

CANTERBURY BELLS.

Canterbury bells, ring softly, softly,
Over the cloisters gray!
With a slow and solemn chime thro' the eventide
Your echoes steal away;
Centuries have rolled, the while you told
How passing years take flight,
Yet still your music falls o'er towers and walls—
And I meet with my love tonight!

Canterbury bells, swing softly, softly,
Down in the garden green!
In the clear unsullied air of twilight there
Your carillons are seen;
Beauty is but brief, O flower and leaf,
And life like a dream takes flight—
Yet glow ye through the gloom, when by your
bloom
I meet with my love tonight!

Canterbury bells, peal softly, softly,
All through the evening sky!
Let your kindly blessing float as from lips remote
While gracious hours go by;
Canterbury bells, blue, white, and rosy,
Ring for our delight,
With a sweet and tender tone, as from worlds
unknown.
When I meet with my love tonight!

—Pall Mall Budget.

SOME LANDMARKS
OF JERUSALEM.

Those who go to Jerusalem with faith are apt to have their faith strengthened; those who go to Jerusalem without faith are likely to have something very like faith away. The Christian Messiah to the ordinary mind the world over, is an idea, a myth, a sentiment, or a religion. In Jerusalem he becomes a reality. If he was not of Divine origin he was at least a man; the only perfect being who ever lived, and he lived for a time in Jerusalem. The Mohammedans, as well as the Jews and the Christians, consider Jerusalem a Holy City. To the followers of the prophet it comes next to Medina, after Mecca; to the Christians it is not exceeded in holiness even by Rome; and to the Hebrews it is the one Holy City in the world. The altitude of Jerusalem is a surprise to the visitor who comes here for the first time. He knows, of course, that it is a mountain city, and that it was built upon Mount Zion and Mount Moriah; but he does not realise, until he makes the gradual ascent, that it is about twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and nearly four thousand feet above the surface of the Dead Sea. As high on the one side as the Catskill Mountain House; as high on the other as the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

Jerusalem is a city of surprises. It is, apart from its sacred associations, an intensely interesting spot even to travellers who are already saturated with the hitherto unfamiliar and surprising charms of Cairo, Athens, and Constantinople. Its size can best be expressed by the statement that the journey round about the outside of its walls may be made by an ordinarily rapid walker in the space of an hour. Its houses are small, of irregular shape, squalid, and mean. Its streets, if streets they can be called, are not named or numbered; they are steep, crooked, narrow, roughly paved, never cleaned, and in many instances they are vaulted over by the buildings on each side of them. Never a pair of wheels traverse them, and rarely is a horse or a donkey seen within the walls. The halt, the maimed, and the blind, the leprosy, and the wretchedly poor, form the great bulk of the population of Jerusalem, and with the single exception of the Hebrews they are persistent and clamorous beggars. Trade and commerce seems to be confined to the bare necessities of life, and to dealers in beads and crucifixes. There is but one hotel, and that not a good hotel, within its walls; and one Turkish merchant, who displays in his little windowless, doorless shop a small assortment of silver charms, trinkets, and *bric-a-brac* to the gaze of the passer-by, is almost the only vendor of anything like luxuries in the place. His customers, of course, are the pilgrims who come to see, and not to worship.

Jerusalem is unique as a city in which everything is serious and solemn and severe. It has no clubs, no bar-rooms, no beer-gardens, no concert-halls, no theaters, no lecture rooms, no places of amusement of any kind, no street bands, no wandering minstrels, no wealthy or upper classes, no mayor, no aldermen, no newspapers, no printing presses, no book-stores—except one outside the walls, for the sale of Bibles—no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one dances, no one laughs in Jerusalem; even the children do not play.

The Jews, it is said, form almost two-thirds of the population of the city. They occupy a section which covers the greater part of the eastward slope of Zion, and the Jewish Quarter is the most wretched in the whole wretched town. Its inhabitants are quiet and subdued in bearing; they make no claims to their hereditary rights in the Royal City of their kings; they simply and silently and patiently wait. The Wailing Wall of the Jews, so wonderfully painted by Vereschagin, is, perhaps, the most realistic sight in Jerusalem today. In a small, paved, oblong, unroofed enclosure, some seventy-five by twenty feet in extent, and in a most inaccessible portion of the town, is the mass of ancient masonry which is generally accepted as having been a portion of the outside of the actual wall of the Temple itself. Against these rough stones, every day of the week, but especially on Friday, and at all times of the day, are seen Hebrews of all countries,

and of all ages, of both sexes, rich and poor alike, weeping and bewailing the desolation which has come upon them and upon the city of their former glory. Whatever may be their faith, it is beautiful and sincere; and their grief is actual and without dissimulation. They kiss the walls, and beat their breasts, and tear their hair, and rend their garments; and the real tears they shed come from their hearts and their souls as well as from their eyes. They ask for no backsheesh; they pay no attention to the curious and inquisitive heretics and Gentiles who pity while they wonder at them. They read the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the mournful words of Isaiah; they wait for the days that are gone; and they pray to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob that they may get their own again.

About one-sixth of the inhabitants of Jerusalem are followers of Mohammed. They believe in the prophets of the Old Testament, in the Christ of the New Testament, and in their own prophet, whom they consider, of course, the greatest of them all. Their chief sanctuary here is the dome of the rock, commonly known to travellers as the Mosque of Omar, standing on the site of Solomon's Temple. The enclosed space on Mount Moriah is called by the Moslems the Haram, or Sacred Place, and in their minds it is peculiarly associated with Mohammed himself, for the dome, the most prominent of its many buildings, covers that mass of Jerusalem limestone which to Jew and Gentile and Moslem alike is the most interesting rock in the world. Upon this rock, according to very ancient tradition, Abraham worshipped and was ready to offer up Isaac as a sacrifice. Upon it David erected an altar. Upon it Elijah and the Messiah prayed; and from it, once, Mohammed ascended up into Heaven. It is said to hang suspended in the air seven feet above the ground; and the present Turkish custodians affirm, in the most solemn tones, that its visible supports of masonry are merely placed there in order to support it in event of the removal of the miraculous power which supports it now. In a cavern at its base Mohammed is said to have rested, after making his super-human and super-equine journey from Mecca to Jerusalem in a single night; and from thence, on a celestial steed furnished by the Archangel Michael, he is believed to have passed through a still visible hole in the rock to the upper world; the rock following him until it was stopped in its flight by the angel and left, as we now see it, floating in the air!—*Lawrence Hutton, in Harper's Magazine.*

"A Thousand Thanks."

Rev. M. E. Siple, of Whitevale, Ont., writes, July 24th, 1894:—"I had suffered indescribable torture for two years or more, that is at times, from dyspepsia. Fearful pain and load in stomach, pain between shoulders, and sensation as of being pulled right in two, in small of back. I dieted, used patent medicines, all to no use. Your K. D. C., third dose, completely relieved me, and four bottles, I believe, have cured me. A thousand thanks I can study, preach, and do my work now with energy and satisfaction, as of yore."

A Lenten Thought.

There is a stage beyond exile in the wandering of a lost man; it is reached when the sense of wrong-doing has gone and the soul accepts its degradation as a normal condition; this is hell. The mediæval theology laid great stress on hell and on being saved from hell, meaning in both cases not so much sin as the consequences of sin. But the real hell is not compounded of penalties; it is made up of unconscious degradation. A man is in hell, not when he is suffering, but when he is separated from God and does not know that he is separated. A man suffers only when he is alive; he is dead when he ceases to suffer. Suffering for wrong-doing is not to be deplored; it is to be welcomed, for it means that there is yet life in the soul. It is insensibility which is terrible. When a man is being brought back from some kinds of unconsciousness, his agonies are appalling; but every one rejoices in them, because they mark the return to life; they are welcome, however hard to bear. It is permanent insensibility which brings despair, because it means death. The man of righteous nature wants to suffer when he has done wrong, because his very anguish assures him of returning health and confirms his faith in that inviolable integrity which gives life its worth and its promise of immortality. So long as we have the power of consciously suffering for our sins, we are not lost; there is a still deeper hell; the hell of moral insensibility. To that hell the son who had left his father's house to become first a wanderer and then an exile sank at last; he ceased to be a man; the animal vanquished the spiritual, and he became the companion of brutes, and was glad to eat husks with the swine. God had not lost him, but he had lost himself; he had sunk to the companionship of beasts, and did not realize it; he was in hell. The world measures the magnitude of sin by the penalties which accompany it; God measures it by the disintegration which it works in the nature of the sinner. Nothing is more misleading than the view of life which sees the wrong-doer going on unpunished. The wrong-doer never goes unpunished. Every sin is instantly fol-

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lowed by punishment. Men do not see this, because they hold a view of punishment so superficial that it includes only tangible and visible penalties. A man may violate every law of honest dealing, but if he gets rich he is said to have escaped punishment; and yet every dishonest act has left its record on a soul that has shrunk and shrunk until it has become mere husk. The awful penalty of sin is the devastation which it works in the soul; in the deadening of high sensibilities, the coarsening of fine feelings, the eclipse of noble ideals, the loss of rich resources; in the slow and terrible severance of the man from the greatness and glory of his life. Amid all the varied forms of misery which one sees in this world, none is so tragic as the spectacle of a human soul sunk in the mire of the earth's corruption, and unconscious of the fact that the mountains are its natural home and the stars its fit companions. The deepest hell is not a place of suffering; it is the great opportunity, not only lost, but forgotten; the soul becomes, not only corrupt, but content.—*The Outlook.*

Curiosities in Bank of England Notes.

No note out of the fifty or sixty thousand now issued daily, is says, Mr. H. J. W. Dam, in "McClure's Magazine" ever issued twice. If, as a depositor, you should draw any amount in notes at the bank and pay them back into your account ten minutes afterwards, they would be canceled. So, also, any other notes received by you from any other bank in London are always new ones, crisp from the Bank of England presses of the day before. The signature is cut off immediately a note is paid in, and the Cancellation Department proceeds to file them in their regular order, taking notice and keeping account of all notes which have not been returned.

One of the curiosities of this department is a twenty-five-pound note which was paid in after being out for one hundred and eleven years. The bank-note library is also here, with albums containing old bank-notes of various large amounts, with the names of the noblemen for whom they were issued. There is also the million-pound bank-note a bit of paper which, in its day, was worth \$5,000,000, was issued for convenience in closing an undertaking of unusual moment. The records of this department are of invaluable assistance in checking forgery, and the canceled notes, which are kept for about a period of five years before being burned, are constantly under examination by Scotland Yard detectives in search of stolen money or other people whose notes have been lost. The strange stories of single notes which this department can furnish are many, and are ready-made plots for any number of romances but they are too numerous to mention in this article.—*Etc.*

Paper Water Pipes.

The experiments with the new paper pulp pipes, which are made on pretty much the same principle as the fibre pail, have demonstrated, it is said, that the idea will eventually prove successful. As it now stands, the hand-made pipes, formed from crudely worked and irregularly subdued pulp, are not very attractive in appearance, nor well enough made to warrant that they will stand the wear and tear to which street pipes are subject. With each new test of the proposed pipes, a step, we are told, in advance is made, and this would seem to indicate that after a few more trials perfection will have been attained. The matter as it now stands is given as follows:—Paper pulp, in which there is a fairly good fibre, is agitated with water and run into moulds, and cast into the form of the ordinary water pipe. The same moulds that are used in connection with casting iron pipes are employed. The mode of procedure is substantially the same. Of course, there are various strengthening materials compounded with the pulp, otherwise it would not stand any great pressure.—*Inventions.*

K. D. C. cures Dyspepsia.

"Blacked Out."

The latest example of press censorship in Russia: In the February number of "Little Folks" appeared a short article on the Czar, concluding with the following words he had spoken to the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales: "Good-by, my dears. You are going back to your happy English home, and I to my Russian prison." Copies of the publication which have been received by Russian subscribers have had the entire article "blacked out."—*The Westminster Gazette.*

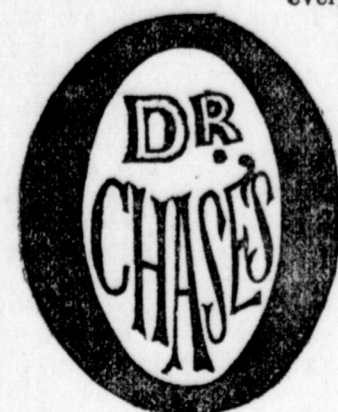
I do not want to vote, she said,
I hate this suffrage rant,
But I don't want some horrid man
To tell me that I can't.
—Unknown Exchange.

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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.

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OINTMENT

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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.

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Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned have been appointed assessors of rates in and for the Town of Woodstock for the present year. All persons owning property in the town will, within twenty days give in a statement of their property and income as provided by law. Date: this 27th day of March, 1895.
JOHN McCORMAC, Assessors
J. A. HAYDEN, Town of
W. P. CRAIG, Woodstock.