

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since his infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

All the Fault of the Magpie.

I was one day returning from a drive when I came upon a solitary magpie sitting on a tree. It proceeded to settle on two trees in succession along the drive, and then flew away. Shortly afterward three coincidences happened—first, a picture fell down; second, about half a ton of thick plaster fell from a ceiling in a room close to the dining room while dinner was in progress; third, the hot water boiler burst and a new one had to be put in. I make no remarks upon these curious coincidences, but it is a fact that they happened.

Three years ago I was on a motor car tour in Corvallis. One day I saw a magpie and had a bad puncture within an hour. Two days afterward, seeing another single magpie, I had a broken exhaust spring. The next day, I think, I saw another single magpie. I said to my cousin who was with me, "I wonder what is going to happen this time." The words were hardly out of my mouth before one of my driving chains broke and flew off the sprocket, fortunately without harm—Country Life.

Presence of mind is a quality much talked of, much honored and little cultivated. Yet, like most other good things in the world, it requires cultivation to bring it to any degree of perfection. For in very few cases is it a natural gift. Some people there are doubtless to whom it comes naturally and by instinct to do the right things at the right time and place, but they are few in number. Then, again, some people are by nature cooler headed than their neighbors and do not about or otherwise become restless when their services are required. But this quiet composure, though very valuable, is not quite the same thing as presence of mind. The latter consists not only in having your wits ready for use, but in knowing how to use them and being sufficiently calm and steady in mind to remember and turn to account that knowledge. From the earliest possible age children should be taught to control and the instinct of trying to remedy any mistake or accident they may encounter.

Too Late. "Madam," said the grateful census enumerator, "you have replied courteously and kindly to all my questions. Unlike nearly every person I have met since I began this work, you have not treated me as if I were an enemy and an intruder. You have answered satisfactorily all the questions as to age, physical condition and ownership of property. Your conduct meets my hearty approval not only as a government officer, but as a citizen, and, with your permission, I will ask you a question not down in my list. Are you engaged to be married to anybody?" "I am, sir," replied the handsome widow, blushing and smiling.

"I feared so," said the census taker, with a sigh. And he put on his hat and went out into the cold world again, his faith in human nature restored, but his heart broken.

Japanese Swords. "Japanese swords are the finest," said a swordmaker. "They are finer than the blades of Ferrara, of Toledo or of Damascus. The blades of Ferrara, of Toledo and of Damascus must bend into a perfect circle without breaking, and a pillow of down being thrown in the air, they must cut it in two with one clean stroke, but the Japanese blade must do all that and more. The final test of a Japanese blade is its suspension, edge upward, beneath a tree. It must hang beneath the tree for twenty-four hours, and every lightest leaf that falls upon its edge must be severed neatly. One fall and back to the forge goes the Japanese blade again."

Evilness Canada. There is a great deal of gush about the charming and all conquering American girl. What is the truth about this much lauded dame? The most attractive American is she who is educated abroad, who imitates the voice of the Englishwoman and the tones of the Frenchwoman and who uses the money accruing from Chicago pork or New York stocks to buy, so far as such things may be bought, the old world grass of speech and attire.

THE MILKING SHORTHORN.

"From Time Out of Mind the Farmer's Cow of This Continent." Approval of the American Shorthorn association in making a determined effort to encourage the dual purpose type of the breed follows swift. Those in touch with ruling sentiment were certain of the satisfaction with which the decision would be greeted. The Shorthorn has from time out of mind been the farmer's cow of this continent. The basis of farm cattle improvement was laid in Shorthorn blood. Special conditions have made room for specialized breeds, some beef, some dairy, and in obedience to the development of these conditions the Shorthorn has either been modified to the distinct beef form or turned toward dairy specialization or in some cases abandoned for the specialized dairy breeds. The men who pin their faith to the "red white and roan" as the farm cattle of America have no quarrel with the special dairy breeds under special dairy conditions, but they maintain that certain individuals of the breed that have been specialized for years toward dairy production are quite as profitable in the cow barn as the average of the dairy breeds.—Breeder's Gazette.

This is said to be a "strenuous" age. Doctors or people who dabble in the doctor's art talk about the "pace" we all live now, the stress and strain of life in England in the twentieth century, and so forth. But we all go tremendously strenuous? Are we greater in will or work than Englishmen were in the Elizabethan age or than they were, say, a few years before random in 1800? English literature and history do not show convincingly that this is so.—London Saturday Review.

Bloodless Girls

Need Rich, Red Blood to Stand Wary and Steady in Business Hours.

Business overtakes a woman's strength. Weak, languishing girls fade under the strain. They risk health rather than lose employment and the loss of health means the loss of beauty. Thousands of earnest intelligent young women who earn a livelihood away from home in public office, and business establishments and deficiency of strength because their blood supply is not equal to the strain placed upon them. Fragile, timid, nervous, they are ever against time with never a rest when headaches and backaches make every hour like a day. Little wonder their cheeks lose the tint of health and grow pale and thin. Their eyes are dull, shrunken and weary; their beauty slowly but surely fades. Business girls and women look older than their years because they need the frequent help of a true blood-making, strengthening medicine to carry them through the day. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are actual food to the starved nerves and tired brains of business women. They actually make the rich red blood that imparts the bloom of youth and glow of health to women's cheeks. They bring bright eyes, high spirits and make the day's duties lighter. Twelve months ago Miss Mary Caldwell, who lives at 49 Maynard street, Halifax, N. S., was run down. Her heart action would tire her out. Her appetite was poor and sick, and frequent headaches added to her distress. The doctor treated her for anemia, but without apparent result. A relative advised her to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using but six boxes she says she feels like an altogether different person. She can now eat her meals with zest the color has returned to her cheeks and she feels better and stronger in every way.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure bloodlessness. Just eat one box, and you know that is how they cured Miss Caldwell and it is, just by making rich red blood, the thing that cures such common ailments as indigestion, rheumatism, headaches and backaches, kidney troubles, nervousness and all ailments which make miserable the lives of so many women and young girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

After Many Years

Part I. A. D. 1845.

Pat Reardon, private, the ———th Regiment of the Line, was the despair of his officers in that an honor but in action, a glory and a honor to the British Army. No keener or more daring soldier than he, when the guns began to shoot, no man then more responsive to the command of his superiors, however exasperating, or to the demands of the situation in which he found himself, however trying and perilous.

Was a man needed as sentry on a dangerous post, then Pat Reardon was, par excellence, the man for the job. No fear of his being caught napping or off the qui vive. A stealthy footstep, indistinguishable to the ear, and it was "Halt! Who goes there?" with Pat, in half a twinkling.

Were men called upon to volunteer for some desperate assault or forlorn hope, then Pat Reardon's arm was always the first held up. Reckless of his own life, a born lover of fighting, tough and hard as nails, imbued with an intense ardor for his profession generally, and for the credit of his own regiment in particular, Pat Reardon was just one of those men, a mere handful of whom, in an engagement, are worth ten times their weight in gold to the force which is happy enough to number them in its ranks—men who will never acknowledge defeat, whose very presence is an inspiration of courage to their comrades, men who are capable of stemming the tide of apparently irresistible disaster, and turning shameful defeat into glorious victory.

Such was Pat Reardon on the field of action. At Mevane, under Napier, a general after his own heart, he had shown such conspicuous valor as had actually impelled his promotion to a rigid disciplinarian and much the reverse of emotions—to shake hands with him at the conclusion of that desperate fight.

Under other circumstances, his behavior on that glorious day would certainly have resulted in his promotion to non-commissioned rank. But his record, under peace conditions, was so unsatisfactory that he was passed over.

The fact was that the very devil in the man which made him so terrible in his marches on the field of battle, also made him impatient of the hard-and-fast, pipe-clay style of discipline that then prevailed on the parade-ground and in the barrack-room. Some of this discipline, perhaps, was useful; much of it, certainly, was merely oppressive and irritating. The object at which it aimed, and the result which it generally achieved, was to kill all individuality, to convert men into machines, capable, indeed, of marching past at a review with mathematical precision, or executing the formal evolutions of the parade-ground with geometrical accuracy; but it did nothing to foster and bring out the personal qualities behind the uniform, which (when all is said and done) constitutes the most valuable asset in every fighting man.

You will often hear it argued by some laudator of temporis that the British Army under that Draconic system of discipline, indeed, it did not and there are many glorious proofs of it, therefore, the Draconic system produced it. But any one who has the trouble to go carefully into the matter, in the light of contemporary records, will probably find himself driven to the very opposite conclusion.

Good fighting stuff abounded in the British army not because, but in spite, of the disciplinary system that then prevailed. The men fought well because they were Britons and had the root of the matter in them. As such, they would have fought well under any system. And it speaks volumes for the hardihood of the national character that even this stupidly repressive system, under which the authorities did all they knew to break the spirit of the men in the sacred name of discipline, did not result in the production of an Army of object and obsequiousness.

That it could not do. The men were incapable of becoming such. But this it did, beyond question. It drove into mutiny and rebellion many high-spirited fellows, who, under a more humane and judicious regime, would have become the finest soldiers in the Army. And, having done them this wrong, it added yet a greater. It flogged them mercilessly; drummed them with tom-tom and again in the service, and sent them straight to the devil.

Mind you, I do not speak of vicious or criminal characters. There are such in all armies, and they are fit subjects enough for punitive severity. I speak of men who, in any other walk of life, would have been respectable members of society and made their way with credit, but who became victims of the unmanufactured criminality of the then military code; men whose hearts long ulcerated, perhaps, by the persistent and petty tyranny of some sergeant or corporal, were at length provoked by corporal, were at length (active malice on his part) into some hasty declaration of war or gesture. Then their doom was sealed. Six

months in a military prison. A hundred to a hundred and fifty lashes. From that time forward, the victim was a marked man. Every officer's hand was against him. His life while he remained in the service was a hell. And when he left the Service, as he left it without a character.

Was any sane method ever devised of driving men, even against their will, to enlist under the devil's banner?

It was this senseless and brutal system that brought about the fall of Pat Reardon. The occasion of it was as follows:

While his regiment (after its return to England) was marching from London to Chatham, at the first halt for the night Reardon was held of as sentry over the baggage wagons.

It would seem that he had imbibed a little more than was good for him that evening. Indeed, he himself subsequently admitted as much. But, besides the lack of pulling himself together under the eye of his superior, no marks of his being in liquor were observed about him when he was called off for sentry, and, in a state of apparent sobriety, he was marched to his post.

All went well until between ten and eleven o'clock. Then Pat detected the figure of a man approaching, vague and shadowy in the darkness. At once, he was on the alert, and, besides of the sentry's threat, continued to advance.

Then Pat Reardon went for him and ran him through the arm. The wounded man shrieked with pain and terror. At one was a furious halloo. The sergeant appeared upon the scene, double quick; and he was shortly followed by the lieutenant.

It then appeared that the unfortunate man who had been run through the arm was a harmless laborer, afflicted with deafness, who, approaching the baggage wagons out of mere curiosity, had been prevented by his inferiority from hearing the sentry's charge.

"Stupid idiot! What the devil made you run this poor bloke through? You'll have to answer for this, you—fool!" roared the sergeant.

"Shure, and I 'd me orders," replied the laborer, who hunched-headed deuce! "You couldn't you just arrest the man?"

"Shure, and I 'd me orders," persisted Pat Reardon.

"You 'd me orders?" How dare you answer me!" cried the sergeant. "I'll soon teach you—"

But here the lieutenant appeared, and the sergeant gave way to him. Now the lieutenant had to put it mildly—dimes that evening, and he was in the condition in which gentlemen in the forties, alkies and military, not infrequently found themselves after dinner. He had the use of his legs and of his tongue, and that was about all you could say for him. He wouldn't listen to a word that Pat Reardon had to say; if he had, indeed, he would scarcely have understood it; but he let loose at the unfortunate sentry with all that vituperative eloquence which was part and parcel of every officer's education in the early days of Queen Victoria.

For a while, Pat bore it in patient silence. There was nothing else to do. But, at length, the lieutenant looked at the post fellow a cruel insult that stirred his resentment beyond all control. He called Pat Reardon "an infernal coward."

An infernal coward! Pat Reardon trembled all over. To be treated with cowardice—he, who had proved his pluck and grit again and again in a dozen desperate engagements, he, with whom the captain of his own party had shaken hands on the bloody field of Mevane. It was more than the man's swelling heart could bear.

"A damned liar." The words were said, in the heat of the moment, under cruel provocation. But they had been said. They could not be unsaid. The lieutenant, for the moment, was speechless. The sergeant shrugged. Private Reardon had called his superior officer "a damned liar."

Discipline, as then understood, exacted its full pound of flesh. . . . Pat Reardon was first handed over to the civil authorities to be punished for his assault on the unfortunate man whom he had injured and at their hands received six weeks' hard labor.

Upon his release, he was then tried by court-martial for insulting his superior officer. They sentenced him to six months in a military prison, to be followed by a hundred and fifty lashes.

A hundred and fifty lashes. Think of that! Fifty would cut a man's back to the ribs, reducing it to a formless and hideous pulp of mangled flesh. But a hundred and fifty! And for one hasty word.

But so it had to be. The sacred cause of discipline required it. Private Reardon was strapped up to the triangle in the barrack square, and the whole regiment was paraded to witness the sickening spectacle.

He bore the brutal torture without a sound. The lieutenant was there, of course, now he had to look on at his company and look on. I don't know how he felt about it. Perhaps, in his heart, he was sorry. We will do him the justice of hoping that he was.

At length the loathsome business was despatched. They unstrapped Pat Reardon, bloody and mangled, from the triangle. And then the colonel had his say.

The words he spoke cut into the brave veteran far more deeply than all those hundred and fifty lashes. "Let the blackguard go," he said, "the regiment is well rid of such rubbish as he is."

That was the last straw. . . . That one thing in which he took the greatest pride of all—his regiment—for whose honor he had so often fought and bled—had rejected him, and cast him out like a dog.

Pat Reardon covered his bowed face with his hand and wept scalding tears, while they drummed him round the square and out of the barrack gates.

That was how they broke the hearts of brave men and drove them right down to hell, in the year of our Lord, 1845.

Part II. (Sixty Years After). A. D. 1905.

In an armchair by the kitchen fire in one of the workmen's suburbs of this great Metropolis—set old Pat Reardon, now infelicitously with age and stone-blind.

The devil, to whom the military authorities had done their best to send him in 1845, had not claimed him as a victim, after all. Pat Reardon, exhibiting once more in civil life all, and more than all, the alert and pluck that he had shown on a dozen battlefields, had set his teeth and, by sheer dogged determination, had retrieved his lost character and fought his way into the ranks of a respectable working man. It was not, indeed, until the fifth year after his ignominious expulsion from the Army that he was able to get regular work.

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fronts workhouse. But the woe which festered in his poor, sore old heart, and which had been festering there ever since that fatal day in the barrack square, when they had drummed him out of the regiment, was not to be healed by any gift of money; no, not though they had given him all the bullion in the Bank of England.

One thing alone could heal that festering sore—a thing that might never be—his reinstatement in the good opinion of his old regiment, the regiment which, sixty years before, had cast him out with ignominy, but to which he was still passionately devoted.

Yet of this he never spoke, even to his wife. Probably, she would not have understood his feelings, if he had. But there it was—buried deep, deep down in the old soldier's bosom—an income, an aching, yearning for this one thing—the one thing that (whatever she herself might never be) he had almost, sixty years before, had cast him out with ignominy, but to which he was still passionately devoted.

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He murmured the words slowly, and with lingering tenderness, as though his lips were loath to be quit of that beloved sound. "The—could—rimint," he repeated once more. Then he sat very silent, and very, very still.

Major X had too much tact and feeling to disturb the old man by breaking the silence at that supreme moment. He waited to let him recover himself a little. But he waited in vain. The shock of this unlooked-for joy had been too much for that sore and bursting heart. Old Reardon was dead!

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