

THE TIRED FARMER'S SOLILOQUY.

I'm tired to-night,—it's weary walkin' Behind the plow from morn till eve; I hear the wimmin folks, inside talkin'— I'd rather sleep, I do believe. That, I fancy, will serve my turn, I'll wash my feet and soak my head, N' drink some buttermilk outen the churn, Then wind the clock, an' I'm off to bed,

That buttermilk's good! It's eatin' and drinkin'! It freshens one up an' cools the mouth,— There's bushels uv whip o' wills out, I'm thinkin' Whoopin' away,—sure sign uv a drouth A sprinkle uv rain wouldn't hurt the pertaters; The frogs is singin' the Canady reel; They hain't got toons like th' in theaters,— By jing! Ef I hain't blistered my heel!

There's some uv the neighbors callin' on Min,— Swappin' their little hopes an' cares. Like's not they'll probly call me in,— I'll quietly mosey along up-stairs! I'll sleep like a chicken shet up in a coop; Then, at the earliest streak uv light, I'll stand in my shirt tail out in the stoop An' see that everything's safe and right.

The bed ain't hard, ner yet ain't narrow, An' Oh! the pillows are cool an' white, An' I could sleep on a rough wheel-barrow An' never roll over this blessed night. To-morrow is Sunday. To-night is peace. I hope—that dog—ain't—after the sheep; There's—somethin'—frightened—them—pesky—

I'm—fallin'—fallin'—fallin'—asleep.
R. R. Kernighan (The Khan).

A COWARD YET A HERO.

An Incident of the French War in Tonquin.

It was the 16th of December before Son. Tay. For two days we had splashed in the mire of the rice-fields, the water up to our knees. I knew well we should get used to it, but it was worrying all the same. Nevertheless, we marched steadily on, as regular and attentive as if we were on drill. I tell you this is true. I am an old tramp; I have been nine years in the service, and six with the rank of sergeant, and the number of young soldiers I have trained and commanded "right about face" is incalculable, but never have I seen men march like these, shoulder to shoulder, as exact as if drawn by a line and that, I tell you, in two feet of mud Sappisti! but it was superb. I was jubilant, and yet a little vexed, to see how well the scamps could keep step when they chose. Ah, well, I had nothing to complain of that day.

Halt! Well not a bit too soon, I thought, and yet a droll place to halt in. No matter. I filled my pipe, and looked round to see where we were. Rice-fields to the right, to the left, and behind us a thick slush made by our tramping feet. A little son-lieutenant who has a tongue well hung—indeed too well hung—called out to me:—"Sergeant Bertrand, Sergeant Bertrand no need to light your pipe. Wait a while; they will light it for you." The jackanapes. As if I didn't know we would soon be under the fire of the enemy.

Suddenly I heard them calling the roll of my company, and saw my brave fellows break ranks and trot like rabbits across the rice-fields to meet the baggage master, who was returning with a great package under his arm.

Letters! Now I ask you was this a good time to distribute letters? There they were running like so many madmen. I was the only one to remain to tranquil. It is true I have no one to write to me, no family, no friends, nobody—all alone in the world like an old bear. Heaven help me! At last I see my men return to their places holding up their hands to keep the letters from being soiled by the water, and carefully as if guarding the last words and testimony of their dying mothers.

Ah, Jacques has a letter! "News from home, Jacques?"

Jacques is the sergeant of my company. I am chief of the first section, he of the second. A handsome young fellow, with a bright boyish face, a beardless chin, and cheeks as smooth as a girl's. Nevertheless, I hold a little grudge against him. It is always vexing to see these brats of twenty-two promoted alongside an old trooper like me. But for all that he is a nice boy, and the men would go through fire and water for him. He is well connected, of good family, and often receives letters with the seal of the War Department. But that is his business not mine.

I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he run through the letter. Then I saw him wipe away a tear, a little tear, which glistened on the end of his eye lash. I pretended not to see it, even joked a little to make him laugh. "What has she written to you, Jacques? What says my fair lady?"

He turned to me without a smile, and gravely said:—"I have no fair lady, Bertrand. It is from my mother."

Ah! I felt as if I had made a fool of myself, and said no more.

But Jacques continued, "Do you see those letters, Bertrand? It would be better not to receive them in times like this."

That was my opinion, as I have already said. It was not good to allow them to break ranks, the scamps they like nothing better. But out of politeness to Jacques I said, "It is always pleasant to receive good news from home, no matter where. I hope you had nothing disagreeable."

Jacques shook his head. "Oh, no, to the contrary." That was all. Really, master Jacques was not talkative this morning. His eyes were fixed on the horizon far away,

where there was nothing to be seen but a bit of blue sky. I wondered what he could see over there.

"Forward, march!" I repeat at last, "Forward march!" for my section.

Jacques, no doubt, was still dreaming, and did not hear the command, for I heard the lieutenant behind me say, "Ah, well, Sergeant Jacques, lagging behind already."

Jacques, said not a word, he simply repeated, "Forward march," in a dragging tone as if he were weary. That is to say, it was not the tone a French sergeant uses when he commands, "Forward March!" They never mumble those two words, but shout them with enthusiasm.

What is the matter with Sergeant Jacques this morning? He is not like himself.

Ah, that was a rough day, I tell you. When night came we were still in the water, but up to our waists this time. And all around us little field pieces were spitting fire, like so many demons. But we marched steadily on until we were within 500 metres of the citadel.

Not a gunshot, not a movement; the rascals were saving their powder until we were nearer. I said to myself: "Wait, old fellow, you will have something to warm you up by-and-by; don't be discouraged." When, behold we were again commanded to halt.

The captain stepped in front of the ranks, and demanded, in a low voice—"All the same it was distinctly understood—"A sub-officer, willing to undertake a secret and dangerous mission."

Naturally, I stepped forward. Now, I have the misfortune to be a little too well appreciated by my captain, an old tough-skin like myself, who had been my lieutenant in Africa.

"Not you Bertrand. I know you well, and when I want you I will find you out. Just be kind enough to remain quiet."

You see some officers will not grant you the least favor. Then I said to myself, "This is just the thing for Jacques."

The captain seemed to be of the same opinion, for he stopped exactly in front of him, and repeated under his nose, "A sub-officer willing to undertake a dangerous mission."

It was plainly to be seen that he was making advances to Jacques, and you will think I am mocking you when I tell you my fine fellow lowered his eyes under the gaze of the captain, and said not a word. You may be sure the captain was angry, for you know it is not pleasant to make advances to anyone, and have them thrown back in your teeth.

I heard him snarl under his mustache. "Well he means to take good care of his skin."

Ah! it was rough. Jacques turned as red as a beet, but said not a word; only when the captain had passed he raised his eyes and fixed them on that bit of blue sky far away on the horizon, where I could see nothing—nothing at all.

Then I said to myself, "Well my fine fellow, you are decidedly a coward."

To be brief, Berthlot of the third division was chosen for this expedition. He returned without even a scratch, the jackanapes, when my poor Jacques—Well, we set off again, there was no lagging behind this time.

About two hundred and fifty metres from the walls the scoundrels gave us a broadcast in the face. Sappisti! how it rained. The balls fell to the right, to the left, in the rice fields, making a "flie-floc" as they scruck the water.

We answered back but it was like firing in the air, the rascals were so well protected by their walls.

This fusillade lasted only about ten minutes, but I shall remember it a long time. However, it could not continue in this way. The bugle sounded the charge. That music always sends a shiver of gaiety through me.

Behold us running with fixed bayonets, like madmen. But as I have already noticed the gateway of the citadel opened upon a high embankment, scarcely three metres wide, to enter that we must climb the narrow ascent, and push in two by two under a terrible fire, and that, too, through a palisade of bamboo, which the rascals had constructed to bar the way, already narrow enough.

Ah! it was sufficiently difficult without that cursed bamboo and heaven only knows what it cost us! I saw my two lieutenants fall, the adjutant of the battalion, and many others. Impossible to pass that cursed bamboo.

My captain raged like a demon. At last he commanded, "A section up there!"

This time it was very serious. No time to hesitate; all who climbed there were sure of certain death.

I think the captain must have retained some spite against Jacques, for he turned to him and said, "Go up there sir, and tear away that bamboo."

It is but justice to say that he did not wait to be told a second time. Touching his cap, with "All right my captain," he started at a quick run.

In passing me he drew a package of letters from his pocket. "Take care of this for me, Bertrand. And in the twinkling of an eye he was up with his section."

"Tear away this; throw that into the ditch!" He was as tranquil as if superintending a squad of soldiers on fatigue duty.

And all the time the enemy were pouring upon them a deadly fire, the balls whistling, tearing the bamboo, ploughing up the ground every now and then, crushing in a shoulder, carrying away an arm, or breaking a leg. Heaven, what a sight!

They were all left there, all my comrades—Jacques among the number, but he was the last. Just as the work was finished a ball struck him between the eyes. As he raised his arms to shout a great "Hurrah!" he fell dead, face foremost.

Perhaps it was not very proper what I did next morning, but truly it was too much for me—that packet of letters that Jacques gave me as he went to his death. I could not keep them.

I thought, "A boy who acts like a coward, and a few hours after dies like a man. It is unnatural; there must be something under this."

And I felt I had the explanation there under my hand in those letters. They burned me. It was impossible to keep them. Ma fol! I could not; then I drew out the packet.

Upon my word there was only one letter, the one he had received that morning. Nothing else. Ah, blood of blood! what a letter! He was right poor boy, one ought not to receive a letter like that just before a battle, as for me I cried like a baby, and was scarcely able to read it for the tears in my eyes.

It was from his mother. And here is what the good woman wrote to her boy as she ended her letter:

"Now, my precious Jacques, take care of yourself, for my sack. Remember you are all I have in this world, and if anything should happen to you, I would surely go mad. It is true the time passes very wearily when one is waiting, but I try to be patient, to forget the present, and only thing of the future when you will return. Above all things my precious boy, be prudent. Do what ever you are commanded to do, like a brave soldier, but do not expose yourself unnecessarily. I forbid you. No, my darling Jacques. I forbid you nothing. I implore you, before entering any engagement to think of your mother, who is always thinking of you, and do not risk too much. Promise me this, will you not? And remember, a man is not a coward because he loves his mother."

The letter fell from his hand. I understood all now. He had thought of his mother, the brave boy, and waited until he was directly commanded to go. And, no doubt, that morning when he was looking far away to that bit of blue sky where there was nothing to be seen, he was thinking of his mother, and of that promise he had sworn to keep.

And that is why Sergeant Jacques, who died a hero, with his face to the enemy, was considered a coward twice in one day.—Brian Boru.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Hope for the Hopeless.

Mrs. Leslie Faulkner, Woodstock, N. B., says, "Our little boy contracted lung trouble during convalescence from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and became very pale, weak, nervous and debilitated. His nights were sleepless and we were much afraid that we were going to lose him. He was very susceptible to colds, had no appetite and we were obliged to take him away from school. We tried many different kinds of medicine, but to no effect, until Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills were recommended to us. Of these we gave him one every night, and were surprised to see the wonderful improvement in his health which took place in a few days. They toned up his nerves and enriched his blood. As a result he is now well and strong, has a good appetite, rosy cheeks, and sleeps soundly at night. We cannot speak too highly of this remarkable remedy."

[Sgd]
MRS. L. FAULKNER,
Woodstock, N. B.

The Famine in India.

Our readers will be interested in hearing that the Famine Fund at the office of the Montreal Star has passed \$35,000. Thirty-five thousand dollars, being for twenty days an average of seventeen hundred dollars a day, far and away the greatest fund of the kind in Canada's history. The churches and schools are doing excellent work in swelling the Star Fund, many hundreds of them having forwarded subscriptions, while others are now doing their share.

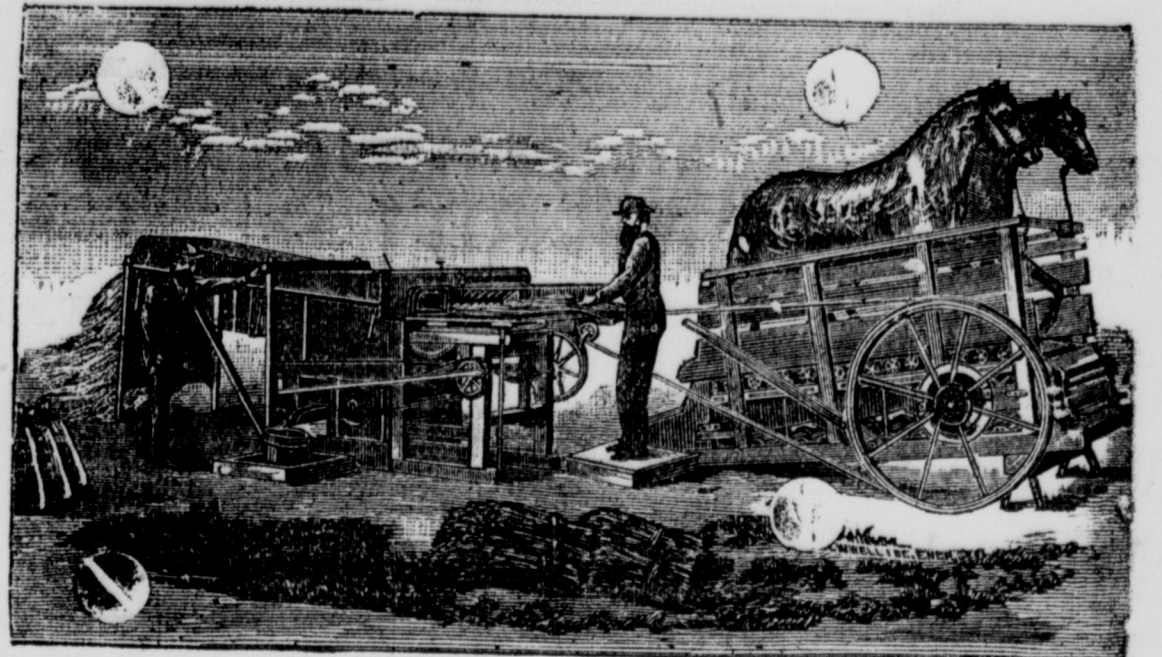
A certain lady sat up till twelve o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with waiting, she went to her bedroom to retire, and found the missing husband there fast asleep. Instead of going down town he had gone to his room. She was so mad that she wouldn't speak to him for a week.

"Bobby is attending to his piano-forte lessons very faithfully of late," said the youth's uncle. "Yes," replied his mother. "I don't have any trouble with him about that now." "How did you manage it?" "Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practise."

Willy: "I met our new minister on my way to Sunday School, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday." Mother: "H'm—and what did you say to that?" Willy: "I said 'Get thee behind me Satan,' and walked off and left him."

CAPTAIN SWEENEY, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c.

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.

Tracey's Mills, N. B.

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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