

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And oh, the dreams—the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times-to-be
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today;
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then,
When I was a boy, a little boy!

—Eugene Field.

A DETECTIVE'S YARN.

"It is not very often," said Detective Riley, "that a detective is forced to assume a disguise to get information, but sometimes it is absolutely necessary. The last time that I had to go into a den of thieves in a bogus character was a good many years ago and I had a rather lively experience and enough of excitement to stand me until the end of my days.

"We received a report of the escape of a crook from the Charlestown prison, and from what the authorities there had been able to gather it was supposed that the convict had come to this city. They sent a description of the man, and the only thing that I saw was of any use was that on the man's right arm were the initials 'A. T.' with a flag above and anchor below them in India ink. I looked over our records and found that we had there the pedigree of Abe Taylor, and he had the same marks on his right arm. The rest of the description that we had did not tally very closely with the one sent from Charlestown, but I thought that there was good ground for the belief that the escaped convict was Taylor, who was one of the most successful jail breakers in the country.

"In order to be certain of the identity of the convict I went to Charlestown. I found that the man had been convicted under the name of John Smith for the robbery of the Pittsfield bank, and the style of the work was in line with the business usually touched off by Taylor. I took a run over to Pittsfield, got a description of the two men who had done the bank out of \$160,000 and became convinced that the man who had been shot and arrested and who escaped was Abe Taylor, and that his partner was Jerry Connors.

"I knew that I was up against a stiff game, and on the train from Boston I laid out a plan which I thought would give me a show to get on the track of the men. Abe and Jerry I knew were partners with Petey Slade, who ran a notorious fence and dive in Washington street, near Canal, and I made up my mind that some time or other the pair of them would land in Slade's place. I decided that my strongest hold would be to get in with Slade and his gang on their own terms. I knew the risk I was taking, for the gang were about the toughest set of thugs and assassins in the city and would not hesitate to slit a man's wizen in a second upon the slightest provocation. I put up a scheme which I thought would beat their game, and it worked to the queen's taste.

"When I reached the city, I had myself arrested for a fictitious crime and was tried and sent to Blackwell's Island penitentiary in a perfectly regular way, with the assistance, of course, of Recorder Hackett. The warden in the penitentiary knew my game and aided me in carrying out the business. After I had been locked up a few days I made my escape from the Island after dark. The next day the newspapers contained a thrilling account of my escape, and the story was that I dug my way out of my cell and swam across the river to this city. I must have had a terrible time, as the papers told it, but as a matter of fact I crossed the river in a boat, and the story was given out to make me solid in the work I had laid out to do.

"When I reached the city, it was dark, and I walked down to Slade's dive in my convict's rig, which had been soaked with water to carry out my scheme. I sent a boy into the dive to get Slade to come to me, and I told him the story of my escape and said that a thief who had started to get away with me, but had lost his nerve when it came to taking the swim, had told me that when we reached the city we would go to Slade's and put up until the thing blew over.

"Slade was very cautious. He felt my clothing and took me in a back room in the den and carefully examined the clothes and shoes to see if they were the genuine convict's outfit. He was satisfied on that point, but was suspicious when I could not give him the name of my partner. I did not dare to fake a name, for Slade knew where every thief was who had been sent away that he ever did any business with. I told him that the man was known to me as Jack, and as Jack McCarthy, one of Slade's gang, happen-

ed to be on the island at the time my story was taken as being straight, and I was given a room on the second floor to bunk in. The next day Slade saw the story of my escape in the papers and became my friend at once.

"I must admit that I never got better treatment from any one than I did from Slade and the gang. He told them that I was all right, and they were glad to know a fellow who had the nerve to swim across the East river, where the tide runs like a mill race. I had to keep in the house all the time, and in case the police got on to me in any way I was shown a way that I could escape by getting into an underground passage, which led to a sewer in the street. I was fed like a fighting cock, and nothing turned up for about three weeks. Then early one morning, while I was sleeping, some one came into my room, and I heard a whispered consultation. There was a dim light in an adjoining room, and I could see four figures. My hair stood up on end, for I naturally thought that they were talking about me, and that I had been found out. I made up my mind to give as good a fight as there was in me, but after awhile the men went into the next room, and I heard them get into bed. In the morning my heart gave a big thump when I saw that the new arrivals were Abe Taylor, Jerry Connors and Andy Cummings, the men I was after.

"My first idea was to connect with the outside and have the place pulled, and I would have done this if I had not learned that a scheme had been put up to turn off a savings bank in Newark. Cummings and Taylor had been a week in Newark planting the place. I was introduced to them by Slade, and Taylor took to me right away as a jail breaker after his own heart. I worked my cards as skillfully as I could and let the gang know that I was dying of dry rot. In the course of my business I had naturally picked up every detail of the crook's trade and let Taylor know that I was anxious to get into some good bank lift. They waited about a week and then got word from Newark that the bank was ripe. I was delighted when Taylor told me I could go along, and I carried some of the jimnies.

"When we reached the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey city, we split up, and I went to a lavatory. I found a bootblack there, and I gave him a message for headquarters here and the chief of the Newark police, informing them of the attack that was to be on the savings bank. The boy did his work right, and when we reached Newark I saw that we were picked up by some of the local police on the dead quiet. We went to the house of Red King and learned that a hole had been pushed through the wall of the building adjoining the bank. When we left King's to go to the bank, I saw three New York detectives on the way. I could not arrange for any signal and did not know when the attack would be made upon us.

"A dozen policemen were in the bank office waiting for us, and after we had got through the hole behind the safe and were getting ready to go to work the police rushed in on us. I dashed for the hole and fell on purpose so that I blocked it, and as every man was covered with a gun there was nothing to do but surrender. I went in with the gang, and they did not learn who I was until the next day. The gang swore they would kill me, but haven't done it yet. Taylor and Connors were sent to Massachusetts on the Pittsfield affair, and the rest of the gang got a taste of Jersey justice."—New York Recorder.

DIAMOND DYES ARE THE
BRIGHTEST, STRONGEST
AND BEST.

AIR: SPRING! SPRING! GENTLE SPRING.

Dyes! Dyes! Diamond Dyes!
At all seasons of the year,
Every wife and mother wise
Greet these with the kindest cheer.
Autumn with its varied shades—
Russets dark, and brown and gold,
Reds and greens of summer glades—
All these colorings ye unfold.
Yet, White nature's colors fly,
Ye still bloom 'neath changing sky.

Dyes! Dyes! Diamond Dyes!
Choicest colors in the land,
Onward! Forward! as time flies
There will live no other brand.
None so brilliant, pure and fast,
Pleasing daughters, mothers, wives;
'Tis well known that in the past
Ye have added to our lives
Comfort, wealth and glad increase,
Constant streams of joy and peace.

A Doctor With Doubts.

Dr. Peter J. Gibbons of Syracuse, N. Y., through whose efforts the attention of Gov. Flower was directed to the question as to whether electrocuted murderers were dead when released from the chair, today forwarded a letter to Gov. Flower making application for leave to attempt to resuscitate, to life Charles F. Wilson, now sentenced to death by electrocution in Auburn state prison, the attempt to be made as soon as he shall have been pronounced dead by the physicians. He requests that the attempt be made in the presence of a committee of physiologists and electricians, to be selected by six of the leading medical colleges of the United States, and that Prof. Austin Flint, M. D., physiologist of New York city, be named as one of the committee.

Negroes Leaving for Africa.

A society has been formed having for its object the emigration of a large number of the negroes of the south, to Liberia, in Africa. The society is now said to number four thousand. The advance guard were members of a committee appointed by the society to go to Africa and arrange for the reception of a large body of negroes that will soon follow. President Cheeseman, of Liberia, it is said, has promised the colonists land and farming implements. It is asserted that 4000 southern negroes are now congregated in New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah and Charleston ready to start as soon as the committee gives the word. The first big lot, numbering 500, will leave New York early next month. The Liberian congress will welcome them and President Cheeseman has written letters to the promoters of the scheme urging the negroes to come. The advance guard is in charge of D. L. Johnson, an intelligent negro, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, Johnson's wife and four children accompanying him. The other members of the party are Lafayette Woodall, wife and two children, John Hines and Shadwick, of Pine Bluff, Ark.

The women in the party appeared to be much pleased at the prospect. "You see," explained Johnson, who was seen on board the steamer last evening, "the negroes of the South have about arrived at the conclusion that the race prejudice against them is increasing rather than diminishing. This feeling is particularly bitter in Arkansas. Outrages are frequent, and there seems to be no way of redress. Courts and juries alike are against us, and in some sections a negro's life is never safe for a moment. Our society is gaining in membership all the time. The movement is spreading throughout the entire South. Our meetings are held in secret. We realize that there would be no use in trying to fight the whites. No resource was left to us but to get out of the country. President Cheeseman and the Liberian Congress have assured us that we will be taken care of. Each colonist will receive twenty-five acres of land. The Government has also promised to help the colonists along until they become self-sustaining. It is our intention to found a settlement," added Johnson. "We will build a town, and expect in a very few years to become a flourishing community. The society has arranged for transportation, so that it will only cost each colonist \$41 to go from any southern point to Liberia. We do not want the idlers and no accounts with us. We expect that each colonist will have about \$200 in gold when he leaves this country. I should not be surprised to see 10,000 negroes leave the South within a year. The Liberian climate is mild and delightful. The colonists are sure to get along if they will work."

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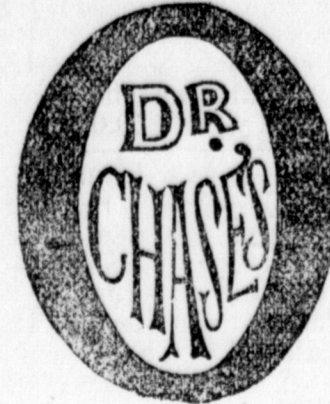
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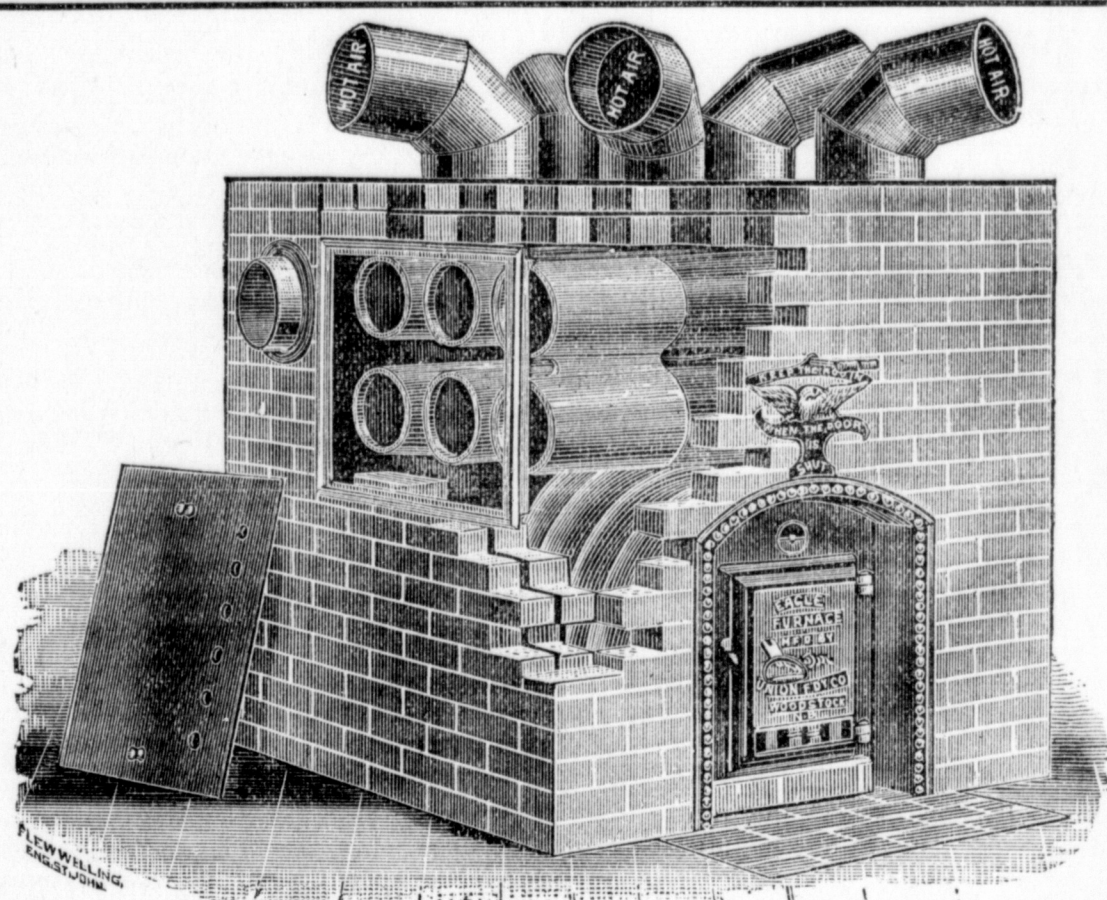
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REFERENCES.

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Sutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald. King City—Wm. Walker.
Fellerville—H. Templeton, druggist. Chateaufort—David V. St.
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Free Trade Would Benefit the States.
Lord Chas. Beresford had an article in a recent number of the North American Review on "Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion." The following are extracts:
Should the United States declare free trade with Great Britain alone, the benefit would be principally on the side of Great Britain. On the other hand, were the United States to declare universal free trade, it is possible that eventually Great Britain would suffer considerably, as the United States, the larger and most self-containing country, would then share with Great Britain a very large proportion of those advantages which unquestionably have accrued to her through the influence of free trade.

Will any one assert that the working classes as a whole have had their fair share of the abundant riches which have found their way to this country during the last hundred years? These riches have to a very great extent been produced by the industry, zeal and loyalty of these working classes; but during the time referred to education was not as widespread as it is now, and political power was for the most part unknown to them. How do matters stand at the present time? Not only are the working classes educated, but the future of the empire is absolutely in their hands, owing to the political power which they now possess.

Although the United States would undoubtedly gain by such an alliance, it cannot be denied for a moment that Great Britain would be by far the greater gainer of the two, particularly in the future.
It is much to be feared that in the time coming when the United States may adopt the policy of free trade, and also build up, as she has apparently commenced to, a navy sufficient for her needs, it might not be worth her while to undertake the responsibilities of an alliance with Great Britain. Now is the time to bring about the alliance, when its advantages are apparent to both countries. As years roll on, Great Britain might or might not remain the workshop of the world, but anyhow, she will less and less be able to feed her people from the produce of the land within her shores.

A Large Bakery.
Brooklyn can boast of having the largest bakery in the world. Seventy thousand loaves are daily turned out, requiring 300 barrels of flour. Three hundred and fifty persons are employed in the bakery, and for delivering the bread in New York and adjacent places over 100 wagons, constructed for the purpose, are in constant use.—New York News.
Easter will occur unusually early next year—on March 25.

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