

WHEN A MAN'S IN LOVE.

When is a man in love?  
How can he know  
If it is love or something else  
That makes him quiver so?  
Yes, there is always one  
Unfailing test,  
Whereby a man may know that love  
Burns in his breast.

It is not love alone  
That sets the cheeks aglow;  
It is not always love that makes  
The pulses quicken so.  
But when a man looks on a maid,  
And loses all his mind,  
And makes a donkey of himself,  
And gets as blind  
As any bat  
To all her faults,  
Then he can gamble that  
It isn't just his liver  
Which has got out of repair,  
But that true love has crept into  
His breast and settled there.

LUCILLE.

A Tale of The Franco German War.

As I passed through the garden I heard a groan from behind a shrub close to the wall, and to my horror whom should I see but Lavalette on the ground leaning against it. He had evidently been hit as he was climbing over it. I had a little cognac in a flask, and stooped down and gave him some, pouring it down his throat with difficulty, as he was quite unconscious. The spirit, however, revived him for a moment, and he looked up and recognized me. His lips moved faintly. "It's all over with me, mon ami!" he murmured, and then with a convulsive tremor fell back dead. It was as much as I could do to restrain my tears. Seeing Jacquemart, I called him and with his help and another's we carried the body into a cart-shed near where we laid it beside a dozen others. I was turning away, sick at heart, when I heard a familiar voice, a voice which made me think I was dreaming—"Henri! Henri!" The next moment I felt a light tap on my shoulder. I turned round; it was Lucille in the uniform of a franc-tireur of the Loire!

"O, ciel!" I exclaimed, "is it you, Lu?"

"How are you? What a time 'tis since I have seen you! You remember me—Jacques Morot?"

I looked at her with mingled love and anger.

"Ma foi! what new freak is this? O, Lucille, how could you be so rash, so foolish?"

"Shall I tell you?" she answered blushing and holding down her head.

"Yes."

"I have done it because—because I love you—I did not know how much till you were gone; and then—oh, I felt so wretched!"

It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from taking her up and smothering her with kisses.

"Oh my darling?" I said, "much as I love you, I wish you had never come."

Just then the bugle sounded.

"I must go," I said.

"You see," she laughed, pointing to the galons on her sleeve. "I'm a sergeant; I'll tell you all about it afterwards. My own men have not the slightest idea who I am, but most of your's might recognize me, so au revoir for the present."

The next moment she was gone. To me it all seemed like a dream.

In the adjoining field I saw our commandant on his black horse talking to General Bourdillon, surrounded by his etats-major.

As we formed up into companies it became apparent how many we had lost. Ours barely numbered seventy. We commenced to march, and when we had gone three hundred or four hundred metres, we halted and took up a position behind a low stone wall. The village of Muzelles was now on our left flank, and somewhat in the rear was Patay. The Germans were in a wood about one thousand metres off. They held, however a large farm about six hundred metres from us which we thought we were going to attack. The village of Terminiers was on our right flank.

"Are we going to wait for them?" I heard a lieutenant of another company ask a captain.

"Yes; we shall wait for them here, if there are any of us left to wait," was the answer, and a very comforting one, too I thought.

Lucille and about a dozen franc-tireurs had kept upon our left. Any of our men who had anything to eat took the present opportunity. I had a little biscuit, so I kept that for Lucille, thinking she might not have any. Our company was luckily on the left of the battalion, so I was soon able to get to her. She was laughing with some of her comrades. When I came up she introduced me without the slightest hesitation as an old schoolfellow whom she had not seen for years. To me it seemed quite astounding that any one could not tell that that handsome, bright-eyed young fellow was a girl. "Jacques Morot," was evidently a great favorite, but at last he found an opportunity of talking part with me.

"I have brought you some biscuit, ma cherie," I said; "it is not much, but it is all I've got."

"O, my dear Henri," she laughed, "I've got something better than that—look here," and she took from her haversack part of a tongue, and a German Sausage, frozen as

hard as a brick. "We took these from some German prisoners yesterday. Now," she continued, placing her little gun against the wall—"now we can eat in peace, and I will tell you how I came here."

"Don't talk so loud, dearest," I said.

"You're right," she answered, sotto voce.

"Well you know, when you left I felt so wretched, and I felt so sure that you would be killed, that I did not know what to do with myself. At last I determined to go as a franc-tireur; so the week after you left I went and bought a carbine, an English one—a very good one, too, as I found out yesterday; I cut off my hair, and I put on this uniform, which suits me very well, doesn't it?"

"Anything would," I answered, taking her hand.

"Well," she continued, cutting up the tongue, and eating the biscuit with evident relish, "I put on a large cloak with a hood, and went out one night to Blois by rail, where I enlisted. They wanted to know my name; but I told them that was my affair—I had come to fight for France. They think, now, because I speak Spanish so fluently, that the name I finally gave, Jacques Morot, is a nom de guerre, and that I am a Spanish nobleman. They wished to make me a lieutenant; but a commission was not to my taste—though they call me 'le petit comte.'" "Ma foi," I roared, "that is very good," and we both laughed so loud that everybody looked at us.

I took up her little gun, which was a beautiful weapon of English make.

"Does it kick much?" I asked.

"Not much—I put some wadding in my dress—I mean," she laughed, "in my coat."

"Ah, Jacques Morot, you are as clever as you are beautiful!"

All this time the fighting continued as fiercely as ever on our extreme left; but we privates knew nothing of what was going on; some said that our center was broken, and that the flank of our division had been driven in; but this is mere conjecture. As for me, I thought of nothing but the beautiful girl beside me contentedly munching a hard biscuit.

(To be Concluded.)

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

To be beautiful we must have pure blood and a clear skin. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS purifies the blood and makes the skin bright and clear. It cures all skin and blood diseases. Witness the following: "I had scrofula on my face for some time, and could get no relief until I tried B. B. B. One bottle healed me and left no scars. It is the greatest blood purifier in existence."

MARY C. BERRY, Toronto, Ont.

A Timely Warning.

Men of business deride men of letters as unpractical dreamers. Men of letters, if their manners were not so much softened by culture, might sometimes retort the charge. A few years ago the business men of Toronto laid out a city for half a million of inhabitants and invested in real estate on that basis without ever asking themselves whence the half million inhabitants were to come. Winnipeg has only just recovered from the effects of a similar boom. Something like a Dominion boom appears now to be impending. Language is heard on all sides expressive of the belief that we are all at once entering on a miraculous era of prosperity and greatness. One cause of this sudden inflation of ideas probably is the find of gold; another is the denunciation of the two commercial treaties. The denunciation of the treaties is said to have turned Canada from a colonial dependency into a nation, though it is simply a concession made to her by Imperial power, which in no way alters her political character or gives her any place among the nations which she had not before. The first thing proposed is a great advertising agency in England, which Sir Saul Samuel treats with decision. England is not the country in which self-advertisement takes best. We shall be lucky if this belief in the coming of a commercial millennium does not lead like the local booms to enterprise which will end in collapse.—From Bystander.

"IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH."

Man and Wife Join Hands in Proclaiming the Great South American Nerve King of Cures for Stomach Trouble and Nerves.

Mr. S. Phillips, of Warton, Ont., writes: "I was very much emaciated by chronic dysentery and dyspepsia for a number of years. No remedy or no physician seemed to successfully cope with my case. When all else had failed I read of the cures being effected by South American Nerve. I decided to give it a trial. Before I had taken half a bottle I was much improved and felt greatly relieved. A few bottles of it have made me a new man. I am better and healthier than I had felt for years." His wife was also a great sufferer from stomach trouble and headaches! She says: "Seeing the wonderful effect it was having on my husband, I tried it also. The remedy gave me almost instant relief, and has cured and made a strong woman of me." Sold by Garden Bros.

A professor at one of the universities is the subject of a queer anecdote. Last winter he was married and went to housekeeping out of town. This spring he thought he would add a few hens to his stock; he already had a dog. He set a couple of hens, and in good time had two large broods of chickens. He was very proud of them, but in a week or so the fowls began to die. The professor called in a neighbor to look at the chickens and offer advice. They were certainly a dilapidated lot of chickens that the neighbor viewed. They were thin, and apparently without ambition. "What do you feed them?" asked the neighbor, after a brief survey. "Feed them?" responded the professor, as though he didn't hear right. "Why, I don't feed them anything. I thought the old hens had enough milk for them."

It's not the cough, but what it may end in, that makes it so serious. The cough may be cured, the serious consequence prevented by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Price, 25 cents, at all druggists.

**DR CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**

MR. J. H. BREMER, C. P. R. Act., Wingham, Ont., says he was troubled with Dyspepsia, and Kidney and Liver troubles for about 3 years. He took Dr. Chase's K-L Pills. They cured him, and now he recommends them to others.

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Precious Childhood.

Youth is the time to teach your children habits of industry. Never encourage idleness or sloth in the young. A lazy boy or girl should have their laziness drummed out of them, even if you should exercise yourself madly and judiciously as Solomon directs. When the lazy youngster comes to maturity, it will have that inborn feeling of being tired, which will make all its days a reproach, and of which you, the fond parent, will be largely to blame. If you inculcate habits of industry in the childhood do not be afraid they will think you cruel. The day will come when your ashes will be blest by them for doing your duty.

HACKING COUGH CURED

GENTLEMEN,—My brother was troubled with a very bad hacking cough, but after using three bottles of Norway Pine Syrup he was completely cured. I cannot recommend it too highly.

MISS M. BRADSHAW, Wesleyville, Ont.

If the poets had been mute, what a great and silent world would have remained behind them, with none to interpret the music of the spheres, or that loftier longing of the soul that craves expression! It would be as if perfume had been banished from the flowers, and voice from the birds. Amid the hubbub of trade and strident voices of ambition, the ignoble greed of gain and sordid pettiness that rise like froth from the seething cauldron of life, it is to them we look for salt and savour. Bards and sages to keep the old themes of renown loud to the hearts of mankind, saints like Damien to mark new channels of Divine grace for the needs of the world, beautiful and strong souls to purify, to strengthen, to guide, while these still are borne upon the swell of each wave of human need, in each age of human progression, there is no fear that the rank and file of God's creatures will be left without captains and chiefs.

A CODE OF SIGNALS

Nature has a code of signals—a listless step and tired, weary feeling are in the code. They show that the system is run down and dragged out. Nature's medicine for this is Milbur's Heart and Nerve Pills—they benefit the entire system, brace the nerves, and brighten the brain, curing nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness and palpitation of the heart, etc.

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We make to order all kinds of Ladies' Coats, Capes, Ulsters, Mackintoshes and Outside Wraps, in the Latest Styles, and Perfect Fit guaranteed.

We make to order Ladies' Gaiters of all kinds to match costume. Ladies can furnish own cloth if they wish. Give us a call and get prices.

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HOULTON, MAINE.

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We have in stock the largest and best assortment of Xmas Presents that have ever been offered in this town. Just take the trouble to come and investigate and you will be well repaid. We have a fine assortment of

**BANQUET, TABLE, HANGING & PIANO LAMPS**  
RANGING IN PRICE FROM 40C. TO \$15.00.

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And have also added a New Line of  
**CUT GLASS.**

We have a fine line of Buckhorn and Ivory Handle Carvers, and Ivory Handle and Silver Plated Knives and Forks. Also Genuine Acme and Wood Top Skates. Come early and make your selection before the choicest articles are sold.

**W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.**

Seve a Penny and Lose a Dollar.

A tempting price hooks many a fish, But the fish always suffers for it.

The Double Maturity Policy of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co.

Is worth its cost because it guarantees More Reserve Value. Profits can be used to shorten the period and make policy payable whenever the Reserve and the Surplus amount to the sum assured. You cannot obtain this policy in any other company. LOOK OUT FOR IT.

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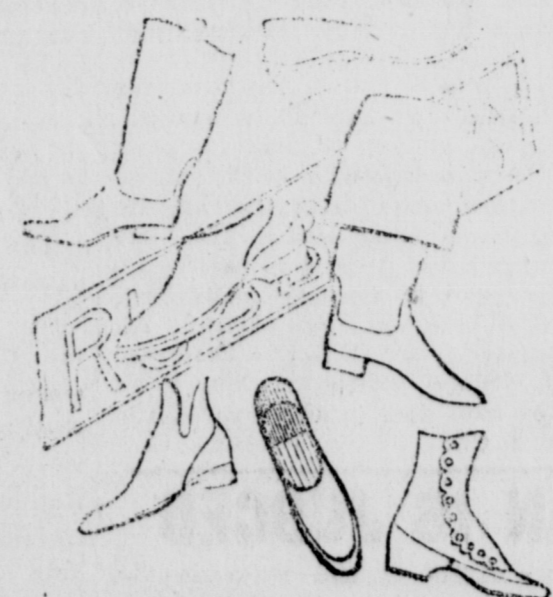
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After July 1st, '97, the Government Saving Banks of the Dominion will reduce the rate of Interest on deposits to 3 per c.—You can get an Endowment Policy in the

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If It Rained Rubbers

It would not be hard to have a pair when needed. However, as nature has ordered it otherwise the best thing to do is to make a selection from our large and well-assorted stock. Every pair bought here saves somebody from the doctor. Damp feet and colds have more than a bowing acquaintance. We have every shape and style from low to high Rubber Boots and every size from the 2-year-old tot, to Men's No. 10. Quality and price cannot meet with your approval.

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