

AN UNFORGOTTEN KISS.

The rain is rattling on the pane, the wind is sweeping by, now with discordant shriek, anon with melancholy cry, A lonely man, I sit and read beside the dying fire, The daily tale of love and crime, of greed and vain desire.

The letters blur and fade, the room grows dim and disappears, And in its stead old scenes come back across the waste of years, And set in frame of golden hair a fair young face I see, Whose two soft eyes of deepest blue look wistfully on me.

Once on a memorable eve when heart and hope were young, Those luminous eyes upon my life a sudden glory flung; As she was then I see her now, my young my only choice, The brightness on her sunny brow, the music in her voice.

One question, and but one I ask, then for an answer wait; My very heart is motionless, expectant of its fate! A wondrous light—the light of love—flows in her tender eyes— Her breath is warm upon my face—O sweetest of replies!

But bless my heart! The driving rain is coming in, I fear— Or is that shining little drop upon the page a tear? Well, who would think an old grey head could be so soft as this, When more than thirty years have fled since that fond, foolish kiss!

RANDOM REVERIES.

Past and Present.

"Look on this picture, and on that." After amusing myself the other evening reading the *sonnium Scipionis*, I fell into a sort of a dose, and, like that respectable and worthy old gentleman, had as the ladies say, "a lovely time." Fact is "Fancy her magical pinions spread wide," and bore me away *volens, to* the land of dreams, where I espied and interviewed two wide-awake dominions, going for each other in King Camibyses' vein—two regular "clishmaclashers" (I think I see them now)—one of the old school, and one of the new, conservative and grit we might dub them, playing their little game of historical checkers, and trying to bluff each other at every move on the "dambrod." The one wisacre representing the genius of the Past, and the other the genius of the Present. Both were evidently on their mettle, each handling the other without gloves. The days-of-yore champion was loud in his praises of what he called the Golden Age of literature, science and art. He maintained we had no writers now, who could hold the candle to Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Longinus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Aris Tophouses, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal etc., etc. Compared with these literary stars of the first magnitude, our modern authors were mere asteroids. Our Humes, Arnolds, Greens, Hallams, Alisons, Robertsons, Froudes, Macaulays, Prescotts and Irvings were nothing but clap-trap romances—Milton was an epic visionary—Shakespeare was only a second-hand playwright—and Byron, Scott, Gray, Campbell, Moore, Burns, Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow etc., were little better than ballad singers. It was true he admitted that science had made great studies in the Present; but the seeds of modern discovery and invention were sown in the Past. Had it not been for the witchcraft, astrology and alchemy of the Past, we should never have had the botany, astronomy and chemistry of the Present. As regarded that, he said, who had not heard of the "Lost Arts." Again, our finest monuments of architecture were but bungled copies of that of other days, copies, in which some of the proprieties of architectural science were contemptuously set at defiance. Our sculptors were far behind those of Greece and Rome, of Ninevah and Babylon and Egypt. Our painters, ditto. Our music of course was not half so delectable as the mellifluous braying of the rams' horns that tumbled the walls of old Jericho about the ears of the Canaanitish idolaters and Hebrew flibusturers, or of the tooters of Nebuchadnezzar's quadrille band. We might bleat, he continued, about the eloquence of a Mackintosh, or Erskine, a Chatham, a silver-tongued Murray, yet their loftiest oratorical flights were but "the screaming of crows" when compared with the splendid and thrilling effusions of a Cicero, or Aeschines, or Demosthenes. Faugh! even our modern namby-pamby preachers, he sneered, aptly styled by Sir W. Scott a Dr. Dryasdust, and by some other famous author the Rev. Shallowpore Saphed, was a mere "sounding brass" or rather only a "tinkling cymbal" when placed alongside of one of the Thunderegg's bully-oid high-cocklorum priests. Our modern spruce lawyer or dandified pleader who certainly understood the drawing up of a bill of costs, as long as Billy Buttons character, was nothing but a mere pettifogger, when oratorising alongside of the gowned barrister at Rome or Athens. Our modern artful physician with all his inflated diplomas, written out in most "damnable Latin," and all his pretensions, high sounding "Degrees" could never have passed an examination under Esculapius or Hippocrates or Galen, but would have been plucked, like an old hobbledyboy gander. Even our modern "howdie" was nothing but a sorry she-charlatan, when manipulating her trade alongside of some of the old Egyptian hags who assisted at the emigration or immigration of the stiff-necked offspring of the

"lively" Hebrew crying-wives and proselyted beldams. Farmers, long ago, could somehow or other manage, without running over head and ears in debt, now the "places" of a large number of them were swamped in mortgage. In the Past an honest storekeeper was to be found at least, here and there, from whom the "genuine article"—not a spurious "blend"—could be purchased at a reasonable price; now we might gallivant from Dan to Beersheba and back again, and get nothing but adulterated, devil-bewitched groceries, woollens made from cotton refuse, and shoddy clothing made up from the Lord knows what for our money and our pains. And as for our modern ladies, with their fashionable furbelous, toy-shop gengaws, dromedary humps, artificial frontispiece protuberances, as if they were ashamed of the shape which God Almighty had originally given them in his wisdom—well our conservative friend did not wish to be too hard on "the lovely airy creatures"—but—Here, however, No. 2, could stand it no longer, and peremptorily ordered Genius No. 1 to dry up, and stop his balderdash. The literary giants of Greece and Rome, be admitted, were no doubt great in their day and generation, as were also our model English writers, in the most brilliant periods of English literature in the Past, but their laurels faded, when contrasted with those of the historians, poets, essayists and reviewers of the Present, again it might be all very true that the seeds of invention and discovery had been sown in the Past; but it had been reserved for the Present to weed out the tares, and reap the full fruition of luxuriant growth. As the "Lost Arts" were lost, we could say nothing about them—at least of any consequence. In architecture, no doubt, the ancients had done much in the way of building heathen temples and aqueducts, and our forefathers in erecting cathedrals; but we had forked up infirmaries, hospitals, maternity refuges, lunatic asylums, reformatories and bridewells, which were the admiration of the world. It had long been the fashion to extol the sculptors and painters of antiquity to the skies, especially among pretended experts, many of whom, in interviewing the works of the former, did not know a B from a bull's foot, or a winged Babylonish lion-monstrosity from a jack-ass, and, in scanning those of the latter, could not distinguish between a *chef d'oeuvre* and a daub, nor tell a nigger from the man in the moon.—Even so it was the fashion now-a-days with many of our would be upper crust, epicurian connoisseurs to laud to the skies your "fine old crusted port," your "fine mellowed whiskey" or your "delicately flavoured game," although every man of common sense knew, that the "old crust" was simply the consequence of semi-putrefaction, the "fine mellow," nothing but the result of partial dissipation or evaporation of the alcoholic element, and the "delicate flavour"—hear it, ye gods—nothing more or less than the corruption and stink of age. It was all nonsense. Again, we had splendid specimens of the sculptor's art now, breathing marble etc., equal to any in the ancient or mediæval world. Then as to painting—Whatever merits the painters of the Past could boast of there were some things in which they were sadly deficient—such as the mixing and toning down of colours. He had seen coloured crayons, water colours and oils by such lady artists as Rosa Bonheur, &c.,—to say nothing of the wonderful productions of such painters as Twiner, Landseer, &c.,—that were far ahead of anything ever thrown on the canvas, when the world was young, or even in its teens. MARSHBURY, Glasseville.

[To be continued.]

The New Hook Spoon Free to All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A., St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it is useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$3.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, JEANNETTE S.

From Poverty to Wealth.

During the past few years, some striking cases of grinding poverty suddenly succeeded by stupendous wealth have been brought to light. A few winters ago, for instance, a plate-layer engaged on a line in the county Kilkenny, Ire., unexpectedly found himself in possession of £40,000 in consequence of a decision of the Irish court of appeal. Miss Florence Blythe, a little English girl, came to America with her guardians to contest the will of a relative. There were over 100 claims for the £800,000 left by the deceased gentleman, but the English girl, who had been accustomed to comparatively hard-up days at home, got the whole of this amount, after one of the most exciting law suits on record. On Easter Monday in 1884 a young man named John Hudson went to Southend-on-Sea, and while standing on the pier he observed a young lady struggling in the water, in imminent danger of being drowned. Hastily divesting himself of his coat he plunged in and saved her. At the time he was promised reward, but he heard no more of the matter until the young lady's death, which, unfortunately, took place soon

CATARRH

Mrs. Dobell, of London, Ont., Cured for 25 Cents

Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure—Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever—She Says It is a Great Remedy

"Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell," said a comely, pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, "and I will very gladly tell you what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the druggist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clothe myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once, to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh." The blower included is a great help to sufferers.

afterwards. Mr. Hudson then found himself owner of £3000—£2000 which had been left by the lady he had saved, and another £1000 added by her brother. Doctors frequently come into windfalls, though the amounts are not usually large. Mr. Bruce, late of Wadhurst, Sussex, who died in 1887, was extremely generous to those who attended him. His medical man came into £12,000, together with a half share of the residue of his property. In addition, his valet got over £7000 and his coachman, groom and footman £2000 each. Irishmen seem to inherit windfalls more often than other people. This state of affairs is brought about by the tremendous emigration from old Erin. It is well known that when an Irishman emigrates he makes money, and thus it is that relatives left behind in the Emerald isle often find themselves rich. A few years ago two poor men named Moore, who lived at Cavan in a state of destitution, discovered without any warning that they were worth close upon £400,000 between them. A brother of theirs had gone to South America many years before, and had accumulated a large fortune. Lawyers frequently fall into windfalls. In March, 1888, Mr. Holden, a solicitor of Hull, was left £50,000 by a gentleman who sympathized with him in the previous loss of a large fortune of £4000. Sometimes children come into windfalls. In 1888 a drummer boy in the Guards unexpectedly inherited an estate worth £60,000 sterling. The biggest windfall on record during the past few years was left to Mr. McCalmont, a subaltern in the Scots' Guards. His uncle, Mr. McCalmont, bequeathed him £3,000,000.

How the Dipper Saved the Farm.

Father was sick and the mortgage on the farm was coming due. I saw in the Christian Advocate where Miss A. M. Fritz of Station A., St. Louis, Mo., would send a sample combination dipper for 18 two cent stamps, and I ordered one. I saw the dipper could be used as a fruit jar filler; a plain dipper; a fine strainer; a funnel; a strainer funnel; a sick room warming pan and a pint measure. These eight different uses makes the dipper such a necessary article that I went to work with it and it sells at very near every house. And in four months I paid off the mortgage. I think I can clear as much as \$200 a month. If you need work you can do well by giving this a trial. Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A., St. Louis, Mo., will send you a sample for 18 two cent stamps—write at once. JOHN G. N.

A Perplexing Will.

Joshua Hendry, a resident of San Francisco, died in 1888, leaving a large estate and a will, and ever since the lawyers have been trying to divide the former as nearly according to the provisions of the latter as due regard for their own interests would allow. There are several heirs and more that would like to be, and no opportunities for delay that ingenious minds could devise have been neglected. One problem has proved a particularly knotty one. It is furnished by a clause that bequeaths to Charles Manner, an old employee of Mr. Hendy's, a "one-fiftieth part" of the testator's stock in the Hendy machine works. Mr. Manner and his counsel really pity anybody who cannot see that "fiftieth" is a slip of the pen for "fifth," while the relatives are almost amused at the absurdity of supposing that anything else than "fiftieth" was meant. To complicate matters, letters in which Mr. Hendy wrote both words correctly have been found, and the chances are that before the matter is settled it won't matter a bit what the old man had in mind when he wrote his will.

Yabsley—The truest test of a man's friendship is his willingness to lend you money. Mudge—Oh, most anybody will lend money. The real test is when you strike him for a second loan.—Indianapolis Journal.

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