

Women and War.

We are apt to spread a glory of romance over war. The soldiers look so gay as they march along the streets, or form their superb lines on parade. What sight stirs us women like a great review? Watch the cavalry go by. The men, clean, alert, upright, pass with their sure seat; the big war horses champ their bits and clank their accoutrements, the pulses of the on-lookers beat faster to the thud of hoofs, the keen glitter of steel, and the ladies feel more like cheering than they ever did before. Then again watch the steady, deadly march of the infantry. The stalwart men step together, and the ranks sway on as though no earthly power could stand against them. The women lean forward, looking for "his" face under the dark cloud of the bearskin, and again are like to fall to cheering. Then, once more, observe the strange elastic rhythm of the march as a battalion of tall Highlanders moves past. The fife and drums stop. There is a magnificent silence only broken by that sinuous, beautiful, onward movement of lines of splendid men, until the thrilling scream of the pipes crack out upon the air, and the mad exultant music, the tumult of the marching feet set the nerves a-quiver. If ever the women wanted to cheer wildly, they do now. A faint noise surges through the crowd—the sweet, soft, murmuring of the women's voices. The gaiety and splendour of the whole scene gains increased power because we know that each of the gaily-clad fellows would march to his death without a tremor if he received the word. And they are mothers' sons, every one of them and the husbands and sweethearts of us women.

Tut! Let us leave the theatrical and picturesque side of it, and come to dry tellings in dry prose. War is no affair of glitter, of fierce joy, of fiercer triumph. It is a round of hideous hours, filled with weariness and squalor, and dull toil and unspakable misery. The sportive pressman writes gaily—in good truth "dashing off" his foolish words—"Li Hung began to find the enemy's fire a bit troublesome, so he brought his men to cover on the right, leaving Chang Wov free to develop his artillery fire"—(taking for granted that Chang had any artillery about him, or knew what it was) "Troublesome!"

Translate the word the pressman uses so glibly. Here it is—Fow Ching and Yum Yum are lying behind the same low bank. Ching lifts his head. There comes a sound like "Roo-o-osh-pht!" then a horrible thud. Ching glares, twirls his yellow hands in a tuft of weeds, and rolls sideways with a long shudder. Yum Yum looks over to see what's coming. He gives a choking yell presently, half springs up, and tumbles down limp. Over on the British side—let us suppose they are in it—it is much the same. Sergeant Bagshot says, "Now, men, try for that felled log. Double!" A few men make a short rush and gain a solid cover but others drop in their tracks, and the shell fire is frightful. Suppose an infantry brigade receives orders to charge. "Charge!" How full of poetic sublimity the word is! What a magnificent ring it has when the furious elocutionist flings it at us from the platform. It has a more prosaic sound on the battlefield. The lines move forward. The strident voices of the officers ring here and there. The men edge their way onward. "Woo-o-sh!" A muffled trump, and down goes a man, dropping his rifle. He struggles up on his hands and knees, but a rush of blood chokes him, and he drops. What matter about him? The brigade still advances, the sputtering crackle in their front grows gradually into a low, steady roar; a stream of lead cuts through the air, and the long, vivid line of flame glares among the trees. The eyes of the youngsters in the line start glassily. They can see the wood from which they must dislodge the enemy, but they are without ideas. Their minds are stunned; they grip their rifles mechanically, and go blindly into the line of fire, which breaks out from the wood in a crash of fury. There is a long, low rattle—a chance crack like a thunder-clap, a whirring like some devil's mill. Curses ring out sharply amid a low sound of hard breathing, and the ranks are gapped, as here and there a man wriggles down among the feet of his comrades, and another bounds high, to drop like a stone. Then comes the fighting at close quarters, and the death-squeal rings out, wild, horrible. "Charge!" cries the elocutionist, his face glowing, his arm thrown out in dramatic gesture, and we think of a guard line of men snipping off the enemy's head or dropping each one his man. "Charge!" cries the captain of the regiment, his voice ringing hoarsely down the ranks, and the way lines form and dash forward, and the men set their teeth, and fall at every yard, and their comrades trample them in their dogged and mud advance. And—there is many a woman at home who will weep heart-breaking tears over this day's work.—"Kit," in Toronto Mail.

Of the twenty-six barons who signed the Magna Charta, three wrote their names and twenty-three made their marks. This is all changed now. Every baron can write, but only a few succeeded in making their mark.

The Bachelor Tax.

A poll tax is at least respectable by antiquity, so that were a tax put upon single men they might console themselves by reflecting that in paying the impost they were doing after the manner of their ancestors, which, to worshippers of ancient manners and customs, would be a great comfort. We hardly dare advocate such a tax on the plea that all luxuries ought to be taxed, for the use of such an argument would make the better half of creation regard this journal as odious. If we opposed the tax on the ground that the necessary conditions of life ought to be free we should, figuratively, drop from the frying pan into the fire. Probably a sound argument against this impost may be found in the generally accepted belief that raw materials should be free, for a bachelor is the raw material out of which a superior article, a Benedict or married man can be manufactured by ecclesiastical machinery. Whether, however, it is advisable to encourage this transmutation by placing bachelors in such a position as would drive them into matrimony is an economic question too deep for us to tackle. If all the bachelors were worked up, and the matrimonial raw material exhausted, there would be a great outcry from the ladies who "got left," as the classic phrase is, for the supply of single men would not be equal to the demand, to express this delicate matter in business language. As this process went on, and the "visible supply" became less and less the value of the balance undisposed of would enhance, so that bachelorism would be richly re-couped for what it had paid out in taxes. We submit this to bachelors as it may induce them to solicit the State or Corporation to put a tax on them for the purpose of driving enough of the tribe out of the market to make the rest of some value, rather let us say, for all bachelors are not worthless, of more value. In considering this tax several points will have to be settled involving difficulties over which there will be very elaborate debates. One is, at what age is a man justly liable to the charge, the reproach of being a bachelor? Another is whether the plea would be allowed in a court of appeal that a man was a bachelor by necessity as his efforts to raise himself to a higher standard of manhood had proved futile, owing to ladies he had courted having given him, what rude young men call the "grand bounce"? We believe any Court of Equity would grant relief to such victims of feminine perverseness. Then again, would a bachelor be exempted if he proved that he was engaged or using his best efforts to get spliced? We submit that he is no longer a genuine bachelor who is half or three-quarters of the way on the road to wedlock. But we are not dogmatic on this point. As ladies nowadays discuss everything under the sun, from servants' peccadilloes and general incapacity, up to the most difficult, and, at times, not very appropriate social problems, they might enlighten the world as to when the process of changing a bachelor grub into a wedded butterfly actually commences.

There is much to be said in favor of putting a certain class of singlemen under some social disability of pecuniary nature. They certainly do not, as a body, meet the tax formula of the economists, who affirm that every man should contribute to the State or to the municipality institutions. On the other hand, many bachelors contribute freely to tax funds. Their cigars and other luxuries are highly taxed, and their apologies for domestic accommodation involve indirect contributions usually far higher for what they get, than what a householder pays. Indeed, as a matter of domestic economy, a bachelor, as a rule, is a very extravagant animal, and his habits tend to develop such a mean kind of self-indulgence and selfishness that the ethical standard of the community is depreciated in proportion to the number of this class it contains, who remain single to indulge in luxurious dissipation.

There are, however, many who remain single in order to support a mother or father, or sisters or younger brothers, indeed we know men who do so for the sake of more remote female relations. We are ready to raise our shield against a hair of the head of such noble hearted bachelors being rudely touched. To tax them would be a tax on heroism. Seriously while we have only disdain for the majority of those who constitute the raw material of humanity, we do not regard a poll tax of them as practicable. What they need is, to be put under bonds that will ensure their better conduct for the future.—Trade Review.

By an Italian law every circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of £100 for each offence.

In Corea every unmarried man is considered a boy, though he should live to be one hundred. No matter what his age, he follows in position the youngest of the married men, despite the fact, perhaps, of having lived long enough to be their father.

According to a telephone authority, the easiest language for telephoning is Chinese. It is principally mono-syllabic, and is made up of simple rising and falling inflections. Getman, it seems, is not as bad a language for telephoning as might be thought. French is not bad, but is almost as sibilant as English.

Here and There.

The twinkling of stars forebodes bad weather, because it shows that there are aerial currents of different temperatures, thus probably indicating atmospheric disturbances.

Gen. Lord Wolseley is greatly interested in the temperance movement in the British army. He says that there has never been a time when there was so little drunkenness among the soldiers as now.

The production of iron in Japan in 1890 was estimated at 17,435 tons from iron sand, and 3,782 tons from Kamaishi ore. In 1891 the latter production rose to 4,794 tons, and, in the first half of 1892, to 3,093 tons.

Mrs. Youngwife (welcoming husband home): Now ducky, I've been cooking all day. I've made pie and cake and biscuits. Ducky (cheerfully): Then let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

"Never get tired of journalism," said Sir Edwin Arnold the other day to a press man, "for it is the cleanest profession of all." During the last thirty years Sir Edwin himself has written probably more than 10,000 leading articles.

Mr. Bowell has been trying to build up a Canadian trade with the Fiji Islands, where the recent outbreak of cannibalism has taken place. If he can persuade the natives to eat more beef and less missionary the prospects of a new market will be vastly improved.—Ex.

There are 110,000 Chinese in the United States and 14,000 in Canada. This class of immigration should be prohibited in the future. Fourteen thousand of these almon-eyed celestials is quite a sufficient number to do a Canadian washing. They should not be allowed to get any further than the laundry.—Hull Dispatch.

Old Hen: Yes, it is true that at times, in moments of enthusiasm of unusual energy, I do lay an egg with a double yolk. Pullet: Well, madam, as the representative of the Egg-Layers' Union, I want to tell you that your energy is misdirected and your enthusiasm is uncalled for; and if you offend again you will hear from us unpleasantly. Good morning.

An original sentence was given recently by a magistrate in Missouri. A man who did not know how to read and write, convicted of a slight offence, was sentenced to imprisonment until he had learned. Another offender, who had a good education, was sentenced to keep him company until he had taught him to read. After three weeks they were discharged, as they had fulfilled their task to the full satisfaction of the magistrate.

"You—you will not do anything rash, Mr. Haraloug, will you?" exclaimed the young woman, in a trembling voice.

The rejected lover pale but resolute, rose slowly to his feet.

"Henrietta Plunket," he answered, "I will. Just as surely as you stand there—proud and heartless beauty that you are—I shall be in the South Sea Islands six months from now, the happy husband of fourteen wives."—Tit-Bits.

I remember hearing in my boyhood of the hard-drinking old butler whose master happened to read aloud a newspaper account of the spontaneous combustion of a drunkard, whose breath had caught fire when he was blowing out a candle. Struck by his servant's agitation, the gentleman expressed a hope that this might prove a wholesome warning. "Yes, indeed, sir," replied the butler. "I've made up my mind never, never again—to blow out a candle!"

On Chatham Island, in the Southern Pacific ocean, six days make a week. This little island is just on the line of demarcation between times and dates. In order to keep right with the remainder of the world it is necessary to skip from noon on Sunday to noon on Monday every week in the year, and hence the joke that it is impossible to spend a whole day at dinner without eating more than an average meal. It is so near the antarctic region that days and nights are altogether mixed up.

"I am trying to learn to ride a bicycle," remarked an elderly bachelor who walked somewhat stiff, to a friend whom he encountered in the street. "I am just going home from my lesson now. I've had more tumbles than usual this afternoon, and that's saying a good deal."

"How long are your lessons?" inquired the friend.

"Half an hour," responded the bicyclist with a rueful countenance; "twenty-five minutes on the floor and five in the air in my usual proportion!"

The captain of one of the British frigates, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his back by presenting to his captain the following petition:

By your honor's command  
A culprit I stand—  
An example to all the ship's crew.  
I am pinn'd and stripped,  
And condemn'd to be whipped,  
And if I am flogged—'tis my due.

A cat, I am told,  
In abhorrence you hold;  
Your honor's aversion is mine.  
If a cat with one tail  
Makes your stout heart fail,  
O save me from one that has nine.

The largest orchard in the world is said to be that belonging to Elwood Cooper, of Barbara, California. It is a tract of 1,700 acres, and contains 10,000 olive trees, 8,100 in full bearing, the remainder being young trees set out during the past year and a half. Besides the olive trees, there are 3,000 English walnut trees, 4,500 Japanese persimmon trees, 10,000 almond trees, and about 4,000 other fruit and nut trees. The 10,000 olive trees yielded 40,000 quart bottles of olive oil last year, which found a ready market at 4s. a bottle. The nut trees bore thousands of bushels of nuts, to say nothing of the Japanese persimmons. Taken in all, it has been calculated that Mr. Cooper's orchard brings him in an income of not less than £150 per acre every year.

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NOTICE.

To John R. McKinney of the parish of Brighton in the County of Carleton, Farmer, and all others whom it may in any wise concern.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction in front of the office of Hartley & Carvell, Attorneys at Law, in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on MONDAY, THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon, all that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the said Parish of Brighton and bounded as follows:—"Commencing at the Newburg Road where the dividing line of lots number fourteen and fifteen intersect the said Road, thence east along said line two hundred and fifty eight (258) rods; thence south sixty (60) rods; thence west one hundred and forty one (141) rods; to the aforesaid Road, thence north along said Road seventy (70) degrees west, sixty eight (68) rods, thence north fifty three (53) degrees west seventy two (72) rods to the place of beginning, "containing seventy eight acres more or less, "excepting therefrom a piece of land conveyed by late George Robinson to James Dickinson, being "same land owned by late George Robinson," together with the buildings and improvements thereon, and the appurtenances thereto belonging. The above sale will take place under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made between the said John R. McKinney of the one part, and the undersigned Adda Tiedie, of said Brighton, spinster, of the other part, which said indenture bears date the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1888, and registered in Book "F" No. 3 of Records, on pages 283, 284 and 285, the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1888, default having been made in the payment of the moneys thereby secured.

Dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1894.  
HARTLEY & CARVELL, ADDA TIEDIE,  
Solicitors to Mortgagee. Mortgagee.