

**ALL FOR LOVE.**

O talk to me not of a name great in a story;  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels though ever so plenty.  
What are the garlands and crowns to a brow that is  
wrinkled?  
'Tis but as a dead flower with May dew  
besprinkled:  
Then away with all such from the head that is  
hoary—  
What care I for the wreaths that can only give  
glory?  
O fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises  
'Twas less for the sake of thy high sounding  
phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one dis-  
cover  
She thought I was not unworthy to love her.  
There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found  
thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that sur-  
round thee;  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my  
story,  
I knew it was love, and felt it was glory.  
—Lord Byron.

**A DREAM AND A VISION.**

"You love me, Marguerite! Then, nothing shall part us; nothing but death!"  
Mark Thornton drew the graceful figure close to his breast, and the golden head rested tenderly there, while Marguerite Clyde's tender heart beat madly—troubled so wildly with its joys and rapture that it seemed as if it would break. "Nothing but death!" she repeated, lifting her shy blue eyes to her lover's noble face. "Oh, Mark, pray that we may both have long, long years to be happy in! The thought of giving you up is more bitter to me than death!"  
"You need never give me up, my sweet heart!" he returned. "This parting is only for a brief time; then we shall meet again, never to separate while we both shall live. Trust me, Rita; I will be true and faithful—true and faithful!"  
She shivered slightly, as though a cold wind was chilling her delicate frame, and clung closer to her lover. She was so frail, this little snow-drop—fair and delicate as a flower. Over her life there hung the shadow of an awful doom, for the deadly blight of consumption had already ventured to touch her fragile body. There were those among her friends who believed that Marguerite Clyde was not long for this world. Her parents had both succumbed to the dread scourge; a brother and sister had also crossed the soundless sea which washes the shores of eternity, and it had come to be believed, tacitly, that she too would be stricken down. She was in a decline, the physician had wisely decided, and must have change of air and scene. A journey to the south of France was prescribed, and a wealthy relative, Mrs. Dallas, had offered to accompany the young invalid thither. So, it was all arranged, and on the morrow Marguerite was to sail on the steamship New York. And Mark Thornton was saying good-bye to her. Ah! it was hard, bitterly hard to let her go so far away from him, and know that they might never meet again; to carry a sad heart in his breast all day, and lie awake at night to grieve over the enforced separation. A feeling of desolation, too terrible for expression, crept into the young man's breast. If he could only accompany his loved one! But that was impossible. All their future, should she be spared to him, depended upon his efforts. He was working early and late to make a home—a pretty home—for his darling; and Marguerite would not listen to his proposal to accompany her and Mrs. Dallas.  
"No, dear," she said, gently and decidedly. "I will go with Aunt Dallas; but you must remain at home, and when I come back to you—for I will return, dear—we will be so happy! Be brave and let me go, and I will come back to you well and strong."  
"Heaven grant it!" he cried, fervently, but oh, Rita, I feel such a strange foreboding of evil. I am not really superstitious, but I have an impression—a premonition, of impending sorrow."  
"Nonsense!" she cried with a sunny smile; but the smile was somewhat ghostly, and vanished like a wraith. "Do not give way to superstitious fancies," she added, "they are unworthy of you."  
And then Mrs. Dallas appeared upon the scene—a kindly motherly woman—who insisted that Marguerite was making too heavy draughts upon her strength by this interview with her lover, and so contrived to shorten the parting scene.  
The next day the New York steamed out of the harbour, with Marguerite and Mrs. Dallas on board, and Mark Thornton waving a last farewell to the two figures standing on deck. He watched the vessel until it was out of sight, then turned away, a feeling of sadness lying upon his heart like a stone.  
"I shall never see her again my poor lost darling," he said, hopelessly. "I feel it, know it! Oh Rita! Rita! my heart will break. This parting is more than I can bear!"  
But he was a man with a man's strong heart and capacities for endurance; so he went back to his lonely room and the daily grind of the office, and time dragged by.  
A letter came at last from the travellers.

They had arrived safely in Southampton, and were to speed by rail to the terminus of their journey. Rita was as well as usual, only very tired and weak. The letter brought a tiny ray of sunlight into his heart, and gave him courage for the future.  
Many weeks went by, and at last letters ceased to come. One, night in the silence and darkness of his lonely chamber, Mark Thornton awoke from a troubled dream. A dream in which he had seen his loved one lying cold and dead before him—her blue eyes closed forever, the white hands folded.  
He awoke with a nervous start, to find the corner of the room, opposite his bed, brightly illuminated. With a stifled exclamation he started up, and there, before him faintly outlined against the wall, a figure was dimly visible. It looked like the figure of a woman; and as he sat with dilated eyes fastened upon the apparition, he was startled by the sound of a voice—a low quivering voice, sighing upon the silence, like the wail of a wind harp:  
"Mark!" it said, in tremulous accents, "my beloved, I have come back to you!"  
And there, in that strange weird light, he caught a glimpse of a face; a pale, wan face, with an unearthly light upon it, and great, sad, blue eyes, and a cloud of sunny hair streaming over graceful shoulders. The face of Marguerite Clyde—the love of his life.  
Trembling, agonized, he sprang to his feet, and rushed to the corner of the room where the figure had seemed to be. But it was gone—and no trace of any living creature.  
His window stood open; he went over to it, and leaned upon the sill, and let the cool night breezes fan his troubled brow. She was dead, Rita—his Rita—he felt certain of it. She was dead, and her freed spirit had come to him as she had so often declared that it would come—to look upon his face once more. Stunned, paralyzed with intense suffering, Mark Thornton sank upon his knees before the open window, and prayed for help and comfort. He was weak and nervous, and to his troubled heart the vision appeared so real—the sound of her voice so palpable—that he could not shut out from his heart the conviction that the woman he loved was no more.  
All night he walked the floor of his room, his head bowed, his heart bleeding with bitter anguish. It was so cruel! He had worked and striven bravely. A home was all ready, at last, for his darling; and now, right in the moment of his victory, when fortune had smiled upon him, and all the world seemed fair and cloudless, she must die.  
In vain did he reason with the strange superstitious fancy. It had taken root in his mind, and added to the vague uneasiness was a more tangible trouble.  
He had not received a letter from Marguerite in many days. It must be true then; she was dead; and—oh, Heaven! how could he ever learn to live without her.  
Morning dawned upon as terrible a night as man had ever passed through. With the morning came an urgent summons to another city, a business summons. He left on the first train, and ten days elapsed before his return home. All this time he suffered intensely—acutely.  
She was dead; he was positive of it. The thought plunged his soul into the blackness of despair.  
He returned home at last, and once in his office, the first object that greeted him was a cablegram. He dared not open it—his heart failed him—his hand shook. Pale and trembling he stood holding the fatal document in his hand, when there was a rap at the office door. His lips moved, but no sound escaped them; the knob turned, and the door opened.  
He glanced up, and a wild cry escaped him. Was he mad? There, before him standing upon the threshold framed in by the open door, was Marguerite—his Marguerite! Upon her cheeks the faint tinge of returning health; the pallor and languor gone; her eyes sparkling, her form rounded; in short no longer an invalid, but perfectly restored.  
Words cannot portray that meeting. The cablegram, which had been waiting for him for ten days, had announced her intention of sailing upon the steamer Granada, returning home, with restored health—home to her loved one.  
And from that day to this, Mark Thornton maintains a discreet silence whenever the subject of spiritual manifestations is mentioned. He is convinced that they are all optical deceptions, and delusions, and snares.  
**Sentimental Views of Sin.**  
Mere sentimentality is out of place in dealing with crime. To make pets of ruffians, to seek to justify lawlessness because resorted to in order to right wrongs, real or imagined, or to attach any dignity to lawless acts because participated in by a great number of persons, shows a sad subservience to sentimentality on the subject of crime. We cannot forget that any such sentimentality is dishonoring to God. Nowhere in the Bible is crime lightly spoken of, or lawlessness regarded as a mere result of unfortunate environment.  
While in the sentimental treatment of crime we assume an attitude antagonistic to the honor of God, we assume also an attitude opposed to the welfare of the community in which the crime has been perpetrated.

When God gave Moses the Ten Commandments and the whole law with its minuteness of detail and comprehensiveness of purpose and definiteness of principle, he propounded a law good for every nation and every community. No community in which both saints and sinners dwell can devise better today. In matters of law we build best when we build according to the pattern which has been shown us in the Mount. But if laws are practically made to be broken, or the lawless spirit to be ignored, then laws are an aggravation and a curse to a community. Human nature resents law, and the very command, thou shalt or thou shalt not, rouses the spirit of perverseness that dwells within the heart. The forbidden fruit has a bloom seemingly possessed by no other. Unless, therefore, law is to be enforced it had better not be enunciated. Half-way prosecution is simply persecution. Away with the gibbets if no man is to be hanged. But law is a necessity. It deters man from the commission of wrong, even though it may not affect his heart. If it insures the punishment of the wrongdoer, so that he does no further wrong, or so that others by the fear of punishment are restrained from like evil deeds, the community is the gainer. The community being of more importance than the individual by so much as the whole is greater than its parts, the first practical use of the law is its benefit to the community. Law is not vindictive. It seeks the punishment of the offender, because it is the child of innate justice, and justice is ever alert to bring all creatures and all created things up to its unswerving measures and standards.  
While sentimental views of lawbreaking and sentimental petting of thieves, anarchists, murderers and criminals generally, are dishonoring to God and opposed to the best interests of any community; they are also contrary to the best welfare of the sinner himself. Punishment to be effective must punish. Otherwise it will never prohibit. Moreover the man who realizes that respectable people are busy making his crime any less horrible-looking than it really is, will lose any sense of penitence which prompt and sufficient punitive measures would be likely to produce. There seems to be no doubt that murderers who have been enabled by somebody's weak sentimentality to put off their day of doom have again and again been deluded into the expectation of escaping execution altogether. The concern of such has centered itself upon the escape from punishment in this life rather than upon preparation for eternity, a preparation already too long delayed. When sentimentality has done its best and failed in rescuing its object from death, who will say that it has not been responsible for the sinner's neglect of his opportunity for seeking and finding pardon and eternal life through repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ? For the triple reason, that divine righteousness may be honored, that the community may be safeguarded and that the sinner may know that sin is exceeding sinful, and that it is an evil and bitter thing to defy law, we must dismiss weak and maudlin sentimentality, go about establishing the righteousness of law and give to sin of every kind its proper name, and as far as possible, its due punishment.—*New York Observer.*  
**China's Innings.**  
The Times has received the following despatch from Shanghai, dated August 21: General Tio, commander of the Feng-Tien division of the Chinese forces, telegraphs as follows: "The Chinese on Friday attacked the Japanese forces at Ping Yang, driving them back with heavy loss a distance of eleven miles to Chung Ho. The Chinese made a second attack on Saturday and drove the Japanese from Chung Ho, which is now in Chinese hands. The Japanese again lost heavily in Saturday's fighting. Another great battle is expected today." Admiral Fremantle, the British Commander, has established the headquarters of his fleet provisionally at Che-Foo, where the British, Russians, and Italian Ministers now are. The Chinese fleet is enjoying full possession of the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li. The Japanese are re-embarking large numbers of troops at Fusan. Nothing is known regarding their destination. The Chinese force which occupied Yasan has evacuated that place and has marched eastward in the direction of Seoul. The force, which is under General Yieh, who was falsely reported to have been killed in a recent battle, has been augmented by the adhesion of numbers of sympathizing Koreans. The forces are converging on Ping Yang. The telegraph line at the latter point remains in the possession of the Chinese. Nine thousand Japanese troops have left Seoul and marched in the direction of Ping Yang. Two German Fathers of the Catholic mission at Si Ning Chu, in the southern part of the province of Shan Tung, have been captured by banditti and held for ransom. A Government posse sent in pursuit of the robbers has been unable to rescue them.  
Some of the methods of warfare used are ridiculously gruesome and harrowing. For instance, the Chinese, it is told, use the old-fashioned stink-pots (bowls slung on poles, and filled with sulphuric and other bad-smelling, deadly acids, which kill perhaps more quickly than a rifle shot). One stink-pot cast among

a dozen soldiers kills every man inside of a few seconds. The Mongols also resorted to wooden axes and to long bamboo poles. Many of them threw their guns away deliberately when they caught a glimpse of the enemy surrounding them like a demon-cloud. It is impossible to accurately describe the barbarities which these people practise in their methods of war, and also in their penal punishment in the times of peace.  
**Canadian Medical Association.**  
At the meeting of the Canadian Medical Association held in St. John, these officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Dr. Bayard. Vice-Presidents—Ontario, G. M. Shaw, Hamilton; Quebec, G. M. Armstrong, Montreal; New Brunswick, Murray MacLaren; Nova Scotia, R. A. H. Mackeen, Cow Bay; Manitoba, Dr. Blanchard, Winnipeg; N. W. Territories, C. Hamilton, Regina; P. E. Island, Peter MacLaren, Charlottetown; British Columbia, T. Edwards, Wellington. General Secretary—F. N. G. Starr, Toronto. Treasurer—H. B. Small, Ottawa. Local Secretaries—Ontario, K. N. Kenwick, Kingston. Quebec, G. Campbell, Montreal; New Brunswick, O. J. McCully, Moncton; Nova Scotia, W. H. Hatties, Halifax; Manitoba, J. Nelson, Winnipeg; N. W. Territories, Dr. Macdonald, Calgary; P. E. Island, R. Macneill, Stanley; British Columbia, W. A. Richardson, Victoria.  
**Woman Suffrage.**  
The Woman Suffragists have met with defeat before the New York Constitutional Convention, the convention voting—97 to 58—to accept the adverse report of the suffrage committee on the amendment striking the word "male" from the State constitution.  
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