

THE SONG I NEVER SING.

As when in dreams we sometimes hear
A melody so faint and fine,
And musically sweet and clear,
It favors all the atmosphere
With harmony divine;
So, often in my waking dreams,
I hear a melody that seems
Like fairy voices whispering
To me the song I never sing.

Sometimes when brooding o'er the years
My lavish youth has been thrown away,
When all the glowing past appears
But as a mirage that my tears
Have crumbled to decay.
I thrill to find the ache and pain
Of my remorse is stilled again,
As, forward bent and listening,
I hear the song I never sing.

A murmuring of rhythmic word,
Adrift on tunes whose currents flow
Melodiously with the thrill of birds,
And far-off loving of the herds
In lands of long ago;
And every sound the truant loves
Comes to me like the coo of doves,
When first in blooming fields of spring
I hear the song I never sing.

The echoes of old voices, wound
In limpid streams of laughter where
The river Time runs bubble-crowned,
And gliddy eddies ripple round
The lilies growing there;
Where roses, bending o'er the brink,
Drain their own kisses as they drink,
And vines climb and twine and cling
About the song I never sing.

An ocean surge of sound that falls
As though a tide of heavenly art
Has tempered the gleaming halls
And crested o'er the golden walls
In showers upon my heart;
Thus, thus, with open arms and eyes
Uplifted toward the alien skies,
Forgetting every earthly thing,
I hear the song I never sing.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in *Armazindy*.

ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

"Some one had blundered." It lay with the signal corps of one division or another. It was in South Africa. We were out in three divisions to establish a station in the hills, where was no end of trouble among the natives. They were desperate, and liable to an outbreak at any moment. Late one afternoon our signal corps came in with the report that the central was throwing up a temporary fort fifteen miles away, due east, that the natives were massing to the north and sharp fighting was expected, and that we were to move on for one day more, and then return and hold the new fortification. The major would have given me an escort, but it would have weakened him; and, as the going was my own affair, I decided to go alone. It was only fifteen miles.

The jungle was not so heavy but that I could easily keep my points by the stars, with an occasional peep at my compass. For the first eight miles I might as well have been going through the woods at home. Then I was suddenly halted by the sharp yelp of a baby lion. He had leaped upon an antelope sleeping in a mossy hollow just beyond. A moment later I should have been out there myself, and if the little fellow had waited he might have found me right in range. Instantly there were two more yelps like the first, two more dusky shadows bounded from the undergrowth, and two more antelopes were detained. I climbed the nearest tree and made myself at home, well up among its branches, looking down upon the open.

I was hardly there when the very air was split by a crashing roar. It shook the forest, and I gave a most cordial clutch to the branch above me. Evidently the whelps' old gentleman, or some other old gentleman, proposed to help himself, and with a series of squeaking cries the young folks decamped, giving him the field. That roar was the signal for the forest to wake up. It was echoed from right and left, and, thanking fortune for so favourable a retreat, I made up my mind to stay there till the hour before sunrise.

I was not tired enough to sleep well in a tree at the start, but at last I managed to oversleep, and was roused, not by the roar of a lion, but by the rattle of a native war-drum. There was a hum of voices, too, and the sound of many feet. A dozen or more native warriors were already in the open space, preparing for breakfast. The drummers were soon in sight, and the main body followed close behind. Soon the open space was thronged with them. There were more than five hundred. They were all warriors. Some of them were well armed. Natives are usually boisterous. These were so still that in the tree I could not catch a single syllable, though the nearest were but a little more than fifty feet away.

If I waited till they moved on I should be behind them—a position, which might prove decidedly disagreeable. They were evidently impressed with the gravity of their mission, which, without doubt, was an attack upon the new fort; and, if I could get ahead of them and warn the central of their coming, it would not only be a much more comfortable position, but would prove a good feather for my cap. Their preparations for breakfast, too, made me ravenously hungry, and that settled it.

As cautiously as ever a panther crept, I made my way to a large branch extending back into the jungle and crept out farther and farther till it began to bend. If it broke I was gone; but it did not break. Then I let myself out hand over hand, till my feet were not much above a yard from the spongy ground. Then I dropped. The branch swung up again with unnecessary noise, but I did not wait to see what effect it had. It was a question of life and death, and I increased the distance without delay. Faint with hunger, almost ready to drop in the path and die of thirst, thoroughly worn out by a steady race-horse pull of two hours and a half over that soggy, mossy ground, I came in sight of the new fort.

Strange how still that place was. There was not a challenge or a greeting as I climbed. I was too much exhausted to shout and rouse some one. I was too much in haste to look for an entrance, and, climbing directly over the wall by the cannon, came sliding down the other side far against a bronzed

old English gunner who was sitting there sound asleep. He was the only mortal in sight.

"For mercy's sake, where are the rest of you?" I gasped, staring about in blank astonishment.

He stood up, rubbed his eyes, looked down the path, and replied—"Hif you come from the left wing, sir, h'd better hask where is the rest of you?"

He was as much bewildered as I. By degrees we got our senses into shape for a comparison of facts. He had been ordered to remain with the gun and told to expect the left wing at any moment, as they had been signalled, the night before, that the central would move on at daylight to a point where the natives were massing, a day's march beyond, and that the left was to hold the position till the central returned. He had the written orders in his pocket for the major.

It was only a little confusion somewhere in the signal service. "Too much brevity and a double construction," it was pronounced upon official investigation. The immediate result, however, was that the old gunner and myself were there alone, with at least five hundred savage warriors not an hour's march away, and all the camp luggage and ammunition left for us to guard.

"We might hide somewhere," I said, as a feeler, to find out the temper of the old man. "An' give hup the gun!" he exclaimed. There was no doubt about where he stood. He laid his rough hand affectionately upon the piece, and added, "Hi t'ell ye, sir, she's a 'oly terror. She's a powerful one. It's hods on the gun, sir, w'en they come."

"Well, give me a gallon of water and a bone to chew, and I'm with you," I replied. Before I had half finished eating, we heard the rumble of the drums. The cannon was loaded to do all that was in her. At loops ten feet away, on either side, we collected a dozen loaded rifles each and took our positions there, after placing our hats so that they would just show above the wall, still farther along on either side.

The first native to show himself was a fierce black Kaffir, with a long-barrelled, square butt gun, who came stealthily creeping along, under cover of the rocks, with his eye upon my hat. Two others were creeping close behind. Crouching on one knee, he deliberately levelled at the hat. It is an indignity which one as instinctively resents as if his head were really where the other fellow thinks it.

The two behind the leader were on a broad grin, watching for the result, when I fired. The fellow jumped fully five feet, and fell on his back. The grin disappeared from the other two, and they started over the rocks; but the gunner settled one of them, and before the other was out of sight I had a fresh rifle and took him in the back. We waited ten minutes in absolute silence. I should have been willing to wait much longer; but, with a blood-curdling yell, the whole line of undergrowth bordering the mound seemed wriggling with life. Leaping, yelling, firing, and brandishing all kinds of weapons, a perfect black mass came bounding toward us. Some few sprang from rock to rock, but most of them crowded more and more into the narrow path up the smooth ravine.

It was easy enough then to see the folly of having thought that two of us could hold the place, and, not being so ready as the old gunner to die for a cannon, I heartily wished myself anywhere else in the world. As fast as we could pick up, aim, and throw away the rifles, we made them do their duty. But what did the few we killed matter in that great multitude? Their howls were something frightful. In two minutes more our lives would not be worth a broken straw. The whole gorge was one solid mass of fiends.

The old gunner dropped his last rifle and turned to the cannon. He folded his arms across it and looked calmly down the path. One would have thought that he had a whole detachment at his heels, and even then that he was a brave man. The picture seemed to amuse him. His bronzed face wrinkled in a smile. It suddenly struck me that he was crazy. The black fiends were within fifty feet of us. I was petrified.

"Now then, old girl," he muttered, and, as if it answered his voice alone, there was a crash that sounded like the thunder of a broadside.

How he did it I don't know, but before the smoke had cleared away he sent another, and then a third, charge from that cannon's mouth. Then he folded his arms again, and with the same grim smile leaned upon the cannon and looked out into the smoke, as though nothing whatever had happened since he was leaning there a moment before. As the smoke lifted he muttered, "Hi told ye 'twas hods on the gun, sir. She's h'oly terror. She's a powerful one."

Powerful! I looked down the ravine, and drew back with a shudder of horror. If I were to try to report the scene, it would not be believed. We did not dare to go beyond the walls till the central and the left came marching back together, having found each other in the jungle, but not a sign of the natives insurgents. They found them all, instead, in the ravine waiting for burial.

The old gunner received promotion and a life pension, which he well deserved; but even then he "wouldn't give up the gun."

A Pleasing Theme.

Rev. Henry Helzinger, Neustadt, Ont.: "It is a pleasure to me to write a few lines about your dyspepsia medicine—K. D. C., and if the English language were as easy to write as the German, I would like to say a good deal more. I used your medicine, and can say it is just what I wanted and needed. My sour stomach and heartburn after eating, and that gas which came from the stomach, is gone, and I am able to take cold water again. Before I had to take the water hot on account of stomach trouble. I recommend K. D. C. to our people where I can, and to everyone who knows what a weak stomach is."

The World's Need.

So many Gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *The Century for June*

Christianity is the greatest propagator of civilization that the world has ever known.

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 be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills 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



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 GED. 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.

Couldn't Stand Prosperity.
Application was made to the court at Bridgeport, Me., for the appointment of a conservator over Oscar Johnson, of that city. A few years ago he was left a fortune of \$40,000. Since then his pace has been a rapid one and his money is now practically gone. He is sixty years of age. He had held a responsible position with a manufacturing house here for many years, and was a respected resident.



Hitch Up!
But before you do that come around to **Atherton's Harness Shop** and buy a new set of hand-made **HARNESS or 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 Ropes, 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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Brantford Bicycles,
For Sale Cheap.
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Call and see our **NEW STEEL PLOWS**
—AND—
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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 a lot of other good people who want good work.

Very Respectfully,
D. A. Grant & Co.

Wicks—I was reading a newspaper in the car this morning and the fellow next to me got mad. Snicks—What about? Wicks—Because I turned over before he got done reading the page.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Fashionable Philanthropy—Englishman—Why is it you Americans copy the English? American—We are in hopes you Englishmen will see how it looks and get disgusted with yourselves. *New York Weekly.*