

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A right to tread so softly
Beside the couch of pain;
To smooth with gentle fingers
The tangled locks again;
To watch beside the dying
In wee small hours of night,
And breathe a consecrating prayer
When the spirit takes its flight.

A right to cheer the weary
On the battlefields of life;
To give the words of sympathy
Amid the toil and strife;
To lift the burden gently
From sore and tired hearts;
And never weary of the task
Till gloomy care departs.

A right to be a woman
In truest woman's work;
If life should be a hard one,
No duties e'er to shirk;
A right to show to others
How strong a woman grows
When skies are dark and lowering
And life bears not a rose.

A right to love one truly,
And to be loved back again;
A right to share his fortunes
Through sunshine and through rain;
A right to be protected
From life's most cruel blights
By manly love and courage—
Sure these are women's rights.

—Boston Transcript.

HOW A RUN ON THE BANK WAS STOPPED.

There was a run on the Sandhill and District bank. It had lasted the whole of one day, and had shown no signs of abating in the evening. If it lasted another day! Old Mr. Bradshaw wiped his brow. It had come just at the most awkward time—just after the farmers had got their usual loans, just when securities were hard to realize; in fact, just at the moment when the bank, though in reality solvent, was emphatically not in a position to answer a long-continued demand for payment on the spot. Mr. Bradshaw groaned out all these distressing facts to his son Dick.

"We shall have to put the shutters up. One day's grace would save us, I believe; we could get the money then. But if they're at us again tomorrow morning, we can't last two hours."

Dick sympathized, but had nothing to suggest, except that it would not make matters worse if he carried out his engagement to go to the circus with the Flirtington girls.

"Oh, go to h—l with the Flirtington girls, if you like," groaned Mr. Bradshaw.

So Dick went—to the circus (the other expedition, as he observed, would keep), and enjoyed the performance very much, especially the lion taming, which was magnificent, and so impressed Dick that he deserted his companions, went behind the scenes, and insisted on standing Signor Philippini several glasses.

"Is that big chap quite safe?" he asked admiringly.
"I can do anything with 'im," said the Signor (whose English was naturally defective); "but with anyone else 'ese a roarer, 'e is, and no mistake."

After the performance Dick took the Flirtington girls home; then, with a thoughtful look on his face, he went and had some talk with his father, and came away, carefully placing a roll of notes in his breast pocket. Then he sought Signor Philippini's society once more. And that's all that is really known about it—if, that is, we discard the obviously fanciful statement of Fanny Flirtington, that as she was gazing at the moon at 2 a. m. she saw a heavy wagon, drawn by two horses and driven by Signor Philippini, pass along the street in the direction of the bank.

However these things may be, this is what happened next morning: When the first of the depositors arrived at 7 a. m., they found one of windows of the bank smashed to pieces and the shutter hanging loose. A cry went up that there had been a robbery, and one or two men began to climb in. They did not get far before a fearful roar proceeded from the neighbourhood of the counter. They looked at one another, and said it would be more regular to wait for the officials. The roars continued. They sent for Mr. Bradshaw. Hardly had he arrived (accompanied by Dick, breathless and in shirt sleeves) before the backmost rows of the now considerable crowd became agitated with a new sensation. The news spread rapidly. Frantic men ran to and fro; several ladies fainted; the circus proprietor was sent for. A lion had escaped from the menagerie, and was supposed to be at large through the town!

"Send for Philippini!" cried the proprietor. They did so. Philippini had started early for a picnic in the country, and would not return till just before the performance in the evening. The proprietor was in despair.

"Where's the beast gone to?" he cried.
A man from the bank answered his question.

"Well, I'm blowed if he's not in the bank!" exclaimed the proprietor.
It certainly appeared to be the fact that Atlas (that was the lion's name) had taken refuge in the bank, and was in full possession of the premises and assets. Under these circumstances there was, Mr. Bradshaw explained, a difficulty in resuming cash payments; but if his checks would be accepted—the crowd roared almost as loud as Atlas at such an idea. Something must be done. They sent for the Mayor: he repudiated liability. They sent for the fire brigade and the life-boat crew; neither would come. They got guns, and peppered the furniture. Atlas retired behind the fireproof safe and roared worse than ever. Meanwhile, the precious hours were passing. Mr. Bradshaw's money was also on its way from London. At last Dick took a noble resolution.

"I will go in at any cost," he cried, and, in spite of Fanny Flirtington's tears, he scaled the window and disappeared from view. The crowd waited to hear Atlas scrunching, but he only roared. When Dick

was inside, he asked in a low voice: "Is he chained?"

"Yes," answered Signor Philippini from behind the safe. "Is the Aunt Sally business over?" and he came out with a long pole in his hand. He used the pole to stir poor Atlas up when the roars became deficient in quantity and quality.

"The money ought to be here in three hours," said Dick. "Have you got the back door key?"

Philippini reassured him. Then Dick took a wild running leap at the window; Philippini stirred up Atlas, who roared lustily. Dick escaped with his life, and landed, a breathless heap, at the mayor's feet. The mayor raised him, and said he should write to Her Majesty and suggest that Dick would be a proper recipient of the Albert Medal, and the Vicar (who had no money in the bank) indignantly asked the crowd if they could not trust a family which produced scions like that.

Several people cried, "Hear, hear!" and told Mr. Bradshaw that they never really meant to withdraw their deposits. Mr. Bradshaw thanked them, and looked at his watch.

At half-past three Philippini ran up; he also was breathless, and his shoes were dusty from walking in the country. At once he effected an entry, amid a scene of great excitement. A moment later he appeared at the window and cried in terror:—"I can't 'old 'im! I can't 'old 'im! 'E's mad! Look out for yourselves!" and he leaped from the window.

The crowd fled in all directions, and two boys were all but run over by a cart which was being driven rapidly from the railway station to the bank.

"All right," said Dick to the Signor; "bring up the waggon. And, then with great difficulty and consummate courage, the Signor and Dick brought an iron cage up to the window, and drove Atlas in. The operation took more than an hour, because they had to feed Atlas and drink a bottle of champagne themselves before they set about it. So that it was about six o'clock before Atlas was out, and the money was in, and the Sandhill Bank opened its doors for business.

"We gained just the time we needed," said Mr. Bradshaw. "It was dirt-cheap at fifty pounds!"

And Dick, although he did not get the Albert Medal, was taken into partnership, and married Fanny Flirtington. It was the only way of preventing her seeing things she was not meant to see out of the window at 2 a. m. and chattering about them in public.

Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers is the best, handiest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentlemen's favorite.

Sunday Afternoon Concerts.

Under the direction of some of the residents of Andover House, Boston, a series of concerts given on Sunday afternoons during the past winter has just come to a successful conclusion. The concerts were planned to provide good music in the "South End" of the city, for audiences of people who otherwise would have no opportunity of hearing anything but the common and trivial music of the streets and theatres. The concerts, ten in number, have been attended by average audiences of 450 persons, and their success in an experimental stage has encouraged the promoters to plan for another series to be given next winter. A striking fact about these concerts has been that the very best professional musicians in Boston showed the utmost willingness to play when they were asked, and after each concert expressed their pleasure and gratification at the audience and its appreciation. That audiences drawn from "the people" can appreciate good music is proved by the examination of the programmes, which contain such names as Schumann, Mendelssohn, Bach, Gluck, Ries, Massenet, Rubinstein, Verdi, Haydn, Saint-Saens, Gade, Boccherini, Taubert, Handel, and Beethoven. Handel's "Largo," for example, arranged for ten violins and piano, aroused great enthusiasm. It is to be hoped that next season the promoters of the concerts will be enabled to considerably enlarge the scope of the concerts.—*The Outlook.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best alternative, diuretic, and blood purifier ever produced.

Here's a State of Things.

Science, dear Lady Betty, has diminished hope, knowledge has destroyed our illusions, and experience has deprived us of interest. Here, then, is the authorized dictionary of discontent:—

- What is creation? A failure.
- What is life? A bore.
- What is man? A fraud.
- What is woman? Both a fraud and a bore.
- What is beauty? A deception.
- What is love? A disease.
- What is marriage? A mistake.
- What is a wife? A trial.
- What is a child? A nuisance.
- What is the devil? A fable.
- What is good? Hypocrisy.
- What is evil? Detection.
- What is wisdom? Selfishness.
- What is happiness? A delusion.
- What is friendship? Humbug.
- What is generosity? Imbecility.
- What is money? Everything.
- What is everything? Nothing.
- Were we, perhaps, not happier when we were monkeys?—*London Truth.*

The pleasant and beneficial effects of **McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup** Make it the best Worm Remedy for children.

"Think you'll run for the office this year, colonel?" "Sure to." "What's your chances?" "First class. The price of cotton and the general shrinkage of values have operated to bring votes down to where an honest man kin git at 'em."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

O'Brien—Poor Doherty! He's so short-sighted he's bound to work himself to death. O'Grady—Phwat has been short-sighted to do with it? O'Brien—Whoy, he can't see when the boss ain't lookin' an' has to keep shovlin' away all the time!—*Puck.*

The action of Ayer's Pills, upon the stomach and liver, is prompt and beneficial.

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also to the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of this is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—one pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: "I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night's sleep; they cured me."

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

DR. CHASE'S
BACK-ACHE
PURIFY YOUR BLOOD
BACK-ACHE
CURE 25 CENTS A BOX
KIDNEY DISEASE
BACK-ACHE
BACK-ACHE
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS


WOMAN'S NEED

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, unsuspected, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes pro-lapsus, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and STAY well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health.

It cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence by those of delicate constitution.

One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

For purifying the blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

THE GREATEST CONVENIENCE KNOWN.  The GEO. S. PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN. Best of all FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, which will be mailed FREE. Orders filled promptly. Address L. E. ALEXANDER, Box No. 6, Hartland, N. B.

Housecleaning Times.
Many paused before the hand-organ and listened to its rude melody.
"There's no place like home," droned the organ.
Tears sprang to the eyes of the man with the dusty hat.
"There's no place like home."
"I hope not," sighed the man, for his thoughts were with the bare, wet floors and a dinner of cold potatoes on the top of the sewing machine.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Durham University has been authorized to grant degrees to women. Oxford and Cambridge still hold out.



Hitch Up!

But before you do that come around to **Atherton's Harness Shop** and buy a new set of hand-made **HARNESS OF A SADDLE.**

Having taken the whole of the store in which I have been doing business on King street, I have now more room to show my large stock of SINGLE and DOUBLE HARNESS, Summer Blankets, Carriage Mats, Lap Dusters, Fly Nets, Wool Robes, Whips and Lashes, Brushes and Curry Combs, Horse Boots, Collars, Harness Oil, &c. I keep everything in the Harness line and have imported a fine assortment of Riding Saddles, all prices. Call and see me at **KING STREET, F. L. ATHERTON, - - WOODSTOCK.**

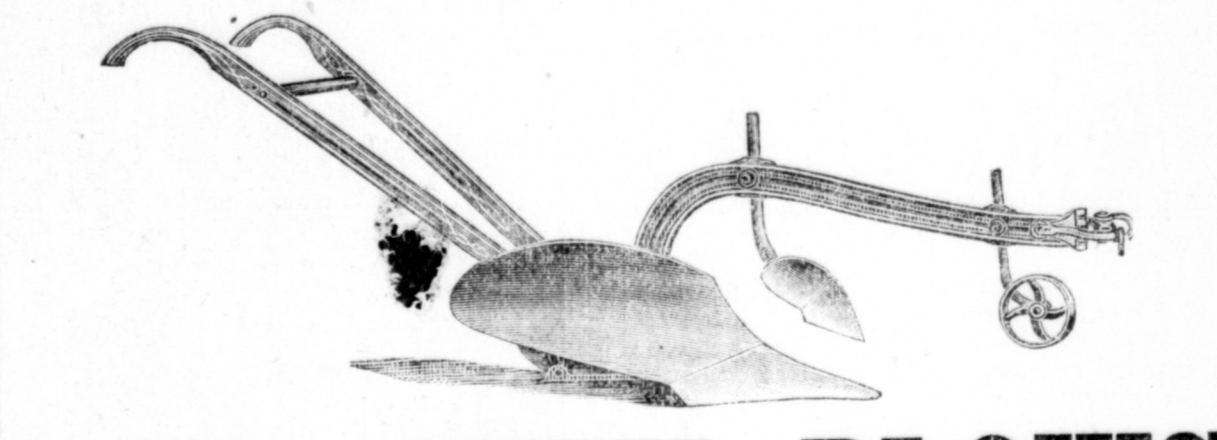
YOU WILL BE PLEASED

If you call and see the large variety of Clothing now ready for inspection at R. W. Balloch's. Gents' Spring Overcoats, Gents' Waterproof Coats, Full Suits, Coats and Vests, Odd Vests, Pants and Hats, and a large variety of Suits and Odd Pants for Small Boys. The Large Assortment of Ladies' New Style and Common Sense Boots will also please you. Centreville, March 16, '95.

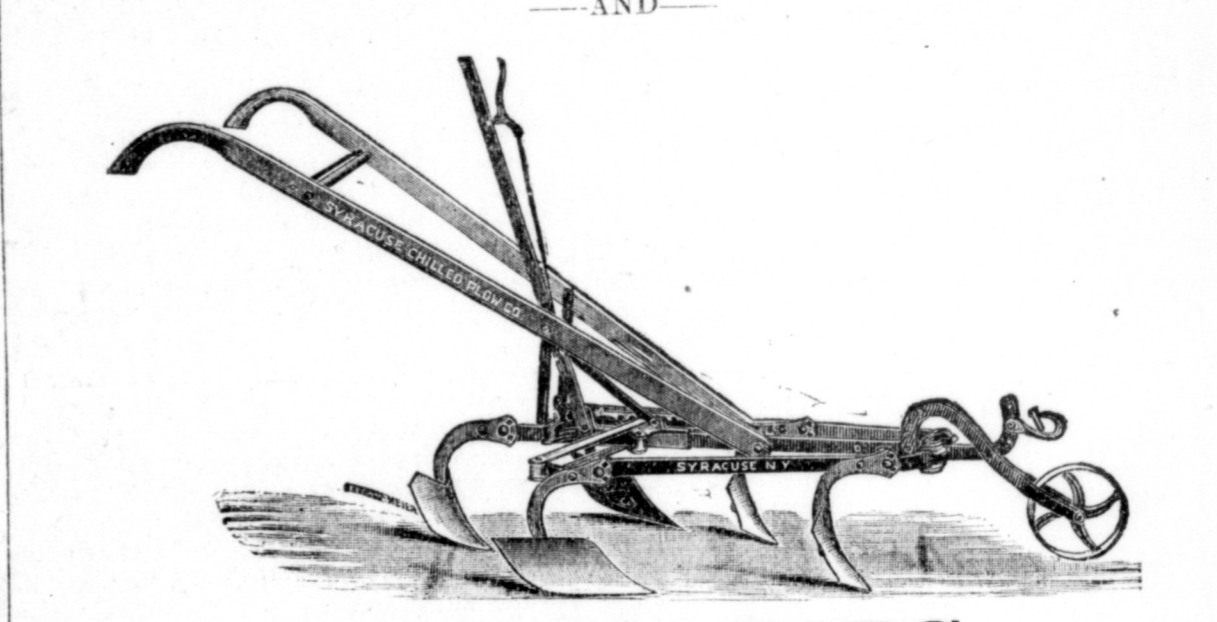
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Call and see our



NEW STEEL PLOWS



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Woodstock, N. B. **Annual Greeting.**

To our many friends throughout the Country we are pleased to announce that we are again prepared to supply them with **CARRIAGES** of EVERY DESCRIPTION. Everything is New. We have no accumulation of old stuff to unload upon anyone. During past years it has always been our aim to merit the patronage which has been bestowed upon us and the result has been a growing business. During the coming season we will be in a position to offer you goods that are far ahead of anything we have heretofore built. The Vehicles are **Beauties in Style and Finish**, and the Material the Best money can buy. We are proud to say many of the **BEST DEALERS IN THE LAND** are making a specialty of our goods. This in itself is a certificate of Superiority. We have not reached the **FRONT RANK** without vigorous effort. We intend to stay right at the **HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.**

Our Carriages, Surreys, Buggies, Phaetons, Bangor Buggies, Road Waggons, Cornings, &c., for **STYLE, QUALITY**, and all appointments, are **UNSURPASSED** in this country.

All kinds of Farm and Sloven Waggons, Road Carts, Etc.

We thank those who have been our friends in the past, and given us their business, and hope to have them continue with us, together with all other good people who want good work. Very Respectfully,

D. A. Grant & Co.

"Hev yew sumptin' at'll hep a poor man on his way, mum?" asked Highway Hobbies. "Certainly," said the woman, as she whistled for the dog.—*Boston Courier.*

Might be Called So.—Mrs Norris—In this book I have written down most of the little incidents of our married life. Old Boudier—Ah, sort of family scrap-book, eh?—*Brooklyn Life.*