

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa' Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa' Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
They're nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo' Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was besh gu'd and fair, Jean,
Oh! we grudge her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul longs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fair
In the land o' the leal.

—Lady Nairn.

"AN AWKWARD FIX."

Confound it. Wherever can Charlotte be?" It is M. Chapoulot who speaks, and, as the words show, M. Chapoulot is as good-tempered and easy-going as one would expect in a man of 60, who, having been, like John Gilpin in his day, a linendraper bold, has in good time retired to enjoy a modest competency in repose. Your wealthy London tradesman, now, who has grown rich beneath the shadow of St. Paul's if he retires at all before death and disease puts him suddenly hors de combat, flies off to spend his fortune at Brighton or Bath, or Cheltenham—anywhere rather than in the great metropolis where he has made it. But M. Chapoulot, like the true Parisian he is, will never desert his Ville Lumiere, and has retired no farther than from the bustle of the boulevards to the more peaceful Rue de la Trocadero.

There he now lives with his only daughter Charlotte, and an old faithful servant of the family, and it is the former whom he is at this moment impatiently awaiting.

It is dinner time with the Chapoulots, who dine at six. One might see it by the snowy tablecloth, the neatly-rolled serviettes with their little ivory rings, the plates, the glasses, and there, lifting its head in sovereignty over all, the tall wine bottle with its petit blanc vin, which is to the Parisian what tea and coffee and beer and all the beverages of the day are to the average Englishman.

M. Chapoulot always begins his dinner with punctuality, but he has never begun it without Charlotte. And Charlotte comes not. Five minutes past six, and M. Chapoulot's impatience becomes annoyance; ten minutes, and it is even anger; a quarter past, and he is even furious. Hunger, they say will tame a lion, but it will none the less ruffle the equanimity of a saint. Wherever can Charlotte be? She has gone this afternoon to take her music lesson in the Boulevard Barbesse. She goes three times a week, and always returns in ample time for dinner. Twenty past, anger begins to give way to nervousness; five-and-twenty, it is alarm; half past six and no Charlotte, M. Chapoulot is trembling with anxiety. Hurriedly he summons the old servant, asks for his hat and boots; he will go out himself and see whatever may have happened.

But suddenly there is a merry little rap at the door, and Charlotte enters. No evil can have come, for there she stands in the doorway, smiling, radiant, in all the ease and grace of a petite Parisienne.

"Oh! papa—I—"

But M. Chapoulot's fear gone, his impatience again usurps supremacy, and reassured about the safety of his daughter, he begins to feel anxious for the flavor of his dinner.

"Come to table first. You can tell me while eating. I shall understand better then."

"Oh! but, papa, you don't know. I have had an adventure!"

"An adventure!" exclaims M. Chapoulot, starting from his seat and dropping his spoon into the soup in which he has already commenced.

"Yes, papa, an adventure in the omnibus with a young man."

"The omnibus—with a young man! comme il faut, papa, I can assure you."

"You ought to know, Charlotte, that a young man comme il faut has no adventures, above all in an omnibus. Whatever do you mean?"

"It is very simple, papa. You need not make such a wretched face. I had forgotten my purse. That is a thing which happens often enough."

"Yes, yes; especially to those who haven't got one. Go on."

"I never discovered it until the conductor held out his hand to take my fare. What could I do? What could I say? I should be taken for a pauper—for an adventuress, perhaps. I was crimson, I was pale, I felt that I should faint; when, happily, a young man who sat next to me, gave the conductor a piece of silver, saying: 'Take for two.' This gentleman, seeing my embarrassment, kindly paid for me."

"Well, miss, you have done a nice thing. Accept six sous from a stranger! You had better have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to all the company. But people should not forget their purses—I never do. And now, how will you return his money? You will never think of keeping it?"

"I have his card, papa: M. Agenor Baluchet, clerk at the ministry of—"

"What? This gentleman, not content with insolently lending his six sous, has had the impudence to force his card upon you into the bargain! He is a very scoundrel, your young man comme il faut!"

"But, papa, I could not return his money if I did not know his address."

M. Chapoulot has not a word to answer to this ingenious argument, but, with a gesture of the intensest irritation throws down his serviette upon the table.

"It is written that I shall not dine this evening," he says to the old servant. "Find me a cab at once. I am going to restore to this Agenor his six sous immediately, and to tell him a few truths as well."

"But, papa, that will be ingratitude. You must remember that this young man has saved your daughter from un faux pas."

"Un faux pas! He has rather led you into one. But, silence, miss! I am not going to receive lessons; above all, lessons in memory from a silly girl who forgets her purse."

M. Chapoulot has taken his hat and looks even more enraged than ever.

The old servant comes back. "A cabman is at the door, but he will only agree to a single journey."

"Oh that will do! I can easily find another to return."

And M. Chapoulot goes out in furious haste, while Charlotte timidly confides to the sympathizing servant that she knows even more of the young man than she has dared to say. For a month past he has regularly traveled in the same omnibus, and she has noticed that he has noticed, etc., etc.

Agenor, in his bachelor apartment, sits thinking over his experience of the evening, and vowing he will not wash until morning the hand that had been touched by the dainty fingers of Charlotte when she received the card.

Suddenly a sharp rap at the door, a violent opening and a stout gentleman, out of breath, his hat upon his ears and cane in his hands, breaks in upon his dreaming.

"Monsieur!" exclaims the invader, "your conduct is scandalous. You are not worthy the name of a French gentleman. An honest man would never take advantage of the embarrassment and inexperience of a young lady. To profit by the absence of a father and a purse, to offer your money—and your card into the bargain—to an unprotected girl, it may be a good investment, but it is a bad action. I have brought you your six sous again, and would have you know, sir, that as for my daughter and myself, we wish to have nothing to do with you."

And the stout gentleman, trembling with his vehemence, puts his hand into his pocket to get the money, when, before Agenor has time even to recover from his bewilderment, a new actor enters upon the scene. It is the cabman, all furious, with an oath upon his lips and brandishing his whip in a threatening manner.

"Eh! you! What do you mean? You engage me for a single journey. I tell you I cannot stay. You even order me to hurry. And then you jump from my cab like a madman and rush in here without a word. None of that for me. I have only one thing to ask. Pay me my money quickly, or—" And the whip goes round again more emphatically than before.

Agenor understands nothing of it. But the stout gentleman, who has searched vigorously in all his pockets, becomes suddenly pale, then red, then redder still, then crimson, then violet. He is silent in stupefaction a minute, and then, in answer to a more vigorous demand from the cabman, he manages to falter:

"I have—forgotten—my—purse!"

"Oh, yes! I know!" cries the enraged coacher. "I have seen that dodge before. You needn't try it on with me. Come along! You shall tell your tale at the police office."

And he begins to drag away by the shoulders the unfortunate Chapoulot, who is ready to fall into an apopleptic fit.

But Agenor, a true providence for the family, draws from his pocket the necessary sum and dismisses the driver.

"You will allow me, sir," he says to M. Chapoulot, who, all at once, understanding that it is possible to forget one's purse and that of all friends a friend in need is one indeed, can only reply with a smile:

"Monsieur—M. Baluchet, I believe—30 centimes for the omnibus and one franc 75 for the cab, that makes 41 sous I owe you. If you will be good enough to dine with me this evening, we will settle our affairs at once. As an old business man, I like not outstanding debts. Besides, ready reckoning always makes good friends."

A quarter of an hour later the servant puts a third plate upon the table in the Rue de la Trocadero. A month later there is a still larger party, when the wedding of Charlotte and Agenor is celebrated. And M. Chapoulot will often say to those who care to hear him:

"Beware of borrowing, oh, fathers of families. C'est un faux pas. I made once a debt of 41 sous, and could only repay it with a dowry of 20,000 francs."—Strand Magazine.

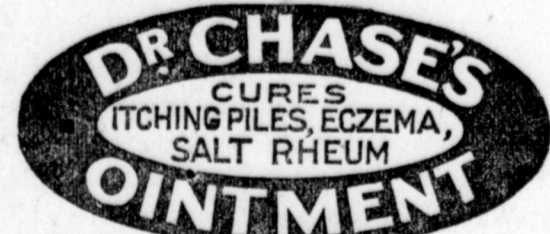
A Baby's Life Saved.

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. Sold by Garden Bros.

Miss Giddiwin: "Isn't it funny, the latest fashion about stockings? They are not worn any longer."

Miss Prim: "How awful to start such a wicked thing. And why?"

Miss Giddiwin: Because they're long enough. See?"



H. J. Lisle, representing Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, N.B., says: "Chase's Ointment cured me of a very stubborn case of Itching Eczema. Tried everything advertised, several physicians' prescriptions without permanent relief. Know of several cases of Itching Piles it has cured."



BRADFORD, JULY 4, 1894.—I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment a God-send to anyone suffering from piles, itching scrotum or any itching skin disease. Its soothing effects are felt from the first application.—J. M. KEGGAN.



NOTICE.

To Bradford Yerxa, Elizabeth his wife, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that there will be sold at public auction in front of the office of D. B. Gallagher, barrister-at-law, in the town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday, the Twenty-first day of May next, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon, the following described land and premises, that is to say, all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situated lying and being in the Parish of Richmond in the said County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows, to wit: "Beginning at a post standing at the south westerly angle of the grant to John Marshall on Bull Creek, sixth tier, south Richmond, thence running by the magnet of the year A. D. 1856, south eight-seven degrees and thirty minutes, east forty chains, thence south seventeen degrees, east, twenty-five chains to a stake, thence north eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes, west forty chains to a post, and thence north seventeen degrees, east twenty-five chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, being same land deeded by Jonathan E. Marshall to the said John N. Marshall by deed bearing date the 12th day of April, A. D. 1892, and by James Marshall also to the said John N. Marshall by deed dated the 22nd day of April, 1892, and on same day deeded by him to said Bradford Yerxa, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances the same belonging or in any manner appertaining.

The above sale will take place under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-fifth day of March, A. D. 1893, and made between the said Bradford Yerxa of the Parish of Richmond, aforesaid, in the said County of Carleton, farmer, mortgagee of the one part, and the undersigned Dennis B. Gallagher, mortgagee of the other part, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured.

Dated this thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1896.
DENNIS B. GALLAGHER,
Mortgagee.

Probate Court,
County of Carleton.

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any Constable within the said county, Greeting:—

Whereas application by petition hath been made to me by Charles McLean of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, a creditor of David W. Clark late of the Parish of Wakefield in the County of Carleton aforesaid, labourer, deceased, alleging that the said David W. Clark departed this life at Caribou in the County of Aroostook in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America, on or about the seventeenth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, without having to the best of the Petitioner's knowledge and belief, made any will, and praying that Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effect of the said David W. Clark may be granted to him. You are therefore required to cite the widow, heirs, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the said estate to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton at a Court of Probate to be held at his office in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton aforesaid, on the twelfth day of May next at eleven of the clock in the forenoon to show cause (if any they have), why Letters of Administration of the Estate of the said David W. Clark, deceased, should not be granted to the Petitioner.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said court this eleventh day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.
LEWIS P. FISHER,
Judge of Probate for Carleton County.

FRANK R. B. CARVELL,
Registrar of Probate for Carleton County.

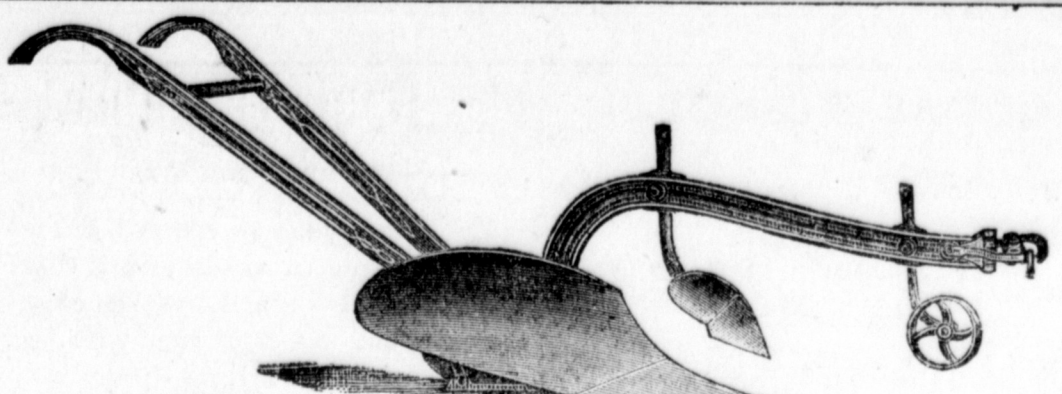
NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Post Office Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday, the 16th day of July next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity of David Elliott of, in, to, out of or upon the following described lands and premises, viz.

All that tract or land situate in the parish of Wilmot, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the eastern side of a reserved road, at the southwest angle of the western half of lot number twenty-six (26) granted to Adolphus Estey in Tier six Williams-crown Settlement, thence running by the magnet south eighty-seven degrees east twenty-five (25) chains to another post, thence south three degrees west forty chains and fifty links to a cedar tree standing on the northern side of another reserved road thence along the same north eighty-seven degrees west twenty-five chains to the eastern side of the first aforesaid reserved road, and thence along the same north three degrees east forty chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as the western parts of lots number twenty-seven and twenty-eight in tier six, Wil- liamstown Settlement.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick at the suit of John Fisher against the said David Elliott.

W. D. BALLOCH,
Sheriff Carleton County.
Sheriff's office Woodstock Dec. 30, 1895.



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SPRING TOOTH HARROWS

Wood and Steel Frames and with Lever Attachment for Raising and Lowering the Teeth.

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With either Cast Iron or Steel Wings.

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WEAR
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Come and see it.

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Men's All Wool Suits,
From \$5.00 up.

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Or anything of that kind. If so call on
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You will find him in WOODSTOCK at
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I will pay cash.
JAMES HAYDEN, Woodstock.