

## THE CONTRARY BOY.

I am the queerest sort of boy the world has ever seen—  
In fact, I don't suppose before my like has ever been.  
Because, from early dawning to the setting of the sun,  
I always want to do the things that really can't be done.

For instance, when the summer comes, I sit down by the gate  
And almost tear my hair with rage because I cannot skate.  
And through the heated August nights I often lie in bed  
And moan and groan because I can't go coasting on my sled.

Then when the frigid winter's here, and things begin to freeze  
I feel as though I'd like to climb up in the apple trees  
And pluck the blossoms from the twigs; but blossoms none are there  
When winter winds are blowing and the apple boughs are bare.

At breakfast-time I sit me down, and often deeply sigh  
Cause there's toast and buckwheat cakes instead of pumpkin pie;  
Yet, when at dinner-time we've pie, my tears come down like lakes  
Because by that time I've a taste for toast and buckwheat cakes.

And I would say to other boys who, think it's fun to be  
Contrarywise, that they would best take warning now from me,  
Because I find the habit leaves me always dull and sad,  
And makes of me a very drear, ill-natured sort of lad.

## THE VALLEY OF REST.

Eastward a chain of lofty, snow-crowned mountain peaks, half a dozen rude frame dwelling houses grouped about a two-story hotel, with glaring windows, guiltless of curtains and shutters, several saloons, a nondescript station, with a length of gleaming steel railroad running north and south. This is Lebanon Junction, as it appeared to the shrinking eyes of Eleanor Greve on a rainsodden afternoon in February.

"Erskine Greve?" repeated the station agent, meditatively, in answer to the timid enquiry. "Never heard the name before in my life. I guess he don't live hereabouts. I know the country like a book."

"He is a ranch owner in the Valley of Rest," said Eleanor, a shadow of vague alarm clouding her beautiful eyes. "I wrote him to meet me here. May I ask if the valley is very far away? I could hire a conveyance, perhaps?"

The man looked at her pityingly.

"The Valley of Rest lies high upon thirty miles away, in the heart of the roughest mining district. The stage leaves for there at four o'clock, but I couldn't advise you to go in it. Best wait here for your father. He's sure to turn up soon if you wrote him, and you can get tolerable accommodations at the Eagle, yonder."

Eleanor clasped her hands in quick dismay as her glance followed his towards the unattractive hotel.

"I prefer to go on in the stage," she said firmly. "This is my first trip West. All my life has been passed at boarding-school. I beg your pardon, but the place seems so rough."

"Yes," assented the agent, "it is like the majority of mining towns. Still, if you go in the Lebanon stage you may fall into rougher company. The road to the valley is dangerous in more ways than one. There's three hours to wait. Will you go over to the Eagle?"

There seemed nothing else to do, so Eleanor wearily picked her way across the muddy street, and took refuge in the ugly hotel.

The proprietor gave up the sitting-room to her exclusive use, and she spent the dreary interval of waiting in looking from the window upon a street where every door seemed to open into a saloon. Burros and Mexican donkeys, heavily laden with tools and provisions for distant mining camps, passed along, urged on by swarthy riders in flannel suits and wide sombreros, with Winchester rifles slung across the saddle bows.

Finally the stage appeared at the door, Eleanor settled her bill and prepared to depart. Scores of eyes surveyed her curiously as she took her place within the lumbering old vehicle. She drew down her veil, shivering.

"I wish you a safe journey," said the landlord, soberly. "Seems like flying in the face of Providence, howsoever, for Black Steve is on the rampage again."

"Black Steve!" repeated Eleanor, mechanically. "Who is he?"

"A road agent, miss—the pest of the country. He don't dare show his face in Lebanon, but that never permits him from holding up the stage and robbing the mails. Better hide your watch and rings. He's vitriol and greased lightning let loose, is Steve."

Eleanor flashed an apprehensive look up the serpentine road.

"And I the only passenger?" she asked. "No, there's six besides—all men. They'll do their best to protect ye. Got your shooting iron, Bill?"

"O. K.," answered the driver, briefly.

As the passengers took their places he cracked his whip, and the mules sprang down the road, turned a curve and disappeared among the hills.

Eleanor turned from the window and took a survey of her fellow-travellers. Miners all, save one, and armed to the teeth.

"Don't you be afeared, miss," said one of them, tapping his belt significantly as he met her glance. "We'll give Black Steve a warm reception if he hits this road tonight."

"I hope it will not come to bloodshed," said the sixth passenger, a white-haired old man, with a mild, benevolent-looking face.

Eleanor turned to him with a sigh of relief, and soon they were engaged in conversation. Something impelled her to tell this kind old man her history. To be sure it was not much to tell. Her mother had died at her birth, and her father, leaving his little daughter in good hands, had gone west to make his fortune. From California to Mexico, and thence to Oregon, he had wandered, settling finally in the Valley of Rest. Only twice had Eleanor seen his face, when he made flying visits back to his own native town in the far East. Now, she was through school and coming home for good.

Did her father send for her? the old man inquired; and she answered in the negative. She had written him when and where to meet her, but he must have failed to receive the letter. Now she would give him a thoroughly delightful surprise.

The road grew wilder with every mile traversed by the mules. Soon the stage entered a thickly-wooded strip, where the breath of nightmares seemed to rest, so intense was the gloom.

On the box the driver whistled a merry tune to keep his spirits up, and Eleanor, in her corner, was occupied with conjectures as to how far they might be from the Valley of Rest and what would be her reception when she reached there, when of a sudden sounded the clatter of horses' hoofs in the road, the jingle of bridle and spurs, and a loud voice rang forth, clear and stern as a trumpet-call: "Halt!" it cried.

The stage stopped abruptly and an electric thrill ran through the passengers. In a breath each hand held a six-shooter.

"Black Steve," whispered the old man to Eleanor.

Even as he spoke the door flew open and a face looked into the interior.

"Hands up," cried a voice strangely familiar to the girl.

A horrible fear clutched at her heart-strings; she leaned forward, striving to see more plainly that handsome, mocking face, outlined against the darkness like a silhouette.

So poorly was the stage furnished with light that the yellow flickering rays but dimly illumined the face beneath the broad sombrero; yet surely—oh, pitiful heaven! surely those were her father's eyes, keenly alert, glowing with evil fire! One hand held a revolver, and the gleaming muzzle was pointed at the heart of the old man sitting beside her.

"Hands up!" repeated that familiar voice, sternly.

He heard her and gave a start of surprise. Unwittingly his finger pressed the trigger as he made an involuntary step forward. There was a flash, a loud report, and, reeling aside, she fell face downwards at his feet.

Stone dead! They knew it ere they lifted her; never yet had Black Steve missed fire. The road agent flung his smoking revolver into the darkness. It was his last fight and he knew it. Where were his followers? He cared not as he took in his arms the limp form of the unhappy girl who had travelled so many miles only for this.

The miners stood around him in an awed circle. They made no attempt to take him prisoner. Perhaps they believed themselves covered by the pistols of the band outside.

"Eleanor!" murmured Erskine Greve, in an agony of remorse. "Speak to me, darling! You are not—you cannot be—dead!" But no breath fluttered through those still lips, frozen so suddenly into long, long silence.

He lifted his haggard eyes to the pitying faces around.

"Can't any of you do something for her?" he asked wistfully. "She cannot be dead, you know. It is impossible. She has only fainted."

The old man came and knelt beside him. He unfastened Eleanor's wrap and showed the bullet hole—a gaping wound just over the heart, from which the crimson blood pulsed slowly.

"She is past help," he said, huskily. "But ten minutes ago she was wondering how near was the Valley of Rest, to which she was bound. She was nearer than she dreamed, poor little one."

"The Valley of Rest!" repeated Greve, as if dazed. "Did you say that she had reached the Valley of Rest? I—don't—think—I—understand."

His glance dropped to the face on his breast, and a light of sudden comprehension flashed into his despairing eyes.

"I did not dream she was coming," he said, softly; "this would have been my last raid. I meant to reform when she came out of school. Well, it is all over. Lay us together under the mountain pines in the valley she never saw, and say in Lebanon Black Steve has reformed."

He snatched a revolver from the belt of one of the miners and placed it to his temple. Another moment and Erskine Greve lay lifeless beside his daughter.

The members of his band had disappeared, and only the music of the pines broke the silence, and the old man gently wiped the blood from the brow of Black Steve.

## How One Man Worked.

The great French painter Bastien Lepage, who died lately, was pursued by unmerciful disaster through his youth in his efforts to study art.

His mother worked in the fields to keep the sickly boy at school. At fifteen he went alone to Paris, starved for seven years, painted without success, but still—painted.

He had just finished a picture which he had hoped to send to the Salon, when Paris was besieged, and he rushed with his comrades to the trenches.

On the first day a shell fell into his studio and destroyed his picture, and another shell burst at his feet, wounding him. He was carried home, and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris, and, reduced to almost want, painted cheap fans for a living.

One day a manufacturer of some patent medicine ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Lepage, who was always sincere, gave his best work to this advertisement. He painted a landscape in the April sunlight—the leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze; a group of beautiful young girls gathered around a fountain from which the elixir of youth sprang in a bubbling stream.

Lepage believed that there was real merit in his work at last.

"Let me offer it at the Salon," he asked his patron.

The manager was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain," he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it."

Lepage refused. "Then I will not pay you a sou for the picture."

The price of this picture meant bread for months, and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the Salon was small.

He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger, and carried the canvas to the Salon. It was admitted. Its great success insured Lepage a place in public recognition, and his later work a place among the greatest of living artists.

## The Opportunity of the Mugwump.

Are we to infer that history will repeat itself, and that just as the contemptuous nicknames Whig and Tory and Methodist have come to have an honorable and permanent significance, so Mugwump will one day become the recognized name of an honorable and permanent party? By no means, if the word retains any portion of the meaning it has today, for partyless men cannot make a party. If the Mugwumps of this country ever form a new party, or incorporate themselves firmly in an old party (as some of them seem to have done), they must logically give up their aboriginal designation, even though no process of law may exist to compel them to do so. This, then, is not the opportunity of the Mugwump. The consistent Methodist may become a bishop of his chosen religious body, but the consistent Mugwump is the only native born citizen who can never by any possibility become president of these United States. Yet the man who may not be king may sometimes be kingmaker, which is not a role to be despised, even if historians have of late been stripping the figure of Warwick of some of its romance. This is simply saying, in figurative language, that the Mugwump, though he may not attain to important political station, may nevertheless render his country important political services. This is the Mugwump's opportunity.

The case may be summed up as follows: organized parties are always necessary for progressive popular government; but these parties must be held in check, or else made to give place to one another, through the steady influence or concerted action of more or less small, unorganized and temporary groups composed of non-partisans, by temperament and independents on principle. The history of elections in the last decade shows that he and the voters he influences temporarily, hold the balance of power. If he be not committed to any particular course of action, he is committed to careful thought and bold utterance upon the situation. Here then, is the Mugwump's opportunity, and a real one. Let him if he be a leader, speak and act boldly; let him, if he be a follower, take his cue and speak and act boldly; let him throw his weight where it will most tell; and, finally, let him leave the result with the American people, who, at the bottom of their hearts, desire the true and the right.—X. Y. Z., in the *Sevanee Review*.

## Took His Time.

Mother—"You need not have quarrelled with that boy. I told you always to think before speaking."

Small Son—"Oh, I did. I didn't say a word till I'd think up a whole lot o' names to call him."

## Answered.

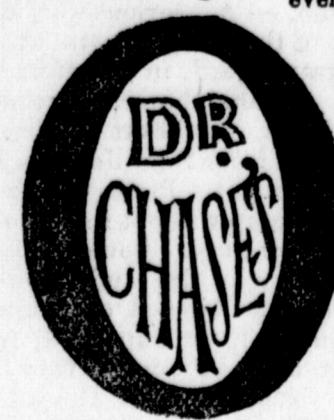
Temperance Orator—"Friend, you wouldn't be out of work only for the saloon."

Soake—"But you would."

Use K. D. C. for all stomach troubles.

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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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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. Kitchin, 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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## From Froude's Oceania.

The people of England have made the colonies. The people at home and the people in the colonies are one people. The feeling of identity is perhaps stronger in the colonies than at home. They are far away and things to which we are indifferent because we have them, are precious in the distance. There is fresh blood in those young countries. Sentiment remains in them as in boys, . . . the sentiment itself is life; and when the people desire that it shall take organic form, the rest will be easy. . . . This may sound sentimental, but the chief part of the reality in questions of this kind is sentiment. Family affection is sentiment, friendship is sentiment, patriotism is sentiment, . . . We laugh at sentiment, but every generous and living relation between man and man, or between men and their country, is sentiment and nothing else. . . . I am no believer in democracy as a form of government which can be of long continuance. It proceeds on the hypothesis that every individual citizen is entitled to an equal voice in the management of his country; and individuals being infinitely unequal—bad and good, wise and unwise—and as rights depend on fitness to make use of them the assumption is untrue, and no institution can endure which rest upon illusions. . . . Do we clearly know in what a nation's greatness consists? . . . A sound nation is a nation that is composed of sound human beings, healthy in body, strong of limb, true in word and deed, brave, sober, temperate, chaste, to whom morals are of more importance than wealth or knowledge—where duty is first and rights of men, second—where, in short, men grow up and live and work, having in them what our ancestors called the fear of God. . . . Virtue is obligation; obligation is binding; and men who choose to be free, in the modern sense, do not like to be bound.

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