

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of the summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain,
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not—
A table will be spread.

What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread?
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it;
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance for the tears you weep.

Then, now, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seeds must fall today,
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown today in tears.

—Adelaide Proctor.

MUGGINS, A HERO.

He had neither the air nor the bold front of a hero. When my husband picked him up on the streets of St. Paul and brought him to our western home, he was about as disreputable a specimen of a street waif as one could find anywhere, with a curiously old expression on his features, and a great shock of fiery red hair that stood like an aureole around his face and gave him a ferocious air that it took a close acquaintance to dispel.

We had long needed a boy on the farm and he proved to be just what we wanted; with an ignorance of farm life and ways that sometimes led him to make queer mistakes, such as putting the collars on the horses wrong side up, or placing the wheels on the buggy wrong side out when removed for oiling; but these were things that never happened but once, as he was quick to learn, and seemed anxious to do as well as he could.

My own rosy-cheeked boy was four years old, a mischievous little darling, into everything and everywhere at once, and had it not been for Muggins I would have found it almost impossible to have kept track of him at all; but the two boys were great friends, and the older of the two took good care of little Paul, much of the time they were left together. We ourselves had never seen anything heroic in our "hired man," as we sometimes facetiously styled Muggins; and it was the second year of his stay with us we learned that personal beauty was wholly unnecessary as a covering for kingly spirit.

It was just after Christmas, and the winter, an unusually fine one, showed signs of settling down more stormily. My husband had let the hired man he had kept during the summer season go home, and with our boy was taking care of the stock, and doing the many chores attending farm life. This in itself was no small item, as we had several hundred head of sheep, besides horses and cows that required daily care.

It was a fine morning, though to the northward a bank of low-lying clouds might at any time resolve themselves into a blizzard. John and Muggins had gone to the barn and were attending to the stock as usual, when I was disturbed by the boy rushing in with terror written all over his face.

"Oh, missus! the boss has fell through the trap-door, and hurt himself pretty bad. I'm afraid," he exclaimed, gasping for breath. I was not long in arriving on the scene, and found my husband stretched out underneath the hatchway of the hay-mow groaning faintly, with one leg drawn up under him. I stood for a moment utterly dismayed. I knew nothing whatever of surgery, but knew we must get him in the house as soon as possible. This I realized would be no slight task, for he was a large heavy man, while we were both small, and neither of us gifted with much strength. The next thing would be to get a doctor; and I felt like losing what little presence of mind I still retained when I thought of the time that must elapse before a physician could arrive from the little town of Sanborn, eight miles away. Our nearest neighbor was nearly as far, and truly the situation was not the most cheerful in the world.

But the first thing to be done was to get the sufferer into shelter, and I was glad to profit by Muggins' advice, who proposed placing him in a small sleigh sometimes used to haul a few cakes of ice on when our cistern went dry, as it sometimes did during the long winter months. Rushing to the house, where I found all quiet, Paul sleeping soundly, I soon returned with an armful of wraps and quilts with which we lined the rude sled; and then by an exertion of our strength we placed John in it, in as comfortable a position as possible. The jar and movement made him moan, but we were powerless to help him there, and started for the house.

Luckily it was not far distant, and we soon got there, both of us nearly exhausted. We

had no time to rest, for the air was full of particles of floating frost and the clouds to the northward were covering half the heavens now, while the wind, that had freshened considerably, whistled and moaned with a keen stormy sound that betokened a blizzard. We carried our load into the house and placed him, still unconscious, on the bed. Then I turned to Muggins. His face showed signs of sympathy in the tears that were rolling down his cheeks, but he conquered even this expression of feeling when he saw me looking at him; and pulled himself up with an odd assumption of manliness that at any other time would have seemed very amusing in a twelve-year-old boy.

"Well, missus, just tell me what to do and I'll do it," he said, eyeing me closely, then as a sudden thought came to him, "Oh! do you want me to go for the doctor?"

Much as I might have otherwise might have hated to send this lad out into the storm that was now gathering momentarily strength and fierceness, there was clearly no alternative. My husband's life for aught I knew, might be hanging in the balance, so I said, "Yes, take Fannie and ride as fast as you can. Tell Doctor Smith to come at once, and don't spare the horse. Wait a minute," for he was already half way out the door, "I'll give you a note for the doctor," and I sat down and penned a line to him stating the urgency of the case, and imploring him to use all possible speed.

He was an old schoolmate of John's and I knew would lose no time. As I handed the note to Muggins and saw the resolution imprinted on every feature of his face, the thought came to me that I might be sending this child to meet a lonely death on the open prairie, and I stooped down and kissed the little cheek next to me.

"God bless you, ma'am," with a choking sob in his voice, and the next moment I was alone with my sick husband and little boy. The latter soon awoke and required attention, though not before I done all I could for John. He still lay in a death-like stupor, insensible to all about him, save that now and then he would utter a low, faint groan that was an evidence of the pain he was suffering.

Of the monotonous and dreary waiting of that day the recollection has never left me, and never will. Little Paul played around, wondering once in a while what made papa so quiet, while I prayed for the arrival of the doctor. Outside the air was full of fine snow, flying with great velocity, driven by a wind almost a gale. I feared for the boy, and in imagination seemed to see him bewildered, lose his way and sink down in the cruel snow to die with his errand yet undone. I thought anything would be better than the terrible suspense. I moved about the household duties mechanically and as quietly as possible. I thought anything would be preferable to sitting idly down and waiting.

Time passed away until the last hope nearly died within me. I think I fainted—at least a space of time was as a blank to me; and the face of the old family clock that from girlhood had looked down on my joys and sorrows seemed for the first time positively untruthful. While I was still wondering where the hour could have gone, I was both startled and cheered by the faint, far-off jingle of bells; and in a minute more the genial face of Dr. Smith was looking down upon me.

I pointed to the bed, and then, for a certainty, I fainted dead away. When I came to my senses once more the doctor and the man he had brought with him had finished setting John's limb, and had restored him to consciousness. The doctor explained that his long swoon had been caused by his striking partly on his head when he fell; then as I looked inquiringly around, he said, "What a jewel of a boy that is of yours," and went on to tell me the story of Muggins' trip. As I feared he had gone but a short distance when he became bewildered, and not daring to trust the horse to her own head for fear she would carry him directly home he kept travelling on, mile after mile, till finally the animal floundered in a larger drift than usual and falling, threw him heavily in the snow. When he picked himself up he found to his dismay that it was impossible to get Fanny on her feet again; so slipping her bridle off he left her to her fate, and started ahead on foot. He had no idea where he was going, but kept trudging bravely on, determined to reach some habitation and send relief to us.

Twice he fell and got "most asleep," he told the doctor, but conquering the drowsiness instinct warned him would be fatal, he kept on going, until at last, by chance the doctor said, but led by Providence I claimed, he stumbled through a doorway of a house in the outskirts of Sanborn. He was so utterly exhausted that speech failed him, but drawing the note from his pocket he held it out toward the master of the house, and then a blessed unconsciousness came to him, and he knew no more.

The note was not long in reaching its destination, and the doctor stopped to see the boy on his way to our place. He was shocked to find his hands, feet and face all more or less frozen. Leaving directions for his treatment he kept on, and his eyes had a suspicious moisture as he finished telling me the history of Muggins' journey.

"I tell you, that lad has the stuff in him

heros are made of," he said in conclusion, and when a few days later he brought Muggins home with him that individual put on a shamefaced air at the reception we gave him.

Years have passed since then. The one-time street boy is now a member of our family in very truth, and we none of us doubt his ability to show proof of his heroism as he did once before, should opportunity again require.

A CLERGYMAN'S LETTER

Magnificent Work Accomplished in St. Anne's Parish.

The Sick and Diseased Made Well by Paine's Celery Compound.

Thousands in the Commercial Metropolis know what the Great Spring Medicine Has Done.

In the great archdiocese of Montreal, the parish of St. Anne's is one of the largest and most important. The parish is a populous one, and the work of the dozen or more clergymen who devote their time and talents to the spiritual and charitable interests of the people, is heavy and never-ending.

In this thickly settled and congested parish the sick and suffering are numerous, but christian help and consolation is ever near in the hour of danger. In scenes of sickness and disease this great parish has been blessed by an agency that has saved thousands of lives in other parts of our dominion. We now refer to that marvellous medicine Paine's Celery Compound, so well and favorably known in every Canadian home.

The popular clergymen of St. Anne's have, from time to time, heard wonderful reports from their parishioners of the magnificent work accomplished by Paine's Celery Compound. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters have been raised to health and strength. Those pronounced incurable by physicians have been snatched from the jaws of death.

The Rev. P. Rioux, one of St. Anne's most popular clergymen, knowing about the good work done by Paine's Celery Compound, and having experienced most satisfactory results from its use in his own case, writes as follows:—

"I am fully convinced both by personal experience and by the statements of many parishioners entrusted to my care, that the celebrated medicine Paine's Celery Compound deserves a high recommendation. I, therefore, willingly indorse the testimonials already given in its behalf."

Of Interest to Women.

A dexterous French feat is that of growing hair along the forehead of women with whom nature has been cruel in arranging for the hair to grow growing hair along the forehead of the hair springs in an ugly, irregular line. From other parts of the head short, new, sprouting hairs are delicately extracted and replanted along the top of an uncomely forehead. This system of repotting hair is done according to the rules nature observes in the management of her hair crops, and after about three months of careful, regular attendance daily at the office of a specialist a woman comes forth brow'd like a Madonna or the glorious Greek Venuses, just as she may have selected. The inventor of the new process clings boldly to the argument that no woman can ever expect to lay any claim to beauty whose forehead is, as he expresses it, "ungracefully draped," and that of all beautiful women, he never found a face that for half its charms did not depend upon the lovely draping of the forehead. All the qualities of mind and soul lie like hidden treasures behind this fair white wall; therefore, saving the eyes, it is the most important feature in a woman's face. Modern training, he argues, has enlarged the size of women's heads nearly a half inch all round, and added a half inch of what he chooses to call "bald space" to her forehead's depth. The increase in the head's size has taken from perfect feminine grace, and the widening of the forehead from eyebrows to hair-roots has nearly destroyed the low Madonna-browed woman, the type of most perfect loveliness. She has almost disappeared, he finds, in this present generation, and in the next will probably be obsolete; and yet the major portion of the women who come to him for treatment take the Madonna for their pattern.

Pleasing Qualities in Woman.

If it were asked what is the quality that renders woman most pleasing to her fellow creatures, it might be answered: First, pleasure in her fellow-creatures, then pleasure in herself. Individuality has a charm of its own, and beauty lies, to a great extent, in the eye of the beholder. It is within the grasp of all women to seem attractive, and in

ITCHING AND PIN WORMS.

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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.

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.

ITCHING PILES 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. Kito. 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.

order to attain this end good health is a sine qua non, and then a constant attention to the minor details of the toilet will accomplish the rest. She well-groomed, soignée woman's great attraction depends not so much on actual beauty of feature, but on the scrupulous care bestowed on the hair, the hands, and last, but by no means least, the healthy condition of the complexion.—*Godley's Magazine*.

From thy fair face I learn, O my loved lord,
That which no mortal tongue can rightly say:
The soul imprisoned in her house of clay,
Holpen by thee, to God hath often soared.
And though the vulgar, vain, malignant horde
Attribute with their grosser wills obey,
Yet shall this fervent homage that I pay,
This love, this faith, pure joys for us afford.
Lo, all the lovely things we find on earth
Resemble for the soul that rightly see
That source of bliss divine that gave us birth:
Nor have we first-fruits or remembrances
Of heaven elsewhere. Thus, loving loyally,
I rise to God, and make death sweet by thee.
—*Michael Angelo, translated by J. A. Symonds.*

Suicides in Europe.

According to statistics which have just been published, it appears that in the last four years 26,000 persons have killed themselves in France, whereas in Italy, with a population almost equal, the number of suicides during the same period was only 8,000. M. Henri Fouquier explains that in Italy the Roman Catholic religion is still strongly rooted in the population, and that it acts as a deterrent against self-destruction. Moreover, if Italy is not so rich a country as France, poverty there is less severely felt, and more easy to bear, than in France, thanks be to Italian sunshine and blue sky. Passing on to examine what may be called the quality of the suicides in the two countries, M. Fouquier points out that in Italy self-destruction is in most cases the result of a love drama, whereas in France, out of an average of 6,500 suicides a year, there are not more than about 300 that can be classed as suicides of passion. In France money, or, rather, the lack of it, is the cause of self destruction. M. Fouquier considers that about 2,000 suicides a year may be due to insanity; but he points out that it is now demonstrated by the statistics that in France 4,000 persons a year, that is to say, about ten persons a day, hang, drown, or stifle themselves with the fumes of charcoal, or blow out their brains, because they are ruined, because they are prosecuted by their creditors, because they cannot earn enough to procure food, and are dying of starvation.

Canadian Stud Books.

OTTAWA, March 6.—The Live Stock Association have persistently pressed on the attention of the minister of agriculture what they consider a gross injustice in reference to the recognition of Canadian herd and stud books by the United States customs department. These books were recognized for many years until the United States treasury regulations of 1893 prevented such recognition, and insisted on entry in the United States herd and stud books in order to obtain the admission of pedigreed stock from Canada to the United States. There never was a question of the high standard of the Canadian stud books. The Canadian stock associations and others interested in pedigreed animals made representations to a committee of the house of commons last session and to the minister of agriculture to take the necessary measures to have the Canadian books recognized as before. The necessary representations were, therefore, officially made through the governor-general on report of the minister of agriculture. The answer from the United States authorities in point of fact constitutes a negative by not directly replying to the question in Hon. Mr. Angers' report. The consequence is another representation has been officially made by the governor-general on the report of the minister of agriculture, and the answer to this is awaited.

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