

## A SAD STORY.

Among a savage clan  
Of cannibalish people,  
A missionary man  
Set up his modest steeple.

And there each day he would  
Pursue his noble labors;  
He told them to be good,  
And bade them love their neighbors.

The cannibals with grins  
Gave ear to themes he treated;  
They crossed their tawny shins,  
And on their hams were seated.

And yet they were not lost;  
That missionary's labors—  
He taught them to his cost  
The way to love their neighbors.

For one day, when for prayers,  
These cannibals they met him,  
They caught him unawares,  
They kill him, and they ate him!

They said they found him good—  
He'd practiced what he taught them—  
And now they understood  
The goodness he had brought them.

And as they filled each maw  
They said, while they deplored him  
They loved him, live and raw,  
But roasted they adored him.

—W. S. Gilbert, in *Boys' Ballads*

## The Disappearance of Denbey.

It was a mystery seldom referred to. Occasionally some "old-timer," talkative and jovial, spinning an o'er-true mining tale to a small appreciative audience, in the Palace Court or on a Montgomery Street corner, would wind up the thread of his story by saying that such-and-such a thing, "for all around, eternal strangeness, couldn't hold a candle to the disappearance of Denbey."

"Who was Denbey?" queried a listener one evening, on the outskirts of a little group in the rotunda of the big hostelry. The band had not yet begun its programme; people were sauntering idly up and down the corridors, and several congenial spirits had congregated in the various attitudes assumed by man when at ease, around a pioneer, while awaiting the advent of melody.

The grey-bearded oracle removed his cigar after a long affectionate pull at the weed. "Denbey," said he, "landed in San Francisco in the fifties. He was a Vermont boy, gritty and bright, bound to make his way anywhere if work would do it. He had good luck at every turn, and was well liked. One day he got a letter from home, saying that his mother hadn't very long to live, and wanted to see him. That was in '59. Well, he thought a heap of his mother, and made up his mind to go on the next steamer. He stowed away his money, about forty thousand altogether, putting most of it into his belt and the lining of his clothes in greenbacks, which he was lucky enough to get in exchange for gold from some new comers out from the East. The day that the steamer was to sail he didn't show up, and some of us went to his room. What things he had were laid out all ready, but Denbey himself was missing—if the earth had opened and swallowed him there couldn't have been less trace of him. Barton, his chum, who was with him up to twelve o'clock the night before playing cards was the last person to lay eyes on him. You never saw a fellow so cut up as Barton was when time went on and Denbey's disappearance was as big a mystery as ever."

The old miner paused as a tall man of slender build approached. He was strikingly pale, with iron-grey hair and a strongly outlined face, the unhealthy colour of which was accentuated by the black restlessness of his eyes. He greeted the group with a wave of the hand and passed on to the hotel office. The narrator looked after him thoughtfully. "I wonder what ails Barton?" he remarked. "Lately we've all noticed that he looks and acts queer—he says it's liver trouble, and his wife has had all the specialists in town prescribing for him."

John Barton turned the latch-key in his handsomely carved front door, and the oaken portal, obedient to his touch as the gateway of fortune itself had always been, swung inward, revealing a broad hall elegantly finished in California's natural woods. He shivered as he hung his overcoat upon the rack, although the evening was mild. A servant came forward for orders. "You may go to bed, James," he said, "I shall read for a while in the library, and I do not want to be disturbed."

Upstairs the gas burned dimly. The luxurious room, lined with bookcases, looked sombre in the half-light, with its walnut and leather furnishings and dark hangings. The master of the house shivered again, and nervously rubbed the coals that smouldered in the grate. Presently he threw himself impatiently into a large easy chair and leaned forward, his face hidden within his hands, while his elbows rested upon the arms of the chair. He set thus hour after hour until the large hall clock chimed twice. Then he raised his head and glanced toward the heap of ashes that had replaced the neglected fire. A convulsive shudder shook his whole frame, but a keen observer could have seen that the movement was the nervous expression of some powerful inward struggle. He arose, took a turn or two around the room, and then reentered himself, leaning his head upon the cushions and closing his eyes. A half-hour passed, when a current of air from the hallway reached him, borne through the library door, which had noiselessly been turned upon its hinges as though to admit an unseen, unbidden guest.

John Barton sat upright, facing the empty doorway with eyes that gleamed like transfixed balls of marble. Cold perspiration moistened his forehead. His face, pale before, took on a ghastly hue. Then, slowly, as one who hears the commands of a superior—who hears and comprehends—he advanced with careful, silent tread, his eyes still fastened upon some one—something—visible only to their gaze. Through the hall, down the wide stairway, pressing unheard the thick, rich pile of its carpeted length, he reached the outer entrance. Without a sound, as though unbolted by phantom hands, the heavy outer door swung open ere he reached it, and John Barton stepped over his threshold for the last time. Unconscious that he

was protected by neither hat nor coat, he walked on through the dark, deserted streets, impelled by a will stronger than his own, following a guide whose influence he was powerless to resist. On and on; toward the incoming waves of fog that crept to meet him; through the fragrant confines of the park, until, like a weary soldier to whom the word "Halt!" has been given, he reached a straggling scrub-oak taller than its kindred faintly outlined in the darkness. Flung himself to the earth beneath it, he commenced a frenzied digging in the sand. A thousand thousand thoughts flashed like meteoric sparks through his brain. He could see the scare-heads in the evening papers announcing the discovery of his body—his somnambulist walk—death from exposure—mental aberration induced by too close attention to the amassing of wealth—sad termination of an "honorable" career—oh God! They would never know, those newspaper fellows, hungry for a good story, never know that down, down, should they dig deep enough, they would find the mystery of Denbey's disappearance solved—Denbey who loved him, trusted him, and whom, for money, he had foully murdered more than a quarter of a century before.—*Lillian Plunkett Ferguson, in San Francisco News Letter.*

## Pills Do Not Cure.

Pills do not cure Constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels. Sold by Garden Bros.

## Two Opinions Concerning the late Professor Huxley.

Professor Huxley was a materialist, but he was not an infidel. He held that there were some things about which he had no right to form opinions, because we could in the nature of things know nothing about them. In spite of the cheap wit of many theologians this is a completely intelligible state of mind. The man who will neither affirm nor deny, but who insists upon waiting for the evidence, may indeed be the victim of over-scrupulousity, but he is to be preferred to those who, as Matthew Arnold says, talk of God as though "He lived in the next street." It is true that Professor Huxley was not always a consistent agnostic. His was a very positive character, and he sometimes seemed to identify the unknowable with the false. Professor Huxley did a great work in the world, and his name will always be revered by those who love sound learning and devotion to the truth.—*Indianapolis News.*

With all his learning and accomplishments, his knowledge of nature and science, when confronted with the problem of immortality Huxley turned his face away from the Bible and said: "I do not know." And then he died an agnostic, unwillingly to believe precious truths because he did not clearly understand them. He shut his eyes to the teachings of nature, the universe, and the heart, each proclaiming the hand that made them, the mind to guide them, and the power to control them. And he descended into the gloom of the grave unmindful that God is known in all his works, and his kingdom ruleth over all. So died Huxley, but the Bible lives, and it will always live to cheer the despondent, help the weary, strengthen the tempted, and point humanity heavenward.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Ayer's Pills lead all aperients and purgatives. Their action is gentle and thorough.

Men have borrowed our hairpins to clean out their pipes  
Whenever it suited their humours;  
They've borrowed our needles, our thread and our pins,  
And they'll probably borrow our bloomers.  
—Philadelphia Sporting Life.

## See Here, My Friend.

Don't cheat yourself whatever you do. Don't continue to buy your goods and pay long prices just because you have been in the habit of dealing in certain places. Why, look around; have your eyes about you. If you are dissatisfied your money back if you want it, that is if you buy from us. Today we have a larger line of

## Men's, Youths' and Boys' SUITS

Than Ever Before.

MEN'S SUITS, Comprising Coat, Pants and Vest,

For \$3.50 and up!

BOYS' SUITS,

From \$1.50 to \$4.50.

## PANTS.

We have a splendid line to suit the most fastidious, at reasonable prices.

Men's Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes and UNDERCLOTHING,

At prices away below what you have ever seen.

Boys' Shirts, Caps and Shoes, and all necessary clothing at prices within the grasp of all.

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LADIES' GARMENTS A SPECIALTY.

GOOD WORK GUARANTEED.

THE  
GREATEST  
CONVENIENCE  
KNOWN.

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.

## Her Pedigree.

"Now who is that?" asked the dignified hen:  
"That chicken in white and gray?"  
She's very well dressed, but from whence did she come?  
And her family, who are they?

"She never can move in our set, my dear,"  
Said the old hen's friend to her, later;  
"I've just found out—you'll be shocked to hear—  
She was hatched in an incubator!"  
—Harper's Round Table

## St. John Exhibition.

The Exhibition Association of St. John, N. B., are building extensive horse and cattle stalls to house the stock which is now being entered, from all the provinces, for exhibition at their International Fair on September next. Exhibitors should write to the managing director—C. A. Everett for copies of entry papers. A travelling Dairy will be operated at the exhibition in St. John, N. B., in September and October.

## It Remained.

Her head had dropped upon his shoulder.  
"If only," he whispered, "thy cheek could remain there forever!"

Little thought he what was to be.  
Little thought he until he got home and tried to remove her cheek from his dress coat with ammonia and alcohol.—*Detroit Tribune*

## Two Merits.

The Hibernian gift for courteous speech was seldom better displayed than by a certain Irish boarder.

His landlady, a "pleasant-spoken" body, had poured him a cup of tea, and presently inquired if it was all right.

"It is just to my taste, Mrs. Hallahan," said the boarder—"wake and could, just as I like it."

For variety and low prices in brushes and toilet articles go  
H. Paxton Bairds's.

God does not choose for us, or compel our love, we are free to fashion out our own futures; but in making our final choice, we cannot afford to waste one moment of our precious unreturnable time.

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

"I've got a cold or something in my 'ead," said a soft-spoken "chappie" at the seashore. And the summer girl answered, "Oh, it must be a cold, I'm sure."—*New York Tribune.*

"Cholly shows a great lack of self-confidence," said one friend. "Yes. And right there he shows a great abundance of good judgment."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Chump—"I would trust you to take my daughter out riding." Gayboy: "That's all right, but the livery stable man won't."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

There are very few original thinkers in the world; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers have adopted the opinions of some who went before them.

## Are You Made

Miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shilo's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

## Notice of Sale.

To Sydney Hagerman, Judson Hagerman, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the first day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and made between Sydney Hagerman, Alice A. Hagerman, his wife, and Judson Hagerman then of the Parish of Brighton, in the county of Carleton, of the one part, and Ann Connell, executrix, and Charles P. Connell and William M. Connell, surviving executors of the last will and testament of Charles Connell, of the other part, and registered in the office of the Registry of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton in Book A, No. 3, on pages 21, 22 and 23, of said Carleton Co Records, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Town Hall in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton on MONDAY, the TWENTY-SIXTH DAY of AUGUST NEXT, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises described as follows, that is to say, Being that certain piece or parcel of land in the Parish of Brighton aforesaid being all that part of lot number seven granted to John Hanning on the north side of the Main Becaguic stream and west of the Coldstream, beginning four rods west of the west bank of the Coldstream and running northerly and parallel with the said Coldstream along its various course until it strikes the north line of the grant of John Hanning at a point four rods west of the Coldstream aforesaid, thence north eighty six degrees and thirty minutes west or along the said north line of number seven to the north west corner of said grant to John Hanning, thence south three degrees and thirty minutes west or along the west line of number seven seventy eight chains or to the Becaguic stream, thence up stream to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and seventy four acres more or less excepting a small piece of land at the head of the mill pond being a part of number eight as surveyed by H. M. G. Garden, being same land conveyed to said Sydney Hagerman and Judson Hagerman by Richard Maxted by Indenture of deed bearing date the 31st day of August A. D. 1882. Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances and privileges to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1895.

LEWIS P. FISHER,

Assignee of Mortgagees.

## Bicycles Repaired

BY

R. WOTTRICH,

OPPOSITE WILBUR HOUSE, Woodstock, N. B.

## ITCHING AND PIN WORMS.

No  
More  
Misery.



Gives  
Instant  
Relief.

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.

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. Klito.  
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.

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.

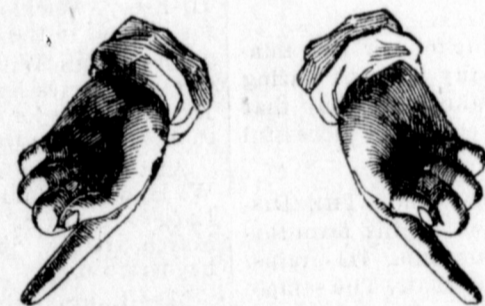
\$10.00.

Summer Suits Made to Order at

W. B. NICHOLSON'S

FOR

Ten : Dollars.



Only 24! Don't Get Left!

The way a number of people did who put off ordering a Crown Mower until the 10th July and found them all sold.

Thanking those of our customers who obtained their Crowns, for their patronage, we wish to call their attention, as well as those who got left, to the fact that we have only 24 Little Giant Threshers for sale this season, and that if they wish to purchase, it is advisable that their orders be placed as soon as possible. The reputation our threshers have attained has placed them so far above all competitors that they have become the Standard Threshers of the Maritime Provinces, and it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe the numerous points wherein they excel. They are well known to thresh fast, save grain, and clean it in first-class shape. We guarantee them to be the most durable machines in the market, costing less than \$5.00 per year for repairs. Send at once for descriptive circular and order form to

SMALL & FISHER CO.  
Woodstock, N. B.

## Some Definitions for Sociology.

There is radical need of a vocabulary of definitions which may be used in the discussion of social problems. I suggest a few:

1. A Tramp.—One who will not work and earn an honest living. Sometimes he sleeps in the police station, and sometimes he lodges in a Paris hotel.

2. A Pauper.—One who is supported by the public. He may be supported in a poor-house, and he may draw his rations from the "public crib" through an office or a contract.

3. A Thief.—One who steals. Perhaps he picks your pocket while your back is turned to him; perhaps he robs the public from its

treasury while you are busy at the store or shop.

4. A Rascal.—One who cheats or defrauds. He is sometimes a gambler who cheats at cards or dice; but possibly "one of our best citizens," who stacks the cards or loads the dice which deal him a full pocket of fat contracts, or turn him three aces of "extras."

5. The Social Evil.—The bargaining of virtue for a cash compensation. This compensation is usually comparatively small, but occasionally it is counted in millions or jewels and is solemnized by a bishop in full regalia.  
—F. W. Belts, in *today*.