

## SO MUCH TO LEARN.

So much to learn! Old Nature's ways  
Of gloom and gloom with rapt amaze  
To study, probe and paint—brown earth,  
Salt sea, blue heavens, their tilth and dearth.  
Birds, grasses, trees—the natural things  
That throb or grope or poise on wings.

So much to learn about the world  
Of men and women! We are hurled  
Through lusterless space a while  
Together, then the sob, the smile  
Is silenced, and the solemn spheres  
Whirl lonesomely along the years.

So much to learn from wisdom's store  
Of early art and ancient lore,  
So many stories treasured long  
On temples, fombs and columns strong,  
The legend of old eld, so large  
And eloquent from marge to marge.

So much to learn about one's self;  
The fickle soul, the nimble elf  
That masks a me; the shifty will,  
The sudden valor and the thrill;  
The shattered shaft, the broken force  
That seems supernatural in its source.  
And yet the days are brief. The sky  
Shuts down before the waking eye  
Has bid good-morrow to the sun;  
The Light drops low, and Life is done.  
Good-bye, good-night, the star lamps burn;  
So brief the time, so much to learn!

—Richard Burton.

## BICYCLING FOR LIFE.

I intended to break the record, as the  
ing phrase goes—no very difficult matter,  
reflected, so far as a Canada winter record  
the bicycle was concerned. To do so,  
however, required judgment. I knew I had  
the long rise into the forest before me and I  
must reserve my strength for that. I went  
steadily on.

I had crossed the level at last, and I knew  
I had done well. The light was bright enough  
to see the time, but I decided to wait till I  
entered the forest. It was no longer quite  
so easy to keep the bicycle up to speed.  
There was more effort in the pressure on the  
pedals, a little more more sensation in the  
muscles of the legs as I did so. I looked.  
Yes, I had already made a rise of a good  
many feet. The slope was regular, but not  
steep enough to greatly reduce my speed.  
As I went I glanced from side to side—for  
I was conscious of the oppressive solitude of  
the forest; but my place was not retarded  
for a moment. One of the sleighing party  
had been talking of wolves. The winter, it  
seemed, had been an early one, and it cer-  
tainly had been severe. The wolves, he said  
had been showing in packs not 20 miles to  
the north. There was not a sound, but the  
low crisp crunch of the snow under the wheels  
of my machine, and even that seemed hushed  
and distant. Yet what was that? Was it  
fancy, or did I hear something shrill, pierc-  
ing, yet faint, in the far distance on my right  
hand? Surely there was something—if it  
was only the wail of the distant gust of wind  
moaning through the frozen pines! I bent  
over the bicycle and concentrated my ener-  
gies upon facing the long ascent. There it  
was again! It was no wail of the northern  
wind—no swaying of the frozen forest. It  
was the cry of a living thing. It was  
nature's savage complaint against the pangs  
of hunger!

On and on we flew. There was not a  
breath of wind to stir the lightest snowflake  
on the tenderest spray, yet my hair was  
blown back from my brow, where great drops  
of perspiration now gathered and began to  
trickle down my face. On and on! without  
a thought but that of pressing forward, with-  
out a hope but that of reaching the descent  
of the slope, and the edge of the forest. And  
as I went I knew that I was followed. From  
the dim arcades on my right came from time  
to time a short gasping howl, cut short in  
the moment of utterance by the exertions of  
the chase. They had seen me, and now they  
were in full cry. It was a race for bare life.  
I leaned forward, and threw every energy I  
possessed into the one effort to press on. The  
trees flitted past me like ghosts. The long  
hanging branches nearly brushed my face as  
I swept past. The cold air blew in my face  
and carried even the heavy fur of my coat  
behind me as I rushed through the night.  
And yet my pursuers did not lose ground.  
On the contrary, they were gaining. Not  
quickly, not with a rush; but slowly, foot by  
foot, with a certainty that was deadly; with  
a monotony that was ghastly beyond expres-  
sion. I clenched my teeth with fierce deter-  
mination. I kept my eyes fixed on the line  
of light that stretched on and on the front,  
as if it would never end!

The strain was telling on me now. There  
was a wild buzzing in my head, there was a  
weary feeling growing in my limbs, there was  
a despairing sense of uselessness of effort  
growing stronger in my mind. At any rate  
it was now that for the first time I saw some-  
thing of my savage pursuers. There was a  
shadow on my right—only a shadow, but no  
longer the shadow of a tree or branch. It  
was a head—a long, sharp muzzle—the mouth  
open, the lower jaw hanging, the ears erect! It  
crept on. Little by little it gained on me—an  
inch only at a time, but always an inch more.  
This shadow became a horror to me.  
At last! The long, straight road made a  
curve to the right. Not a sharp curve, but  
enough to bring me to closer quarters with  
my untiring pursuer. In a moment as I  
pressed upon the handles and followed the  
sweep of the road he was upon me. In a  
moment the shadow had given place to the  
substance—with a long, panting, snarling

growl a huge wolf was by my side. He was  
old, for I could see that his hair was gray as  
it showed in the moonlight. His huge mouth  
was wide open, showing a row of formidable  
fangs, and his long, red tongue hung from  
his slaving jaws. Two eyes that glowed  
from beneath the thickly matted hair that  
hung over his face. There was a look of  
exhaustion about him that for the moment  
increased the horror of his appearance. In-  
voluntarily I swerved as he sprang, and his  
great jaws came together with a snap not an  
inch from my knee. His leap had cost him  
something in speed, and he fell back quite a  
yard before he recovered. The sight of him  
had done me good. The horror of his look  
was a change from the gathering horror of  
his pursuing shadow, and the change aroused  
me. My hand went instinctively to the  
handle of my revolver. The familiar touch  
seemed to reassure me. I drew it from my  
belt. I weighed it in my hand so as to grow  
accustomed to it. I dared not turn in my  
seat, and yet I must get a shot at the grizzled  
leader of the pack.

Insensibly I slackened my pace for a second  
or two; insensibly the huge head crept up  
once more to my hind wheel, to my foot, a  
little in front of my foot! Once more he was  
gathering himself together for a spring. Once  
more, his bloodshot, hungry eyes were turned  
toward me as he kept up his long, leaping  
gallop. It was the moment. Quick as a  
thought I fired. The ball struck him—struck  
him, I think, on the shoulder, for with one  
fierce snarl, that seemed to express pain, dis-  
appointment and terror all in one, he rolled  
over in a heap almost against the rushing  
wheel of my bicycle. There was a pause in  
the chase. Once more I turned to the track.  
Once more I concentrated every energy to  
increase the distance between myself and  
my relentless pursuers. The welcome re-  
spite was but a short one. My head swam  
dizzily with my exertions; my brain reeled  
with the long and fierce excitement; my  
limbs grew numb and heavy under the de-  
spending strain. Thank God! I was on the  
downward slope. Thank God! there was at  
last a prospect of escape. The descent made  
itself quickly felt. Exhausted as I had been,  
I couldn't have kept it up much longer, and  
I would have been overtaken. Down the long,  
smooth slope we rushed at a pace that was  
momentarily increasing. I looked behind  
me once more. The wolves were following  
still, but they were growing exhausted. I  
glanced at the ascent beyond the bridge; I  
glanced at the laboring pursuers behind me  
—I could do it still. I dashed at the bridge.  
I was across, and now the ascent began. I  
bent over the bicycle. I forced my weary  
limbs to exert themselves once more. For  
fully a hundred yards the ascent was steep,  
and the exertion was terrible. Slower and  
slower I seemed to go with each moment.  
The perspiration poured from my face, my  
legs and ankles burned as if steeped in liquid  
fire. I clenched my teeth and gripped the  
handles as if for bare life, and at each slow  
turn of the wheel I seemed to hear the pant-  
ing of the wolves behind me.

At last I did it. At the top of the slope I  
turned and looked behind me. The moon-  
light shone white on the gray leader as he  
bounded on to the bridge two others followed  
him closely, the rest were scattered behind  
them on the road. Not one had as yet given  
up hopes of the prey. I drew my revolver  
from my belt once more. I rested the barrel  
for a moment on the handle of the machine.  
As the leader neared my end of the bridge I  
turned and fired. It hit him. With a sharp  
howl he sprang into the air and fell half  
across the parapet, then he turned over, and  
I could see his body glance whitely as he  
plunged into the river below. Exhausted as  
I was, I found that I could make an effort  
still. I could hear nothing of the wolves,  
but yet for aught I knew they might be  
following still. Imagination supplied the  
place of my dulled senses, and I could fancy  
I heard their panting behind me—I could  
even imagine the sharp scuffling of their feet  
on the snow. Suddenly a broad streak of  
light fell across the road. There was a sound  
of voices which sounded strangely far away,  
there were the figures of men, though they  
looked like the men we see in dreams. My  
bicycle swept on, but I could no longer con-  
trol it. Everything swam before my eyes,  
my limbs refused to move any longer—I felt  
that I was falling—I awoke in bed among  
friends.

**TAKE THE BEST**  
**CURE THAT**  
**COUGH WITH**  
**SHILOH'S**  
**CURE**  
25 cts.,  
50 cts., and  
\$1.00 Bottle.  
One cent a dose.  
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists.  
It cures Indolent Consumption and is the  
best Cough and Croup Cure.  
For sale by Garden Bros.

Bad Luck.

"Why didn't you catch any fish, Harold?  
Wouldn't they bite?"  
"No. We lost our bait. The worm turned."

## WHY SUFFER WITH PILES?

Dr. Chase's Ointment Will Cure Them at  
a Cost of But 60 Cents.

Piles, scrofula, eczematous eruptions,  
scald head, salt rheum and all other  
annoying and painful skin diseases can  
be easily cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.  
"I had protruding piles for ten  
years," writes H. H. Sutherland, com-  
mercial traveller, of Truro, N.S.; "tried  
many remedies, and had doctors oper-  
ate. It was no use. Was completely  
laid up at times. Chase's Ointment  
was recommended to me by Mr. Brennan,  
of the Summerside, P.E.I. Journal. I  
tried it, and one box completely cured  
me."

Mr. Statia, the editor of the Streets-  
ville, Ont., Review, gives this unsolicited  
testimonial under date of Nov. 6, 1895:  
"Half a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured  
my daughter of eczema. That was six  
months ago, and there has since been  
no reappearance of the disease."  
T. Wallace, blacksmith, of Iroquois,  
Ont., was troubled with blind itching  
piles for 20 years. "I tried every  
remedy that came out in vain," he  
writes, "until I tried Dr. Chase's Oint-  
ment. It was a godsend. One box  
cured me."

All dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co.,  
manufacturers, Toronto. Price 60c.

Linsed and turpentine are every mo-  
ther's household remedy for coughs,  
colds, throat and lung affections. Dr.  
Chase has disguised the taste and made  
the remedy pleasant to take. Large  
bottle only 25c.

## 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 cer-  
tain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the four-  
teenth 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 North-  
ampton, 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 se-  
cured 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 situ-  
ate, lying and being on the South side of the Ben-  
ton 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 Wil-  
liam Deakin's land about two hundred and forty  
rods or until it strikes land owned by Samuel Rod-  
gers, 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 own-  
ed by David Thomas continuing until it strikes the  
said Benton road, thence easterly along said Ben-  
ton road to the place of beginning, containing fifty  
acres more or less, said land was owned by George  
Veness in the year 1885 and deeded 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 ap-  
pertaining.

Dated at Woodstock, in the said County of Car-  
leton, this fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1896.  
HENRY VENESS, Mortgagee.  
HARTLEY & CARVELL, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

I have Just Received from  
Wm. Ewing & Co., Seed Mer-  
chants, Montreal:

Yellow Aberdeen Turnip,  
Champion Swede "  
Intermediate Carrot,  
Long Green Cucumber,  
White Spine "  
Squash and Pumpkin,  
Beans, Peas, &c.

SEEDS

Which I will be pleased to forward to any  
address, postage prepaid, upon receipt of re-  
tail prices. I also have the following com-  
mission seeds, viz.

Dunlap's Vegetable and Flower Seeds, D.  
M. Ferry's Seeds, Fisher's Seeds, Steele,  
Briggs & Macdon's Seeds, in 5 cent packages.  
All of the above are new, fresh and  
reliable.

**Wm. E. Thistle,**  
**DRUGGIST.**  
Hartland Drug Store, April 18.

## 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 what-  
soever, either at law or in equity of David Elliott  
of, in, to, out of or upon the following described  
lands and premises, viz.

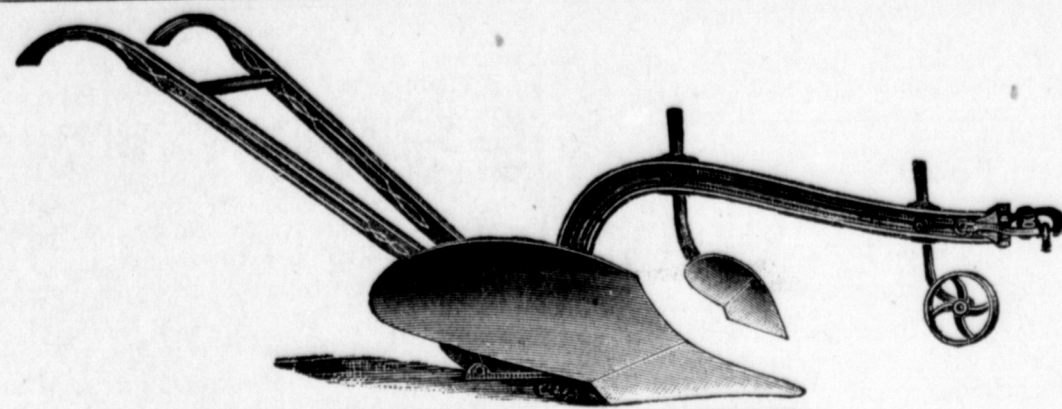
All that tract or land situate in the parish of  
Wilmot, in the County of Carleton, in the Pro-  
vince of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows,  
to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the east-  
ern side of a reserved road, at the southwest angle  
of the western half of lot number twenty-six (26)  
granted to Adolphus Estey in Tier six, Williams-  
own 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 dis-  
tinguished as the western parts of lots number  
twenty-seven and twenty-eight in tier six, Wil-  
liamstown 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.

The battleship Maine has arrived at Key  
West, Fla., where she relieves the Amphitrite,  
which sails today for Brunswick, Ga.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT, the great Blood puri-  
fier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion  
and cures Constipation, 25cts., 50cts., \$1.00. For  
sale by Garden Bros.



SYRACUSE

## STEEL : PLOW,

The Best in the Market.

We sold 120 of these Plows last season, and they are pronoun-  
ced by everybody the BEST PLOW ever used in the County.

We have on hand and are manufacturing a full line of

Chilled Plows,

Including our Celebrated No. 1; also,

SPRING TOOTH HARROWS

Wood and Steel Frames and with Lever Attachment  
for Raising and Lowering the Teeth.

Horse Hoes

With either Cast Iron or Steel Wings.

CULTIVATORS

&amp;C., &amp;C.

Prices Low to Suit the Times.

Give us a call before placing your orders.

Connell Bros.,

Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

## HARD

WEAR

SUITS

FOR \$2.75.

Greatest Wonder of the Age.

We have been trying to get a  
Suit for the working man that  
costs but a trifle and will stand  
the every day

Wear and Tear

We have succeeded.

Come and see it.

—ALSO—

Men's All Wool Suits,

From \$5.00 up.

Waterproof Cape Coats,

\$5.00 up,

Warranted Rain Proof.

—

R. B. JONES,  
MANCHESTER HOUSE

HARNESS

Made &amp; Repaired

GREAT VARIETY OF

HARNESS FITTINGS

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

H. V. MOOERS, Main Street,  
WOODSTOCK.New  
Prices.New  
Goods.

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Balloch's  
Cash  
Store

CENTREVILLE.

May 23, 1896.

New  
Customers.

## DO YOU WANT

Tinware,  
Stove Pipe,  
Hot Air Furnaces,

Or anything of that kind. If so call on

C. B. Churchill

You will find him in WOODSTOCK at

21 KING STREET,

—AND AT HIS—

New Store

—AT—  
HARTLAND

D. M. KINNEAR,

Contractor

—AND—  
Builder.

I guarantee absolute correct estimates on  
everything in the building line.

Personal supervision of all work, and care-  
ful attention thereto.

I make a specialty of completing all con-  
tracts sharp on time. Will take contracts  
anywhere in Carleton County.