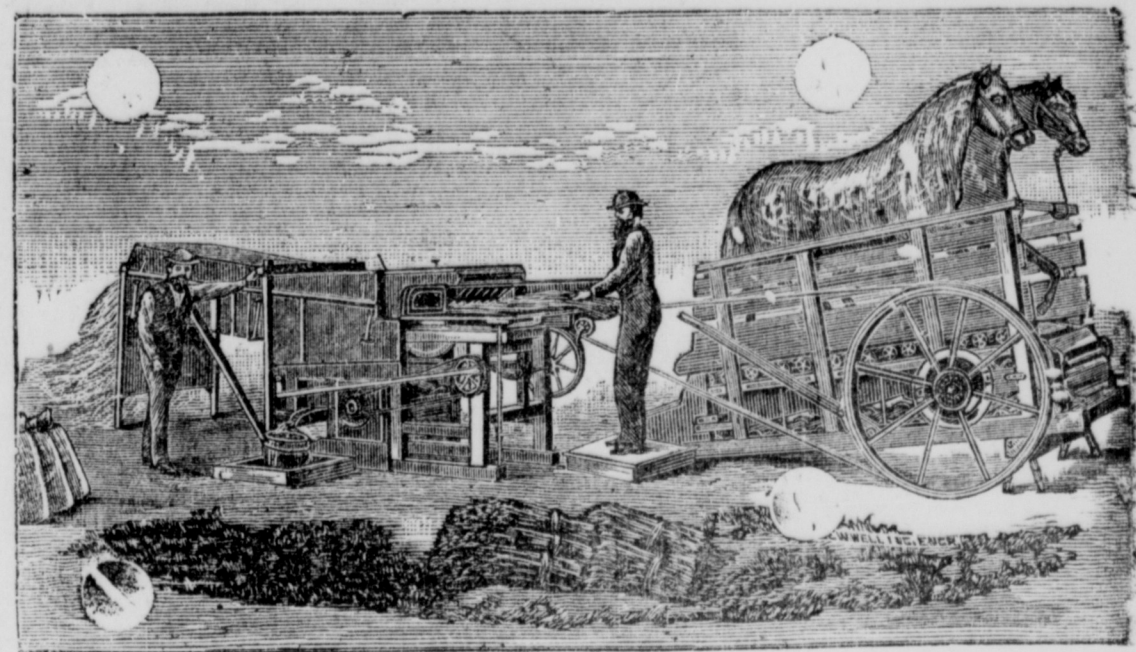


What the People Say.



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 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 & Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIR,—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.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

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

PUNGS,
SLEIGHS,
ROBES.

Well Made, Well Trimmed, Well Painted,
Well Finished Throughout.

FULLY WARRANTED.

Our line is for sale by

A. D. CLARK, Florenceville,
M. A. SMITH, Bath,
J. F. TWEEDALE, Perth,
D. B. HOPKINS, Aroostook Junction,
GEO. H. WEST, Grand Falls.

BALMAIN BROS.,
Woodstock, N. B.

Nov. 25, '96.

We have on hand constantly, a full line of

GENERAL HARDWARE.

Just now we call attention to our stock of

Peavies, Peavy Bands,
Peavy Stocks, Cable Chains,
Sled Shoe Steel, and other
Lumbermen's Supplies.

SHAW & DIBBLEE,

HARTLAND HARDWARE STORE.

Books and Fancy Goods
At Everett's Bookstore!

Books, Bibles, Annuals, Toy Books, Toys, Dolls, Ornaments,
Cups and Saucers, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Work Boxes, Jew-
ell Boxes. Come and see what you can get for little cash.

W. H. EVERETT.

BILL JOHNSON ON RELIGION.

I hain't no stickler, fellers,
On sich ez sects and creeds,
But judges folks accordin'
To the natur' uv thur deeds.

The man wot's got religion
Dead solid in his heart
Will ullus face the music
An' do a hero's part.

Hit makes him give back money
Found layin' in the road;
Hit makes him help a feller
To lug along his load.

Hit makes him strong an' happy
Under enny sort ov loss;
Hit makes him state pertick'lers
When tradin' off a hoss.

His makes him hol' his temper
When wife or chillun frets;
Hit makes him save his money
An' pay his honest debts.

No matter what arises,
He'll do the best he can;
In every deal you'll find him
A straight, square man.

—Atlanta Constitution.

WHY SANDY SUFFERED.

It was a desolate scene as I wandered among the pitfalls and abandoned workings of the Beaver Meadow Coal Mines. In a hollow of an old and useless stripping lay tons of slaty waste, among which gleamed bits of coal here and there. The mineral had long gone its way to the market and only the refuse remained, but even the poor about the district were forbidden by the owners to glean.

The winter had been a severe one, and the coal strike for a few pence more a day had augmented the sufferings of the poor, not only in and about the city, but extending out to the coal regions as well.

The place looked deserted and dreary enough, but I walked on, musing over the fate which doomed the generality of men to toil and poverty, when suddenly the figure of a child arose from one of the heaps and stood before me, trembling in every limb, and a piteous scared expression upon his wan, pinched little face.

"Don't be alarmed," I said, touched by evident fear; "I wouldn't harm you?"

"Ben't you come to take me for pickin' up the coal?" he inquired falteringly; "didn't the maisters send ye?"

At his feet I now spied a pail half full of the precious stuff.

"We hain't got no fire," he said, grasping the pail with his little blue, half-frozen fingers, "and granny has been shiverin' and moanin' and huggin' the baby awful close, sir. She thinks that keeps it warm, you know."

A wan smile flitted over his face, as he said it, but something in his tone brought a lump to my throat.

"And what is your name?" I next inquired.

"Jemmy, sir."

"And your father—where is he?"

"Dead?" I queried.

"Mebbe. I dunno."

"And your mother?"

His little lip quivered.

"Mother went to work afore daylight sir.

She goes out a-washin' and scrubbin' when she can git it. We'll have some supper when she gits home—granny and me will, and I'll be awful cold and tired."

"Well," I said, struggling with my emotion, "let us fill the pail, and I will carry it."

It was soon done, and before long we stood on the threshold of a miserable shanty which the boy called "home."

He hesitated a moment before opening the door.

"You ben't one of the maisters now be ye?" he asked solemnly.

"God forbid," I answered as seriously.

"And you ain't come to turn us out 'o the cabin?"

"Never fear," I smiled; "I come as a friend, not an enemy."

For answer he opened the door.

II.

House? A carpetless floor, a bed, a chair or two, a fireless stove.

Cowering close to the latter sat an old woman crouching to a baby which she held in her arms swathed in rags.

"Lie still, my bairn," she murmured, startled by the opening of the door; "Lie still—the maisters shall nae touch ye, never fear."

Oh? those hollow cheeks, those trembling hands, those straggling locks, that bent, shivering form.

She gazed at me curiously at first, with a vacant, dazed stare; then a shudder shook her frame.

"Ye one o' the maisters?" she enquired in a husky voice.

"No," I replied, smiling, "no."

"I maun a-knowed it," she said, with a nod: "the deil ne'er cooms a-smilin' an'—and—" here her voice fell to a whisper—"the maisters ar' all sold to the deil—did ye know that?"

I made no answer, and she continued her crouching to the babe in her arms.

"Hush, my bairn," she said to the motionless figure; "hush, thy father's a-comin'—a-comin' home the day. Has't seen him?" she cried, suddenly turning to me; has't seen my Sandy? My puir boy, Sandy—did he send ye?"

The boy looked at me with a wistful touching expression.

"Sandy's my father," he explained, "who went away long ago."

At this juncture the door opened and a woman about thirty years of age entered, with every appearance of weariness and heart-sickness in her form and face.

For the first time the boy's eyes lightened. "Mother," he said, "the gentleman tetch-ed home a whole pailful of coal—see!" and the little fellow spread his hands over the newly-kindled fire with a look of pride and satisfaction.

"Hush?" whispered granny; "the bairn sleeps. Wake her not up to misery again. It were a blessing, when hunger cooms and cold, for us all to sleep."

"The child must be cold," I said to the younger woman. "It's clothing seems poor and thin."

She smiled strangely and placed her finger upon her lip.

"Taint no real baby," whispered the boy; "it's only a stick of wood the granny calls the bairn."

I looked at the boy's mother enquiringly.

"Yes," said she, "the bairn died the mornin' poor Sandy was taken away. Granny went crazed as you see, which was a mercy, sir, seein' as how she loved the bairn and Sandy better than life."

The old woman had returned to her chair, and cheered by the warmth, was sinking into a gentle doze.

"Sandy," she murmured. "Sandy's coom-in' hame the day. The bairn will nae maif cry from hunger, for the father is coomin' hame."

"Of what dark day do you speak?" I inquired; and who took your husband away?"

The boy shuddered, and crept close to his mother's side. She hesitated.

"Here, Jennie," I hastened to say, "take this money and go to the nearest shop. Your mother will tell you what to buy."

He was gone; but, nevertheless, I was haunted by these solemn, pleading, wistful eyes—eyes in which the glad light of happy childhood had never lurked; eyes which looked out upon life shadowed by the wing of poverty and hopeless misery.

III.

"You may remember, sir," began his mother, "the great strike of the miners in this region in the year 188—, Sandy, my husband, was agin it, sir, from the first. Well, sir," she continued, "the men had been idle for months, but still they clung to the hope that by holdin' out their future would be bettered. It was bitter cold, and Sandy had gone out to get the trust o'f a pail of coal.

He was very white, sir, when he came back, and there was that in his eye which made me shudder.

"Why, Sandy," I cried, "my man; why do you look so?"

"For answer he pointed to the empty pail.

"They would gie me nane," says he, slow like and husky; they will nae trust us more."

"And why?" I asked, all of a tremble.

"They mean to turn us out of the house tomorrow," he answered, bitterly. "New men, my lass, are coomin' to take our places at lower wages the day."

"But the bairn, our sick bairn?" I cried. "She has been cryin' for a sup of broth since early mornin'." She is dyin', Sandy—dyin' for lack of nourishment."

"Sandy groaned. He was a big brawny man, sir, willin' to work, and he well-nigh worshipped the little one which lay there moanin' and cryin' for the broth which he couldn't give her.

"Ye maun get a chicken, Sandy," cried granny; try it mon. The darlin' is starvin'; can ye no see?"

"A chicken?" cried Sandy, with a bitter laugh. "Ye maun as well ask me for the keys of Heaven, granny. They would nae gie me the trust of a pail of coal the morn. A chicken! They would call me mad an' I should ask for it—mad!"

"Well, sir," continued the woman, after a painful pause, "the next day was cold and raw. A fine, drizzling rain set in, which froze as it fell. The little one was worse. She lay quite still now and moaned no more.

"They will not turn us out in this storm, Sandy, with a sick bairn," I said, "they can never be so cruel as that."

"The new men must have homes," he answered, despairing like.

"Just then came a knock at the door. Granny looked out the window, then turned with white face and set lips, and grasped Sandy by the arm.

"Be a mon," she said, in a low, deep voice, "be a mon, Sandy, and dinna let them turn us out this awfu' day. Think o' your dyin' bairn, and be a mon."

"Sandy shook in every limb, but answered not a word. There was a louder rap now at the door. Granny wrung her hands in agony for just then from the bed came a low moan. "Broth!" cried the bairn; "granny, broth?"

"Open the door, Sandy," said granny; "open the door," and, taking the little one in her arms, she stood like a figure turned to stone in the middle of the floor.

"Jennie, hardly more than a babe, clung weeping to my skirts, as I knelt in prayer by the fireless stove, asking aid from One greater and richer than the owners of the coal mines.

"There was silence for a moment when

the door opened; then one of the men laugh-

ed. "Come," he said. "make ready to be out of this by noon. You had your orders yesterday, Sandy, and we mean to enforce 'em."

"But the bairn is near to dyin'," answered Sandy, choking like, "and sure ye will not turn us out in the storm?"

"Well, if the brat is near dyin'," said an officer, brutally, "she may as well die outside as in."

"Then," said the woman, shielding her eyes with one hand, "I heard a growl as from a wild beast, then a cry of mortal agony, and then—"

Her voice broke, and she half arose from her chair and looked with a fixed stony gaze strait before her.

"And then?" I quired, after a painful pause.

"And then," she resumed, with white lips, "the man who had uttered that cruel speech flung up her arms, swayed to and fro, and and fell at Sandy's feet without life or motion. Then the rest sprang upon Sandy, who stood there dazed and horror-stricken, white as the dead man at his feet.

"I did nae mean to kill him," he said solemnly, with uplifted hand: "God above knows I did nae mean to kill him. But the bairn is the light o' my eyes, and if any of ye be fathers, ye maun know how—how—"

"He could say no more, sir, for the tears which choked him; tears wrung from his great loving heart—a heart as tender as a woman's.

"Come," said the dead man's friends savagely, "come. We don't want any more of your whining. You'll get a halter for this day's work, never fear."

"A halter!" exclaimed granny, dazed like—"a halter for my Sandy?"

"Then she looked at the dead man's face, and laughed such a horrid laugh, that it curdled the blood in our veins.

"The child no longer moaned, but lay quiet within her arms, Sandy shook off the hands which held him, and stooped to kiss the bairn.

"She's dead," he said quietly; "my Jenny, our pretty bairn, is dead," and without another word turned and went out of the door, never to enter it again."

"Surely," I stammered, he was not, not—"I could not bring myself to utter the horrible word.

"No, sir," said she quietly; "but he was sent to prison for life."

"And you and the boy and granny," I inquired—"what did you do?"

"The neighbors helped us to move here," she said, wearily, "and helped to bury the child. Granny's reason fled that dreadful day, and as you see, she still nurses the bairn, and ever in her ear rings that dreadful cry, 'Broth, granny, broth!'"

The door opened suddenly at this juncture, and in sprang Jemmy, with a look upon his face that brought us both to our feet.

"He's come!" "he's come!" Granny was nae mad when she said he'd come the day."

"Who?" cried his mother, a wild hope gleaming in her eye. "Quick, Jemmy, tell me. Who has come?"

"My boy Sandy," cried granny, aroused by the confusion: "it's my Sandy come back with the broth for the bairn."

"Ay, mither," cried a rough, manly voice at the door, "God be thanked, 'tis the boy Sandy come back indeed!"

The wife stood like one turned to stone.

"Escaped?" she gasped with a shudder, as her husband held out his arms; "escaped?"

"Nae, my lass," he cried; "never fear, 'tis not escaped I am, but pardoned, Jemmy—pardoned."

That meeting was to sacred for a stranger's eye to witness, and so I silently stole away and left them; the strong man shaken with emotion, wife and child sobbing upon his breast, and granny, with her "bairn" tenderly clasped in her arms, smiling upon the ground in placid, sweet content.

CAPTAIN SWENEY, 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.

Echo Answers.

Voice (from the American Senate).—What shall we do the friends of peace to gratify?

Echo (from all well-disposed persons every where).—Ratify!

Voice.—What to her cause are Anti-Arbitrators?

Echo.—Traitors.—Punch.

Church and Stage.

The other evening after a meeting of the Church and Stage Guild, a charmingly-attired member of the profession approached the lecturer, and observed: "You must think the stage is a very strange school." "What makes you say that?" he inquired. "Why," she replied, "you say that most of us do read, but very few do right."—Fun.

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla

The Remedy with
a Record.

50 Years of Cures