

## A SONG OF THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE.

I love the warm, bare earth and all  
That works and dreams thereon;  
I love the seasons yet to fall;  
I love the ages gone.

The valleys with the skeeled grain,  
The river's smiling might,  
The merry wind, the rustling rain,  
The noises of the night.

I love the morning's flame, the steep,  
Where down the vapor clings;  
I love the clouds that float and sleep,  
And every bird that sings.

I love the purple shower that pours  
On far off fields at even;  
I love the pine wood dusk, whose flowers  
Are like the courts of heaven.

I love the heaven's azure span,  
The grass beneath my feet,  
I love the face of every man,  
Whose thought is swift and sweet.

I let the wrangling world go by,  
And, like an idle breath,  
Its phantoms and its echoes fly;  
I care no jot for death.

Time like a Titan, bright and strong,  
Spreads one enchanted gleam,  
Each hour is but a fluted song,  
And life a lofty dream.

—Archibald Lampman, in Varsity.

## THE WHEEL OF FATE.

## I.

"Grammercy!" quoth the Baron d' Agincourt, as he rolled off his bicycle into a potato bed, "tis a full mettled steed! Methinks those varlets have fed him with overmuch oil of late so restive he become. And, lack-a-day! My doublet is besmirched with mire! Thou smilest, I see, Agatha. There is but scant reason for merriment, shameless girl!"

"Nay," replied the beautiful Lady Agatha, as with exquisite skill she rode her dainty steed (a thoroughbred Coventry) up and down the terrace, "twas not at thy mishap, dear father! Of a truth thou must be sorely bruised. Was not that thy seventh fall this afternoon? If I smile, 'tis but that I am happy."

"Humph!" said the Baron as he hopped painfully behind his machine, vainly endeavoring to mount anew. "Happy, eh? And wherefore? Whom hast thou seen to change thy mood so since this morning? 'Twas but a few hours ago that thou wast weeping over some trifle of a spilt oil can. Ah, I am up at last!"

"I have seen none," said the lovely maiden, with blushing cheeks; "at least, save only—" She hesitated, doubtfully.

"Whom, girl?" insisted her father.

"Sir Algernon Fitzclarence."

With a desperate swerve the Baron rode toward her, his face purple with passion.

"What, thou hast chosen to disobey me again? Talking with him whom I had bidden to come within twenty leagues of my castle! Now, by St. Hubert, both thou and he shalt rue this day! I say that—"

The Baron's skill failed him once more, and he was shot off into the gooseberry bushes.

"Nay, hear me, dear father—"

"Cease!" roared the angry Baron. "What ho, there! Lead the Lady Agatha," he commanded as twenty men rushed forward in answer to his summons, "into the upper dungeon. And, valets, bring me the sticking plaster."

## II.

'Twas midnight. Alone in her dismal cell to which her father's cruelty had consigned her the Lady Agatha wept unceasingly. Sleep came not to her weary eyes; she paced restlessly up and down or gazed through the narrow bars of the window over the moonlight landscape.

Suddenly she started! Was it fancy? Nay, 'twas a human voice, manly, resonant. She could catch some of the words:

O sweetest blossom of the lea,  
O daintiest flower of the field!  
For love, for hopeless love to thee  
My reason must her kingdom yield.

Good heavens! It was Algernon Fitzclarence!

Across the land, across the sea,  
A single steed shall bear us twain.

He was ascending by a ladder! His face appeared at the window!

"Ah, darling Agatha," he said, "news was brought me of thy perilous state! But dry thy tears, my sweet! See—he snapped the massive bars with the little finger of his left hand—"the cage is broken. Two of the swiftest Singers are saddled for us at the castle gate. Let us fly together!"

Noiselessly the gallant steeds flitted along the road.

"Were't not best to light our lamps?" whispered Agatha. "Methinks that the sage councillors of the parish—"

"Nay, I fear them not," said the intrepid Fitzclarence. "Enough for me is the light of thine eyes."

Suddenly their steeds slackened pace simultaneously, and a faint hissing sound was heard. They looked at one another and groaned.

"We are punctured!" cried Agatha. It was too true. At the foot of a steep hill they dismounted, their tires flabby, shapeless, useless. Fitzclarence passed his hand over his ground.

"As I thought!" he said bitterly, "tis thy father that has contrived this! He hath scattered tin tacks broadcast over the road to foil our attempt to escape! But we will baffle him."

For some minutes he worked his air pumps in silence. Suddenly a sound was heard at which Agatha grew deadly pale. It was the clear resonant note of a bicycle bell!

"We are pursued!" she cried. "Let us fly, Algernon."

"We cannot," said her practical lover, "the tires are almost empty. We can but meet our doom bravely!"

Louder and louder came the noise of whirling wheels. Then—a whir, and the Baron breathless, pale with terror, went by them like a flash of lightning! Fitzclarence understood in a moment what had happened. The Baron was but an unskilful rider, and had allowed his machine to run away with him down the hill!

To stop him was impossible. He went along the highway for thirty-two and a half miles, and then, with a last despairing yell, he vanished over the cliff, still seated on his steed, and was buried beneath the waves of the English Channel. So Fitzclarence and Agatha returned to the castle and lived happily ever after.—Punch.

## This is Concentration.

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## Mid Scenes Sublime.

A prominent American who recently crossed the continent on the Canadian Pacific, gives a vivid description of the grandeur and sublimity of the Rockies and Selkirks. "The experience" he writes, "exceeded our anticipations; in fact, notwithstanding our expectations had been raised very high, in no respect were we disappointed. I do not think there can elsewhere be found scenery so sublime, varied and beautiful as that which greets the traveller on the west bound train, from the entrance to the Gap, near Cammore, until darkness falls upon him at Kamloops. It ought not to be hastily included in a continuous ride; but stops should be made, say at Banff, Laggan, Field and Glacier, so as, at these points, to view the falls of the Bow river with their magnificent surroundings; the matchless coloring of Lake Louise and her consort; the grandeur of Mount Stephen and the Pass at the western portal of which the former stands like a giant sentinel; and, as a climax, the subduing effect of the greater glacier."

"At the last named station, after two and a half hours hard toil, I ascended Cascade Summit, and from that elevated point obtained a vision I can never forget. Before us, to the west, was a semi-circular chain of snow clad mountains extending probably 150 miles; and as the time was mid-summer, I assume that on those resplendent crests the snow eternally rests. We had climbed to a height which enabled us to see the top of the glacier as it lay glittering against the sky and on either hand spread out until it became merged in the adjoining peaks. Over the head of the glacier (whose feet touched the ground a short distance from the station), and directly behind it, rose a solitary peak whose snow-clad head glistened with a whiteness exceeding that of the passing clouds while a little to the east, the kingly form of Sir Donald towered majestically, one mile and a half above the rushing stream which flows at its base. As I looked upon that grand, yet awful monarch, with his brow above the fleecy clouds, and noted the majesty and grace with which he surved the vast expanse of eternal snow and ice beneath him, insensibly it brought to mind (and I could compare it with nothing less than) the inspired revelation of the Great White Throne."

"Below us on the side-track, across the valley, was our car, which at the distance, looked like a toy that a child trails behind him. Beyond we could see the railroad as it wound around the loop and followed the river, the latter appearing like a winding silver thread amid the profusion of green."

"I can think of no more generous thing which philanthropists or educators could do, than to enable some of the tired ones who dwell in busy cities and on lonely plains, or pastors who are exhausted and lack sermon material, teachers who are brain weary, and students who are poor but ambitious, to view the splendid sights which abound on the mountain divisions of the C. P. R. Such opportunity would be a liberal education, enlarging the mind, expanding the sympathies, and giving to the most indifferent a vision of hope and beauty which would gladden them through life. On other lines you get glimpses of entrancing beauty, but on the Canadian Pacific you can look upon such from daylight to twilight, and thus be compensated by their richness and abundance, for the distance you have travelled to observe them."

"One great advantage the Canadian Pacific tourists possess. In other sections he may have longed to look upon a mountain from base to summit, but seldom has he done it. He must frequently be content with observing distant peaks. Foot hills and secondary mountains usually intervene. But it is different in the Northwest. For example, Mt. Stephen rises, sheer and precipitous, from alongside the railroad track at Field, so that all its lofty proportions are exposed to view from the observation car. In like manner, Sir Donald, Mt. Macdonald the Hermit, and a dozen others of sublime eminence might be named, that can almost be touched as you glide by on the train. They are before you and alongside, close at hand, giants whose massive proportions are so fully exposed, that you feel you have seen entire mountains and not been compelled to rest content with unsatisfying views of distant hill tops."—The Gazette, Montreal, Oct. 16, 1895.

## Captain Sweeney, U. S. A.,

San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by Garden Bros.

## Politicians as Judges.

The Canada Law Journal calls attention to the "miserable political necessity of appointing men to the bench because they represent some sect or section." Surely, the writer says, the Supreme Court should be the strongest of all our courts, and should command the greatest confidence, whereas the opinion of the legal profession seems to be that though that court contains much valuable judicial material, it is not the strongest, does not command the greatest confidence, and is in many respects most disappointing and unsatisfactory. With Sir William Buell Richards at its head, the court did largely command confidence, but now everything about it has an atmosphere of uncertainty, irritation, and disquiet, which makes it anything but a pleasant place to attempt the argument of law. The difficulty of getting good men to leave their own homes, etc., to accept a Supreme Court judgeship sufficiently great (has so far been an impossibility) without emphasizing

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the pernicious practice of appointing men simply as representatives of a community, a class, or a creed.

The Journal might have said much more. A barrister recently returned from England has remarked upon the gentlemanly bearing of the English judges, who are also sensible of the fact that the interests of the client are to be considered. It would be interesting to hear the recent experiences of that foremost council and gentleman, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q. C., before the Supreme Court.—Toronto World.

## The Best Cough Cure

is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

## Monkeys Charged With Theft.

"There are three monkeys in Calcutta just now," says the Times of India, "which disport themselves along the bank of the river near Juggernath Ghat; and, according to a serious charge preferred against them to the police by several aggrieved persons, they are stated to be the greatest thieves and robbers that disgrace the City of Palaces. Considerable amusement was caused recently when seven people, who had been treated very badly by these monkeys, walked into the Jorabagan thana, and, in all seriousness, wished to lay a charge of 'theft and causing mischief' against the offenders. The Inspector regretted he could not except the charge, and advised the complainants to destroy the troublesome animals. This suggestion they would not adopt on account of religious scruples. The Inspector thereupon advised the men to go to the police court, and charge the monkeys with being burglars of a very bad type, and apply for a warrant for their arrest. The deputation left to consider the position of affairs."

A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Jennison, Gifford—Spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box at that.

## Tragedy over Lawsuit.

COBourg, Ont., Oct. 31.—John Phillips shot Lawyer J. Y. Cruickshanks in his office last night. This morning Phillips was found lying on his daughter's grave in St. Peter's cemetery, his brains blown out and a revolver lying by his side.

Great excitement prevails here over this and the shooting of Cruickshanks, who is in a very critical condition.

The doctors have so far been unable to find any of the bullets.

There was bad blood existing between Phillips and Cruickshanks over a lawsuit which Cruickshanks was conducting against Phillips, and which was decided in favor of Cruickshanks' client and against Phillips.

Cruickshanks will probably die, as one of the three bullets which Phillips put into him last night is lodged in his spine.

## "Cold Water to a Thirsty Soul."

Rev. Isaac Baird, Templeton, Cal., well known in Canada: "I have tried K. D. C. and also the Pills, and find them just the thing—vastly better than what the doctor ordered. The very first dose of K. D. C. helped me and now that miserable headache is all gone, also that oppressed feeling that I have suffered from for months. I never mean to be without K. D. C. again; no medicine I have ever taken worked like it; it is like cold water to a thirsty soul. This is the second time I have tried K. D. C. and there is no failure or disappointment."

K. D. C. brings solid comfort to those suffering from sick headache and that oppressed feeling. Test its merits now. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

Famine prevails in the Smolensk and Pskow district of Russia, owing to the failure of the crops. The Minister of the Interior recently set apart 1,500,000 roubles for the relief of inhabitants of these districts, but ragged and hungry peasants are crowding about the railway stations inquiring what has become of the money.

## Nerves on Edge.

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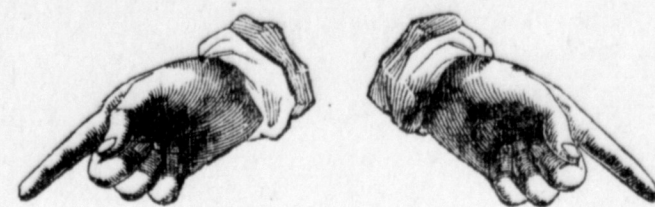
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