

## FROST-WORK.

There's a woman on my window,  
With a heavy under-jaw;  
A figure done in frost-work—  
The worst I ever saw.

She's as straight as any poker,  
In her dress of silver sheen—  
The latest style in fashion,  
And fit for any queen.

Like the Sphinx that dwells in Egypt,  
On the borders of the Nile,  
She wears an ancient head-dress  
That's sometimes called a tile.

She is much afraid the sun's rays  
In their power will avail  
To mar her sweet complexion,  
Because she wears no veil.

With her big feet long and pointed,  
Just to fit the latest shoe,  
She stands upon upright icicles  
That melt like morning dew.

Her nose looks like a cucumber,  
For which nature had no mould,  
But stuck together bit by bit,  
And froze it with the cold.

Her mouth is such a cavity,  
I would rather go to gaol  
Than try to keep her on ice-cream:  
I'm sure she'd eat a pail.

I have watched her in the morning,  
I have watched her noon and night,  
For three long weeks and three long days,  
And always with delight.

For, truth to tell, I love the lass:  
She never can move her jaw;  
And should it prove too hot for me,  
She must begin to thaw.

J. E. M. S.

## SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED.

Sensation at a Boston Seance.—The "Spirit"  
is Caught and his Clothes Pulled off.

A recent number of the Boston Herald tells us of the bold and successful raid of some young men on a cabinet in which spirits were alleged to materialize for the benefit of an audience at a seance. A grocer named Ayer of Boston seems to have been the manager of the show, while a "Rev" Mr. and Mrs. Concannon arranged the materializing. The following is taken from the article in question: The Concannons came on a stage from a room behind and above the great organ, and sat in chairs while Mr. Ayer advanced to the reading desk and made preliminary remarks. He said Mrs. Concannon had been ill for a week, and her clairvoyance and clairaudience would be done at a considerable disadvantage. He said he had received several letters from persons who doubted the genuineness of Mr. Concannon's materializations. "One of these letter writers," continued Mr. Ayer, "said he believed that Mrs. Concannon passed gauze and fabrics through the curtains to her husband. How ridiculous that is, for the first form appears from the cabinet before Mrs. Concannon has left her seat on the platform." Mr. Ayer spoke of other objections and defended what he called his own modesty and sincerity, and said: "I have been asked why I do not leave the platform during the materializations. I would reply that the temple band of spirits told me a long time ago never to go off the platform during the seance, and I think I shall abide by their wishes as long as I am here."

Mr. Ayer's wife, who plays the organ, then sang, to her own accompaniment, "Sowing the Seed." Mrs. Concannon walked to the front immediately after the song and prayed to God. Then she began her clairvoyant and clairaudient act. Standing in the full gaslight and with open eyes, she alleges to see spirit forms who talk to her and tell her about their friends in the audience. The auditors who recognize names as she calls them stand in their place usually and cry "Recognized!" She varied her performance sensationally yesterday morning by leaving the stage and walking in a circuitous course to a gentleman and his wife, who afterward stated that they understood to whom she referred in her speech. The woman uses the term "en rapport" constantly, and her spirits talk ungrammatically. A gentleman named Berry, whose dead relatives she mentioned by name informed The Boston Herald man, who sat directly behind him, that he had previously met the Concannons at a private seance at their residence, 145 West Newton street. Mr. Berry's companion showed the reporter a piece of gauze which he said he grabbed from Concannon during a private seance.

The woman was fortunate in having nearly every spirit message "recognized." One man jumped up in the gallery and shouted that one of his relatives had been named, which was all the more surprising to him, because he arrived from Europe in New York only last Friday night, he said.

Mrs. Concannon rubbed her eyes and sat down again after saying she was very ill, and had come to the temple against the advice of her physician.

Mr. Gates and other investigators chafed, ill at ease, while the woman held the stage. One of them said afterward to the reporter: "I had some hesitancy about rushing on account of Mrs. Concannon's nerves, but after I had listened to that prayer my scruples were gone."

Mr. Ayer departed from custom by calling for the committeemen whom he wished to serve. Usually he allows people to be nominated by the audience. He first called upon a young man in a front seat, wearing glasses. The young man shook his head, and would not go to the platform.

A gentleman in a full dress suit, Dr. Richter

of 413 Massachusetts avenue, stood up, well down toward the front, and asked permission to be a member of the committee. He had been there the previous Sunday, he said, and wished to continue his investigations. Mr. Ayer consented.

"I will select a well known insurance man for the second gentleman," said Mr. Ayer, and called upon Mr. Richard Hallowell, an aged man, who does business in an Exchange place office.

With the addition of a woman, whose name was not announced, the committee was complete, and went up on the platform.

Concannon, as usual, selected the oldest member of the committee, Mr. Hallowell, and the two went up stairs. While they were gone Dr. Richter, who speaks an almost unintelligible German dialect, made fun for the audience by his examination of the cabinet and his comments. Developments proved that the doctor was himself the centre of a little party who had made all arrangements for a rush at the snapping of a toy pistol. The Gates party got in ahead of him.

Mr. Hallowell came down from the upstairs chamber with Concannon and announced that the medium had entirely divested his body of clothing before donning the clothes in which he stood before the audience. These, Dr. Hallowell said consisted of simply a pair of trousers, a coat, a dickey, stockings and slippers. The medium had on neither drawers nor undershirt, Mr. Hallowell continued, and the latter had held the clothes in his hands before Concannon had put them on his naked body.

Concannon added a few words. He pulled the dickey from his coat to show his bare skin under the coat.

Concannon walked into the cabinet and sat in the single chair there, after drinking four glasses of water supplied from a pitcher by Mr. Ayer. The latter says this water drinking is part of the "chemistry" of the cabinet spirits.

The usual "conditions" were omitted. In past Sundays the sleeves of Mr. Concannon's coat have been sewed to the knees of his trousers, his bare feet have been placed in a pan of flour and his hands filled with rice. After past seances he has been found in this position, having wriggled out of his clothes, performed his act and got back into his clothes. Yesterday none of these embarrassments was added to the medium's task. The curtains were drawn and Concannon left to his devices unfettered.

Mr. Ayer walked to the gas cock and turned it until the light was very dim. More rays came in through the shuttered windows than from the very high chandeliers. There was much more light than at the evening seances.

Mr. Ayer directed his wife to play, and she started "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in which the audience joined. Mrs. Concannon sat in a chair at the left of the cabinet, and Mr. Ayer in a chair at the right. After two stanzas, the organist stopped playing, and took a seat in the doorway leading from the stage to the keyboard.

Immediately the curtains of the cabinet were parted, and a full-length form, robed in white, appeared. The bare arms were playing nervously in front of the face, which seemed to terminate in a white beard. The curtains were slowly drawn together, but quickly opened again, and the "spirit" ventured out just a step. Mr. Ayer turned his back to the right of the stage, and advanced close to the ghost to converse with it, and Mrs. Concannon walked from her side of the stage toward the speaker.

This was all the opportunity the investigators wanted.

Biff!  
A sharp clap of hands rang out.  
It was Gates' signal.

"Now!"  
He uttered this in a low, snappy tone, and jumped, cat-like, on to the fourfoot high platform just as Ayer turned his head.

Kimball, Sawyer, Estes, and the others followed as quick as a wink.

Ayer seized Gates' coat at the breast with his right hand and grabbed Kimball at the throat with his left.

Gates twisted under Ayer's arm, tore away and was in the cabinet in a flash, tearing down the right-hand curtain as he went in.

Concannon was stark naked inside and on his feet.

On the floor were a wig, beard, part of a suspensory rubber bandage that had been ripped off hastily and a long white robe.

Gates rolled these into a ball, and, grabbing it tight, started to leave the platform by the same side from which he had made his rush.

Meantime, Kimball had struggled out of Ayer's clutches, and helped Sawyer control him. Sawyer held Ayer at arm's length and shouted: "Easy, there! We're too many for you!"

Wood was on the stage with a running leap just as Gates popped inside the cabinet. He was met by Mrs. Concannon, whom he seized by the arms and pushed out of the way. Seizing the left half of the curtain, he pulled it down to the stage.

Concannon was revealed to the left half of the spectators naked from the waist up. He was hustling into his clothes faster than he

ever did before. He made no fight whatever.

All the rushers left the platform on noting Gates' success and hearing his shout of victory. Mrs. Concannon stood in front of her husband and shielded him as much as possible while he completed his hasty toilet. Concannon was not struck in the mix-up.

Ayer struck no blows with his fist, only pushed and kicked. Just after Gates had jumped to the floor from the stage Ayer kicked at him and reached him hard on the back. In the crowd that had pressed forward was a young woman reporter. She squeezed to the edge of the platform just as Ayer kicked at Gates the second time. Mr. Sawyer put out his arm and protected the lady's face, catching the kick on his elbow. Mrs. Ayer then seized her husband and pulled him back from the edge of the stage.

The spectators were in a fever of excitement while the scrap was going on. Some rushed to the front, others stood in their chairs and yelled. Fully three-fourths of those present were mightily pleased by the expose, and expressed their pleasure in various emphatic ways.

Gates and his friends started down the outside aisle for the door, followed by a shouting crowd, some of whom tried hard to get the captured articles from under Gates' coat. Various spiritualists and friends of the Concannons were in the fighting mood, but no blows were struck. A policeman, who ran down one of the main aisles just as Gates was leaving the temple, had a soothing influence on the hotheads.

Ayer jumped from the platform and ran after the raiders. His face was white with rage. He caught up with Gates as the latter was holding a parley with the policeman in the entry. Gates was of no further concern to the officer, so his friends elbowed everybody out of the way and escorted him safely to the street, followed by a cheering crowd. The party went directly to the station 61 on Boylston street, and told Capt. Donovan all about the affair, then went home.

## Churning Done in One Minute.

I have tried the Lightning Churn you recently described in your paper, and it is certainly a wonder. I can churn in less than one minute, and the butter is elegant, and you get considerably more butter than when you use a common churn. I took the agency for the churn here and every butter maker that sees it buys one. I have sold three dozen and they give the best of satisfaction. I know I can sell 100 in this township, as they churn so quickly, make so much more butter than common churns and are so cheap. Some one in every township can make two or three hundred dollars selling churns. By addressing J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, you can get circulars and full information so you can make big money right at home. I have made \$80 the past two weeks and I have never sold anything in my life before.

A FARMER.

## She Made Him Hear.

He was a sharp-looking little man who was handling the baggage, and it was a rosy-cheeked little woman who was watching him handling her old trunk with ungentle haste. It was not that she cared so much for the trunk, but she had come from the same part of the country, and knew the baggage man's wife before he did, and here he had quite forgotten her. She did not know, either, that the roar of the city and the crash of breaking trunks had made him deaf.

Just as the lid of her trunk came asunder from the body she asked, timidly:

"How is your wife, Mr. Peters?"

"I can't help it; you ought to have a stronger trunk," answered the baggage man, instantly on the warpath.

"Oh, no matter about the trunk. How are Mary and the children?"

"Tied up with a piece of rope, ma'am, it will look just as well as it ever did."

"Mary and the children," shrieked the little woman.

"It's nothing of the kind. Report me all you want to. That old trunk isn't fit for the ark," and he gave it a savage kick.

"I don't care a copper about that old trunk," screamed the now angry woman, "but if you kick it again I'll have you arrested, and fined and sent to jail. I've got some feeling if that trunk hasn't, Bill Peters."

And that time the baggage man heard.—Detroit Free Press.

## The New Hook Spoon Free to All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A., St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it is useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, JEANNETTE S.

Counsel is making a long, dreary speech. Judge involuntarily shuts his eyes. Counsel notes the fact, and exclaims: "I shall stop talking if his lordship goes asleep." "And I never go asleep except when you are talking," replied the judge.

A Buckinghamshire jobbing carpenter tendered to his employer an account in which this curious item appeared—and, all things considered, his charge was certainly a moderate one—"To hanging wickets and myself, seven hours, five shillings and six pence."

## "That TERRIBLE DISEASE"

Rev. L. B. ROY,

St. Jovite, Prov. Quebec: "When I commenced using K. D. C. I had been suffering several years from dyspepsia. I got relief almost as soon as I commenced the K. D. C., and now I am well and feel like a new man. I can highly recommend K. D. C. to sufferers from that terrible disease, Dyspepsia."

## FREE SAMPLE

Of K. D. C. and Pills mailed to any address.  
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## Fine Tailoring.



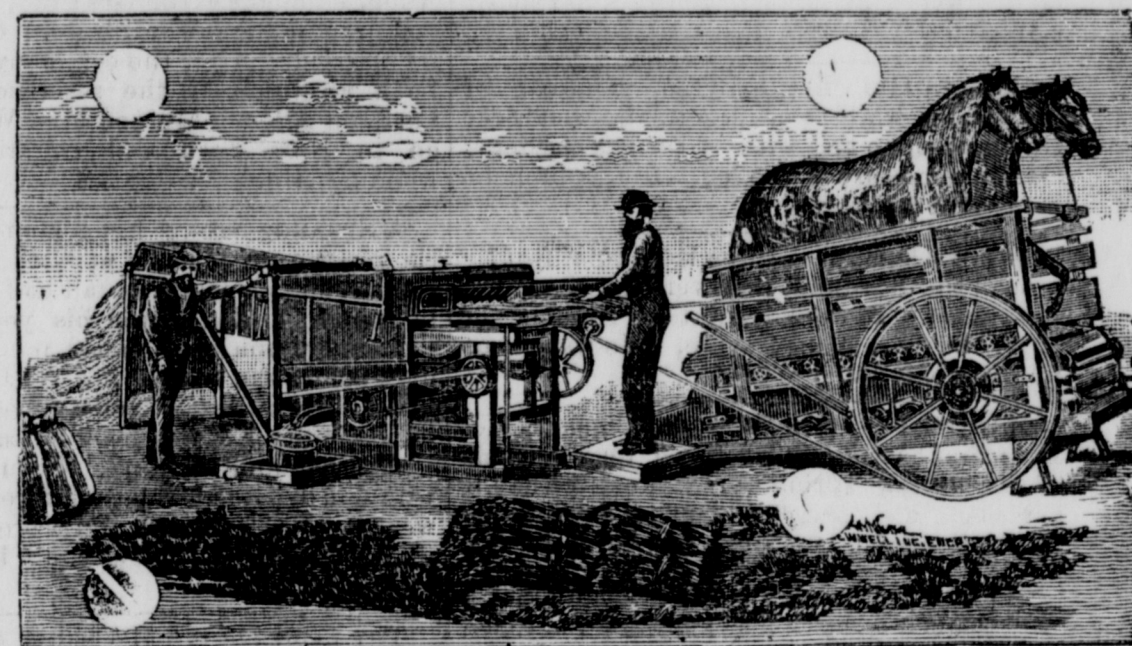
The gentlemen who have bought their clothes from us are well suited, and the poor fellow who gets his clothes elsewhere is having an ill fit. If you have had any misfortune in ordering your clothes at the wrong place, don't make the mistake again.

Come to us and get value for your money. Our clothes fit. Our clothes 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 &amp; 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,  
Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small &amp; Fisher, Woodstock:

Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing 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 &amp; 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 &amp; 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.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

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

GAITERS : AND : MOCCASINS.

Men's Gaiters,  
Misses' Gaiters,Women's Gaiters,  
Children's Gaiters.

—ALSO—

Moccasins and Shoe Packs for Men and Boys,

Fancy Moccasins for Women, Misses and Children,

—AND—

NEW EELT SLIPPERS FOR WOMEN.

All goods sold very cheap for Cash

CONNELL STREET. BOYER BROS.

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.

## Contented.

"Say, Boberty, in all your travels did you ever happen to see the ghost dance?"

"No, I'm always perfectly satisfied if I can see the ghost walk regularly once a week."—Detroit Free Press.

"My husband is the most considerate man in the world." "In what way?" "When he gave me my new writing desk he had two keys made, so that if I lost mine he would have one. Few men would be as thoughtful as that."