

## CONTENT.

The red deer hies to his leafy glade,  
The goat to its mountain steep;  
The grayling gambols beneath the shade  
Where the brook runs still and deep;  
The hawk flies home to its mountain nest;  
The lark to her lonesome lea;  
My baby lies on its mother's breast,  
And the mother is here with me.

Oh, fair is the sea and the sky above,  
And sweet is the Summer land,  
But what is the world to a woman's love  
And the feel of a dimpled hand?  
And what do I care for the land, the land,  
And what do I care for the sea,  
When I feel the touch of a baby's hand,  
And the mother is here by me?

The gray old world goes on and on;  
Its labors shall never cease,  
But here is the blush of refections dawn  
And the blossoming rose of peace,  
And what do I care for the mountain's crest,  
And what for the lonesome lea?  
My baby lies on its mother's breast,  
And the mother is here with me.  
—Albert B. Paine, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## HIS FIRST SERMON.

There was much comment, and some of an adverse kind, too, when the fact became known that young Dwight Harfield, fresh from the theological seminary, had been called to the pastorate of the church in his native town.

The congregation of St. Elizabeth's was quite as wealthy, fashionable and aristocratic as any which this particular western town of 75,000 inhabitants afforded.

There had always been over this church some man just old enough, just conventional enough to be correct and proper. But this latest act of a supposedly intelligent vestry had knocked all the traditions and precedents sky high.

Comment is very volatile, and, somehow, inklings of what was passing in the minds of the people, like subtle fumes, came to the consciousness of that very respectable and commonly astute body, the vestry, and it disturbed them in spite of the security they felt in their position.

Suppose, now, for instance—the thought would come, in spite of its manifest reflection upon the reverend dignity—that the bishop of the diocese, upon whose casual words they had so confidently depended, was, after all, only an interested friend of young Harfield, and his words, the words that had trapped them, only "sprynges to catch woodcock."

The bishop had said, apparently without intention, that the church which secured that young Harfield first might be congratulated, because he would not be available soon again. He had in him the making of a great divine, and he was sure to go high in ecclesiastical orders.

Now, they were seriously considering whether or not they had been taken in by a theological subterfuge. Might not the bishop, if designated as authority and appealed to, say that he had given an individual private and casual opinion, and could the vestry say otherwise?

There was one, however, who, though she felt tremulous over the trial, never for a moment doubted the young clergyman's ability to come out of the ordeal triumphantly, and that was Katharine, the girl who loved him.

She was the daughter of one of the vestrymen, Abram Harmon, and she frequently heard from her father the fears and misgivings which agitated the body of which he was a member.

Katharine and Harfield had been perfectly honest with the staid old gentleman. He knew of the love that from childhood up had existed between them, and while he did not actually disown it, it looked upon their affection with no favorable eye. He did not fancy a minister for a son-in-law.

When before entering upon his special theological course, Harfield had asked his sanction to their betrothal, he had been given to understand that he was only tolerated on probation, and that the subsequent confirmation of his position depended entirely upon his accomplishing something.

It had come to be understood between Katharine and her father that should Dwight Harfield succeed at St. Elizabeth's he might be considered to have accomplished something.

The momentous Sunday came, and without seeing Dwight, Katharine went early to church. The Harmon pew was far to the front, and when the young rector entered, his eyes could scarcely help falling immediately upon the girl he loved.

The chapel was crowded, the people expectant. But the young clergyman looked down in the heart of one person there and saw trust and help and love. And he grew strong, strong as a very Samson of the gospel.

He forgot his audience. He lost himself in his subject. He spoke with a fervor, an eloquence, a directness that thrilled the people before him.

The old, staid, respectable pillars of the church forgot to doze. The organist for once forgot to admire his own strong, shapely hands. The choir boys forgot their pranks, and behaved like the little cherubs which nobody ever mistook them for.

After the sermon and services were over the vestrymen found themselves the master of the situation. Their cup of joy ran over when the leading banker of the town, Mr. Bullion, the dignified and reticent, told as

many of them as he could get together that they had "shown wonderful prudence and foresight in securing the services of that remarkable young man."

"Katharine."

"Dwight, you spoke like one inspired."

"I was. But, O! my dear girl, I am so ashamed. I was inspired by thoughts of you." "Be still, Dwight! I came with the idea that I might help you. I felt that I had a message from a higher power that I could give you in a glance."

Mr. Harmon overtook them. And as he wrung the young man's hand he exclaimed: "Dwight, my boy, in that one sermon you have accomplished much!"

"And what shall I understand by that?" asked the clergyman.

"Come into the house," said the old man. There was a smile upon his face, a blush on Katharine's, and a look of wonderful happiness shone from the eyes of the rector of St. Elizabeth's.—New York World.

## A HOME FIEND!

## The Enemy and Disturber of Thousands.

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## All From Its Bondage.

## MR. GARRETT IS MADE A NEW MAN.

A well known writer declares that dyspepsia is a "home fiend." It is truly a cruel and torturing monster, and makes its slaves miserable specimens of breathing humanity. This enemy of thousands is effectually conquered by the mighty power and gentle virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, and the victims are released forever from the awful tormentor.

This is, perhaps, the worst season of the year for the victims of dyspepsia, indigestion, and stomach troubles. The great nerve system requires strengthening; the blood, now charged with impurities, may be made pure, so that it will course healthily and in abundance; the stomach, weak and unreliable, must be toned up.

Paine's Celery Compound will accomplish all these grand objects for the dyspeptic, and fit him for the proper performing of all of life's duties. Mr. Joseph Garrett, of Garretton, Ont., writes thus:

"I was laid up for months, and could not work, eat or sleep. Day after day I was getting weaker, when a friend advised me to take Paine's Celery Compound. I did give the medicine a trial, and before the first bottle was finished, I experienced a great change. I can now eat, sleep and work as well as any ordinary man, and I can truly say that Paine's Celery Compound is a wonderful medicine, and worthy of all the praise that people can give it. I advise all to use it for dyspepsia; as a purifier of the blood, it surely cures."

## Who Can This Ambassador Be?

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The surprise expressed by European newspapers as to the action of Congress is repeated in guarded phrases by several members of the diplomatic corps. The feeling expressed today by one distinguished representative of a great nation was as follows:

"The whole action of your Congress seems to me most unprecedented. I have never before known of one government proposing to interfere with the government of a colony of another power with which it is at peace. It is as if the British parliament should pass resolutions condemning the French administration of Algeria, or as if the French Corps Legislatif should resolve that the French Canadians were not receiving proper rights in the Dominion of Canada. Then there seems to me to be such an apparent insincerity in the whole proceeding. Neither House of Congress has had the courage to put its resolutions in such shape as to demand executive action. Each has designated its resolution as 'concurrent,' so as it can be pigeonholed if it should ever reach the president, just as the Armenian resolutions have been. And neither House seems desirous of concurring with the other as to the wording of the resolutions, which thus seem likely to be left hanging in midair between the two Houses, as if this whole discussion was meant for what you call 'buncombe.' It is most astonishing to me."

While diplomatic propriety prevents any Ambassador or Minister from expressing any such sentiment for publication over his name, it may be interesting to know that these seem to be the views of about the whole diplomatic corps in Washington, except the representatives of the Latin-American States.

## Kind Words from the Fred. Victor Mission Bible Class.

On behalf of the Fred. Victor Mission Bible Class I wish to express our gratitude to you for the box of Chase's Ointment which you supplied in aid of our charitable work to the infant child of Mrs. Brownrig, 162 River street. Ten days ago the child was awfully afflicted with scald head, the face being literally one scab from forehead to chin, and in that brief time a complete cure has been effected. Surely your gift was worth more than its weight in gold.

EDMUND YEIGH,  
264 Sherbourne St., Toronto.

We have evidently struck  
the key note in Popular Foot-  
wear—all the kinds—all the  
newest styles—for school—  
for dress—for ease—for ser-  
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BOYS, GIRLS—You want school  
Shoes. You want the easy, ser-  
viceable, dressy sort. That's the  
kind we sell. Prices have been  
clipped off to cost to get rid of  
our stock to make room for  
Spring Goods.

Every pair of Boots and Shoes in our mammoth stock will now be offered at Cost. Must have room for Spring Stock. No reserve! No fake! We've put prices on 'em that ought to move every pair. Better peg our way, hadn't you.

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Corner {Connell} Streets.  
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The Money Saver  
on Boots and Shoes.

## The Woodstock Woodworking Factory,

Which has been closed for a short time for repairs,

## Resumed work on the 24th inst.

Orders for Windows, Doors, Mouldings, Stair Stock,  
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Of Every Description,

Will be promptly filled at Lowest Rates.

Write for prices.

R. K. JONES, - Prop.

## A Blaze of Flashing Jewels.

The crown to be used in the coronation of the Emperor at Moscow resembles in shape a mitre. At the summit is a cross of five perfect diamonds and the pear-shaped ruby, the finest in the world. All the other gems used in the decoration are pure white diamonds and pearls. These stones are set in silver, and the lining of the crown is of purple velvet.

This crown was made in Geneva at the command of Catherine II., and is valued at 1,100,000 roubles.

The sceptre to be used was made for the coronation of Emperor Paul in 1797, and it is the finest that the world has ever seen. It is surmounted by the famous Orloff diamond. The orb is of solid gold, set with a triple row of diamonds and one great almond-shaped diamond. The diamond cross is supported by a sapphire worth a fabulous price.

The collar, star and jewel of the Order of St. Andrew, which the Emperor will also don, is ornamented with five pink diamonds and two Siberian aquamarines, one blue and one green, set in Diamonds. The decoration is valued at more than 100,000 roubles.

The Czarina will wear the state coronet, the necklet of which contains huge single diamonds from which are pendent larger stones. Her coronation robe will be the most costly ever made.

In addition to the state jewels the Empress will wear all the exquisite gifts of jewelry which her husband has given to her since their marriage.

## A NATURAL BEAUTIFIER.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. Sold by Garden Bros.

## Look out for the New Malady.

"Anorexia scholaristica" is the name which the eminent English surgeon, Sir James Crichton Browne, has given to the excited brain troubles which afflict those young women in his own country who "read Lucretius for recreation and cannot boil a potato."

The general disturbance may develop, according to this authority, into migraine, epilepsy, insanity or lifelong debility.

That sense of extreme weariness indicates disordered blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates humors.

Goethe had a large Roman nose, rather more bent than usual in that type.

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BOYER BROS.

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Counties of Carleton, York and Victoria, whom it may  
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Desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the first year of their business in their factory at Upper Woodstock. They are better able than ever to give satisfaction in every branch of their Carriage and Sleigh department. They have 50 PUNGS. They will not be undersold and they guarantee every Pung. Having secured the services of the best all round artist in the province, their painting of necessity can't be equalled. They have carefully picked every piece of stock in the make up of their work, and have brought a large and varied assortment of Trimmings at bottom prices. They ask the public to call and inspect. It is a pleasure to show their goods, as they have the satisfaction of knowing that they can't be beat in the province. Any orders left at A. Henderson's will be carefully attended to.

Take your Pungs there at once and have them neatly Repaired and Painted. School Desk, Settes, Lodge and Church Furniture made by us. Fine cabinet work a specialty.

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