

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DIED, OCTOBER 8TH. At midday, when the sun was zenith-high, Came the clear call for him...

THE WATERPROOF WRAP.

The storm had rolled up with unexpected rapidity from the west. Thunder-showers generally do come up suddenly when the thermometer is at ninety...

"How it does rain, to be sure!" said Miss Prudence Lee. "I'm glad we brought our waterproof wraps, aren't you, Andy?"

Andrew Lee, a frank-faced, blue-eyed young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, looked down at the parcel in his lap.

"Shall I help you on with yours, Aunt Pru?" said he.

Miss Lee stood complacently up, while her nephew shrouded the brand new breadths of her best silk gown with the gossamer rubber cloak.

"Aren't you going to put on yours, Andy?" she said.

"Not yet," said he quietly. "Or, to tell you the truth, Aunt Pru, I think I shall offer it to that pale young girl opposite. Do you see her looking out of the window? She is dressed in the thinnest of muslin, and has not even a shawl with her."

Aunt Pru glanced sharply up at her nephew.

"Do you know who she is?" said she.

"No," he answered. "Humph!" snorted the elderly lady. "Any one might know that you are from the country."

Andrew Lee smiled with imperturbable good humour.

"Is it any disgrace to hail from the rural districts?" said he.

"Pshaw!" said Aunt Prue; "I don't mean that. I mean that you're liable to be imposed upon. Wear your waterproof sacque yourself, like a sensible man, and don't go stalking about the world like Don Quixote newly broken loose!"

At that moment, however, the boat touched the pier, there was a general rush sternward on the part of the eager crowd of passengers, and Andrew Lee, stepping forward, offered his rubber sacque to the pale young girl in the grey muslin dress.

"Will you wear this?" said he, not without some little embarrassment. "It is still raining very hard, and you have neither shawl nor umbrella."

The girl's first impulse had been to shrink back half in terror, half in offended pride; but one glimpse of the sunburned young fellow's frank honest face seemed to change her mood.

"Oh, thank you!" said she hurriedly. "But what shall you do yourself?"

"I am a man," said he, with a slight smile. "My clothing is thick, and I am used to all sorts of weather."

"I am very much obliged," said the young girl, with evident relief. "And now, if you will to my indebtedness by telling me where to send it, it shall be promptly returned this evening."

"We live at 90 Currant Court," shrilly interposed Aunt Prudence—"No 90. Have the goodness not to forget, young woman!" And the next instant they were separated by the throng of landing passengers.

"You'll never see that garment again," said Aunt Prudence, screwing her lips together.

"Why not?" said Andrew.

"She's a regular imposter," nodded the old lady.

"How do you know?"

"By the tone of her voice and the look of her eye," said Miss Lee.

"I thought she was very pretty," said honest Andy.

"Humph!" commented Aunt Pru. "And even if she should be what you call an imposter," went on the young man, "why I suppose, imposters are as apt to catch cold in a driving thunder-shower as any one."

"Andrew," said the old lady, emphatically. "I've no patience with you. Not a particle. And if this is the way you are going to manage matters, you'll never make your way in city life—never!"

Andy laughed good-humouredly.

"Don't be vexed, Aunt Prue," said he. "But really I couldn't see the poor creature go out in the rain in that thin summer dress. And after all, it's only a waterproof sacque, when all has come and gone."

Apparently Miss Prudence Lee was right, for the night passed away and the morning dawned, and no waterproof garment made its appearance.

"I told you so," said Aunt Prudence, as they sat at breakfast the next day.

"Yes," acknowledged Andrew with a smile, "you told me so."

"Told you what?" said Harry Aymer, who had come around to pilot the young man from the country to the great wholesale dry-goods house where he hoped to secure a position.

And then the whole story, naturally enough, had to be repeated to Mr. Aymer.

"Andy," said the city exquisite, "I didn't know you were such a fool."

Andrew Lee laughed.

"After all," said he, "an act of common courtesy does not make a fool of a man."

At this moment, however, there came a ring at the door-bell of No. 99 Currant Court. Miss Prudence made all haste to answer the summons, and there stood the pale, pretty young girl of the Brooklyn ferry-boat, with a fine-looking elderly gentleman at her side. She walked through into the little breakfast-room and laid a neatly rolled parcel on the table.

"I have brought back the waterproof sacque," said she; "and papa has come with me, to say how much obliged we both are."

Honest Andrew, completely raken by surprise, scarcely knew in what manner to express himself, and stammered out that "it was nothing!—nothing at all!"

"But it was a good deal to my little girl," said the tall gentleman, approaching, with the courteous manner of a man of the world, "and I should be much gratified for an opportunity to return your kindness. Kate, here, wanted to bring back the wrap last night; but I persuaded her to wait until I could accompany her, and myself express my thanks for your courtesy."

Harry Aymer at that moment advanced. "It is Mr. Durivage, Andy," said he, "the senior partner of our firm."

And Andrew Lee was much surprised to find himself introduced in this unceremonious fashion to the great merchant whose favour he had been so anxious to obtain.

"We were just coming to your office, sir," explained Aymer.

"Then you may as well come along with me at once," said Mr Durivage.

Miss Prudence Lee anxiously awaited her nephew's return that afternoon.

"Well?" cried she, eagerly, when at last his footstep rang upon the threshold.

"Well," he answered cheerily, "I have obtained the promise of an excellent situation, with every prospect of a promotion."

"You are in luck," said Miss Prudence.

"I hope so," he responded.

"And wasn't it a fortunate thing that you happened to offer your water-proof wrap to Mr. Durivage's daughter, of all persons in the world?" went on the old lady, excitedly polishing her spectacle glasses.

"I thought," said Andy, quietly, "that you were so vitally certain that she was an imposter?"

Aunt Prudence's countenance fell.

"Well to tell the truth, I did think so," said she: "but I suppose we're all liable to be mistaken. If I'd known she was Mr. Durivage's daughter—"

And Aunt Prue shook her head wisely.

Miss Durivage to marry Andy Lee? cried Harry Aymer. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"But I do," said Mr. Moreton, the head salesman in the wholesale store. "Lee is a well-looking young fellow, and Miss Durivage is romantic enough for anything. They say he lent her an umbrella or something one day when she was caught in a shower."

"If I thought that was the way to win a heiress," said Aymer, "I'd buy a dozen umbrellas at once, and go out whenever it looked like a shower!"

"It's a good deal in the way a fellow does these things," said Mr. Moreton quietly.

And Aunt Prudence found herself forced to confess that "the young man from the country" had made a good career for himself, simply out of the chivalrous kindness of his own heart.

How to Prevent Forest Fires.

Appoint one State fire commissioner, who is to be the responsible agent of the State for carrying the law into effect and organizing the service, and who is paid for his work in proportion to the value of his services.

Make all sheriffs responsible for putting out of fires in their own counties, and for apprehending any incendiaries; give the sheriffs power to swear in special fire wardens to act as their deputies, with power to employ a posse, when necessary, to fight fires.

Erect watch towers in suitable locations for the use of fire wardens, and, if possible, establish telegraphic connections between them. Employ additional special fire patrols in the dangerous districts during the dangerous months, July and August.

Require all lumber operators to burn their

debris in early spring (May), (it can be done, because it is being done successfully, cheaply and willingly by some), and, if they do not comply, have the fire wardens do it for them, charging the lumberman with the expense.

Require railroad companies, who are responsible for a large share of the fires, to use spark arresters and to clear their ash pits with care, and make them responsible under the law for careless incendiarism and for damages. With a properly instituted officer to look after them, they will readily avoid most of the fires. They should also be required to keep their right of way on both sides cleared of inflammable material.

Require settlers and farmers to give notice of their intention to burn brush to the fire warden and to obey his instructions as to the time and manner of doing it.

Pay the fire wardens and patrols adequately from the state treasury and such a fire fund as may be collected from the parties most interested, the lumbermen and railroad companies.

The calculable loss by forest fires in ordinary years may be placed for Minnesota readily at \$500,000. It would be cheaper to have half that amount spent in preventing or checking the fires.

When forest property is sufficiently protected against loss by fire, then will be time to talk about better forestry methods in using the woods.—Prof. Fernow, Chief of the Division of Forestry of Department of Agriculture for the U. S., in the Washington Post.

Col. Breckinridge Suspended.

Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge has been suspended from communion by Mount Horeb church in Fayette county. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Charles T. Thompson, gives the following account of the affair:—"On last Sunday morning at the church the pastor read publicly the action of the church concerning Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, who had made to them a confession of his guilt, and asked the prayers and love of his brethren in leading a Christian life. The unanimous decision of the officers was that while accepting his repentance as sincere and heartfelt, the great publicity of the sin demanded some public action, so he was suspended from the sacraments until February 1, 1895. The law of the Presbyterian church book of orders, paragraph 158, is:—"Definite suspension is administered when the honor of Christ and the good of the offender demand it, even though he may have given satisfaction to the court."

A Good Straw Stack.

Now that thrashing is done by machinery, unless the farmer is more than usually careful about the stack, the straw is thrown together in the easiest way to get rid of it. The stack soon becomes one sided and fills with water, so that the feeding value of the straw is destroyed. To make a really good stack American Cultivator says that there needs to be as many men on the stack as are required to get the grain in the straw to the machine. They will have the dirty part of the job, but it will not be hard work. Most of it will consist in tramping the straw down on all sides, so as to maintain a proper balance. With the middle of the stack always full and the whole pressed down by frequent tramping, no rainfall can enter the stack, and it will keep almost as well as if it had been thatched. It is very important to have a stack settle properly that the chaff should be evenly distributed through the whole stack, instead of being left under the carrier, as it always is if there is insufficient help in stacking.—Ex

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Fire Rates Etc.

Apropos of the meeting in Toronto last week of the Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association, the one broad fact is to be noted as likely to afford satisfaction to the public: No change in the rating of risks has been made during the year. Certain Canadian towns have had their classifications lowered of late in consequence of their not having complied with the requirements of the underwriters in the matter of fire appliances. This was deemed a hardship, and gave rise to much loud talk in municipal councils, much harsh language in various town and country newspapers. But on the other hand, certain towns had their classifications raised by rea-

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DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. It is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumour form, excessive moisture is exuded. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

REFERENCES. Newmarket—J. T. Bogart, Mr. Kitto, Sutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald. Belleville—R. Templeton, druggist. Tottenham—James Scanlon, J. Reid. Barrie—H. E. Garden. Hamilton—R. G. Deane. King City—Wm. Walker. Churchill—David Grose. Bradford—R. Davis, J. Reid.

son of improvements they made in fire protection. Sarnia, for example, because of the prevalence of incendiary fires in that place, had been degraded from class B to class F, "an extreme measure," as was admitted. But it aroused the citizens to do something to remove the stigma. They determined to put down this incendiarism, and offered a reward of \$500 for the catching and convicting of the fire starters. The underwriters promptly added to this reward other \$500. This and other measures stopped the fires, and Sarnia was reinstated by the underwriters in class B.

Much time was spent at the meeting, we are told, in pursuing and discussing the reports of inspectors of special risks, and it is perhaps not too much to say that it was time well spent. These officers reported in detail concerning the places they had visited, the inspection of premises made and the improvements effected in individual risks by reason of which reduction of rate had been brought about. We are told, also, that these officials were able to announce that, as a general rule, they had found the authorities of towns willing to approve the recommendations of the underwriters with respect to fire appliances. The truth is, probably, that the sensible nature of the advice about protection from fire given by these experts to reeves and town councils commended itself. People who in their positions as town or village councillors are often apathetic and forgetful about danger of fire, become wide awake and willing then, as merchants or manufacturers, they are told by an insurance agent or a visiting inspector: "Gentlemen, your fire appliances are defective; you could not fight a fire here with any chance of success; you must get proper water tanks and hose and reels, or else rates of insurance will have to be raised.—Monetary Times.

Hungry Higgins—This here paper says that Sir Joseph Porterhouse, K. C. B. is a stoppin' at the Waldorf. What do K. C. B. mean? Weary Watkins—Keeley-cured Britisher, of course. I wouldn't be as ignerent as you are fer nothin'.—Cincinnati Tribune.

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