

Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is covered with rust,
And his Musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And the wonder, as waiting these long years
through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them away.
—Eugene Field.

"PRINCE CHARMING."

A cold winter day in the park, and a fog in the city. A man, walking with a military step and erect bearing, was recognized by a pretty girl, who drove past in a phaeton with two splendid horses. The man scarcely glanced at her; he raised his hat, with his eyes on the boy by her side.

The boy was a pretty, fair creature, with a foolish face; the kind of man the end of this century coins, and regrets its coinage. The girl was worth something better, the man thought. Himself, perhaps.

He had an old-fashioned mind, and old-fashioned honor. Modern women will never mould such a man. His mother and his sisters lived in a big place in the North of England. He had drifted into the larger world of London life, and knocked about, as most men must; but, somehow, the best of him, including a sneaking, timid reverence for a few good women, had never been quite rubbed off.

The girl was the pretty Miss Barnes, and he met her at a Christmas house-party in the country. He thought she snubbed him, and that she mistook his intentions for idle flirting, such as a man considers necessary in the company of a much-admired woman.

He thought also, "That boy will amuse her; he can design her a new frock, and knows her favorite cigarettes. I am too old, and I'm out of the game."

His vanity needed soothing, so he went to call on an old friend.

She sat in a dimly lighted drawing room; it was heavy with perfumes and exotics. She wore a becoming tea-gown, and her dyed hair looked its best in the glow shining through the rose-colored lamp shades.

"Dear Ronald," she cried, "I'm quite delighted to see you. What a truant you have been! Sit near the fire and get warm. Isn't it freezing today?"

The slight pressure of her hands as she seized his took his memory back to a year ago, when her charms and her flattery had been wine to him.

"Hope you are well, and having a good time, Mrs. Jack," he replied. "How is everybody? I've been away, you know."

"Is that an explanation of your desertion?" He nodded.

"Oh, I heard another tale."

He moved uneasily. "You hear everything. Is Jack home?"

"He's gone to the club. Did you come to see Jack?"

"No, I came to see you."

She smiled. "You may smoke if you like; shall I give you a cup of tea?"

"Yes, please." He was ill at ease; the old atmosphere stifled him, and her evident pleasure at getting him back made him realize that he had come back, and it brought a queer, uncomfortable feeling of shame.

"You were riding in the Row yesterday," she remarked as she handed him a cup.

"Yes, were you there?"

"I was, but you didn't see me. You were too much engaged to spare eyes or waste time on an old friend."

"Don't talk like that." He spoke brusquely. "Where was I?"

"You were following Miss Barnes, the girl everyone has gone mad about."

"Have they?"

"What a question! As if you had no ears. Draw your chair nearer mine—I mean nearer the fire. Now we are quite cosy. You look very well and horribly young, whereas I wear more shabby every day."

He laughed. "What rubbish, Bertha!"

She smiled and looked at his eyes.

I shall bleach my hair white soon, and take to something antique, like morals, or a tiara. I shall go in for church work, distribute tracts, admit I have a girl of sixteen and become her chaperon, in purple velvet and old lace."

"My dear Bertha!"

"Don't you like the picture?" I do. After all it will be a new role, and I am tired of pretending to be more fast than I am. It is chic to be naughty nowadays, unless you're a music hall artist and marry a lord, then one has to be horribly virtuous."

"How absurd you are!" He smiled, easily amused.

"My hands positively appear middle-aged. Look at them."

She held one toward him, and he touched it for a second, the sparkle of diamonds blinding him.

She spoke timidly. "You used to think them very pretty, Ronald."

He flushed scarlet.

"I do still." But his hold relaxed, as if her fingers burnt him.

His eyes were on the fire, hers on his face. And into hers crept a look in which baffled vanity and spite were uppermost. She changed her mood, as one changes a much worn dress which has ceased to be becoming.

"And so, you are madly in love, Ronald?" He started violently.

"In love!"

"Report says so. And with a baby, fresh from her nursery bread and milk."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You know quite well. But it's hopeless, my dear boy, quite hopeless."

He said nothing, but he hated her from that moment, as he had never hated any woman. Perhaps she intended that he should. Sometimes, when a woman fails to charm, she is glad to wound. Both deeds give a sense of power.

"You see, I know all about it," she continued. "You met in the country: she told the whole story to my aunt, Mrs. Marker—"

"She told! What do you mean?"

"We are talking about Miss Barnes."

He showed he was hit, as a man will never do to another man. The woman, being low in his respect did not matter.

He spoke very quietly. "Yes, I am awfully devoted to Miss Barnes, but what do you know about her?"

The "you" hurt, as he may have meant it should.

"Oh, I only know that she confides in Aunt Betty, and Aunt Betty confides in me."

"And you—"

"I confide in you."

He grew clever, as a dull man may, when he feels the need of arms against someone it would be cowardly to strike.

"You may as well tell me, what you intend to tell me," he said.

"Only that you are making a fool of yourself, my dear boy. An old friend has surely the right—"

"Or takes it."

"Yes, or takes it, to say these frank things. The girl doesn't care a chip about you."

"She said so?"

"Not exactly. But she confessed to be dreadfully in love with someone else."

"Ah, well, that's possible."

"You will discover that I am speaking the truth, when she marries him."

"If she does."

"If he proposes, you mean. He seems to be rather slow about it. She declares he is shy, too doubtful of his own merits. A woman always wants to think that when a man doesn't come to the point."

"I wish that you would remember that you are talking about a girl—"

"Who is in love with someone else. Yes, I do. You see, Ronald, I know the world, and you are woefully old-fashioned in some ways."

"You have told me so before."

"Yes, in the old days. But you improved a little under my tuition. You have gone back since."

He rose to go but chance caused him to overturn a vase of flowers as he pushed back his chair; and he stooped, with many apologies, to pick it up.

She continued softly, as if there had been no interruption.

"You may know the man she is in love with, and it adds conviction to my story. You were in the house at the time. She is very romantic over him, and she did not tell me his real name. She called him 'Prince Charming.'"

The vase fell, and smashed into many pieces at his feet. He burst out laughing as a school boy laughs, and he ignored the breakage, and seized Mrs. Jack's hands.

"Thank you, a thousand times. I knew you were a good sort at the bottom." He spoke as if he meant it; but she knew better, and winced.

"We acted in some beastly pantomime on Christmas Eve, and I was Prince Charming in a fairy-tale thing when she was the Princess. You've done me a good service by mistake, Mrs. Jack, and you know that the man loves her—when she marries him."

She smiled, said good-bye, and rang the bell with composure; but her face was curiously out of keeping with her voice.

He went downstairs with a brisk step, and out into the street. The whole world had grown suddenly wonderful, and to prove it, he hailed a hansom, and went to call on Miss Barnes.—From London Sketch.

If your hair is thinning and fading, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It restores color and vitality.

For The Fair Sex

The new woman has a very good opportunity to show her force of character by declining to wear the monstrous sleeves that are now the fashion. Furriers state that they are over-run with orders to cut up fine, warm, comfortable and costly fur coats, to make capes, coats being unwearable with the abominable dress sleeves. When will woman learn that there is nothing more beautiful, nothing more truly artistic in Nature, than her own form. And yet she will persist in destroying her own exquisite lines of grace, and making herself disgustingly hideous with all manner of puffs, pads, wires, corsets, crinolines and balloon fixing. Where are the new women, of common sense, who will set the example of discarding these absurd sleeves. When will woman learn that to dress herself is to drape her figure, and not to rig herself out in the grotesque fancies of a lunatic Asylum, fitting herself only as a freak for exhibition among the abortive monstrosities of a Dime Museum.—Bobcageon Independent.

FOR DYSEPEPSIA.

And Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

Big Trees

The big trees of California are said to be surpassed in height by Eucalyptus trees in Australia which grow in the Victoria state forest on the slopes of the mountains dividing Gipps Land from the rest of the colony of Victoria, and also in the mountain ranges north of Cape Otway. There are only four of the California trees known to be above 300 ft. high, the tallest being 325 ft., and only about 60 have been measured that exceed 260 ft. in height. But in the large tracts near the sources of the Watts river (a northern branch of the Yarra-Yarra, at the mouth of which Melbourne is built) all the trees average from 250 to 200 ft. in height, mostly straight as an arrow and with very few branches. Many fallen trees measure 350 ft. in length, and one huge specimen was discovered lately which was found, by actual measurement with a tape, to be 435 ft. long from its roots to where the trunk had been broken off by the fall, and at that point it was 3 ft. in diameter, so that the entire tree could not have been less than 500 ft. in total height. It was 18 ft. in diameter at 5 ft. from the ground.

Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons.

Listen, child, and I will tell
Of the battle grim,
Where appeared not long ago
The heroes, Bob and Jim,

Said Jim to Bob: "You are a man
Whom I greatly despise."
Said Bob to Jim, "The sight of you
Is torture to my eyes."

They forthwith sent a challenge out;
They make it strong and right;
And the various cities fussed
Over which should have the fight.

And next the Governors came forth.
Angry through and through;
Bossered the Legislatures round,
And did it easy, too.

Then the managers arose,
Full of righteous ire;
Called each other horrid names,
One of which was "liar."

Soon the people took it up,
With a mighty din;
Factions quarrelled night and day
Over which would win.

Thus for months our souls were kept
Anxiously a-throb;
All the universe took part—
All but Jim and Bob.

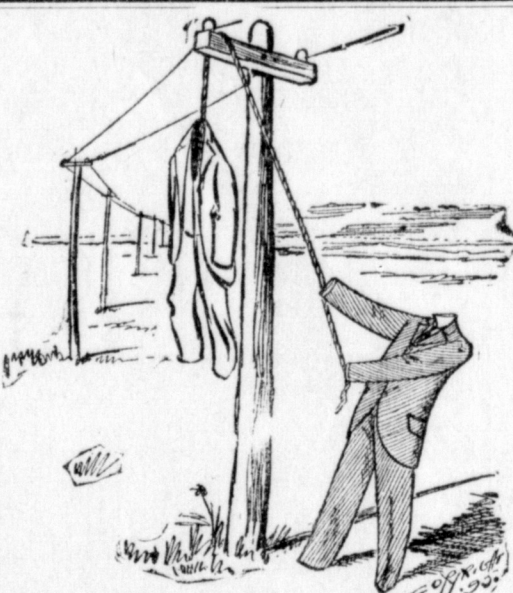
—Washington Star.

C. Donnelly, prop. of the popular and well-known Windsor Hotel, Allison, Ont., was troubled for years with Itching Piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McGarvey, Allison, livery man, to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, was cured, has had no return of them and highly recommends this Ointment as a sovereign cure for Piles.

Noble and Trafton are doing a rushing grocery business. Among their recent importations is a line of extra fine bacon which epicures would do well to try.

Social dances have displaced church fairs as a means of raising money for the Sunday school in E. Toro, Orange county, Cal. Its a cold departure; but is popular and successful.

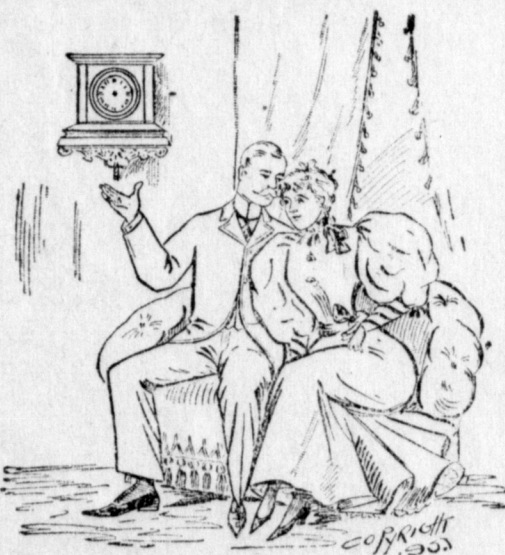
K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.



Hang Clothing That Doesn't Fit.

That's what every man says, yet some keep right on patronizing the same tailor. No excuse for it whatever, when a man knows about this store. Bad fit is a capital offence, and a man that tolerates it aids and abets in the crime. Learn to say "no" when a tailor tries to wrap you up a suit that makes you look like the wild man of Borneo. Just take a walk around to our store and get exactly what you want, at a lower price. Latest New York Fashion Reports regularly received.

R. B. JONES, MANCHESTER HOUSE



Can't Tell the Time

When we didn't sell the Best Clocks made—all kinds of Time Pieces in fact, from

Ladies' Watches up to 8-day Clocks.

You know what a good Watch ought to be, so we'll pass on to Jewelry in general, and general indeed our stock is. Name if you can any class of Jewelry that we don't keep.

SILVERWARE, TOO,

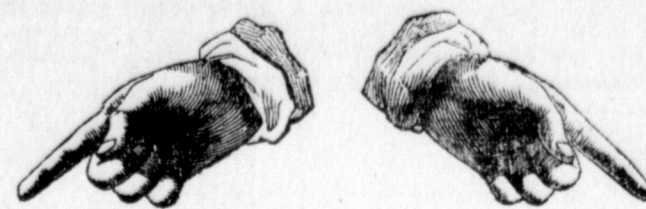
And our prices on that have dropped of late. It will surely pay you to look, for the designs are of great excellence and prices cannot fall lower.

Sterling Silver Goods

are almost as cheap as plate now.

W. B. JEWETT, - - Main Street,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.



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.

Lamps, Lanterns, Etc.

JUST RECEIVED by

Dibblee & Son

15 Barrels, Lamp Goods,

—CONSISTING OF—

HANGING & BANQUET LAMPS,

Lamp Shades and Chimneys.

20 Doz. Assorted Lanterns,

5 Barrels Lantern Globes.

The above goods are bought direct from the manufacturers, and will be sold at very close prices.

NEW DRESS GOODS

In All Qualities, and All Patterns.

Our stock is particularly fine in the Very Fashionable

Mixed Tweed Effects.

Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Ladies' Coats, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear. PRICES DOWN.

McManus Bros.

A Protest

Will be entered if any one can show a finer and more Complete Line of Groceries and Dry Goods etc. I have everything that can be found in a first-class General Store, and my prices are as low as any in the trade. Call and see.

J. C. MILMORE,

Main Street.

FEWER BROS.,

PLUMBERS,

Steam, Gas and Water Fitters.

Orders Promptly and Carefully Filled.

Prices moderate. Work warranted.

EMERALD ST., OPP. WILBUR HOUSE

WOODSTOCK N. B.

JOHN J. HUGHES,

Plumber & Hot Water Fitter

Estimates furnished on jobs. Lead and Iron Pipe kept in stock, also Sinks and Plumbers' Supplies. Charges reasonable. All work warranted. Orders left at Hamilton's Tin Shop, Cor. of Elm and Main street, will receive prompt attention.