

**SMILES AND TEARS.**

You bid me sing a gay refrain,  
Win from my lyre a note more glad,  
And when I close a brighter strain,  
Still—still you told me it was sad.

I did not mean it should be so,  
Nor was my wish to make you sigh;  
But you are young and do not know  
How joy and grief together lie.

There ever is a minor chord  
Struck somewhere in our earthly lays,  
Ever a shadow on the sward  
Of brightest scenes whereon we gaze.

And while we may not heed the one  
Nor hear the other, each is there,  
Yet lurking in the blithest tone,  
Yet darkening the landscape fair.

Thus, often scarcely knowing why,  
We cannot look without a tear,  
And so it is we sometimes sigh,  
Though joyous by the song we hear

—Argosy

**Buried in a Well Where He Died**

Speaking of strange and sad occurrences, none could be more remarkable than the death and burial of Charles Carter, a well known farmer residing near Russell. He was cleaning out an old well when the quick sand suddenly caved in on him, leaving only his head and chest exposed. When the alarm was given, hundreds of people assembled and went heroically to work to save their neighbor. It was found that nothing could be done toward removing the sand about Carter's body, so a parallel well was dug and a tunnel run from it into the old well, but even then the body could not be removed so closely was it grasped by the sands. It was found that a rope attached below Carter's arms would pull the body into parts without withdrawing its covered portion, and that method had to be abandoned. Carter was conscious and talked with his rescuers, but at the end of 58 hours he died. By this time an enormous crowd had gathered, and all sorts of plans were suggested for recovering the body, but finally it was determined to make the well the dead man's tomb, and it was filled up after religious services had been held upon its brink. The well was 48 feet deep, and perhaps no other Kansan ever found quite so strange a burial place.—Kansas City Journal.

**A Fortune in a Dream.**

It has been said that Elias Howe almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the sewing machine needle should be located. His original idea was to follow the model of the ordinary needle, and have the eye at the heel. It never occurred to him that it should be placed at the point, and he might have failed altogether had he not dreamed that he was building a sewing machine for a savage country. He thought that the King gave him twenty-four hours to complete the machine and make it sew—if not finished in that time death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and puzzled and finally gave it up. He dreamed he was taken out to be executed. He noticed the warriors carried spears that were pierced through the head, and instantly came the solution of the difficulty. He suddenly awoke and running to his workshop, modelled a needle with an eye at the point. This is the true story of the invention of the sewing machine needle.

Estey & Curtis 5 ct. packages of Poison Fly Mats contain 8 large sheets.

**An Effective Pill Box.**

Here is a good story of the author of "The Deserted Village:" Hearing of Dr. Goldsmith's great humanity, a poor woman, who believed him to be a physician, once wrote to him begging him to prescribe for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was altogether in a very sad state. The kind hearted poet immediately went to see her, and after some talk with the man found him almost overwhelmed with sickness and poverty.

"You shall hear from me in an hour," said the doctor on leaving, "and I shall send you some pills which I am sure will do you good."

Before the time was up Goldsmith's servant brought the poor woman a small box, which, on being opened, was found to contain 10 guineas, with the following directions: "To be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart."—Christian Work.

The Star Laundry of Woodstock is getting a popular reputation. S. J. Brown has now got the Hartland agency, and respectfully solicits the patronage of new customers, as well as a continuance of the custom formerly given to S. D. Durkee during the time he had the agency. Laundry goes every Wednesday on the afternoon express, and returns on Saturday.



**MR. MONTAGUE, DUNNVILLE, ONT.,**

Has an interesting chat about Dr. Chase's Ointment.

**HIS SUFFERING FROM ULCERATING PILES CURED.**

He says:—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used in all two boxes, and am now completely cured.

Every remedy given by Dr. Chase cost years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detested cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanoline, and the best physicians prescribe it.

**Mr. M. T. Wigle, of Kingsville, Essex Co.**

Cured of Itching Piles of 23 Years' Standing.

Physicians Fail to Make a Cure When Dr. Chase's Ointment Gave Immediate Relief.

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that they became ulcerated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and being cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, he procured a box. After the third application he got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he enjoyed in years. The one box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

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