

## THE ADVANCED "FEMALE."

She pronounced in sounding platitude  
Her universal gratitude  
For men of every latitude  
From the tropics to the poles;  
She felt a consanguinity,  
A sisterly affinity  
A kind of kith-and-kinity,  
For all these foreign souls.

For Caledonian Highlanders  
For brutal South Sea Islanders  
For wet and moist and dry landers,  
For Gentile, Greek, and Jew;  
For Finns and for Siberians,  
For Arabs and Algerians,  
For Terra del Fuegiens,  
She was in a constant stew.

Oh! it worried Miss Sophronia  
Lest the men of Patagonia  
Should die with pneumonia,  
With phthisis or the chills.  
Yes, indeed, she worried daily  
Lest a croup or cold should waylay  
Some poor Soudanese or Malay,  
Dying for the lack of pills.

And she toiled on without measure  
And with most unstinted pleasure  
For the good of Central Asia  
And the pagan people there.  
But meanwhile her little sister  
Died of a neglected blister,  
But Sophronia hardly missed her,  
For she had no time to spare.

## THE DANCE OF DEATH.

The curtain had just risen on the first performance of the last thing in burlesques as we passed into the theatre and took our seats in the front row of stalls.

The stage was a perfect kaleidoscope of colour; the management, proverbially lavish, had, as the morning papers put it next day, surpassed itself in the way of costumes—to use plainer if less flattering language, the ladies of the chorus were as undressed as the Lord Chamberlain would permit; the music was "catchy" and sparkling. Even to a man as unversed in things theatrical as myself it was patent that the new piece was going to make a hit.

Amidst a round of genuine applause, the curtain fell on the first act, and the man I was with—an old college chum whom I had not seen since our 'Varsity days—amused himself and me, with pointing out the various more or less celebrated personages in the audience, from the millionaire bookmaker, who in company with two shockingly overdressed females, was painfully in evidence in a box, to the great Society doctor in the row behind us, whose heart was notoriously expansive to the ladies of the chorus.

"By the way," remarked my friend, "you've never seen the fair Sybil, have you?"

I reminded him that I had only landed from a P. and O. steamer the week before, and that for five years my range of vision had been limited by the straggling clumps of dried-up, dust-smothered trees that constituted the horizon of the hottest station in India. Then I asked innocently, "Who is Sybil?"

He smiled with the conscious superiority of a man-about-town. "Sybil is Sybil Silverton the new dancer, and she is the sensation of the season. She—Ah! here she is."

The curtain had risen on the second act. The band was playing a slow, sensuous waltz, and the girl who had taken the town by storm glided on the stage amid a wild burst of applause. Then the dance began.

Tall, almost thin, yet withal supple as a lath, she moved with her whole body, not only with her feet. Her white semi-diaphanous draperies floated out from each side of her, as she swayed beneath the limelight, like fleecy clouds against a midsummer sun, and her long hair that hung, innocent of any fastenings, far below her shoulders, made a red-gold frame for her dead-white face. Her fingers and neck positively blazed with diamonds.

"The Westshire jewels," my friend whispered to me. "They say the Duke is ruining himself for her, and she doesn't care a snap for him. Indeed, I believe there is nothing she cares for in this world except her dancing."

But I hardly heard what he said, for now the music grew faster and the steps changed. Quicker and quicker she moved, and her feet, that before had seemed to linger lovingly over the boards, now looked to spurn the ground contemptuously as she rushed, with all the fire of a Bacchante, from step to step, till at last, amid a perfect hurricane of snowy lace petticoats she sank panting to the ground, while encores and bravos drowned the band's last notes, and the men round me snatched the flowers from their coats and flung them on to the stage.

She came forward and bowed her thanks, and the applause broke out afresh. The footlights threw their glare right on her face, and I scanned it closely. It was a lovely face—even that trying light could not make it look otherwise—and the lips were parted in a smile.

She made her last bow and disappeared into the wings. As she went I saw her brush her hand hastily across her eyes, and when it fell to her side again it glistened.

It was a trifling incident, perhaps—indeed, I daresay it passed unnoticed by everyone in the audience save myself. Even I only won-

dered for a moment, and then sought to satisfy myself by remembering I had read somewhere that women always cry when they are happiest.

The Society doctor behind me was talking to his wife. They made up, I afterwards heard, for never seeing each other in private by always appearing together on any public occasion. Of course, I should have done nothing of the kind, but I caught the words "Sybil Silverton," and somehow I found myself listening.

"She came to me for the first time this morning," the doctor was saying. "I saw at once there was absolutely no hope. Yes—consumption. If she goes on dancing she will be dead in six months. Will she give it up? I don't suppose so. She told me it was the only thing that made life worth living. In any case, even if she left the stage, she couldn't live more than a couple of years. Sad? Yes, it is, very." Then I understood.

## The Case of Gunn's Leg.

A great deal of interest was felt down our way in the case of Gunn versus Barclay, which was tried recently in the County Court. It involved a question of the ownership of Gunn's right leg. Gunn related the facts of the case to me as follows:—

"You see one day, while I was repairing the roof of my house, I slipped and fell on the pavement below. When they picked me up, they found that my right leg was fractured. Dr. Barclay examined it, and gave it as his opinion that mortification would be certain to set in unless that leg came off. So I told him he'd better chop it away, and he went round to his place, and presently he came back with a knife, and a saw, and a lot of rags.

"Then they chloroformed me, and while I was asleep, they removed that leg.

"When I came to I felt pretty comfortable and the doctor, after writing some prescriptions, began wrapping my off leg in an old newspaper; then he tucked the bundle under his arm, and began to move toward the door. I was watching him all the time, and I holloed at him:

"Where in the mischief are you going with that leg of mine?"

"I'm not going anywhere with that leg of yours," he said; 'but I'm going home with my leg.'

"Well, you'd better drop it, said I. 'That leg belongs to me, and I want it. I want it for a keepsake.'

"And you know he argued with me about it. He said when a doctor saved a man apart he always took the amputated member as one of his perquisites; and he said it was his legal right to take something on such occasions, it was merely optional with him whether he took the leg, or left the leg and took the rest of me, but he preferred the leg.

"And when I asked what he wanted with it, he said he was going to put it in a glass jar full of alcohol, and stand it in his consulting-room. Then I told him that it shocked my modesty to think of a bare leg of mine being put on public exhibition in that manner, with no trouser on; but he said he thought I could stand it.

"But, you understand, I protested. I said I'd had that leg for a good many years, and I felt attached to it. I knew all its little ways. I should feel lonely without it. Who would tend the corns that I had cared for so long? Who would rub the toes with liniment when they got hurt? And who would keep the shin from being kicked?"

"Nobody could do it so well as I could, because I had an interest in the leg, felt sociable and friendly and acquainted with it. But Barclay said he thought he could attend to it, and it would do the corns good to soak in the alcohol.

"And I told him I'd heard that, even after a man had lost a limb, if anybody hurt that limb, the original owner felt it, and I told Barclay I wouldn't trust him not to tread on my toes and stick pins in my calf and make me suffer like thunder every time he had a grudge against me; and he said he didn't know but what he would, if I didn't treat him fairly.

"And I wanted to know what was to hinder him, if he felt like it, taking the bone out of the leg and making part of it into knife handles and brace buttons, and working the rest into some kind of a clarinet, with finger holes punched in the sides?"

"I could stand a great deal," I said, 'even if I had only one leg, but I couldn't bear to think of a man serenading girls with tunes played on my bones—a bone, too, that I felt a kind of affection for. If he couldn't touch a girl's heart without serenading her with one of Benjamin Gunn's bones, why, he had better remain single.' And so on.

"We blathered for about half an hour, and at last he said he was disgusted with so much bosh about a ridiculous bit of meat and muscle, and he wrapped the paper round the leg again, and rushed out of the door for home.

"Then I sued him, and when the case came up in court, the judge instructed the jury that the evidence that a leg belonged to a man was that he had it, and as Barclay had this leg, the presumption was that it was his.

But no man was ever known to have three legs, and as Barclay thus had three, the second presumption was that it was not his.

"But as Gunn did not have it, the law could not, therefore, accept the theory that it was Gunn's leg, and, consequently, the law couldn't tell who under the sun the leg did belong to, and the jury would have to guess at it.

"So the jury brought in a verdict against both of us, and recommended that, in the uncertainty that existed, the leg should be buried. The leg was lying during the trial out in the vestibule of the court, and we found afterwards that during the argument, Jim Wood's dog had run off with it, and that settled the thing. Queer, wasn't it?"

## Strained Relations.

With the adjournment of the Imperial Parliament comes a dead calm in political life, which will not be broken until the Legislative Houses again assemble. The speech from the throne proroguing the session contained an important reference to the diplomatic dispute that has been waged between Great Britain and France, little intimation of which has appeared in the public prints, but which kept the Foreign Office in a state of turmoil for several days. It is said that at one time the relations between the two countries were so strained that an open rupture was threatened. So serious was the situation that Lord Dufferin was, as during the Siamese troubles summoned from his vacation and ordered to proceed forthwith to Paris to avert the threatened danger. The whole trouble grew out of the action of the French in Africa, more particularly in the Niger region. France, it is claimed, had for some time been encroaching upon British territory on the West African coast, and finally took possession of Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, which, beyond any question, is Great Britain's by right of conquest. The British Government made a strong protest against the action of France, but the French Government at first apparently treated the protest indifferently. So flagrant were the instances of French indifference to British rights in Africa that there were not lacking many persons who were of the opinion that France was seeking to make casus belli. The crisis became very acute, but it is believed to have now passed, owing to the representations made to France by Lord Dufferin.

## Protection And Free Trade in New South Wales.

New South Wales has tried protection for a couple of years or so, but a free-trade majority in the commons is the result of the election just held. Sir Henry Parkes, who is to the liberal and free-trade party of New South Wales what Gladstone is to English Liberals, was beaten about two years ago by a combination of protectionists and the labor party under Sir George Dibbs. The issue then was largely protection; New South Wales having been a free trade colony up to that time. Mr. Dibbs introduced and passed a rather mild tariff bill and was responsible also for some labor legislation which has proved only less unpopular than the new tariff. The election which has just taken place was conducted under a new law which restricted the colony, reducing the number of voters to a representative in the commons, and establishing practically manhood suffrage. The defeat of the protectionists is therefore a popular movement, and represents a popular dissatisfaction with the results of the protectionist experiment. There are 125 members in the new commons, 65 free traders, 40 protectionists and 20 labor men. The latter are said to be nearly all free traders, so that free trade has a safe majority. Sir Henry Parkes, who is about Gladstone's age, will not resume the premiership, but will have a seat in the Commons and will be the real leader of his party.—*Springfield Republican*.

## Free Masons.

At the seventh annual session of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of New Brunswick, F. & A. M., held in St. John last week, these grand officers were elected:

John V. Ellis, G. H. P.  
Harry Beckwith, D. G. H. P.  
William B. Wallace, G. K.  
Hedley V. Cooper, G. S.  
J. Henry Leonard, G. T.  
William A. Ewing, G. Sec'y.  
A. McNichol, G. C. of H.  
N. Campbell, G. R. A. C.  
Fred Sandall, G. O.  
G. B. Hegan, G. P.  
G. Gordon Boyne, G. Tyler.

The following are office bearers for the ensuing year of the Grand Lodge:

Dr. Thomas Walker, St. John, Grand Master.  
John A. Watson, St. John, Deputy Grand Master.  
Geo. Ackman, Moncton, Senior Grand Warden.  
Allan W. Chapman, Dorchester, Junior Grand Warden.

District Deputies—No 2, H. B. Fleming; No 3, J. W. Patterson; No 4, E. Cadwallader; No 5, E. Wheelock.

Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, St. John, Grand Chaplain.  
Thomas A. Godsoe, St. John, Grand Treasurer.  
F. W. Wisdom, St. John, Grand Secretary.  
C. W. Jenner, S. G. D.  
John White, J. G. D.  
W. B. Wallace, G. D. of C.  
S. L. Morrison, Ass. G. D. of C.  
S. A. Doherty, G. Sword Bearer.

J. M. Fowler, G. Standard Bearer.  
W. A. Ewing, G. Organist.  
F. O. Sullivan, G. Pursuivant.  
Grand Stewards—T. W. Peters, J. T. Hart, Geo. Thompson, W. H. Laughlin, C. W. J. Upham, Robert McFee, J. A. Johnson, Robert Murray, Geo. U. Hay, W. W. Inches, Fred W. Givan, G. H. Lamb, D. Scribner, Grand Tyler.

It is reported that the farmers of Indiana, for the first time in the history of the State, are feeding wheat to their hogs and selling their corn. Wheat is bringing 44 cent a bushel at the railroad station, while corn can be sold for 45 to 47 cents a bushel.

## Carleton Boy to the Front.

The Knight's Sword and Helmet, an official organ of the Knights of Pythias, published at Fort Madison, Iowa, in its issue of July last has this notice of a native of Carleton county, now a resident of Iowa, accompanied by a portrait:—

W. M. Johnston, G. K. of R. and S. of Arizona, resides at Williams, and is a member of Grand Canon Lodge No. 14, of that place. He was born in Centerville, New Brunswick, Oct. 15, 1893. He graduated in 1882, taking A. B. degree. In 1887 he took M. D. degree in Michigan. He first became a Knight in Ness City, Kansas, becoming a member of Avena Lodge No. 146. He is also a Knight Templar, a Forester, an Odd Fellow and a member of Division No. 4, of the Uniform Rank. Bro. Johnston is married and has one child, a daughter of five years. He is the proprietor of a flourishing drug store, and is also physician for the Atlantic & Pacific railway, and the Saginaw Lumber Co., the largest firm in the business in the state of Arizona. With his well known business capacity we predict that the business of the Grand Lodge will be well looked after.

## Mrs. Julius Caesar

Was above suspicion, and so is the Singer Sewing Machine. It took fifty-four first awards at the World's Fair, Chicago, for durability, appearance, neatness and light running. Alex. Mathews, Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

A man lately confined in a Scotch gaol for cattle-stealing managed, with five others, to break out on Sunday, and, being captured on one of the neighboring hills, he very gravely remarked to the officer, "I might have escaped, but I had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday."—*Tit-Bits*.

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