

"THE EUROPEAN POWERS."

Powers? Hard by the Golden Horn
Those satyr lips, as cold as steel,
Must curl in sly, sardonic scorn!
Will nothing serve as kindling fuel
To fire the chilly "Christian" heart,
Or move from apathetic meekness
The timid thralls of mode and mart?
Powers? What then is craven weakness?
From Thames to Neva runs all blood
As icily as the pole-world frozen?
Kaisers and Tsars, in fulsome mood,
May dub each other "Christian cousin,"
War lord, or knightly emperor:
And he, the Unspcakable, sits smiling
At "Christian Powers" of spirit poor,
Who waste in mutual reviling
The black-winged hours, like birds of prey
Full gorged with carrion, vulture, raven,
Flapping in full light of day,
Fearless of Christian kings turned craven?
What marvel carrion-fowls are bold
When full-armed war lords pale and palter,
Like angry spinsters chide and scold
Ere at "the name of action" falter?
Meanwhile the death-heaps swell and swell,
Mercy, a pale and piteous pleader,
Weeps helpless at the gates of hell,
The Christian crowds call for—a leader
Who cometh not! Each lord, each chief,
In diplomatic bonds entangled,
Scarce dares to stir. No strong belief
Moves any man. The "Powers" have wrangled,
Worried, and watched; but none dares cut
The Gordian knot, drawn redder, tighter,
But him, with sinister eyes half shut
In scorn, who mocks at crown and mitre.
Who'll lead? who'll strike? the people's cry.
Impotent seems appeal or urging;
Yet, hid from cold official eye,
"Christian humanity seems urging
So those who watch. Wistful appeal
To an old leader, worn and weary,
Proves what small trust the people feel
In younger chiefs, callous or cheery.
Who'll stir? Who'll strike? Scant a swer yet!
The throned assassin lolls and lowers,
Mocking, with Crescent crimson-wet,
Powerless things called "Christian Powers."
—Punch.

IN A RATCATCHER'S WAKE

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"
"No matter, sir!"
This broke the ice; we were friends at once.
With a crowd of other people I was standing
at the gates of Tyne Docks, admiring the
movements of a new ironclad, which had just
been launched from Sir William Armstrong's
works and was now doing a trial trip. The
man I had unintentionally jostled appeared
to be a cross between a ship's carpenter and
a game-keeper. But I was soon to learn that
he was neither one nor the other. For—
"You didn't feel 'em move?" he asked in
a hoarse whisper.
"Feel what move?"
By way of reply he thrust his hand into
the left pocket of his coat and produced a
couple of black rats.
"Fresh from Petersburg. Beauties, eh?
Nabbed 'em this mornin'."
He saw at once that I was interested in his
captures.
"Want to see how it's done?"
I nodded. "Very good; come on. Just
on the way to finish off another job. This
way—mind the moorin's—this is her—Black
Sea trader. There won't be a rat in this
ship when I've done, although there's four
or five hundred now. Afternoon, Mr. Mate.
Friend o' mine goin' below. Now, sir, this
way; 'ware hatches."
And I found myself going down the
companion of a "tramp" steamer, under the
impression that I was about to see a little
playful sport, of which the chief ingredients
would be sticks, terriers and rats.
Arrived on the threshold of the cabin, my
friend gently pushed me aside. Tossing away
some mats from where we were standing, he
disclosed a trap door, which he pulled up.
"Half a minute, sir," and he had vanished
from view. But he soon had a match alight.
"Come along!" Ginglyly I stepped down
a creaky ladder, and, for the first time in my
life, found myself in the lazaret of a merchant-
man. My friend chuckled and lighted a
candle-end. I peered uneasily about me.
Empty barrels, disused sails, coils of rope,
and a musty collection of weevily biscuits
greeted my nose and eyes. But the middle
of the floor had been cleared. Large iron
traps, similar in appearance to oyster cages,
occupied part of the cleared space. On entering
this weird portion of the vessel I had not
failed to notice the hurricane of squeaks
which hailed our arrival. I fancied then that
we had disturbed the rats in the middle of a
feast; but I now observed that the cages were
vermily alive with this particular kind of
vermin, and must each have contained some
scores of the rodents.
"See!" observed my guide proudly; "what
d'yer think of 'em?"
"How on earth did you catch so many?" I
gaped.
He gave me a queer look. "You don't
find a rat-catcher givin' away the secret of
his bait for no man, else why would the cap-
tain employ me? Now just you wait till I
clear these out."
So saying, he tucked up his sleeves, and
then, shooting his hand into the safety ink-
pot like opening of the trap, he commenced
to haul the captives out and transfer them to
a sack which he held in his left hand. Find-
ing, when he had thus emptied two of the
cages, that his sack was three parts full, he
tied up the mouth and flung it aside.
"Can't they gnaw their way out?" I asked.
"Too skeered," replied the rat-catcher
knowingly, "and too many of 'em." The re-
mainder of the animals he pleasantly stowed
away in his various pockets—thus throwing
light on his gamekeeper habit of dress—and
had soon completed this part of his task.
"Don't you get bitten?" I inquired, quite
expecting to see him wipe the blood from his
arms now that the transfer was completed.
"Rarver not. One thing is, I'm not afear-
ed, and the other, which you may not 'ave
took notice of, that I always catches holt o'
'em by the backs of their necks. No, it's
rarely I gets a nip."
"Come on!" he said; but he first baited
the empty traps with a dainty mixture of
chopped-up meats, fried cheese, and so forth,
all of which delicacies he had previously (I

presumed) anointed with the secret recipe he
had already mentioned. Shouldering the
sack, my friend made his way through the
hatch, and waited for me to join him. When
I had done so he deposited his living burden
in an odd corner and drank with much gusto
the nip of whisky which the beaming steward
had ready for him. The process I have al-
ready described was repeated in the engi-
neer's store-room and the fore-peak (down
among the anchor chains, etc.), my guide
gleefully re-setting his traps in each place.
"Don't s'pose there's many left," he
grunted; "but I alwis makes sure."

By this time he had three big sacks cramm-
ed with rat life; his own pockets were also
bulging with the creatures. It was all over
in three-parts of an hour, and he was at
length able to light his short cutty and rest
awhile. Upon which I plied him with ques-
tions.
"What's going to become of all these?"
"They goes over to Northumberland and
Durham," he said; "and I gets fourpence a
dozen for 'em from the pitmen. Wot do they
want 'em for? Why," pitying my ignorance,
"rat-woorin's their great Sunday amuse-
ment. Ho, yuss! They has bets on the
smartest of their terriers. They lets a dozen
loose in a ring and puts one terrier on 'em.
Very well, the terrier wot kills most in a
minute-an-narf wins the stakes for its gov-
nor. Oh, it's on'y a little 'obby the pitmen
'as—an' w'y not? Don't the Prince go
racin'?"

There was no denying this fact, and so I
asked him what money was to be made in his
business.

"Fur an occasional ship—like this—I gets
thirty-five bob. At for scourin' out ships
wot come reg'lar to the Tyne, and employ me
reg'lar I gets a pound. But it's when the
Baltic's open, and the grain trade's good, that
I make my best bit. They comes over with
the grain, yer see. They goes along the
moorin' ropes at night, and one night's quite
enough to fill a ship with 'em. Well, I must
be gettin' on," shouldering a sack as he
spoke; "so if you've got any fun outer the
job—"

I took the hint and gave him a sun that
would have bought some dozens of his pets.
—St. James' Budget.

In many cases the first work of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other
medicines that have been tried in vain. It
would be a saving of time and money if ex-
perimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first
instead of at last.

DAIGLE CAME ACROSS

Being in Difficulty in Aroostook County.

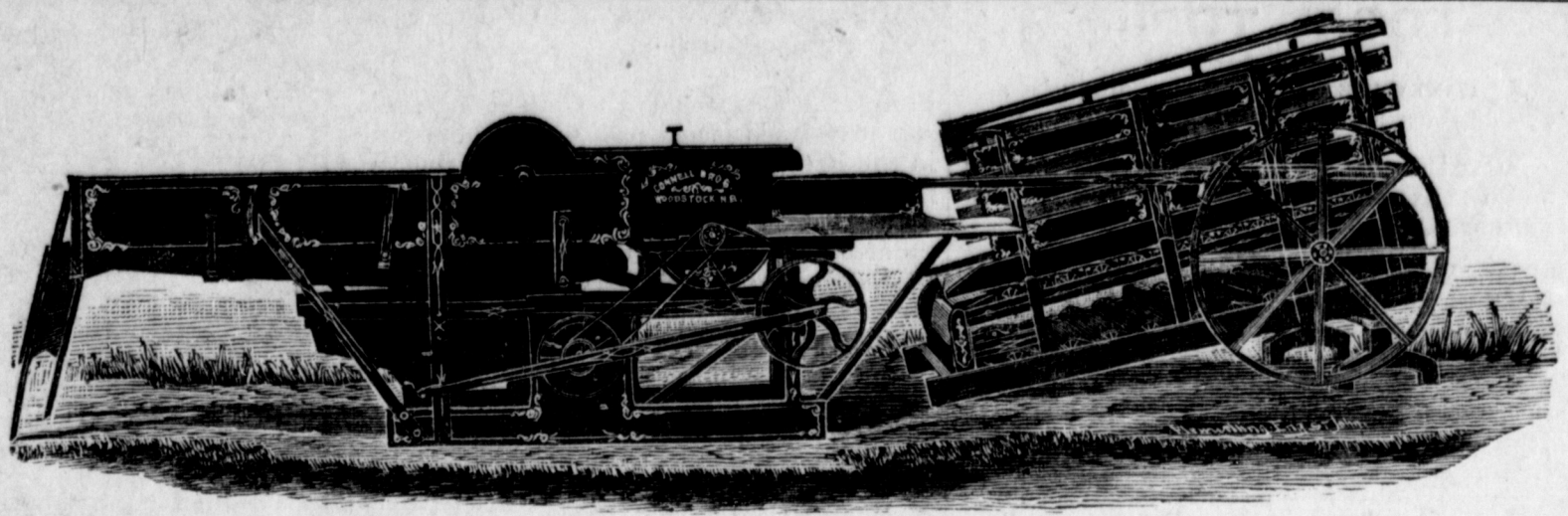
An exchange says: Northern Aroostook
has a sensation, caused by the disappearance
of Arthur Daigle, of St. David. For years
Daigle has been a leader among the French-
Canadians. He is postmaster at St. David
in Madawaska, Maine, a registrar of deeds for
Upper Aroostook and trial justice in his town.
For some time there have been rumors of ir-
regularities. Soldiers who draw pensions
have entrusted to Daigle the collection of
their claims, and he had attended to the pen-
sion checks for quite a number of parties.
Some of these now allege that Daigle retained
too large commissions for himself, more
than was retainable under the law. Not long
ago, under direction of Attorney General
Powers, he distributed deeds of certain state
lands to settlers. It is stated by many of
these persons that Daigle exacted large fees
for these services, claiming to the French
settlers that he had been instrumental in se-
curing the deeds. In reality, he had no right
to make any charge for these services. But
the affair that has caused Mr. Daigle to un-
ceremoniously retreat across the border, is the
charge made by a citizen of Madawaska that
the postmaster opened letters addressed to
said citizen and that the letter contained
money. This man made so many threats
that the postmaster has gone across the St.
John river into the provinces, leaving the
post office in charge of his clerk, David Ga-
neau. Mr. Daigle from his retreat has been
making overtures toward a settlement of the
affair, but he has not yet been able to fix up
matters. His friends say to a certain extent
Mr. Daigle is excusable, and can perhaps ex-
plain his apparent irregularities. He has
been postmaster many years and has frequent-
ly been called upon by the French Canadian
patrons to assist them in their correspondence
and their business affairs. In fact, he has
conducted the office with much simplicity,
and a great many people whose letters are
said to have been opened by him took it as a
matter of course, for he was looking after
their correspondence for them. This was
unconventional procedure, to be sure, but no
one strenuously objected or thought of making
it criminal until recently, when one person's
wrath was especially stirred because the post-
master not only opened a letter, but, it is al-
leged, made some talk regarding its contents.
The officers are making some effort to secure
Mr. Daigle and arrange affairs.

Miss New Woman—I don't ask special
privileges, Mr. Crump. What I do ask is
that you, for instance, a man should treat
me exactly as you would another man. In-
stead of talking small talk and treating me
like a thing to be protected, and all that,
assume towards me the attitude you do to
Mr. Warrington. Treat me like a good fellow.
Mr. Crump (quickly)—Why, certainly, old
chap. Lend me a fiver, will you!

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Remedy with a Record.

50 Years of Cures



LOOK OUT FOR OUR

New Thresher and Horse Power

Lightest to Handle. Thresh Faster. Total Weight 2300 lbs.

The Best Thresher made in America. Call and examine or write us before placing your order.

CConnell Bros., Main St., Woodstock, N. B.

Fine Tailoring.



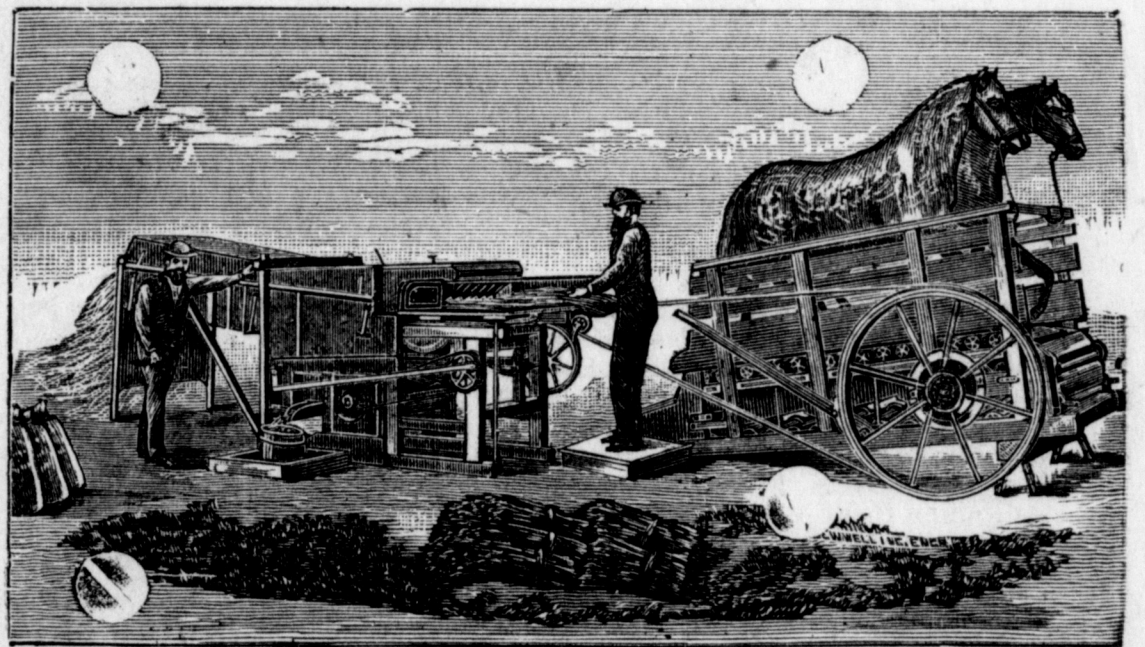
The gentlemen who have bought
their Clothes from us are well suited,
and the poor fellow who gets his
Clothes elsewhere is having an ill
fit. If you have had any misfortune
in ordering your Clothes at the
wrong place, don't make the mistake
again.

Come to us and get value for your
money. Our Clothes fit. Our
Cloths are Reliable and Enjoyable.

W. B. NICHOLSON,

Corner King and Main Sts.

What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895.
Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—Having used one of your
Threshing Machines for a number of years,
I can say that it did the work to my entire
satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses,
but does not waste any grain and cleans well,
and always took the lead wherever I worked.
I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it
did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.
Yours truly, Wm. GRAHAM.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.
Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your
Thresher for six years, and it has given per-
fect satisfaction. I consider your Machine
the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is
so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds
very easily. I can recommend it to the pub-
lic as being first class.
Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.
North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896.

Scotch Settlement,
Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant
Thresher and Sawing Machine is the best
that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894
and earned about \$500 with her.
Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers
for the past five years, and it gives good
satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning,
and in that time have not lost an hour for
breakage. We are also well satisfied with
the Wood Cutter.
Yours respectfully,
DAVID DELUCKY.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

SMALL & FISHER CO. Lt'd,
Woodstock, N. B.

HOG : FEED!

FOR SALE AT

G. A. BRITAIN MILL
BRISTOL.

Aug. 3, '96.

WANTED.

Birch, Ash, Pine,
Butternut and Spruce
Planks and Boards.

I will pay cash.

JAMES HAYDEN, Woodstock