

## KING SKATE.

With stealthy stride, o'er fleecy covered ways  
Old Winter glides and grips the silvery flood.  
Beneath his numbing grasp its action stays  
And stagnant stands all nature's circling blood.  
Then do I reign.

Then call I forth my subjects, myriad-told.  
Who long have cast th' enquiring eye for me,  
Straightway I bid grim winter's terrors hold!  
And fill the world with carnivals of glee.

Ha! Ha! right merry is my yearly reign,  
And ever welcome is my buxom day.  
The glow of health to faded cheeks again  
Right soon I bring, and all the world make gay.

I blow my blast, and swift th' opposing clans  
Whose doughty contests centre round "the  
puck,"  
Gather from farthest corners of the lands,  
In fiercest struggles of sustain-ed pluck.

Or gentle dames, and knights in serried ranks,  
Thread the nice measures of the icy maze.  
Whilst, midst the waltzers Cupid plays his pranks  
And few escape the ardor of his chase.

For what gives music like my glassy plane,  
Crystalline clear, and wind swept by the breeze,  
The poetry of motion mine attain;  
Who can compare with my fair Coryphees?

Who, then can boast of merry days like mine,  
Or who can hold so wide a sphere in thrall!  
I warm the hearts of millions with my wine,  
And winter's monarch I am crowned by all.  
—C. Turner, in *Outing*.

## YUSSUF.

"Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!"

The sound of the muezzin's greeting to the day rang clear and impressive through the keen, early morning air from the great Mosque of Fez, across the spacious yard of Kasbah, filled with the Cadi's drowsy guards; along the narrow streets, overhung with the ghostly habitations of the faithful; into the latticed windowed, low-ceilinged sleeping rooms of the only hotel in the "holy town of Fez" where an infidel may rest his thrice accursed body with tolerable safety.

The only infidel thus favored at the time of which we write was Hon. Hereward Trevayne. The call to prayers awoke him with a start. Springing from his bed, he went to the window overlooking the courtyard.

Impressed by the solemnity of the call of the muezzin, and by the marvellous beauty of the dawn, Hereward drew a deep breath; then, turning to dress, he murmured, aloud:

"Prayer is better than sleep." Ah, yes; some times, no doubt. Looking out of that window at the sunrise, for instance. But just now it strikes me rather forcibly that, so far as one individual is concerned, breakfast is better than either!"

Which soliloquy was no sooner ended than he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Yussuf! Yussuf!"

The door opened almost immediately, and a smooth, swarthy-faced Arab glided noiselessly into the room.

"Has the lord duke sufficiently rested his honorable bones?" he asked, with a low obeisance.

Yussuf's knowledge of English was remarkably good for a native, but it did not include an intimate acquaintance with Debreton or even Whitaker.

"My honorable bones," Trevayne replied, gravely, "are sufficiently rested; but my honorable stomach cries aloud that it has more than sufficiently rested. In plain English, Yussuf, breakfast, and as soon as you like!"

Yussuf bowed low and left the room as noiselessly as he had entered it.

After nearly three years' absence, from England Trevayne had worked his way back as far as Morocco. At Tangier, however, he had heard that a caravan was to start shortly from Fez into the interior, and with characteristic impulsiveness he suddenly decided to make one of the party, intending to return with a homeward-bound caravan, which, it was calculated, would be met within a few days' journey distant from Fez. He had accordingly, though not without a good deal of bother, settled all the necessary preliminaries.

That was a month ago, and the day of departure now appeared to be hardly any nearer. Sometimes, indeed, 12 or 18 months are spent in making ready the equipment for such a caravan. To Trevayne's inquiries every morning the cry was still the same.

"Inshallah! If it please God—tomorrow." But tomorrow the pigskin water bottles must be made water-tight by being filled with oil and left to dry in the sun. And then there are the dates to be pressed into the saddles to form comfortable cushions until required for food. And so on, almost, it seemed to Trevayne, to infinity.

Finally, after the 10,000 details of a caravan equipment have been attended to, there is the merry-making and feasting, which is invariably indulged in for a week or two previous to the actual start.

It was during these last few days that Hassan, who, with Yussuf, had been engaged by Trevayne as guide, was caught in the act of stealing some money belonging to the proprietor of the hotel. Trevayne dealt summarily with the thief for it was not his first offence. He took Hassan by the scruff of the neck, and kicked him vigorously all along the wide veranda, down the broad staircase, through the lengthy hall, and out of the grand entrance into the crowded street beyond.

Yussuf who had witnessed the incident with twitching fingers and a curious half closing of the eyes, turned to Trevayne and said, solemnly:

"It was well for him the Lord Duke chastised him, and did not hand him over to his tribe for the fitting reward of his sin."

"I suppose so," dryly remarked Trevayne.

"Yes, when Allah wills it," said Yussuf, "they open the thief's hands and slash a knife across them so"—and Yussuf ran the forefinger of his right hand diagonally across the palm of his left hand; "and then rub saltpetre into the wounds, and shut up the thief's hands and bind them; and he never steals again. And sometimes they hold a red hot iron to the eyes of the thief until they are gone, and the thief never again sees anything to steal. God is great," concluded Yussuf, piously shaking his head.

At last the camels' loads, after almost innumerable futile attempts, were satisfactorily arranged, and everything was ready. As usual, a short preliminary march was undertaken to test the mettle of the camels, and then the caravan fairly started on its tremendous journey.

Soon the holy city faded away in the distance; first the rambling, white, ghostlike houses, then the minarets, tall and stern, as if standing guard over their lowly brethren, and then the drooping palm trees, with their graceful outlines projected in jet black against the blue brightness of the sky, lingering on the horizon as if bidding a last reluctant good-by to the venturesome travellers.

Then on over the shifting sand dunes the vast procession ranged, until the sand becoming interspersed with sharp flinty stones, the caravan was halted in order that the camels' feet might be bound round and round with rags, making them look like huge boxing gloves.

Then the night fell, outposts were stationed half a mile or so distant, and the caravan was formed into a sort of square, but with the camels taking the place of the wagons and various impediments usually placed on the outside of the square. Inside big fires were kept blazing all the night through, for in the desert the nights are icy cold, harder to be borne by reason of the burning heat of the day. Trevayne wrapped up in his bur-nouse—for he had assumed the Arab costume—lay at a short distance from one of the fires, while not far from him lay Yussuf, asleep and snoring.

At last, just as Trevayne was dozing off, he thought he heard a slight crackling—a sound as of someone creeping towards him through the sand. Starting up into a sitting posture, he peered around him. For a moment he could see nothing, and then, by the light of the fire, he discerned a man crawling away on his hands and knees. When the intruder reached a spot where he thought he could not be seen, he turned his head. But Trevayne's sight was very keen, and he saw with a feeling of astonishment and something like dismay, that a knife gleamed between the teeth, and that the face was the face of Hassan, the dismissed guide. The object of the nocturnal visit was only too plain. Murder was writ large on the features of the treacherous villain. Revenge was doubtless the motive. But how did the cur come there?

Trevayne puzzled over the problem until the velvet darkness grew into an austere gray. Then, long before the sun was up, he was again startled, this time by a shout. Rising to his feet, he saw two or three Arabs running around and awakening the sleepers by the simple method of striking them a stinging blow with a long cane.

Yussuf soon came to arouse Trevayne in a more civilized manner, but finding him already awake, shot a rapid glance around to insure that no listeners were near, and then began in a low, agitated voice:

"It was well that the Lord Duke, not being of the true faith, himself punished the thieving Hassan. I, Yussuf, have seen Hassan in the caravan, and have heard from the lips of one who speaks truth that the chief of the caravan is of the same tribe. God is great, but a fear has sprung up in the heart of thy slave, even as a palm tree throwing a great shadow, for the dog Hassan is cunning, and seeks the life of the Lord Duke."

On the fourth day, when the sun was at its fiercest, and the heat was so oppressive that Trevayne had to gasp for breath that seemed to scorch his very lungs, the half dozen Arabs forming the advance guard were seen to suddenly converge to a point, and, after a brief consultation, turn their camels' heads and ride toward the caravan. Evidently something had been sighted, and that something might be the expected caravan, or it might be the dreaded Touaregs—those merciless pirates of the desert.

In an instant all was animation. The heat was forgotten. The camels were halted and the square formed as at night, while the motley collection of weapons with which the party were armed, comprising almost all kinds of firearms, were eagerly examined and made ready for use.

When these preparations were complete, and the outposts had been received into the square, a swirl of dust could be plainly seen advancing right down on the caravan. Then

the cloud of dust stopped and settled, and there rode out from it half a dozen Arabs, who soon made it known that their party, in fact, formed the looked-for caravan.

In a very short time the members of the two caravans were ejaculating praises to the prophet, and fraternizing in a most effusive manner. Trevayne was much struck by the gaunt, worn look of the newcomers. They had been away from home for two whole years, and their appearance showed that they had experienced the severest privations.

Far into the night the festivities extended, for the returning caravan would pass on its way on the morrow.

Every one was stirring very early the next morning, and preparations for the departure of the two caravans on their opposite courses were pushed forward with all speed. Yussuf had gone some little distance off to look after the baggage, when Trevayne saw Hassan walk up, and after casting a malicious glance at him, go a few steps further on and say something in a hurried manner to the chief of the caravan, who was standing close by, and who at once turned and gazed at Trevayne with a deep frown on his dark, scarred face. Then, before Trevayne could realize what was happening, Hassan stepped up, and thrusting his hand into the folds of Trevayne's haik, pretended to draw forth a small dagger. It was the varietal trick, most clumsily performed. The next moment, to Trevayne's utter amazement, he found himself surrounded by scowling Arabs, who, before he could defend himself in any way, pounced upon him, tied his hands behind him, and pushed him to where the chief was standing.

Now, however, the meaning of Hassan's insulting trick was apparent to Trevayne. No doubt the lying hound had professed to have discovered a plot to murder the chief, for whose benefit the dagger farce had evidently been enacted.

But he was wrong. Hassan's design was a far deeper one than he had conceived. Nor had he long to wait before making the discovery, for Yussuf, hearing the hubbub, rushed to the spot. In a minute he had grasped the situation. Wringing his hands, he grovelled at the feet of the chief and addressed him in tones of piteous entreaty. Trevayne glanced at the impassive Arab chief; at the imploring Yussuf; at his captors, armed to the teeth; at the motley crowd, attracted by the commotion; and the knowledge that he, the central figure, knew least about it all caused him impatience to break all bounds. In a loud voice he called Yussuf, who rose from the sand, and slowly came toward his master. There was a look of despair in Yussuf's eyes as he cried:

"God is great, but the Evil One is in our midst to work mischief. The dog of a thief has told the chief that thou—even thou, Lord Duke—has stolen his dagger, and he asks that thou mayst be punished as one of the true faith."

Then the full horror of the situation flashed upon Trevayne.

"Surely," he cried, as his face paled—"surely they won't cut my hands or burn out my eyes!" Then in a frenzy of fear he shouted: "Tell the chief that it was only a trick—tell him why that fiend did it—that he tried to murder me the other night."

Yussuf trembled. "Lord Duke," he said, sorrowfully, "I have done even as thou hast said, and more also, but the chief will not listen. He says that his eyes cannot lie."

"Tell him," cried Trevayne, in desperation, "that if I am harmed my people will come and kill him and all his tribe."

Yussuf translated the threat to the chief, who calmly replied:

"Kismet. It may come to pass even as the infidel sayeth. Let the infidel suffer the penalty of his crime." The chief made a sign with his hand, and then they went into his tent.

Justice is summarily dispensed in the desert. The sentence had been pronounced, and would be carried into effect on the spot. Trevayne was dragged forward. Three or four Arabs held him fast, while a couple more unbound his arms sufficiently to enable them to pull his hands over a bale of merchandise. One had brought a bowl of saltpetre, and another drew his knife ready to inflict the wounds which would effectually prevent the dog of an infidel from ever again robbing a true believer.

Trevayne had not tamely submitted to all this. Death he would have faced without turning a hair—but to be horribly maimed for life was far worse than death. And now a brazier of charcoal was brought, and Trevayne noticed with a thrill of terror that a small iron was sticking through the bars and was already nearly red-hot. Despite all his efforts to control himself, the agony of his fear overcame him and he struggled like a madman.

It was useless. His hands were forced open and the knife was actually uplifted, when, suddenly the chief reappeared, shouted a brief command and strode back to the tent. To Trevayne's inexpressible joy and bewilderment, the knife was slipped into its sheath and he was released from his bonds! Without another word, he was hurried along to the homeward-bound caravan, which was already on the move.

## ITCHING AND PIN WORMS. PILES

No More Misery.



Gives Instant Relief.

ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently it is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded. Females are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or Irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

INTMENT

PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same creeping, crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

## REFERENCES.

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

The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggists. Price—60 Cents. Mail address—EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada.



## COOKING, CYLINDER and PARLOR STOVES OF ALL KINDS.

Furnaces, Wire Flower Stands, Clapboards, Shingles, Bricks, Etc.

## UNION FOUNDRY COMP'Y.

Not until the caravan reached the Holy City did Trevayne become aware that Yussuf had not returned with him. After some deliberation on the subject, he came to the conclusion that the guide had been induced to throw in his lot with the outbound caravan. As to his own adventure, Trevayne decided that the Arabs had never intended to do anything more than frighten him.

On the morning of his intended departure for England, as he was finishing his breakfast at the hotel, he heard some one stumble into the passage leading into his room. He heard the intruder grope about outside, and then the door was pushed open. A native advanced into the room with a feeble, unsteady step. His head dropped forward, his chin upon his chest. Trevayne gazed curiously at his visitor, but in a moment his curiosity was replaced by pity, for he saw that there were black cavities where the man's eyes had been. He had evidently suffered the Arabs' diabolical punishment for theft. Trevayne's heart was touched. Concluding that the man was a beggar, he put his hand in his pocket for some money to give him, saying, impulsively: "My poor fellow—"

But as the native approached he stretched forth his hands imploringly, and Trevayne saw with a sickening feeling of horror that they were red and inflamed, and tightly closed. Blind and maimed for life! The remembrance of how narrowly and how inexplicably he had escaped the same terrible fate unmanned him. He was aroused by hearing a weak, quivering voice murmur, in heart-breaking accents of despair:

"They have burnt out my eyes, and never again shall I see thy face; and they have closed my hands, and never again shall I open them—and thou lord duke, thou knowest that I stole not the dagger!"

"Good God!", cried Trevayne. "Yussuf!"

## Credit to the C. P. R.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is doing a good thing as the following dispatch from Winnipeg testifies.

"Aided by the C. P. R., one hundred heads of families in Winnipeg, out of employment, will take up homesteads in the Edmonton district. All deserving men desiring to go are given most favorable terms, and every opportunity of bettering their selves."

THE DISPATCH is always willing to give credit, where credit is due, and the company certainly deserves credit for the practical step this wire shows it is taking.

GRANGER CONDITION POWDER They Remove Fever, Worms, Swell ed Legs. PURIFY THE BLOOD.

## WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Remedy.

Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggists for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Toronto, Canada.

Sold in Woodstock by Garden Bros. Druggists. Orders by mail promptly filled.

## Brewer &amp; Perley

Are paying the Highest Cash Prices for

## POTATOES

—AT THE—

## OLD KETCHUM STAND,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

and Call see them before selling elsewhere.

## Sleds. Sleds.

We are erecting a large building at East Florenceville for a

## General Carriage &amp; Repair Shop.

We will also build SLEDS and TEAM WAGGONS of any description that may be required.

## SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR SLEDS AT ONCE.

Bring your Sleigh or Carriage and have it Painted in a First-Class manner.

Money refunded if not satisfactory.

## S. B. &amp; W. S. CHARLTON.

J. B. McRAE,

## MERCHANT TAILOR,

(Shop over Merchants Bank)

MAIN STREET.

Custom Tailoring done promptly, and in the Latest Styles. Excellence of work guaranteed.