

A HUMBUG.

An old, old garden. There the days
Slipped by in drowsy quiet;
There bees were busy in the shade
And posy-buds ran riot;
And there in summer Dolly stayed,
Plain-gowned, in a cap and wimple
Her frills and ruffles laid aside
To play at being simple.

The wild-rose hiding in her curls
Looked somehow pale and faded
Beside the pink and dimpled cheek
Her ancient hair-gear shaded;
And when the carping bluebird heard
Her dear voice lightly thrilling
Through old-world airs, he quite forgot
To criticise her trilling.

So artless, shy, and sweet she seemed
That I, a cynic doubter
Of modest ways and downcast eyes,
Went fairly wild about her;
And falling at the little feet
That crushed the yellow lilies
I wooed as Strephon used to woo
His Lydian Anamyllis.

Ah me! Her kerchief's rise and fall,
Her lashes tender trembling,
The flush that dyed her cheek, were all
But part of her dissembling;
For when she spoke at last, in tones
As sweet as Hybla's honey,
'T was but to say, "The man I love
Must be a man of money."
—M. E. W.

THEODORE.

Three photographs hung over the mantle-piece in the pretty little parlour behind the bright shop of the young German apothecary who had recently hired the corner store in the new marble block near the railway station of Little Boulder. One was a pretty girl another an old man, the third a young man. This latter occupied the middle place. They were framed alike, in passe-partout style; and as in America no one ever looks at the pictures on his friend's walls, no one had ever noticed anything particular about them until one evening one of young Schaeffer's compatriots, Professor Schwartz, happened into the room, and having contemplated the etchings and the water-colours which graced the walls, placed himself before the mantle-piece and after staring through his blue spectacles for at least fifteen minutes, said solemnly:—

"My good friend Schaeffer, perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me if I am crazy, or if this gentleman is transparent? It appears to me that I can see some shelves and bottles directly through his coat and vest—is it so?"

"It is so," said Schaeffer, lighting his painted china pipe at the brass student-lamp. "You make no mistake, Doctor Schwartz, I assure you."

"It is some clever trick of photography, I suppose?" asked the doctor.

"It is one of the facts of a tragedy," said young Schaeffer. "It is something that haunts me day and night. I should like to speak of it to some one who can keep a secret; a doctor must be able to do that."

"Especially if, like me, he is a bachelor," said Doctor Schwartz. "I give my promise to repeat nothing that you tell me."

"We will have a glass of Rhine wine together then," said the druggist; "and while I get the bottle look at the other photographs—the one to the right is the only girl I ever loved; the other is Doctor Hoffman, of whom I shall have something to say."

"And the transparent gentleman?" asked the doctor.

"I keep that for the story," said young Schaeffer.

Ten minutes later the two gentlemen faced each other at the table, their glasses between them and the room full of smoke, and Adolph Schaeffer began thus:—

"At noon today it was exactly five years since a note was handed to me signed by Doctor Alexander Hoffman, and asking me to call upon him at once. I obeyed the summons promptly, and found him in his shop. He was, as I am, an apothecary."

"He was evidently in deep distress of some kind, and soon told me what it was. He had lost his only son, Theodore, whom he adored and who was his assistant in his business and his destined successor."

"Broken down with sorrow, the old man was unable to do all that fell upon him, and hearing that I wanted a position, he had summoned me. He desired me to board with him, and offered an excellent salary."

"However, the low-ceilinged shop, situated in a narrow street, and having very small flat windows into which the sun could scarcely come, was so gloomy, and the old man in his sorrow, so depressing, that I felt as though to accept the offer would be to bury myself alive, and was doing my best to decline it with civility, when a very beautiful girl appeared at the door of the inner room. She had the face of an angel: her hair was golden, and her eyes a beautiful dark blue; her dress was black. Seeing a stranger she retired; but in that moment I gave her my heart. Love at first sight is a serious fact."

"I concluded that she was the old man's daughter, and the thought of seeing her every day filled me with rapture. I changed the wording of the sentence I had half finished into an acceptance, and established myself in the house as soon as possible."

"If ever sorrow dwelt in man's abode, it rested there. The very walls seemed to mourn for the dead Theodore; the old servant cried her eyes red every day; the father cast miserable glances at the empty place at table when he sat at meals."

"The girl was a very Niobe. Shortly I made the discovery that she was not old Hoffman's daughter, but the child of a friend whom Mrs. Hoffman had taken to bring up, and she had been betrothed to Theodore."

"However, this did not put an end to my hopes, but simply postponed them. I knew that young people usually outlived the greatest grief. I was quiet and sympathetic. I made myself useful to old Hoffman, and soon won his liking."

"A year had passed before I received my first smile from Lina Henzel. It was on the little roof-garden, where I had been helping her water the flowers. That was the first, not the last. I took my steps softly, one at a time. Finally I understood that I might speak, and did so."

"She smiled, then sobbed:—
'You will not command me to forget poor Theodore?' she asked."

"I reassured her, and she gave me her promise. For awhile we kept our secret; but Doctor Hoffman soon discovered it."

"Children," he said one day at breakfast, "I know what thoughts are in your hearts, and they do not offend me. Theodore has been truly mourned, but he would not wish Lina to live the life of a nun. Besides, if you marry each other, we can all live together until my time comes, and then I will leave you everything. It gives me some hope of domestic comfort in my old age. You, Adolph, will be a second son to me."

"I thanked him affectionately. I had now begun to love even the dark little house where I had first seen Lina."

"That night, however, bad dreams troubled me, and I awoke unrefreshed, and with a strange foreboding of evil. Doctor Hoffman was away on business, and I had sole charge of the shop. The customers were numerous, and a great doctor himself brought in a very particular prescription. It was while I was making this up that I felt a hand grasp my wrist, as a teacher does that of a young child whom he assists to form his first letter upon a slate. But instead of aiding me, this thing that clutched me prevented me from doing what I wished. It was impossible for me to open the jars to extract the contents: At last, terrified and trembling, I flung myself in a chair, and then I saw—I swear it—all the proper jars lifted from their places and the prescription correctly made up by some invisible being. The package was also labelled and tied up and then vanished, and the next moment I heard the doctor call me."

"I must have been asleep, I think," he said. "At least, my wits were wandering, for I did not see you place this in my hand. Good morning." He was off.

"You see, you are not wanted here," said a voice at my ear. "In fact, consider yourself dismissed."

"I looked about me; there was no one there. I rushed into the shop. Several customers were waiting, but the moment I attempted to serve them my wrists were once more imprisoned in that vice-like grasp, I was obliged once more to seat myself."

"Fortunately these people only needed cologne water, soap, and some patent medicines in bottles, and I desired them to help themselves, saying that I was faint, and must take a few moments to recover myself. They did as I asked, hoped I would feel better shortly, and left me alone."

"With an indescribable terror upon me I hurried into the room, where Lina sat at work."

"Ah, Adolph, how pale you are!" she said. "Are you ill?"

"I do not know. I am afraid so," I said. "I am unable to make up the prescriptions."

"I seated myself near her and took her hand in mine. On that instant that iron grasp was upon me; not on my wrist this time, but on my neck; and grasping for breath I was flung violently to the floor."

"You are not wanted here, either," said the same voice that had before spoken to me. You had better go."

"Although I felt exactly as though human hands had seized me and thrown me down, to Lina it appeared that I had swooned or had vertigo."

"And you were not yourself, Adolph," she said; "for you told me I was not wanted and had better go."

"Indeed, I did not speak," I said.

"Indeed, you did," said Lina. "There was no one else in the room." Then she began to weep."

There was a pause. Doctor Schwartz seemed to ruminate, Adolph Schaeffer to be lost in reverie. Suddenly he started his feet and began to pace the room."

"Thus it began," he said; "to give you the details would require hours. Ah, it was horrible! In the presence of Doctor Hoffman it contented itself with making me drop glasses, drop jars, fall down and do all sorts of mischief, by catching me by the wrists and ankles or by the coat collar, but if I were alone in the shop there came a repetition of the work of the first day."

"At last, one afternoon, a girl entered, and I was about to attempt to wait on her, when suddenly she screamed and rushed out of the place."

"Afterwards she told everyone that she had seen Theodore Hoffman's ghost behind the counter; but as she was only a little ser-

vant from the country, she was simply laughed at for her pains."

"However, this gave me an idea. I was fond of photography, and rather expert. One morning I brought my camera into the shop, and when the invisible being began to make up a prescription he had snatched from my hand, commenced operations."

"The result was the picture about which you asked me. I myself saw nothing, but it was developed upon the plate. The doctor had a likeness of his son, Theodore. This was the same man, save that, as you see, he was transparent."

"I hid the picture; I tried to bear my misery as well as I could. I hoped to weary the revengeful ghost, but though at times he allowed me to be by myself in the shop, he never permitted me to touch the hands or lips of my betrothed wife."

"She, angry and astonished, grew very cool to me, at last one night I was awakened by a touch upon my forehead, and opening my eyes saw a figure at my bedside—the same in the photograph."

"Come, then," it said in that well-known voice; "why do you not go?"

"Why do you wish to ruin my life?" I asked. "What have I done?"

"Robbed me of my father's affection, my proper work, and, above all, of Lina's love," said the spirit. "However, you cannot keep my treasure; you must go. I have no hatred to you, but this is my place which you usurp. The fight is useless."

"I shall fight, all the same," I said.

"The ghost vanished with a laugh."

"Never shall I forget the next day. Its events are buried into my soul. The invisible hands scarcely left me; I appeared to work destruction wherever I went. I was made to be offensive and even insolent to the best customers."

"Late at night the professor and I sat alone in the little parlor where I had been so happy."

"It was a relief to tell him all. He listened gravely."

"I believe you," he said; "I have reason. When I am alone I now constantly see my son standing near me. There is reproach in his eyes. Adolph, you must go."

"I knew that it must be and bowed my head."

"And Lina?" I asked.

"She must not know the reason," he answered. "I will quarrel with you and break the match. Privately, I will give you a comfortable sum to enable you to begin business in America."

"I cannot part from Lina," I said.

"You must, since Theodore desires it," said the old man."

There was another pause. Adolph Schaeffer resealed himself at the table and refilled his glass."

"It was as Theodore wished," he said.

"My life became unbearable, and I went through the farce of being quarreled with by Doctor Hoffman and dismissed."

"Theodore had become such a real person to me that I felt like a person who had been about to marry a woman who thought herself a widow, but to whom her husband suddenly returned."

"The fact that Lina knew nothing of the facts of the case caused me much suffering, but the spectral Theodore would not permit her to be told; he never touched or approached her."

"Later Doctor Hoffman wrote to me that he assisted him efficiently in the prescription department, and that he frequently saw him, but that Lina never did. Late he wrote me that the shop had gained a reputation for being haunted, and that his patrons had one by one departed."

"However, I am very well off," he said, "and may retire from business. I am very very happy in the constant company of my beloved son Theodore."

"Then for a while there was no more correspondence. One day a letter reached me—it was from Lina."

"My dear old papa Hoffman is dead," she said. "He passed away one night in sleep. He was always kind to me, save in the manner in which you know, in which you suffered equally with myself. But he had hallucinations before he died, and was thought by many to be mad. However, it was only on one point. I mention it because it explains his unreasonable quarrel with you during an attack of illness which should have awakened sympathy. Be assured that that was the only feeling it aroused in my heart."

"Ah!" said Doctor Schwartz, "the young lady would be very well pleased to renew the old engagement."

"Perhaps," said Adolph Schaeffer, sighing: "perhaps. But as she, without knowing it, belongs to Theodore Hoffman—who will undoubtedly claim her in the other world—I shall be very careful never to meet her again in this, neither do I believe that Theodore would permit me to do so."

"Everyone has a tragedy in his life—this is mine; but I ask you to keep my secret, because I am engaged to Miss Millwood, a lovely and estimable young lady, to whom I shall try to be a perfect husband, and for whom I have great affection. Of course she must never hear this story."

"The day before the wedding the portraits

of Lina and Theodore will disappear from my walls, and I will strive to banish them from my memory forever."

The clock struck eleven. Doctor Schwartz started to his feet.

"Adolph Schaeffer, you tell an excellent ghost story," he said. "If I did not know that man goes out as a candle in a puff of wind I might believe it."

"But how do you know that?" cried Adolph.

"Oh," said Schwartz, "I have dissected many bodies, but never discovered the seat of the soul. Good night."

He marched away, laughing; but the young assistant who, with his ear to the partition, had been listening most of the time, could never quite make up his mind whether Adolph Schaeffer believed the story that he told or had merely been amusing himself.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

The General Assembly Favors the Mongolian—What Journalists Have to Say on the Question.

The question of Chinese immigration is without doubt one of the most momentous that we have to consider in this continent of America.

In the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, in St. John, a deliverance was made upon the subject.

The following overture was read by the Rev. Dr. Cochran in reference to Chinese immigrants: "Whereas, Canada ought to welcome people from all countries who will aid in developing the resources of the country; and whereas it is contrary to righteousness, to international courtesy, and to British practice and treaties to discriminate against any one country in this regard; and whereas the present state of the law passed by the parliament of Canada does discriminate in an odious way against the government and people of China;—it is humbly overtured that the honorable the general assembly take the previous question into its consideration and endeavor, in conjunction with sister churches, to bring such influence to bear upon the government of Canada as may result in the removal of the aforesaid restriction. The above was signed by a large number of the members of the assembly."

In sympathy with the above the following was moved by Rev. D. M. Gordon and seconded by Rev. Dr. McVicar: "That the assembly receive and adopt the above overture and appoint a committee to bring the matter before other churches and to press it upon the government."

Rev. Dr. McKay, late of Formosa, spoke warmly on this matter. He strongly denounced the action of the parliament of Canada in discriminating against the people of China, and called upon the assembly in God's name to adopt this resolution.

The St. John Sun in an editorial says:—"The problem is a most difficult one, having many points of view and requiring more than superficial attention. If the Canadian parliament should throw wide its doors to a race that, for good or bad reasons, is excluded from every other British country which it has sought to enter in any considerable numbers, what would be the result? We are not in a position to say that the effect would be bad. But is the assembly absolutely sure that it would be good, or that in ten years the relations between this country and China would be more friendly because hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of Chinamen were among us? It is believed in Australia that if restrictions had not been imposed that island would now have been practically a Chinese colony."

The Globe treats the matter editorially thus:—"England used her powder and shot to batter down Chinese exclusiveness. It is inconsistent at least for British people to act like Chinese. Much of the opposition to the admission of the Chinese is based upon inconsistency. If you listen to a discussion in St. John or in Quebec, among some classes of the people, you will learn that great danger threatens these cities because of the high price of labor. And yet the Chinese are to be kept out because their admission will cheapen labor! We do not believe that the general result of bringing more labor into this country would be to cheapen the price of labor. There are ten times as many workers and toilers of all kinds in the United States as there are in Canada, and yet wages are better in that country than in this. We want people in Canada to develop in some way our immense territories, and if we cannot get the European laborers had we better not take those of Asia? If our religion, civilization and development are better than theirs the best is sure to survive. The declaration of the Presbyterian General Assembly that "it is contrary to righteousness, to international courtesy and to British practice and treaties to discriminate in an odious way against the government and people of China" is a proposition that may be disputed, but it cannot be controverted successfully. Perhaps a tremendous influx of Chinese in a very short time might cause some inconvenience in Canada, as, indeed, a great influx of people from any country might, but on the broad principles of justice and fair play between nations, legislation against the Chinese is undoubtedly "odious." Let them come and by their labour help to enrich our country and be benefited in time by our civilization."

Dr. Percival, master of Rugby, preached in Westminster Abbey, recently. He referred to Lord Rosebery and horse-racing, taking as his text:—"Am I my brother's keeper?" and said the whole world appeared to have taken Cain's words as a motto. When an English nobleman patronized the turf, with its weedy growth of dishonesty and degradation, simply to gratify a feeling for excitement, and did not make an effort or stir a finger to reform it, he came under condemnation.

Sir John Thompson told some Nova Scotia members the other day that he did not expect prorgation until the middle of July.

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