

**THE WIND AND THE LEAVES.**

There is warfare in the garden, and the many are outmatched  
In the struggles of the millions and the one;  
For the bitter wind is blowing, and the yellow leaves are going,  
And the armies of the summer turn and run.

Here they come, a flying legion, round the corner,  
down the path,  
While they seek in vain a shelter from the foe;  
By his furious onslaught scattered, clad in russet,  
torn and battered,  
Lost and ruined in the summer's overthrow.

Time was when they were allies in the April after noon,  
When the winter and the snows were at an end,  
For he touched the earth so lightly, that they issued green and sprightly,  
And they hailed him for their champion and their friend.

Then they loved him in the summer, and he kissed them as he passed,  
When the uniforms they wore were fresh and green,  
And they trusted in him blindly, for they thought his voice was kindly  
As he whispered through the coppice or the dene.

But they found his rough advances on the gray September morn  
Very different from his genial breath in June;  
For when the year grew older, his friendship it grew colder,  
And he threatened and he piped a warlike tune.

So they fought him and he beat them; and the garden paths today  
Tell a sorry tale of ruin and defeat;  
For the cruel wind is roaring, and before him, whirling, soaring,  
Go the little weary soldiers in retreat.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

**A PRIEST IN WHITECHAPEL.**

A prince near in the line of succession to an important European throne has renounced his right of succession, his rank and all its privileges to labor as a priest in the most miserable region in the world.

Within a few weeks this transformation has taken place, which is not surpassed by anything in the early days of the church, when Roman partisans were martyred for their devotion to the new faith, or the days of the crusades, when great nobles sold themselves into beggary to deliver the sepulchre of Christ.

These men acted under the impulse of great movements that were stirring humanity but Prince Max of Saxony was guided only by his own conscience when he gave up his royal rank to become a priest in Whitechapel.

A dry legal document signed less than two months ago in the royal palace at Dresden tells part of the story. It reads as follows:

"We, Max, Duke of Saxony, having been consecrated to the holy priesthood, do hereby renounce for all time, with the restrictions hereafter mentioned, all rights appertaining to us as a prince of the royal house of Saxony under the decree of Sept. 4, 1831, relating to the succession to the thrones, to the administration of the kingdom, to participation in the royal family council, and to membership in the upper House of the Legislature, and also under the royal house decree of Dec. 30, 1837, relating to money allowances, suite and the succession in the collateral line. The renunciation shall be ineffective if at any time, the Saxon royal throne being vacant, we shall be the only surviving prince of the royal house of Saxony,

"MAX, Duke of Saxony.

"Dresden, Aug. 1, 1896."  
But this document tells only half the story. In it the prince renounces his privileges, but it leaves you free to suppose that he will enter the priesthood of his native land and rise with rapidity and honor to the highest place in the Saxon hierarchy. It does not, of course, intimate that he will be a priest in filthy Whitechapel. What is more, the prince gave no public intimation that he would do so. The German papers which recorded his entry into the church as a remarkable fact had no knowledge of his intention.

The young prince was as modest as he was devoted. He tried to divest his great renunciation of any theatrical effect as far as that was possible. The next time that he was spoken of in the newspapers he had preached to the Germans of Whitechapel, telling them that he came among them as a priest, not a prince, and that he wished them to call him "Father Max."

Before going further, it will be well to tell exactly what position this young man occupies in the royal family of Saxony. He is the nephew of the present King Albert of Saxony, and the son of the King's brother and heir presumptive, Prince George.

His father, Prince George, has two sons older than Prince Max, but only one of them has children. Therefore, although there are several lives between Prince Max and the throne, only the children of his elder brother would be likely to divert the eventual succession from him. His chances of succeeding to the throne were very considerable before his renunciation—equal, in fact, to those of the present Duke of York when he was a boy of succeeding to the English throne. Prince Max was a younger brother, to whom his right of succession will pass.

The young priest's full name is Maximilian William Augustus Albert Charles Gregory Odo. He was born at Dresden, Nov. 17, as a lieutenant in the First regiment of Saxon Uhlans, which bears the name of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. He had already gained by the ordinary process of study and examination the degree of doctor of laws, a somewhat unusual thing for a prince.

He was not more than a year in the army, and during that time his inclinations had turned to a different kind of life. There were no small difficulties to hinder a prince of less than 23 years, near in succession to the throne, from becoming a priest. King Albert, although he is a devout Catholic and has a reputation for easy good nature, was strongly opposed to his nephew's proposed course. His father, Field Marshal Prince George, however, was early brought to his son's side. Prince Max was very persistent, and in 1893 the King gave his consent. The decision was announced to the Pope, who sent his blessing.

Prince Max put off the uniform of his regiment of lancers in 1893, and assumed the black garb of a theological student. He entered the Seminary of Eichstaett. On July 26 of this year he was received into the priesthood by Dr. Wahl, vicar-apostolic of Saxony, and on August 1 he celebrated his first mass in Dresden. The whole royal family was present, and the robe which he wore was the work of Queen Carolinae of Saxony. After the ceremony the royal family and the cabinet ministers assembled at the palace, where the deed of renunciation already printed was signed.

Within a month of this time it was learned that Prince Max of Saxony was a working priest in Whitechapel, the East London district which contains more poverty, misery, filth and crime than any area of equal extent in the world. In Whitechapel there are tens of thousands of German-speaking people, and they are not among the least miserable of its population. The English workmen complain that the Germans are starving them by underbidding, and the Germans can, therefore, have no easy time.

It must have been a sickening change from the beautiful and pleasant city of Dresden, with its palaces, to the overwhelming misery of Whitechapel. There are poverty and misery in Dresden, but they do not obtrude on a royal Prince. In Whitechapel one can see nothing else.

The Prince is attached to the church of St. Boniface in Union street, which is in the heart of Whitechapel. Over the door of his confessional box is written "Father Max."

His first sermon dwelt simply with religion as applied to the affairs of daily life, and contained nothing peculiarly personal. He is able to speak English almost as well as German.

On the evening of his first Sunday in Whitechapel he attended a meeting of the Gesellenverein, or Workingmen's Club, attached to the mission of St. Boniface. Speeches were made welcoming him, and in reply he said:

"I come among you not as a prince, but simply as a priest. I am a worker myself, for to my mind no honour is so great as that of labor."

Take a brief glance at the district in which the Saxon priest is to labor. The best obtainable statistics are those of Mr. Charles Booth, who is also quoted as an authority by General William Booth of the Salvation Army. He gives the entire population of the East end of London as 998,000 and of these 231,000 are in want. He divides them as follows: Starving, 100,000; paupers, 17,000; homeless, 11,000; very poor, 203,000. The vast misery represented by these figures is nowhere more intense than in Whitechapel.

"Tens of thousands," writes a worker, "are crowded together amid horrors which call to mind what we have heard among the middle passage of the slave ships. To get into their homes you have to penetrate courts reeking with poisonous and malodorous gases, arising from accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered in all directions, and often floating beneath your feet—courts, many of them, which the sun never penetrates, which are never visited by a breath of fresh air, and are rarely visited by a drop of cleansing water.

"You have to ascend rotten staircases, which threaten to give way beneath every step, and which in some places have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and lives of the unwary. You have to grope your way along dark and filthy passages swarming with vermin. Then, if you are not driven back by the intolerable stench, you may gain admittance to the dens in which thousands of human beings—who belong as much as you to the race for whom Christ died herd together.

"Have you pitied the poor creatures who sleep under railway arches, in carts or casks, or under any shelter which they can find in the open air? You will see that they are to be envied in comparison with those whose lot it is to seek refuge here.

"Every room in these rotten and reeking tenement houses contains a family, often two. In one cellar a sanitary inspector reports finding a father, mother, three children and four pigs. In another room a missionary found a man ill with smallpox, his wife just recovering from her eighth confinement, and the children running about half naked and covered with dirt. Here are seven people living in one underground kitchen, and a little dead child lying in the same room. Elsewhere is a poor widow, her three children

and a dead child, who has been dead thirteen days. Her husband, who was a cabman, had shortly before committed suicide. Here lives a widow and six children including one daughter 29, another of 21 and a son of 27. Another apartment contains father, mother and six children, two of whom are ill with scarlet fever.

"In another nine brothers and sisters, from 29 years of age downward, live, eat and sleep together.

"There is a mother who turns her children into the streets in the early evening because she lets her rooms for immoral purposes until long after midnight, when the poor little wretches creep back again if they have not found some shelter elsewhere. Where there are beds they are simply heaps of dirty rags, shavings or straw, but for the most part these miserable beings find rest only upon the filthy boards."

It is also to be remembered that Whitechapel was a few years ago the scene of the most sickening series of murders known in modern times.

**WITH INTENSE PAIN BEYOND ENDURANCE.**

In this Case Local Physicians Failed and Life Not Worth Living.

**WELL UP IN YEARS.**

His Cure Complete and Permanent.—Dodd's Kidney Pills Triumph Again.

COBourg, Nov. 30. (Special)—No end of quiet talk has been created in this town and its immediate farming suburb in the vicinity of the old Court House and Jail.

This was the out-come of something concerning Mr. Alex. Russell, a wealthy farmer who though well up in years has been cured of a long standing kidney disease from which he had endured great distress.

Of his case he says:—"I have been troubled for many years with a kidney and urinary disease which in spite of medical treatment continued to torment me beyond endurance.

"My trouble was bladder and urinary difficulty. Was subject to acute attacks of inflammation and intense pain in passing urine.

"Local physicians failed to help me and friends interested advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills of which I have used one dozen boxes."

"As the result of using the medicine I have been completely cured and I believe permanently so. The relief and ease I enjoy is worth a hundred times its cost."

"Such a medicine as Dodd's Kidney Pills should be used by every aged person as I believe that all of us need kidney treatment."

"I say all this in the hope that it may be published, and thus prove to be the means of guiding others."

Good eyesight produced from bad eyes by W. B. Jewett, Optician, Woodstock.

I do not say the mind gets informed by action—bodily action; but it does get earnestness and strength by it, and that nameless something that gives a man the mastership of his faculties.

How the Dipper Saved the Farm.  
Father was sick and the mortgage on the farm was coming due. I saw in the Christian Advocate where Miss A. M. Fritz, of Station A, St. Louis, Mo. would send a sample combination dipper for 18 two cent stamps, and I ordered one. I saw the dipper could be used as a fruit-jar filler; a plain dipper; a fine strainer; a funnel; a strainer funnel; a sick room warming pan and a pint measure. These eight different uses makes the dipper such a necessary article that I went to work with it and it sells at very near every house. And in four months I paid off the mortgage. I think I can clear as much as \$200 a month. If you need work you can do well by giving this a trial. Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., will send you a sample for 18 two cent stamps—write at once. JOHN G. N.

The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others.—J. A. Garfield.

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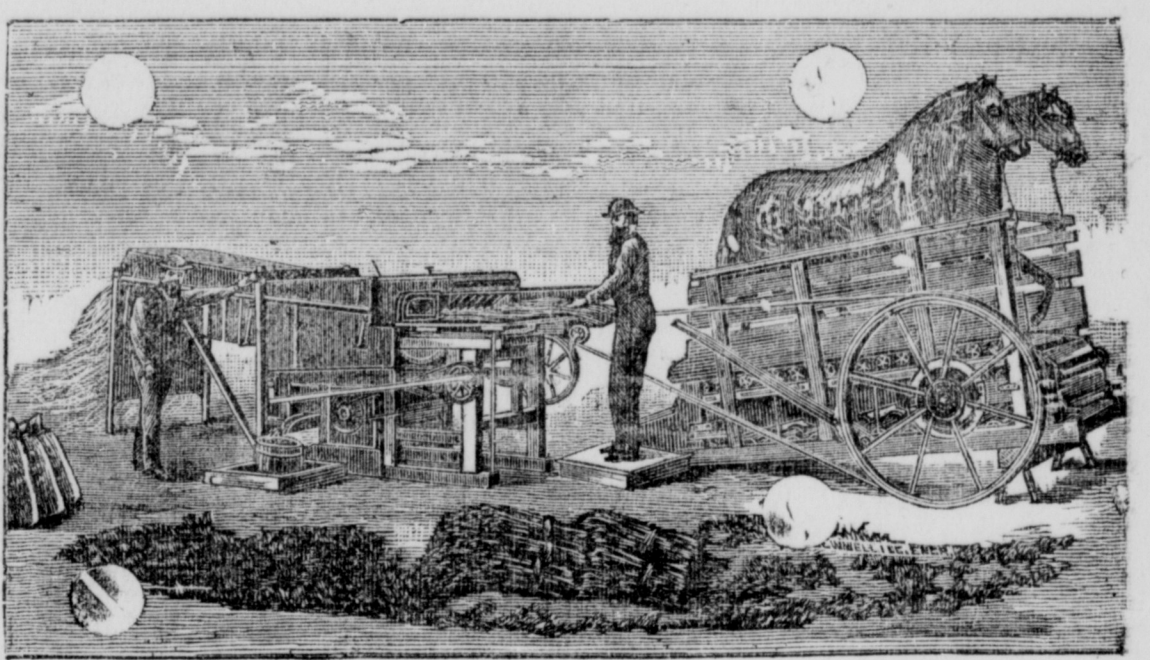
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**W. B. NICHOLSON,**  
Corner King and Main Sts  
**What the People Say.**



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.

Scotch Settlement,  
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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.

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 perfect 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 public as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY,  
North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock.

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 DELUCRY.

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**LOOK OUT FOR SNOW.**

The calendar says winter is near. All those that want their Sleighs or Pungs Painted will do well to look them over at this time and give McKenzie a call. I want your trade, feeling sure you can do as well with me as anybody in the business and, I think, better, considering the wearing quality of the job I do. Should you want a cheap job, don't go by me on that account. Any kind of a job will be given you for the lowest possible price. Remember the place,  
**Loane's Factory, Connell Street.**

Respectfully Yours,  
**JOHN MCKENZIE.**

If you are anxious to find the most reliable blood-purifier, read in Ayer's Almanac the testimonials of those who have been cured of such terrible diseases as catarrh, rheumatism, and scrofula, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then govern yourself accordingly. Money can never be well managed if sought solely through the greed of money for its own sake. In all meanness there is a defect of intellect as well as heart, and even the cleverness of a miser is but the cunning of imbecility.