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BELTS, BELTING AND BUCKLES.

A Fine Selection of Waist Sets, In Silver, Pearl and Ivory, in All Colors.

G. W. VANWART, 20 KING STREET.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEA.

The river was flowing down toward the sea in October twilight, the last faint gleam from the setting sun tinging its waters with a ruddy glow. The osiers rustled in the breeze, and a boat went swiftly dropping down with the stream. Not a cloud was in sight, yet suddenly the sky overhead became dark and a shadow fell upon the water, while the air was filled with the noise of myriads of beating wings, as a flight of swallows wheeled round and round, then darted down among the osier beds with a sound like a rushing wind.

Night after night they had gathered thus, only to disperse again in the day; but on the next morning when the first breath of dawn stirred among the reeds and the light mists began to roll away from wood and meadow, they rose on the wing, no longer darting hither and thither, as fancy directed, but, obeying the mysterious signal that summoned them forth on their journey, they banded close together and set out toward the sea.

Swifter than the river itself, swifter than the boats that went rocking upon its waves, they flew steadily upon their course, following the trackless road with no compass to guide them.

"How much further have we to go?" asked one swallow of her mate.

"Many, many miles!" was the answer. "Do you not remember how long the way was by which we came?"

"No; I remember nothing. The thought of our nest in the eaves, of the long summer twilight, of the cries of our little ones, has blotted out all memory of what came before. Let me return!"

"You cannot return," said the swallow. "Summer does not last forever. In a little while the ground will be covered with frost and snow, and the cruel winds will tear the leaves from the trees. I know, for the sparrows told me. We must hasten on while there is time, to the land where snow never falls."

"But we shall never find the way to that land! There is nothing but sky above and sea beneath."

"Did we not find the way here? And shall we not find the way back again? Fear nothing; only keep close to me."

His mate said no more, and mile after mile they sped on their way, through winds and clouds, through sunshine and through storm.

"My wings are weary," she said at last. "I cannot fly any longer; I shall sink in the waves."

"No, no," answered the swallow: "we are going to rest. See, there is a ship beneath us; we shall settle on the rigging, and you will soon feel strong again."

The birds had already slackened their speed, and now poised themselves above the ship, and with a circling motion descended upon the rigging of the ship, amid the delight and surprise of the passengers, who were ready to welcome any incident in the monotony of their voyage. There was one, however, who took no more share in this than he did in their other interests. The Emigrant, they called him, for he told them that he had chosen emigration because he had no link left to bind him to his native land; and there was a sombre weight upon his brow, and a look of sadness in his eye, that checked their friendly advances.

But now, having rested their weary wings, the birds began to think of flight. One after another they rose in the air, wheeled round and settled down again; till at last they all gathered together and set out once more upon their airy voyage. All, that is to say, but one. The swallow and his mate had been separated as they settled down upon the ship, and fear of the curious strangers around them prevented him regaining her side.

And now, as he flew forward once more, she followed him with eyes of despair, for her wing was broken, and with all her efforts she could not rise from her perch.

No one noticed her at first. All eyes were fixed on the flock of birds already fast disappearing from sight, and one among the passengers, a born musician, lifted up his voice and sang:

O! swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee
Oh! tell her brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the north,
And brief the moon of beauty in the south.

His voice floated out upon the waters, and the bird on the rigging made one last effort to follow in the track of her companions. She fluttered a moment in agony, and then dropped helplessly on the deck at the singer's feet.

The Emigrant started forward and lifted the tiny creature in his hands, while the rest of the passengers clustered round.

"It often happens," said the captain coolly, when he saw what was going on; "they dash themselves against the rigging when they light. Better kill the poor little thing at once and put it out of its misery."

"No!" said the Emigrant, raising his eyes for a moment from the little quivering bird that lay in his palm.

There was a strange look on his face, and his fellow-passengers wondered at him, while the captain shrugged his shoulders and walked aft. He said no more, but with skilful fingers wove a nest of straw and wool and laying his charge within it sat down to watch by its side.

With dim and failing eyes the swallow looked into the sky, and yearned once more to feel her wings pulsating through the wide waste of air. If only she could fly, how eagerly she would hasten after the mate who had left her alone in his anguish!

But suddenly in the blue sky overhead a little black speck appeared; nearer and nearer it came till at last with a plaintive cry it darted down upon the edge of the nest. It was the swallow's mate, and the Emigrant hardly dared to draw his breath; but the little heart beat only for the one it loved, and no human spectator had power to frighten or disturb it.

Softly he fluttered down by the side of the wounded bird, and called to her in loving accents. "Why are you here? I missed you, and I have come back to fetch you."

"I cannot come, my wing is broken, and I shall never fly again."

The passengers would have gathered round to look and wonder, but the Emigrant drove them all away. Hour after hour he sat by the side of the nest, guarding it jealously from every intruder, and listening to the twittering of the birds until it seemed to him that he understood the language of love and sorrow.

The swallow stretched his wings over his mate as though with the warmth of his own heart he could hinder the cold approach of death; he cried to her as though his voice could penetrate the veil of darkness that was creeping round her. But all his efforts availed nothing; feebler and feebler grew the

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notes that answered to his own, fainter and fainter the heart that beat against his breast till at length with one last flutter the little bird lay still and silent forever.

The swallow needed no one to tell him that life was gone. Mournfully he dropped his head over the tiny form as he took his last farewell, and raising on the wing hovered circling over the nest; then spreading his wings he flew sadly away over the waste of desolate waters.

The Emigrant leaned upon the rail watching the bird's departing flight, and the passengers seized the opportunity of surrounding the nest.

"How could it find its way back to the ship?" said one.

"I cannot tell," said another, "nor how it will find its way now after its lost companions!"

"And how could it, now that its mate had been left on board?" asked a third.

So they wondered and questioned, but the Emigrant paid no heed to their idle talk; tears were raising fast in his eyes, and as he turned away to hide them he murmured once more the singer's words:

Oh! swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,
Tell her brief is life, but love is long!

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. For sale by Garden Bros.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
S. R. BURT'S BUILDING HARTLAND.

Has opened with a fine stock, in
All kinds of Custom Tailoring done. Latest Styles. Good fit guaranteed.

Notice of Sale.

To Aaron Nevers of the Parish of Richmond in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, farmer, Alvaretta C. Nevers his wife, Elizabeth E. Potter of the same place, widow of Benson Potter late of the same place, farmer, and all others whom it may 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 sixteenth day of August in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty three, duly registered in Book B. No. 3 of the Records of said Carleton County on pages 59 and 60 the sixteenth day of August A. D. 1883, and made between Richard Potter late of the Parish of Richmond, aforesaid, farmer, since deceased, and Alvaretta C. Potter his wife (now Alvaretta C. Nevers) of the one part, and the undersigned Thomas Buckley of Hodgdon in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America, farmer, of the other part:—There will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys 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 Josiah R. Murphy, Barrister-at-Law, on Queen street in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, aforesaid, on Monday the 21st day of SEPTEMBER next at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon the lands and premises mentioned and described in said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—

ALL that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Richmond aforesaid known as Lot number eight, Beginning at a post placed at the south eastern angle of Lot No. five granted to John Marshall in Tier Seven South Richmond thence running by the magnet of the year 1856, South seventeen degrees West twenty-five chains, thence North eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes, West forty chains, thence North seventeen degrees, East twenty-five chains, and thence South eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes, East forty chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres, more or less, reserving two rods along the reserved road so called and being same conveyed by Elizabeth Potter to said Richard Potter by deed dated 12th July last:—Also ALL that certain other piece or parcel of land situate in said Parish of Richmond described as follows:—To Wit, Beginning at a post standing in the north-easterly angle of Lot number ten in the Seventh Tier South Richmond, thence running by the magnet of 1856, North eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes, West forty chains, thence North seventeen degrees, East thirteen chains and twenty-five links to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, deeded to said Richard Potter by Elizabeth E. Potter and others 12th of July last, the first described lot being subject to a mortgage for the maintenance of the said Elizabeth Potter, together with ALL and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining.

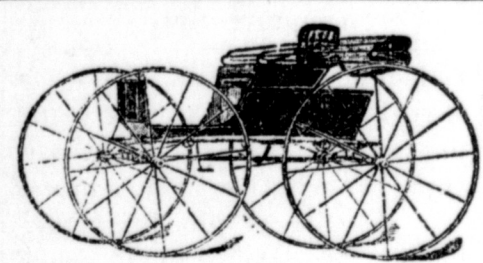
Dated this tenth day of August, A. D. 1896.

THOMAS BUCKLEY,
Solicitor for Mortgagees.

EVERY LADY

Should call and see my assortment of Blouse Sets, Belt Buckles, Belt Pins, Stick Pins. Belts of all descriptions in Leather, Silver, and Silk. Our BICYCLE BELT with Purse Attachment, is just what you want.

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Blue Front Jewelry Store.



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