are forged from the finest steel. Some are damascened and others are inlaid with silver and gold, some have worked upon them the name of the owner and others the name of a patron saint. The assortment of walking sticks in the shops in the larger towns is very varied.

They have fashions in sticks and canes suited to different ages and professions. There are sedate mahogany, ebony and rosewood sticks for clergymen and physicians and fanciful bamboo sticks with gleaming steel inside for men about town. There are rough oaken sticks for the Spanish Anglomaniacs and saucy little staves for those who ape the styles of the boulevard. For travelers there are coffee sticks, thorn sticks, leopard wood canes and orange sticks.—London Chronicle.

Funerals in Peru.

According to social usage, women in Peru cannot attend funerals, and they do not appear at weddings unless they are very intimate friends. When a funeral procession passes through the streets the coffin is carried upon the shoulders of the pallbearers, who are followed by an empty hearse drawn by two, four or six horses, according to the means of the mourners and their desire for display. All the male members of the family and friends of the deceased follow on foot, with a line of empty carriages behind them. As long as they are in the presence of the dead it is considered a proper and necessary evidence of respect to walk. After the body has been committed to the grave those who attend the funeral are brought home in carriages.

He Followed the Water.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked a wanderer at the rear door of a suburban house one morning recently.

"Poor old sailor?" echoed the housewife, who had opened the door.

"Yes'm. I followed the water for twenty years."

"Well," said the lady as she slammed the door in the face of her unwelcome visitor, "all I've got to say is you certainly don't look as though you had ever caught it."—London Answers.

"Alexandria, Egypt."

All correspondents with Egypt in all parts of the world should be warned that it is necessary to put the word "Egypt" on all communications addressed to Alexandria, as a great deal of trouble and annoyance has been caused owing to communications addressed to the Egyptian city being delivered to Scotland, Canada, New South Wales, Cape Colony, Italy, the United States of America and other countries where towns of the same name exist.—Egyptian Gazette, Alexandria.

The Berliner.

On the theory that might goes before right the Berliner fights his way past old ladies and tired women into crowded tram cars and ruthlessly jostles from his path the passerby in the streets with an obstinate insolence that goads the visitor accustomed to the higher civilization of other capitals to impatient fury.—Berlin Cor. London Outlook.

A Good Carriage.

Never neglect to go through some daily exercises which will keep the muscles in order, the head erect, the shoulders well thrown back. Carriage stands you in good stead even in old age.

Not Particular as to Weapons.

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffed scornfully as she said, "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."

"No?" remarked the patron in surprise. "Then bring me an ax."

THE IDEAL WIFE.

The following is an interview by M. A. P. with Mr. Tom Gallon, a popular English novelist, on the subject of "The Ideal Wife." Mr. Gallon, being a literary man, naturally writes with that view of the lady who would make him happy:

"Sorry I am late," said Mr. Gallon as he rushed into his delightful study, "but I've been looking for her. I always am. I haunt tennis courts and other places where the young most congregate in the faint hope that that which has not yet reached me may come to me.

"But to get to business: The Ideal Wife for a literary man is she who thinks there is only genius in the world, that is the man she has married.

"She is sorry for all the others who have not managed to secure him—though they disguise their mortification with remarkable success.

"Among her chief qualities she is possessed of the marvellous attribute of being able enthusiastically to admire and praise his work, while yet being extremely critical of it. Which of course is an impossibility. But no matter, she manages it.

"Then she must be quite content to allow him to go to bed in the 'small hours' of the morning, and get up again in the 'small hours,' if inspiration seizes him.

"She must be willing to make breakfast a moveable feast ranging anywhere between 7.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m., and she must be able to secure and keep servants who will minister to his wants under those conditions.

"Above all things she must be able to keep his study spotlessly clean without moving a book or paper by even so much as a hair's breadth, and without ever being discovered in the act of dusting.

"She must be prepared to be wife, mother, sister and aunt, to a being, who, with the best intentions in the world, is two parts irritable man and the other part baby.

"Should she have money? Yes, emphatically yes. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, 'I sigh for an income.' Should she be literary herself? Under no circumstances whatsoever. I have had experience of friends with literary wives or relations, and it was not altogether cheering. The artistic temperament is the most appalling in the world to live with one cursed with it is quite enough in a family.

"Why have I never married? Rather a leading question. As a matter of fact, I have always been so busy that I never had time for it. Then I have been and am so singularly fortunate in my housekeeping—a young sister who has looked after me since she was a girl—that I have been spared the usual discomforts of a bachelor menage.

"Still I am passionately fond of children; I am a most domestic man, and it is not my fault that I am still a bachelor. I started 1908 with great hopes. But I am afraid it says something for my character that the only proposals I have ever had have been through the post, and from people who didn't know me.

"The only sentimental moments I have had have been with young ladies who have told me in impressive tones that they wanted to speak to me privately. Then I have felt that, reversing the usual order of things, there was some sort of declaration coming. But, alas! it has only been to tell me as an old and trusted friend, that they were in love with somebody else, and what did I think of him!"

In the Player-Piano field, the Gourlay Angelus is the pioneer, and acknowledged leader. Its points of superiority are all protected by basic patents which places it in a position to maintain its advantage over all other makes.

SURE CURE FOR HAY FEVER.

Recommended by Deputy Collector of Inland Revenue at Sarthe.

After years of suffering Mr. W. H. Hicks has been cured by Catarrhzone, and he says: "I experienced grateful relief in a few hours. Catarrhzone cured me of Hay Fever. I heartily recommend it as the most effective remedy in the market. It will cure any case of Hay Fever ever known."

A guarantee goes with every \$1.00 package of Catarrhzone to permanently cure Hay Fever and Summer Asthma. Sold by all dealers.

For sale by all dealers. CONSTIPATION.

For constipation there is nothing quite so nice as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels without any disagreeable effect. Price 25 cents. Samples free. All dealers.

Two little sisters, of seven and nine, who were taken to see Othello, were much impressed by the death scene. "I wonder whether they kill a lady every night," said Lucy. "Why, of course not, Lucy," said her sister; "they pretend to. It would be altogether too expensive to really kill a lady every night!" —Harper's Magazine.