

OCTOBER 27, 1897.

THE LITTLE ONE AWAY.

From The Atlanta Constitution.
 World ain't like it used to be—colder skies in May;
 Summer ain't so sweet to me; the little one's away!
 Wish the birds a-singing could reach the ones that roam;
 Wish the sweet bells ringing could ring my darling home!
 Sit here in the sunshine, solemn like, and see
 Morning glories peeping in where once she used to be;
 They loved her little window, with the blossoms and the lights;
 Gave her glad good mornings, kissed her sweet good nights.
 Sit here in the darkness, when no winds the maples stir,
 And here the silence singing a sad, sweet song of her;
 I know the lillies dream of her, with her the roses roam,
 And sunflowers shine like stars of gold and lean to light her home.
 World ain't what it used to be—skies are cold and grey;
 Summer ain't as sweet to me; the little one's away;
 Wish the sweet birds singing could reach the ones that roam.
 Wish the glad bells ringing could bring my darling home!

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY U. V.

It was a stormy night. Fierce thunder clouds hung overhead, full of incessant fire, blazing out into long streams on the midnight sky; radiant in eccentric picturing, gloomy and grand, as is even a war of the elements. Far to the east the horizon hung clear and bright as a silver line, but to the west there sprung and flashed, as to the music of a restless dance, the play of the summer lightnings. Beautiful and vivid in gleams of fire the electric currents glowed like animated things, sometimes leaping to the zenith, and then sinking down with a sort of caress to the ruffled waters, as if hushing the moan of the miniature sea. But in the south-east, away from the airy strife, higher and wider was a semi-circle of blue; it rose to the arch of the bowlike sky, veiling the moon that peeped from rifts of clouds. Motionless, like the scared face of a lady, it hung between the storm and the bright sky in the east.

Like Aremus watching the battle of Titans looked the moon in this revel of the lightnings, and the gleam of the billows flashing in flame. The tremendous waters gave out a moan like a spirit in distress, and the heart felt chill as the ear took in the mournful sound. The storm rose fiercer, and the lightnings flashed in desolation. Vivid and red they shot up in the sky, and the wind rose to the foam—a foam that sparkled and shimmered in the red light of the sky like molten gold.

Few were abroad that night. A single yacht was out on the bay, a mile from shore. It was anchored there and the dark hull rose and fell with the heave of the water. Suddenly a fluttering ripple appeared on the bay. It gathered strength as it came, and rushed into billows that ran with the speed of the wind. It struck the small, dark boat, that careened to its force like a reed bent to the blast.

Just then a man and a woman appeared on the deck, the one trembling and frightened, the other dark and stern. Their forms could be seen in the light of the sky, in the gleam of the lightning.

On the veranda of the hotel two men sat and watched them. Despite the wind in their faces, their eyes were bent on the vessel that rocked and shivered in the throes of the waves.

"What will he do?" said one of the men, the youngest and largest of the two.

"Wait and see," was the calm reply. "He may murder her. I believe he will. What object could he have in anchoring the vessel there but an evil one?"

His companion did not seem to hear him, so earnestly was he looking out toward that miniature craft that seemed to be the sport of the elements that raged around it. Suddenly he turned his head:

"Have the men got the boat ready? Quick, there is no time to lose!" and the two men rushed out of the house and down to the beach.

At sunset the yacht had left the pier ostensibly for a sail of a few hours. It bore two persons—a man and a woman. They were both young and comparative strangers. Two weeks before they come here. Strange, that almost from the day of their arrival they were under the suspicion and surveillance of the police. Some said the lady was insane, and the man wished to get rid of her. But how this was known it would be impossible to say. They knew no one, formed no acquaintances, and live secluded. Yet it is true that all their movements were watched, and the two detectives that sat upon the gallery that night were always near them.

The yacht had been purchased by the man a week before. He had been warned not to go out that night. A storm was brewing, they told him, and he would be unable to manage his vessel. He laughed at this, and said there was no danger.

The detectives said nothing, and watched him carefully. For an hour or two he sailed

around in sight, but the storm began to rise, the vessel lay-to, and the anchor dropped out.

What could it mean? He had plenty of time to reach the shore in safety. What motive had he for risking the frail vessel out in the storm?

Reaching the small boat they had in readiness, the detectives jumped in and ordered the men to pull for the yacht. They had nearly reached it when a wild scream broke out upon the air. It was the cry of a woman in mortal agony. At that moment the flash of the lightning revealed a female struggling in the water and a man bending over the railing of the yacht, watching her calmly.

The next moment the anchor was weighed, the sail was set and the vessel rushed by them on its way to land.

A few vigorous strokes of the oars brought them up to the spot where the woman was seen. A moment after she lay in the bottom of the boat, wet and drenched and apparently lifeless.

The man had already reached the hotel and told his tale. His wife had fallen overboard and was drowned. He appeared to be wild with grief—reproaching himself for going out on the lake, and then crying as if his heart would break. His counterfeit anguish would have imposed on anyone who had not seen his treachery.

The men brought the woman back, but took her to another hotel, where steps were taken to revive her. After this she was taken rapidly back to the city. In the meantime one of the detectives was quietly watching the man whose anguish appeared so excessive. Several times the stranger eyed the officer suspiciously; but, recollecting himself, a new outburst of grief excited the compassion of the crowd. The scene went on till morning, and as the day advanced the man's frenzy toned down. It was then the officer advanced to him and took him into custody.

"Arrest me, sir! Arrest me for what?"
 "For attempting to drown your wife."
 "Attempting!"
 "Yes, attempting. You did not succeed. She has been rescued."

The man stared at him from his eyes that grew wild with fright, and a deathly pallor crept into his face. His lips worked as if with a spasm, and he murmured, between his shut teeth, the simple word: "Rescued!"
 "Yes, rescued."

"Then, I'm lost!" and the cool, calculating villain stood convicted by his own confession.

It is useless to trace his after fate. He was tried and condemned—the would-be assassin of his wife.

LIVES IN DANGER.

The Time for Action and Great Care.

Paine's Celery Compound Should Be Used This Month.

Our changeable Autumn weather brings fear to the hearts of thousands of rheumatic sufferers who are unable to go to warmer climes. The present month with its wet, cold weather and chilling north east winds will, without doubt, increase the agonies of those who are afflicted with acute, chronic, inflammatory and sciatic rheumatism. The uric acid in the system, which the kidneys have not removed, is poisoning the blood, causing stiff and swollen joints, twisted legs, arms, fingers, and contracted cords. When it reaches the heart it generally proves fatal.

Rheumatic sufferers, why remain in agony and peril? There is a sure cure and a new life for all if the proper agency is made use of. The true agency, Paine's Celery Compound, has triumphantly met hundreds of cases far more subtle and dangerous than yours; it will surely meet your troubles. It is for you to determine this day whether you shall be free from suffering and take on a new life, or remain in a condition of helplessness and torture that may drag you to the grave at any time.

Bear in mind that Paine's Celery Compound cures all forms of rheumatism and does the work so well that the disease never returns. Mrs. M. J. Vince, of Barrie, Ont., Says:

"I am happy to say that I have taken Paine's Celery Compound with great results. I had sciatica so badly that I could not turn in bed or walk without help; and for a period of three weeks was helplessly laid up and suffered pain that at times was unbearable. I tried many medicines, but all in vain. I was afterwards recommended to try Paine's Celery Compound. I used six bottles, and am entirely cured and enjoy good health. I take great pleasure in recommending the valuable medicine that cured me."

The Latest From the Diggings.

The latest story from Klondyke is that a man was caught out in a windstorm. The ground was dry and dusty. When the man got home he coughed up \$73.15 in gold dust.—Exchange.

Richmond Fire Hall,
 Toronto, 26th Feb., 1897.

Dear Sirs.—Constipation for years has been my chief ailment; it seemed to come oftener in spite of all I could do. However, some time ago I was told to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I have done, with the result of what appears now to be a perfect cure.—Truly yours,
 J. HARRIS.

THE COOL

And chilly airs of autumn are striking us, and you will be wanting a new fall dress soon. We have just received a large consignment of **Ladies' Heavy Dress Goods in Plain and Mixed Wool.** These are the Very Newest things on the market, and the prices are away down. **Fancy Braids, Boloras, and Expusite Trimmings of all kinds, Including Flouncing Silks.**

TO ARRIVE:

Several cases of **Ladies' Jackets in the Newest Shades and Patterns.** These goods are made in Germany and are such as are sure to meet with the approval of every woman who likes beautiful things to wear.

These new goods will positively be sold only to cover cost.

G. W. VANWART, KING ST.

WOODSTOCK.

"FELL DEAD."

What More Every-day Heading do you Read in this Paper than that? They are Legion.

Don't dally with heart disorders. There is but one cure. "I had been for a number of years sorely afflicted with heart disease. At times my life was despaired of. Doctors had prescribed, and I had taken every known heart remedy made, I had supposed, and did not get any benefit. I read of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I procured a bottle, and in less time almost than it takes to tell it, the distress was relieved. I followed the directions closely and today I am a well woman again, and I shall do all in my power to make known to every one suffering as I did the wonderful cure it worked for me. Mrs. Wm. Burton, Dartmouth, Ont." Sold by Garden Bros.

New British Colonial Confederation.

England's possessions on the Malay Peninsula have been spoken of until recently as "The Straits Settlements." Now the apostle of Imperial federation has called a new tributary nation into being there and there has arisen the colony of "The Federated Malay States." Sir Frank Athelstane Swettenham presides over the destinies of this new federation and on behalf of the British, and with the approval of Mr. Chamberlain, the federation has issued bonds for a loan of \$5,000,000 for the purpose of building new lines of railways on the peninsula. There will be some 370 miles of railways built, and they are expected to be in operation within the next five years.

"THEY SUIT ME EXACTLY!"

"I have had dyspepsia and stomach trouble for the past two years," says Miss Ellen Whalen, Niagara Falls, and took various remedies in search for a cure. None of them suited my case like Laxa-Liver Pills. They suited me exactly, and removed the troubles promptly and effectually. I willingly recommend them to all who suffer as I did."

Another Term.

The coal magnate burst hastily into the office of the mine superintendent.
 "Did you get those injunctions?" he asked.
 "I got six," was the reply.
 "I want the right of free speech suppressed."
 "I want it made a crime for a labor leader or a workingman to walk on the highway."
 "That has been done long ago."
 "Good. Now I am sure of another term in the United States Senate."—Twentieth Century.

An ordinary cough or cold may not be thought much of at the time, but neglect may mean in the end a consumptive's grave. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and turpentine will not cure Consumption when the lungs are riddled with cavities; but it will stop the cough, will cure Consumption in its early stages, and even in its last stages gives such relief as to be a perfect Godsend to those whose lives are nearing a close.

The Toothsome

OYSTER is again in town, and we have him in his brightest and most entrancing form. If you have not yet learned to like an oyster, we can give you BAKED BEANS, HAM and EGGS, or any of the good things of life you may desire.

Permanent and Transient Boarders ACCOMMODATED.

THE VENDOME,
 Opp. Opera House.

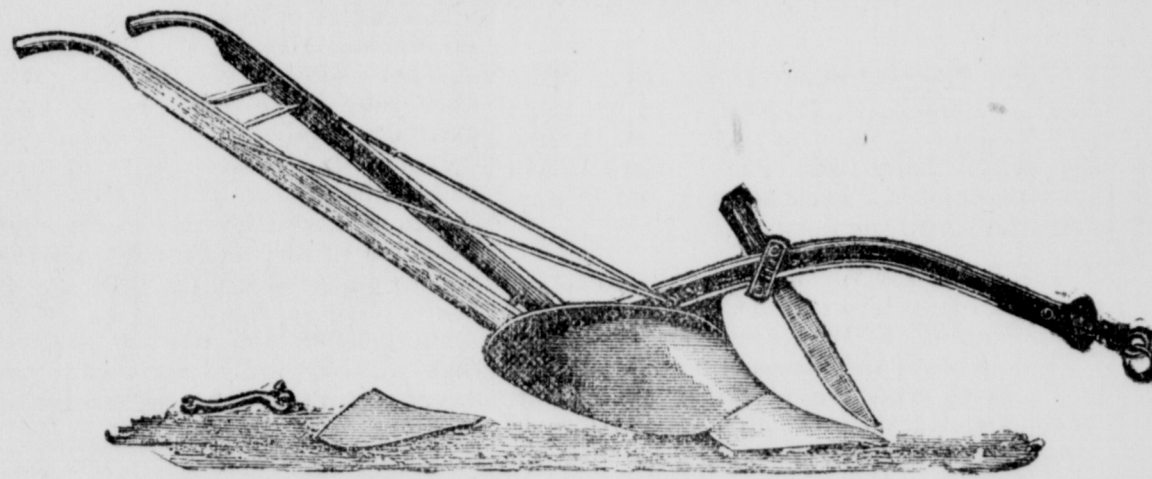
MRS. R. B. GIBSON,
Queen St.,
 WOODSTOCK.

SPORTING GOODS.

Winchester and Marlin Rifles,
 Single and Double Barrel Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns,
 Loaded and Unloaded Shells,
 Cartridges, Primers, Wads,
 Gun Cases, Hunting Coats,
 Powder, Shot and Caps.

Our goods are first-class and our prices are right. We have the finest assortment of RIFLES and GUNS that have ever been offered for sale here.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.



COWANSVILLE, Que., Aug. 19, '87.

MESSRS. CONNELL BROS.,
 Woodstock, N. B.,

Gentlemen,—Answering your favor of the 17th inst. Yes, Mr. G. Wilkinson, the founder of the Wilkinson Plow Co. has charge of my works and we can assure you that the Plows we send you will be all right. We guarantee them to be this or we do not ask you to pay for them. No one attempts to deny that Mr. Wilkinson is the best Plow man in Canada.

Yours truly,
 W. F. VILAS.

The above copy of letter received is self-explanatory.

For GALL we commend the public to some of those agents that travel through the country.

We invite anyone in want of a good Plow to call at our works. We can please you.

We sell the above Plows for \$11.00,
 And the Syracuse Plows for \$14.00.

CONNELL BROS.

Hostess: Now, dears, what would you like to eat? The Dears: "Mother said we might eat anything you gave us—only we mustn't touch your nasty ices." Camels are perhaps the only animals that cannot swim. Immediately after they enter the water they turn on their backs and are drowned.