

THE OTHER ONE.

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair;
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair,
Dearest than you is none to me,
Dearest than you there can be none,
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe, and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter's storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep in the drifting snow tonight
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine;
Poor little hand so cold and still,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better comes for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow,
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one.

—Harry Thurston Peck, in *The Bookman*.

THE GUIDING HAND.

It was but the soft touch of a hand, a small, delicate hand like that of a woman, yet it filled my whole being with an instinctive and unutterable horror. It was not the warm touch of a hand of flesh and blood. It was not the heavy, lifeless hand of death. It was cold as marble, yet it was animate. Gently but firmly it rested on mine; palpable; perceptible to the sense of feeling—but it was invisible. I felt its pressure as surely as I felt my cheeks grow pale, and my breath come thick and fast.

Was I dreaming? Or mad? The questions flashed into my brain with the speed of lightning, and I knew not how to answer them. The icy touch had seemed so real, so actual, and yet—how could such things be? Seeking calmness in the reflection that I had been the victim of a singular delusion, and laughing, to inspire myself with much-needed confidence, I picked up the brush, which had fallen in the short grass, worked it to a point on the palette, and renewed the attempt to commence the picture that I had determined should bring me fame and fortune. Before I could make one stroke with the brush, before it had come into contact with the canvas, the cold, unearthly hand once more rested on mine, as though with the intention of guiding its movements.

I worked for hours without intermission. Steadily, persistently, I toiled on beneath the influence of that unseen presence, until the sun was sinking low in the sky, and the light faded into a dim obscurity. Then I felt the hand lifted from my brow, and with a deep sigh of exhaustion, the brushes and palette dropped from my cramped fingers. It was finished, and I was free. Weary and faint but free. The scene which I had involuntarily depicted was the glade that lay before me, but it wore the dress of another season.

Crushing the wild hyacinths that lifted their stems above the shorter growth of verdure, lay the body of a girl. Her upturned face was pale with the shadow of death, and the white dress about her breast discolored by a deed red stain. Turning away with a lingering look of hatred at his victim, was a man tall and of stately bearing, but with a face branded with deep evil passions, and a life of unrestrained profligacy. He was in the act of wiping his rapier with a handful of grass which he had torn up by the roots. The position brought into strong prominence a peculiar scar that marked the back of his left hand—a scar shaped like the rough representation of a horse-shoe. His dress was the dress of the eighteenth century. I thought the middle, or end of that period, for my knowledge of historical costume was deplorably superficial; but I knew that I was safe in deciding that it was of the eighteenth century.

I saw all these details in a very brief space of time. I allowed myself no more, for darkness was gathering on the face of the earth, and I was eager to leave the woods. Not that any expectation of evil, or of further manifestations of a ghostly nature, troubled me. My dread of the supernatural had vanished beneath the touch of the unseen hand that had rested on my forehead. As it had done my will, so it had given me courage, and I felt an absolute assurance that, with the completion of the picture, its immediate purpose was accomplished.

My blood thrilled with an awful dread at this repeated evidence of an unseen mysterious presence. I could be passive no longer. Inaction was unendurable, and, springing to my feet, I felt the hand removed, and knew that I was free from its influence. But it had been no fantastic creation of a disordered brain that had troubled me. Another sense confirmed the truth of it. Hastily glancing at my hand, I saw distinctly, fading from the pink flesh, the impression of fingers. There was no work for me that day. Who could work under such circumstances? Apart from the want of courage to remain alone in the woods after such weird experience, my nerves were too unstrung to let me even hope to make any progress that would be of artistic value. And I was reluctant to risk a repetition of that ghastly touch. The mere thought of the possibility made me bundle up my things with careless haste and hurry back to the village.

Half-a-dozen times during the day I was on the verge of revealing the unaccountable incident, but a sense of shame kept me silent on the subject. It was like a confession of cowardice, and what credence could I expect them to give my story? What faith should I have in it if told by another? It was so incredible, that I even wavered in my own belief, as the hours passed by, and the world jogged on as usual. I might have been mistaken. Come what might, I would put it to proof, and make a further essay on the morrow. And I would go alone.

The morning came, calm and bright, the very weather for painting in the open air. If

my manhood had not shrunk from following such a course of action, I should have shirked a strict adherence to the programme I had arranged, and have taken one of the boys with me. But I put away the thought. If there were dangers to encounter, I would brave it without exposing another to risk. However, as a pardonable concession to my sense of insecurity, I would let Dusky come with me. It would be a treat for him, poor fellow. Dusky was a fox terrier, animated with all the restless and pugnacious instincts of his kind. It was not without a tremor that I turned into the woods and reached the scene of my uncanny adventure; but I went steadily on, for I had determined to drift, and to abstain from resisting the course of events. There was a mystery, and it should be solved by my means. As I neared the spot, all the doubts that I had argued myself into accepting concerning the actuality of that strange experience had vanished from my mind. I knew it to be true. I felt it to be true.

I lost no time, and soon got my easel fixed, my palette set, and everything in order for a commencement. So far I was free from interruption. Then I paused, as a man pauses before a cold bath in mid-winter, and begins to wonder if it is advisable to make the final plunge. Then I sneered at my hesitation, and somewhat deliberately stretched out my hand for a brush. It was not encouraging. Dusky, obedient for once, was lying at my feet, gazing with unwinking watchfulness the box of colors I had placed in his charge. He lifted up his head, gave a short startled bark, then a dismal howl, and ignominiously bolted towards home with his stumpy tail between his legs.

Again the cold, unearthly touch—not as before—not on my hand. Now it lay lightly on my forehead. It acted as an irresistible spell. Never before had I painted so rapidly, and with such results. Unconsciously, the picture grew beneath my hands with a speed that was marvellous. The compelling hand never moved from its resting-place. I saw the progress of the work, but it was as though in a dream, and I had not even a shadowy idea of what scene the picture would depict, or what form it would ultimately take. It was the work of my hands, but I had no further part in shaping its composition. —Argosy.

In School and Out.

"It's queer how people stand it," said the man with the baggy trousers, as the hotel baggage waggon came up from the depot and passed the window.

"Stand what particular thing?" was asked. "Permitting the railway companies to smash their trunks as they do. There are two on that load which will have to go to the shop for repairs, and the owners will foot the bill and say not a word."

"Well, isn't that your way?" "No, sir, and it hasn't been for a good many years. Last spring a baggageman threw my trunk off his waggon in front of a Boston hotel and busted it. He drove off singing, as I stood looking at the wreck. Half an hour later I walked in on him at the depot and said—

"I want \$9 of you."
"What for?"
"For smashing my trunk in front of the Continental."

"You get out! Trunks are liable to be damaged, and who ever heard of anyone having to pay for them?"
"I'll show you a case right off. You had no more license to bust that trunk than you had to bust my head. You either come down or I'll begin proceedings."

"What will you do?"
"I'll sue you the first thing tomorrow. I'll not only sue you, but I'll garnishee your wages. I'll make it cost you at least \$20 to get out of it, even if you don't pay for the trunk."

"He blustered and defied me," said the man of the trousers, "but before 10 o'clock he came to the hotel and offered me \$7 to settle. I took a written promise on his part to handle all trunks with reasonable consideration hereafter, and closed the case. He admitted to me that he had probably damaged 5,000 trunks in his life, but that no one had ever kicked before. He didn't suppose that a trunk-owner had the slightest legal right on earth, and he probably didn't get over looking pale for a week." —Detroit Free Press.

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

Tale of a Resentful Cat.

Blossom is a big grey cat. She has been in the family for seven years, and her mistress thinks she was fully ten when she came uninvited and took possession. Her charms made her welcome, and visitors, as a rule, pet her to her heart's satisfaction. Still she shows her loyalty to her mistress by many feline felicities. One day a young man came for a short visit. He was an inveterate tease. As there was no one else for a victim, he took Blossom in hand, in spite of pleadings and protestations. Her ears were greeted with the strange terms, "Old rascal," "Scape-grace," "Tramp," and kindred names, till the astounded cat did not know what had come to her. Her pretty ways disappeared, she fled from his approach, and hid whenever she could till he was out of the house. One morning she was missing for some hours, and was not to be found in any of her hiding-places. A loud cry from the chambermaid revealed her whereabouts. Blossom had revenged herself on the visitor's nightshirt, which lay in tatters on the floor. Pussy was scolded, and everyone was cautioned to keep to keep the door shut. In vain! The cat would find her way in and hide till the chambermaid was through for the day, and then the claws went to work, first on the visitor's own clothes if any could be found, and then on the pillow-cases. The young man tried to soothe her feelings, but she would have none of him, and he was glad to cut short his visit. Blossom quickly recovered her usual demeanour, and has never been known to destroy anything from that day to this. —Boston Transcript.

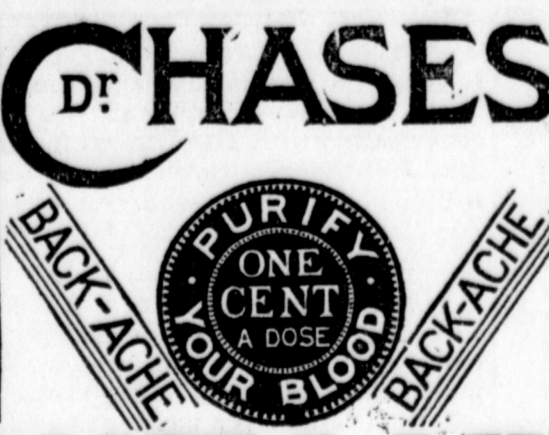
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CHASE'S CHAPTER

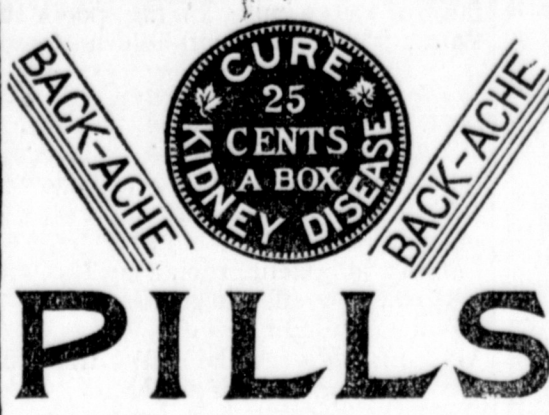
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2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the 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.

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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

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A Great Engineering Project in Holland.

One of the most stupendous feats in engineering which the world has ever seen is proposed by the people of Holland, being nothing less than the reclamation of the waters submerged by the Zuyder Zee. The scheme, if carried out, will result in recovering about 750 square miles of land now under water and will add a new province to the country. It is estimated that the work will cost over \$130,000,000, and will require 33 years of constant labor. The Dutch Government has recently received a favorable report on the plans from the Royal commission appointed to look into the project, and it is reported that the government and many of the leading citizens of Holland consider the scheme practicable. In the expansion of territory, in the increase of trade and agriculture, and in the giving to thousands of people the opportunities of profitable employment, the project, though a stupendous one, will be one that will recommend itself to most Hollanders.

The work proposed to be done consists, first, of the construction of an extensive embankment from almost the extreme point of North Holland to the Friesland coast, so as to shut out the ocean from all further access to the Zuyder Zee; and, second, of the formation, by means of further embankments, of four great "polders" on different parts of the shores of the Zuyder Zee for the purposes of land reclamation. It is estimated that the capital value of the land to be reclaimed, for agricultural purposes, will be over \$135,000,000.

There is one important point which has been risen by some of the objectors to the plan, and that is that its consummation will practically destroy the Zuyder Zee fisheries, the revenues of which now average about \$850,000 per year, employment being given through these fisheries to 3,000 persons and 1,500 vessels. To compensate the fishermen for their loss the Royal commission proposes to give to every man thus deprived of a means of livelihood a new vessel suitable for the North Sea fisheries; and further to insure them against accident, to pension old fishermen and to exempt from harbor dues all the craft owned by them. It is believed in Holland that after the settlement of the secondary questions the government will at once order the great work of reclaiming these lands under water to be begun. —Troy Press.

Wee Babies.

Babies short and babies tall,
Babies big and babies small,
Blue-eyed babies, babies fair,
Brown-eyed ones, with lots of hair,
Whether they cry
Or whether they laugh,
Parsons & Blaine take their photograph
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As can be done at any price.
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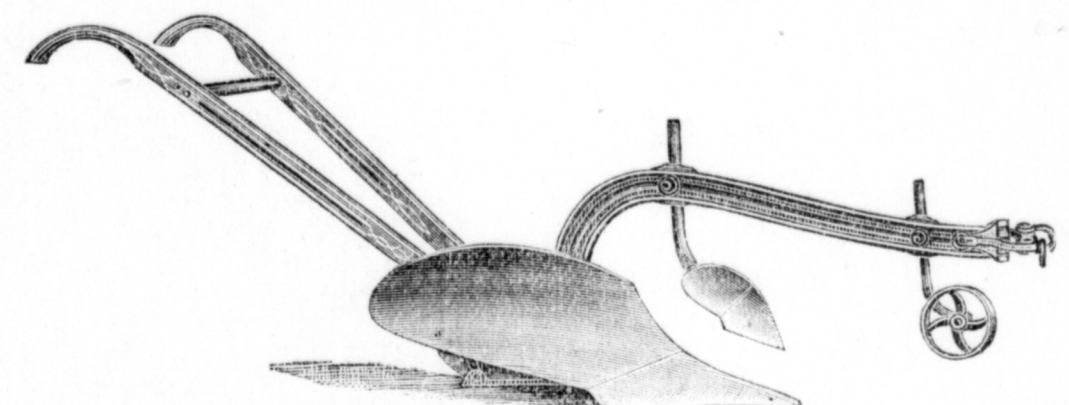
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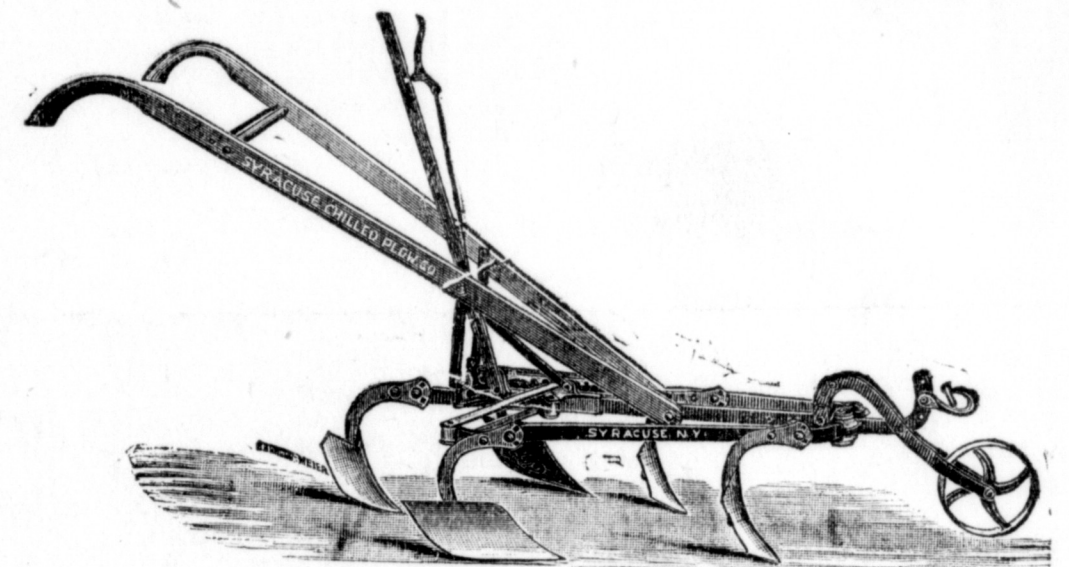
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The Emperor of Germany, it is said has decided to honor Bismarck by having his head stamped on a future issue of German coins.

—Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, is such an inveterate tobacco chewer that he is obliged to keep a cuspidor in his pew at church.