

The following poem is by Poet Laureate Austin:

**THE LAST REDOUBT.**

Kacelyevo's slope still felt  
The cannons' bolt and the rifle's pelt.  
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,  
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;  
His lips were clenched and his look was weird;  
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,  
Their faces blackened by blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried,  
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,  
And the rifles were clutched and the bayonets  
lowered  
And on the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and the second quickly stopped  
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;  
The second, a third straight filled his place;  
The third, and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,  
Many a throat that cheered was hushed.  
Many a heart that sought the crest  
Found Allah's throne and an hour's breast.

Over the corpses the living sprang,  
And the ridge with their musket rattle rang,  
Till the faces that lined that last redoubt  
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,  
That cheered up the brave and cheered the coward;  
Brandishing blade with gallant air,  
His head erect and his bosom bare.

"By! they are on us!" his men implored;  
But he waved them off with his waving sword,  
"Le cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"  
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then they clung about him and tugged and knelt,  
He drew a pistol from out his belt,  
And fired it blank at the first that set  
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled; but on  
Clamored the rest till their bayonets shone,  
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,  
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel is flashed,  
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;  
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,  
His honor full and his life-blood spilt.

Mehemet Ali came and saw,  
The riddled breast and the tender jaw,  
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,  
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!"

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;  
His limbs were shapely and soft and round;  
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade;  
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an infidel maid!"

"Dig her a grave where she stood and fell,  
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's  
smell.  
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,  
In their lines we had scarcely supped tonight."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there  
Was dug for the form as brave as fair;  
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,  
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

**THE NEW YEAR.**

"So with the new year you are going,"  
wrote the woman, "out of my life. Very  
well, let it be so. I do not complain. I  
suppose, after all, it is what I had to expect  
some time; I did not think it would be so  
soon. Yet there is one thing I would ask  
you. I want to see you just once before all  
is done with. Do not be afraid. There will  
be no scene. I am not one of those women  
who load a man with reproaches. But I  
should like to see you to say good-bye. We  
have been good friends. Let us part as  
friends do. Tomorrow begins the new life,  
as you put it, with the New Year. But the  
old year is not yet dead. Let us bury it to-  
gether—tonight. I shall be back from the  
theatre by eleven—you know I am not on in  
the last act—and I want you to have supper  
with me; we will see the old year out to-  
gether, and then you will wish me good-bye.

Do not refuse me this little thing. Call it  
stupid, theatrical, a woman's fad—what you  
will; but humor me and come. It will not  
hurt you, nor her. And I think, under all  
circumstances, you can afford to humor me."

The cab stopped outside a little house that  
stood within high stuccoed walls. The man  
alighted. From between a gap in the cur-  
tains of a window on the top floor a pink  
light streamed out across the garden, as he  
followed the trim servant into the house.  
"She is changing her frock," he thought.  
"She need not have bothered to do that."  
He was conscious that it would have been  
easier for him to say good-bye if she had  
appeared in her ordinary morning dress, just  
as she came, with her hair perhaps slightly  
ruffled by her veil, from the theatre. For a  
mere formal occasion like the present, even-  
ing dress, in which she always looked her  
best, seemed to him to show a want of due  
feeling for the situation. When a man is  
about to say good-bye to a woman for ever,  
he does not want to be reminded that she  
has the finest shoulders in London.

Yet, as he followed the servant up the  
stairs, he almost unconsciously glanced in a  
mirror that hung at the side, and paused for  
a moment to see if his tie was quite straight,  
his hair unruffled. "If, after all, it is to be  
an affair of state," he thought, as he passed  
into the little drawing-room, "I must not  
fall below the occasion."

The room was empty when he came into it,  
and in the brief moment that he stood there  
waiting her coming, he noted the extraordi-  
nary profusion of flowers that decked every  
available receptacle, and made the atmosphere  
as scented as that of a hot-house. "An affair  
of state, undoubtedly," he thought. "I ought  
to feel honored."

There was a rustling of skirts, an opening  
door, and she stood before him.  
For a second a pang of regret swept over  
him that tonight it would all be over. The  
next, he remembered that for the future they  
would not even be casual acquaintances, and  
was talking to her calmly, to all appearances  
unmoved by the splendor of her beauty.

For, indeed, she was very beautiful. A  
woman, tall well proportioned, but withal  
perfectly graceful. Her low-cut dress, of  
some white gleaming fabric, fitted her to  
perfection, the blue black of her polished  
(that, indeed, was the effect it gave) hair con-  
trasted admirably with the delicate clearness  
of her creamy skin. There were flowers in  
her hair and at her breast, and long strings  
of pearls, one of his own presents to her,  
swung lightly from her neck.

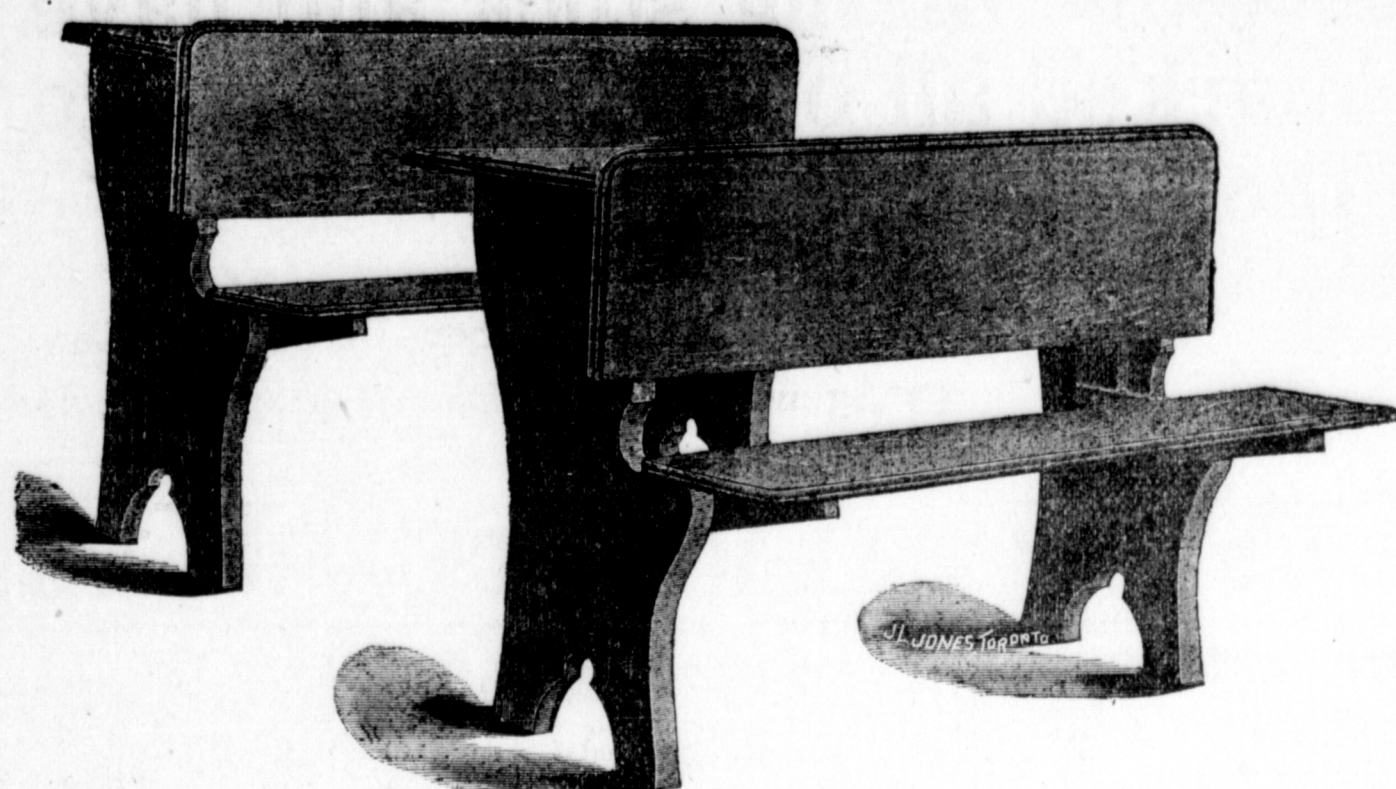
Of what he talked to her he did not exact-  
ly know. The effort which kept his passions  
under control stopped short at senses, his  
answers to her questions were confused, dis-  
jointed, and he welcomed with relief the an-  
nouncement that supper was awaiting them.  
"You must give me your arm," she said  
laughingly.

He gave it, mechanically, and so they  
passed into the dining-room.

"You are silent," she said half an hour  
later, as she handed him her cigarette case  
and lit one herself. "Do you know I am  
quite tired with the exertion of getting you  
to talk. Yet you have really nothing to de-  
press you. You are going to be married to  
the woman of your own choice, a very  
charming woman, too, I believe, by all ac-  
counts. Perhaps you are sorry you came?  
But, after all, it is surely better that if we  
were to part, we should part friends. You  
have been good to me. I bear you no ill will.  
I hope you bear none to me."  
He shook his head. "None whatever;  
why should I?"

"I don't know. Men are so strange. They

**Woodstock Woodworking Factory.**



**SCHOOL DESKS IN STOCK.**

Made in conformity with the sizes prescribed by the School Manual. Prices Low. Time given to district when required.  
Woodstock, N. B. R. K. JONES, Prop.

**JUST RECEIVED**

—AT THE—  
**Hartland Drug Store:**  
**PIKE'S**  
**CENTENNIAL**  
**SALT RHEUM SALVE,**  
Which will be sent to any address, postage  
paid, on receipt of  
**30c. per box.**

This Ointment has a remarkable sale and  
has been wonderfully successful as a cure for  
Skin Diseases.

**Wm. E. Thistle,**  
**DRUGGIST.**

Hartland, Nov. 9, '95.

will always blame the woman, if they can.  
To do you justice, I believe you are different."  
"I hope so."  
"We have been very happy, haven't we,  
dear?"  
"Yes."  
"And you are not sorry it will be all over,  
that you will begin your new life—New Year  
in—she looked at the clock face that peered  
out from among a cluster of white roses on  
the chimney-piece—in ten minutes."  
"It had to stop," he said evasively. Then,  
as if conscious that the answer was not the  
one he intended to have made, he added  
quickly, "you are not keeping your promise.  
You know it was part of my conditions of  
coming here tonight that we should meet  
merely to say good-bye, that there was to be  
no discussion."  
"I am sorry, dear; it was stupid of me.  
Forgive me."  
From the church at the bottom of the road  
a bell rang out in short quick jerks. It was  
as if the bell-ringer resented having to work  
at such an hour, and was venting his dis-  
pleasure on the bell. The woman looked  
down the road, a few people were passing in  
at the church door. "I thought no one had  
these watch-night services, don't you call  
them now," she said.  
"At least," said the man, "they need not  
ring like that. It's hideous."  
"Death is nearly always hideous, and they  
are ringing the death of the New Year," she  
said. "Indeed"—she looked at the clock  
again—"it's pretty near dead now. Only one  
minute—and the old year will be gone. Let  
us drink to the New Year as it comes."  
She went over to the sideboard and from  
a flagon of green Bavarian glass poured out  
two glasses of some liqueur. "You will honor  
me this last time, won't you," she said.  
He raised the glass in his hand.  
The church bell ceased abruptly, to be  
succeeded by the deeper notes of the clock,  
as it struck out the hour.  
One, two, three—  
"To the New Year!" she said, raising the  
glass to her lips.  
"To the New Year!" he echoed. But  
even as he reached to put the glass back on  
the table he staggered, and clutching at the  
air dragged her down with him in his fall.  
Like a flash it dawned on him what she had  
done. A horrible feeling of numbness came  
over him. He tried to speak; his lips  
chattered idly.  
The woman, with a desperate, dying effort,  
twined her arm around his neck, and moved  
her lips towards his. "Oh my love, my love,"  
she murmured, "I found after all I could not  
let you go, forgive me, I love you so. There  
was no other way. I love, I love—"  
The voice ceased.  
From the church across the road the bells  
pealed forth merrily, proclaiming the birth  
of the New Year.—Pick-me-up.

**Bad Blood Between Them.**

The ever-slaving farmer's wife, her delicate sister  
in the city, suffer more than they care to tell. The  
dark rings round the eyes, headaches, dizziness,  
palpitation or rheumatic twinges, betoken a run-  
down system. The blood is poor, and is a bar to en-  
joyment of life. Scott's Sarsaparilla purifies the  
blood, strengthens and vitalizes the system, and  
speedily restores a bloom of health to the cheeks.  
It cures when all other fails.

**The Ontario Legislature.**

The Ontario Legislature meets on Febru-  
ary 6th to transact business.

**Attention, Lumbermen.**

**MOCCASIN : SHOEPACKS!**

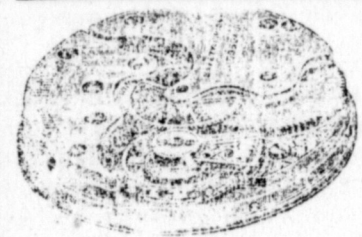
Made from the Very Best Oil Tan Stock in Canada.  
We have them in stock—all the Latest Styles. Come to the Red Store and look them over.

**Christmas!**

We have Just Received a Line of CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS  
and GAITERS. We also keep in stock a full line of  
LADIES' and GENTS' FINE BOOTS and  
SHOES, RUBBERS and OVERSHOES.

Give us a call and save a dollar. Custom work and Fine Repairing.

**BOYER BROS., Red Store.**



**ZERO WEATHER,**

And yet the mercury is not near as low as the  
prices on my stock of  
**Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and  
Silverware.**

Just give us a call and be convinced that you can get greater val-  
ue here for your money than any other place in town.

**H. V. Dalling,**  
**MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK.**

To the Government and Opposition Voters and Others in the  
Counties of Carleton, York and Victoria, whom it may  
concern:

**Chestnut & Hipwell**

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 care-  
fully 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 at-  
tended 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.

**JOHN CHESTNUT. DAVID HIPWELL.**  
**UPPER WOODSTOCK**  
**Telephone in Connection.**  
**PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.**

**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.**

**BUTTER TUBS.**

The Finest Ever Seen.  
Farmers wanting anything in  
this line will do well to call on

**W. R. WRIGHT,**  
**UPPER WOODSTOCK.**

**BUSINESS COURSE**

—AT THE—  
**FREDERICTON - BUSINESS - COLLEGE**  
At about 25 per cent. less than other business col-  
leges. Instructions thorough in all commercial  
branches. Circular and specimens of penmanship  
mailed free. Before going to business college write  
for our circular.  
A. W. YOUNG, Principal.  
Fredericton, Box 295.

**A Young Lady's  
Success.**

**Miss McBride's Experience Given  
for the Benefit of All Weak  
and Nervous Men and  
Women.**

**She Specially Recommends Paine's Celery  
Compound.**

Miss Minnie McBride, of Bethany, Ont.,  
positively declares that Paine's Celery Com-  
pound is worth its weight in gold for sick  
people. This statement, coming from one  
who was raised up to health and vigor, com-  
mands the closest attention. Past failures  
with worthless medicine and perfect success  
with Paine's Celery Compound is a strong  
and clear demonstration that the popular  
compound can be trusted in every case.  
Read the following letter written by Miss  
McBride, and then honestly decide whether  
Paine's Celery Compound is worthy of a trial  
as far as your case is concerned:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I add  
my testimony to the volumes you have  
already on file in favour of Paine's Celery  
Compound. After suffering for a length of  
time, and having met with many disappoint-  
ments in the use of medicines in general, I  
commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound  
which proved a complete success in my case.  
Your medicine cured me completely, and I  
feel as well as ever before in my life.  
"Paine's Celery Compound is worth its  
weight in gold for sick people; I would spe-  
cially recommend it to all weak and nervous  
people."