

THANKFULNESS.

I thank Thee, O my God, who made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us around
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain,
So that earth's bliss may be our guide
And not our chain.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though sadly blest,
Can never find, however they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. Proctor.

CHARLEY'S LUCK.

Charley Wiburn and I are cousins, but, somehow, I scarcely seem to belong to the family at all. We had no end of relations, and he was a general favorite with all, even some he had never seen, for they would die and leave him legacies. He was constantly getting some little "windfall" of this kind, till at length Charley Wiburn's "luck" became a general catchword among us—a synonym for all that was lucky and fortunate.

One morning at breakfast—we were artists and shared the same rooms and studio—he received a black-edged letter, which, upon opening and reading, he cast down with a discontented look.

"Another funeral to go to," he grumbled, "and here are my pictures unfinished, and next week is sending-in day."

"Who is it now?" I asked. "Another legacy, I suppose, eh?"

"Very likely," he returned, indifferently—he was so used to these things he scarcely took any notice of them now. "It's Uncle Alexander Stephen. Did you know him?"

I shook my head. "Have heard of him; never saw him," I said.

"I hardly knew him myself," Charley explained—"at least, not since I was a boy. It's a rare bother, this, coming just now. Such a long journey into the country. I say, Jack, you have done your pictures and sent them in and have nothing to do for a spell—couldn't you go down for me?"

"What, in your name?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, why not? It's years since I was among any of the set. This letter is from a Mr. Parchly, the solicitor to the will, I suppose; he doesn't know me. You are Jack Wiburn—it's only a difference of a Christian name, and it's all in the family, you know."

To cut the matter short, I had to consent—as I generally did where Charley was concerned.

I took the lawyer's letter, as a sort of credential, and set out, grumbling a good deal, at what I considered Charley's "cheek" in thus making use of me. If I had finished up my work before he had, it was only because I had worked at it more constantly, and now instead of reaping the advantage in the shape of a few days' rest, he made it an excuse for sending me off on a lugubrious mission like this; and Charley would, no doubt, have a good legacy, too, out of it.

"I don't suppose it's much," he said to me. "Perhaps a hundred or two—hardly worth going down for, you know!"

So I had to go—with no legacy in view at all, small or large!

However, as I have said, I set out for the place—it was Devonshire—and in due course I arrived at the little town and put up at an hotel for the night. The funeral was fixed for the following day, and on inquiry I learned that the house I had to go to was only a short distance away.

The next day, therefore, saw me among the assembled guests. I found out Mr. Parchly and silently showed him his own letter. "Ah," said he, "you are Mr. Wiburn. Very good. Glad to see you." I did not reply, so he concluded that I was Charley Wiburn, without having said anything one way or the other.

But, when after the funeral, the will came to be read, I found Charley was down for £5000. That made me think it harder lines than ever that I should have had to come down in his place. The weather was atrociously cold; the March winds strong and blustering, with showers of sleet and snow, and I felt cold and miserable. At the end of the reading of the will I was making my way out to get back to the hotel, when some one said: "Mr. Wiburn, I believe?" I looked around and saw a stiff, military-looking old boy regarding me with a smile through his spectacles. "Charley," said he, "don't you remember me?" I thought to myself, "Oh now I'm in for it. Here's a nice mess—all through trying to serve Charley. Just my bad luck." This feeling did not grow less when he said: "Milly wants to speak to you. She has been looking at you, and says she can hardly recognize you for her old playfellow." ("No wonder," I thought. "It would be strange if she did.")

She came up and shook hands, and the moment I looked at her I simply fell helplessly over head and ears in love then and

there. She seemed to be the loveliest, most adorable creature I had ever seen. A sudden resolve came into my mind. Rather than run the risk of losing the chance I now had of speaking to her I would say nothing about my not being "Charley," let the consequences be whatever they might.

"Don't you remember your little playmate Milly?" said she, with a blush and an entrancing look of her beautiful eyes. "Well, it's not so surprising, for I should never have known you, either, if Mr. Parchly had not pointed you out to me."

Before I exactly realized what I was doing I was whisked off to Major Rainfield's house—as I found the name of Milly's father to be—to dine, calling at the hotel for my evening "togs" on the way.

I found the major's house a neat, quiet-looking place on the outskirts of the town. He lived alone with his daughter (his wife being dead), a housekeeper and one servant. Though everything was comfortable, there was that indescribable air that gave one the impression that they were not too well off as regards this world's goods.

Since I was not too well off either, this would not have troubled me, but for that legacy of £5000 I was supposed to have come in for.

"Was that the secret cause of this sudden friendliness?" I asked myself. But when I looked at Milly and saw the frank glance of her truthful, honest-looking eyes, I felt ashamed if myself; nor, when I regarded the major, and noted the open, manly look the fine old soldier gave back to me, could I bring myself to think of him as a scheming old fortune-hunter.

Such good friends did we three become that I lingered on in the place for a week, during which time I grew daily more uncomfortable at the part I was playing. At last I sought out Milly one day, alone, and confessed the truth to her.

"I am not surprised," she said; "I thought you were not much like the Charles I used to know. But I am sorry for you—sorry to think your cousin should have got that £5000, while you were not even so much as mentioned."

"Ah!" I said, with a sigh, "that is Charley's luck—and mine. It is always the same—always has been, and always will be, I suppose."

I was thinking what I dared not say—that, if that £5000 had but been mine, I could have asked her to be mine, too; whereas now, with my poor prospects—well, of course, it was folly even to dream of such a thing.

I watched her narrowly after that, but could see no difference in her treatment to me.

I had written to Charley, telling him of his good fortune, and that I was going to stay on down here for a few days; but beyond a brief note expressing wonder at whatever attraction I could see there at that time of the year, he had said nothing and written no farther; not a word of thanks or of reference to his £5000 legacy.

Another week slipped by, and I still stayed on. At the end of that time I was in such a state of mind that, one day, finding myself alone with Milly, I blurted out my hopeless love for her, and said I should go away at once, for I felt that I could not possibly stay on there any longer. Milly, always quiet and self-possessed, remained silent awhile, and then said, looking down:

"I think you had better speak to papa."

"What?" I rapturously exclaimed; "do you really think there is a possibility of your father?"

I stopped and shook my head. "Alas, no!" I said, "such a thing could not happen to me. It would be Charley's luck, that—not mine."

"Well," said Milly, composedly, "they say you never know your luck till you try; but if you are too faint-hearted to try, why, of course—"

"I'll go off and find the major and have it out at once," I burst out.

And I saw him accordingly, and told him the whole story, humbly apologizing for daring to ask for his daughter's hand, when, as I was bound to tell him, I was not Charley, but Jack Wiburn, and I had no £5000 legacy and no prospects in particular, and "no luck!"

"H'm," said the Major, "how is it Master Charley comes in for all the 'luck' in this way?"

"I don't know, sir," I answered dolefully. "He goes about more and makes himself more liked, I think, while I—I hesitated."

"While you stick at home and work. Is that it?" he asked.

"Well," I returned, "I try my best. You see, I have nothing else to rely on—or hope for—like Charley. It's his luck—and mine!"

"However," said the major, "I have been told you get your pictures hung, and sell them, which is more than he does. Is that luck too?"

To this I made no reply. I could not see its relevancy.

"Now, look here, Jack Wiburn," the major went on. "I knew you were not Charley Wiburn." (I looked up in surprise.) "Milly told me, and I have made certain inquiries of my own, and I have something to tell you. The late Alexander Stephen Wiburn was a very old and intimate friend of mine and had long ago set his heart upon Milly's marrying Charley" (here I jumped up excitedly, but he waved his hand to me, as a sign to be quiet.) "But he has determined that, if it came about at all, it should be spontaneous, and not through any compulsion or unworthy motive. But in that will you heard read the other day there was something you did not hear—it was mixed up in another matter; but it comes to this. That if Milly married 'his nephew,' he and she were to have a certain sum between them to begin house-keeping. I have consulted Mr. Parchly upon this matter, and he agrees with me that, as Charley's name is not expressly mentioned, and as he would not take the trouble to come down himself, even to the funeral of

STILL IN HIS PRIME.

North Hastings' Odest Inhabitant Hale and Hearty.

Josias Moore, of Bancroft, Ont., one of the oldest and best-known residents of Hastings County, can boast of wonderful health and vigor for his age.

"Although I am over 84 years of age," he says, "I feel as young as ever I did."

Mr. Moore, however had a narrow escape from death about a year ago. "I was so bad with indigestion," he writes, "that the doctors gave me up. I tried various alleged remedies but found them no good. One day our popular druggist, F. C. Humphries, sent me a sample of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to try. The result was marvellous. After taking two I was able to get up. Then I sent for a box. I could soon eat anything. In a short time I was able to walk two miles, to Bancroft and back, with ease."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will, without fail, cure all kidney, liver, stomach and blood troubles. For sale by all dealers. Price 25 cents. One pill a dose, one cent a dose. Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

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the poor old uncle, who had been so kindly disposed to him, if Milly likes you well enough to have you, you and she will be just as much entitled to the sum set aside as if Master Charley had married her, and I am sure I shall not object to the situation. In the will the only condition is that Milly shall marry 'his nephew,' and, of course, you are as much his nephew as Charley is. Therefore I leave it with Milly; if she says 'yes,' I say the same, and you will both have something to set up housekeeping with."

No need to tell the joy with which I heard the unexpected news, or the heartiness with which I thanked the kind-hearted major.

"I'll go off and tell Milly at once," I said; but I had not gone far when he called me back.

"You don't ask how much you will have to start housekeeping upon," he said.

"What matter, sir, since you think it enough?" I answered.

"H'm; but you may, as well know. You might not think it enough."

"How much is it, then?" I asked.

"Fifty thousand pounds!" said the Major. And this is what Charley lost and I gained by that journey—Milly (worth more than all) and £50,000.

And now Charley won't speak to me or to my wife—for Milly and I are married—and he says I merely took advantage of him; but I say, as I used to say before, it is all his luck—and mine.—Gentlewoman.

A Forty-Year Old Grievance Removed.

In Bath, Ont., Chase's Kidney Liver Pills are a standard remedy. Joseph Gardner, of this town, suffered for 40 years with indigestion and his ever present accompaniments—constipation and headache. K. & L. Pills are only remedy that gave him relief. 25c. a box, of all druggists. One pill a dose.

Notice of Sale.

To J. Archie Lunn and Effie Lunn, his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fourteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and made between J. Archie Lunn of the Parish of Northampton, in the County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and Effie Lunn, his wife, of the one part, and the undersigned Henry Veness of the other part, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in and for the said County of Carleton, in Book N. Number Three of Records, on pages 181, 182 and 183 thereof, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction, in front of the office of Hartley & Carvell, barristers-at-law, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on the EIGHTEENTH DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of Eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All that certain piece and parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being on the south side of the Benton road (so called) in the Parish of Woodstock, County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick, commencing at a certain stake at the roadside at the north west corner of lands owned by William Deakin, thence running southerly along said William Deakin's land about two hundred and forty rods or until it strikes land owned by Samuel Rodgers, thence westerly thirty rods or until it strikes lands owned by Ansel Taylor, thence northerly and at right angles and parallel with said Deakin's land passing the said Ansel Taylor land and lands owned by David Thomas continuing until it strikes the said Benton road, thence easterly along said Benton road to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, said land was owned by George Veness in the year 1885 and decided by him to the said Henry Veness together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances and privileges to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated at Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, this fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1896.

HENRY VENESS, Mortgagee.

HARTLEY & CARVELL, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Post Office at 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-town 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, Williams-town 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 of Carleton County. Sheriff's Office, Woodstock, Dec. 30, 1895.



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