

THUS EACH ONE HOPES.

At twenty, in the strength and pride of youth
He played a minor part.
Steadfast of purpose, loving good and truth,
He cherished in his heart.
One beacon, Hope, to light him on his way,
And said: "I will work hard, and come what may,
I will shine brightly, as a star, some day."
At forty, with his raiment somewhat frayed,
He stilled played minor parts.
Strength waned. Pride shrank. Fame laughed.
Yet undismayed
He toiled in that oft barren vineyard—Art's.
No crowding honors, no sweet crown of bay
Were thrust upon him; but this hope found
stay:
"I will shine brightly, as a star, some day."
At sixty, ah! I will not show him now,
What use uncourtaining the darkened room?
But there he lies, the death-damp on his brow,
Straining, with sightless eyes, to pierce the
gloom.
And as he waxes—the phantom foes away,
Between his labored breaths he tries to say
"I will shine brightly—as a star—some
day."
But to the soul that knelt in mute affright
God said, "Thou shalt shine brightly, as a star,
One night."
—John Lawrence Ernst.

"DODGY DAN" AND SIR H. HAVELOCK.

The Former Causes the Latter to be Placed Under Guard in His Own House as a Lunatic.

"The story is so strange as to be almost incredible—and if I were not the victim I could not believe such a thing possible in a free country." Such were the words written by Sir Henry Havelock-Allan in October, 1881, when, in a letter to a gentleman in the North of England, dated from 70 Chester-square, he told a narrative which The Newcastle Daily Leader printed on Feb. 4. The writer was kidnapped and put in irons at the instance of Sir Daniel Lyons.

"Sir Daniel Lyons," Sir Henry said, "has always owed me a grudge on the political question of short versus long service."

Sir Henry had complained that he had a pain in his heart. A doctor, by Sir Daniel Lyons' order, put him on the sick list. But Sir Henry's own military medical attendant, Dr. Rogers, took him off the the sick list. Dr. F., by Sir D. Lyons' order, put him back on it.

"Meanwhile Sir Daniel Lyons telegraphed to a London mad doctor to send attendants to take me to Woking Asylum by force. I was seized, while lying on a bed, in my own dressing room, resting before supper, to which I had invited some ladies for sacred music. Nine powerful men, whom I have since ascertained to be military police, disguised in civil clothes—handcuffed me on my bed, strapped my heels together with a leather thong; and then strapped my irons to my waist. I remonstrated calmly, and offered any man £10 to go into my study and bring my law book that I might show them that they were committing an illegal act. They only answered that they were acting under medical orders. My servants were held back by force, and my wife was enticed out of the house by a false pretence half an hour before I was seized, and detained at a neighboring house till 2 a. m. I fought, like a man struggling for dear liberty, for ten minutes, for they never mentioned any authority, civil or military, and I thought they were dragging me to an asylum."

The London mad doctor arrived in time to change his destination from Woking Asylum to his own house in London.

"On Monday morning, the 3rd, bruised all over, my left eyeball being injured by being struck with a clenched fist on the way, with serious internal injuries from being kicked as I lay by a military policeman, tortured, shaken by a struggle with nine strong men, but, thank God, dauntless still, as a Havelock should be! I reported the whole matter to the Adjutant-General and Military Secretary, at the War Office, in writing. The Duke of Cambridge is out of town and no one will act in his absence. No one has been. I am as calm as you are, but the doctor won't take off the irons, which have cut into my wrists. I have been now five nights and four days unshaved, without a bath or a change of linen. They cannot take the handcuffs off (as they say) because the military policeman who put them on me, and who had the key, is said to have absconded for fear of the consequences, and taken the key with him."

"I have appealed to Bow-street and the Home Office in vain—the doctors they dare not interfere in a case of supposed lunacy. I cannot get access to a Commissioner in Lunacy. Take the first mail train and come and see me at my house, and insist upon my being produced before a London police magistrate, in my ironed condition, and with all my bruises on me."

If Sir Henry took no subsequent means to obtain legal redress for this outrage it was entirely due to the entreaties and advice of the Duke of Cambridge and of other members of the Royal Family, as well as of comrades-in-arms, who feared the scandal which would have inevitably been caused by any public airing of the affair, and which would, of course, have reflected upon the army.

Sir Henry was transferred to another command, and his forbearance was rewarded by the Queen first of all with the Knight Commandership and then with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. It may be pointed out that he would have received neither one nor the other, nor his promotion

to Lieutenant-General and to the rank of full General, nor yet any other command, had he really been as crazy as would warrant the treatment to which he was subjected.

It's an odd story. Sir Daniel Lyons, who was known as "Dodgy Dan," who is alleged to have played such a strange part in the matter, was buried only on Feb. 1, just a month after the man whose accusation has just seen the light."

An English soldier writes: "I forgot to tell you that Sir H. Havelock-Allan accompanied us on the expedition, and we have just got the news that the enemy have caught him, and cut him to pieces. I don't know whether you have heard of him. He comes from Darlington. I saw him several times. He only had a riding whip and a revolver, and I have seen him myself leave the brigade and gallop away. The day he was supposed to have been cut up he said to our regiment: 'Good-bye, my Yorkshire lads, I wish you luck wherever you go.' Of course, by the time this letter reaches you, it will be known all over England, and if it isn't known you need not believe it, as it is only the rumor we have got. But if it is true I am not in the least surprised. I only hope it is not true, as everyone in our regiment liked him."

A BROKEN-HEARTED BARBER.

Prostrated by Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Finds Longed-for Relief in South American Nerveine.

"For years I was very much troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia. I was very nervous and prostrated and my appetite had left me altogether. Many remedies having failed to help me I decided to give South American Nerveine a trial. After taking two bottles I was greatly benefited. It ultimately cured me of my sufferings, and made me as strong and hearty as ever I was.—W. F. Bolger, Barber, Renfrew, Ont.—Sold by Garden Bros.

A Romance of the 57th.

In St. Paul's Cathedral, side by side with the battle-torn banners of the 77th, the color of the 57th West Middlesex droops over the marble memorial to the Crimean heroes of that regiment.

In the last roll call of those honored dead, the name of one occurs whose military fortune was linked romantically with a bright reminiscence, the memory of which lingered with generous faithfulness in the hearts of English loyalty.

Edward Stanley was a native of Dublin, and at the green age of sixteen he proceeded to the Continent, and fought as an ensign for the cause of Donna Maria, the Queen of Portugal.

After having distinguished himself in a series of gallant exploits, he returned to England, decorated by her Portuguese Majesty with the Royal Order of "The Tower and Sword."

His ambition then was to take up arms in the British service. At that time it was not easy to secure a commission, but, fortunately, for him, his grandmother was still living, and recalling a pleasant romance of her early womanhood she ventured to use her influence on his behalf.

Many years had gone by since a royal British midshipman was present at a ball given in his honor at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and in the course of the evening, the "Middy" Prince William had the pleasure of dancing with a young Irish lady of attractive manners and exceptional beauty.

On retiring from the quadrille, with many gracious compliments, the gallant sailor prince suggested that at some future time he might perchance be able to befriend her, and he promised that should he attain to power and she required patronage, if she sent him the music of the dance they had just enjoyed, he would grant her any reasonable favor that she might require.

In the course of time, the Royal sailor mounted the throne of England as William the Fourth. The beauty of the belle of the Halifax ball had faded, and crowned with winter-bleached tresses, her old heart yearned for the advancement of her grandson, the intrepid young officer, Edward Stanley, of the Queen of Portugal.

She wrote to the King, enclosing the music of the dance, and reminding him of the glad hour of her maiden triumph, and the honor of his gracious promise; she prayed him that he would now be pleased to redeem it in favor of her grandson by granting him a free commission in the British army.

Of the "good old true blue sort," was the popular sailor King. Without delay he wrote an autograph letter to the lady conveying to her the nomination of her grandson, Edward Stanley, as Ensign in His Majesty's 57th Regiment of Foot.

In a very short time he obtained his lieutenantancy, followed by the senior captaincy of his corps, and still guarding the colors of the 57th, whilst leading on the gathered remnants of his regiment, he met a gallant soldier's death on the ensanguined slopes of Inkerman.

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.

Electricity From Wind.

Electricity, N. Y.: If we mistake not Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, in his last attempt to reach the North Pole, had the Fram equipped with a specially designed windmill, which when operating drove a dynamo and furnished the necessary current for lightening purposes. An aermotor erected on the roof of a building in Park place in this city has been for some time successfully driving a dynamo in connection with a storage battery plant, the current from which has been utilized for incandescent lightening. From this it will be seen that there is nothing new in the application of windmills to the driving of dynamos.

There are probably several reasons why the windmill or aermotor has not been more universally adopted for the above purpose. In the first place, such a motive power is always more or less uncertain and cannot always be depended upon. There may be a calm just at the time it is found necessary to recharge the batteries, or the batteries may be in use when a breeze springs up. This would necessitate having two sets of batteries at a considerable cost. Another reason why aermotors have not been more extensively adopted is probably due to the fact that current can now be generated with steam as a motive power very economically, especially in large quantities. The erection of an aermotor and the installation of a number of storage batteries with a dynamo mean a considerable outlay of money, especially when the cost of maintenance and renewals is taken into account. In certain cases it may be found that the interest on the batteries, generator and windmill, with the labor item figured in, will cost as much in the long run as the current could be purchased for on the outside.

But probably the chief reason why the power of the wind is allowed to go to waste when it could be employed for generating electricity is the same as that which prevents the immense power derivable from the tides in both the Hudson and East rivers from being utilized namely, conservatism; or, if not lack of progress, a slowness in availing ourselves of opportunities.

Spring Housecleaning.

While people are particular about having their house cleaned of the winter's accumulation of dirt, they're not always so particular about their system. It needs cleansing too, and there's nothing will do it so thoroughly and effectually as Burdock Blood Bitters. Alex. Miller, Ardoch, Ont., says:—"I have taken B. B. B. every spring for some years and as a blood purifier it is unequalled."

Her Experience.

He—Do you think clothes make the man? She—I don't know as to that; but a uniform doesn't necessarily make a soldier.—[From the Cleveland Leader.]

CATCH COLD.

It's an easy thing to do, but it's just as easy to get cured if you take Norway Pine Syrup. Costs only 25c at all drug stores.

"Cleanliness is Next to Godliness."

A WELL-BRUSHED.

Man or Woman is better than an Unbrushed. Come in and see our

Hair Brushes. Cloth Brushes,
Tooth Brushes. Hat Brushes,
Nail Brushes. Whisks,
Complexion Brushes. Flesh Brushes.

Prices from 10c. to \$3.00

In speaking of these let us call your attention to our full line of

SPONGES.

Brush up with our Brushes.

CHAS. G. CONNELL,

Opp. Carlisle Hotel, Main Street, Woodstock. Druggist.

After the Fifteenth

Of this month we will sell for CASH ONLY. We can sell to you cheaper than before, under the old system.

Just Now

We want to sell you a good warm Horse Blanket at 20 per cent. below last month's credit price.

ATHERTON BROS.

King Street, Woodstock.

Are Your Lungs Weak?

Have you got Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, or Bronchitis? Cannabis Sativa, Dr. Stevens' East India Remedy, will cure you.

It has cured many cases of pulmonary consumption, pronounced hopeless by physicians. Its virtue is attested by leading members of the medical profession; by business men of high standing; by hundreds who owe their lives to its marvellous power to heal the lungs, allay inflammation, renew the vital elements of the blood and create strength.

So confident am I of its virtue that I will send a package, sufficient for 12 days' treatment, absolutely without cost, duty prepaid, to every sufferer who will send me an accurate statement of his or her case. I do not say that one package will effect a complete cure, but believe so much benefit will be derived from it that the treatment will be continued until a complete cure is brought about.

What it has done for others.

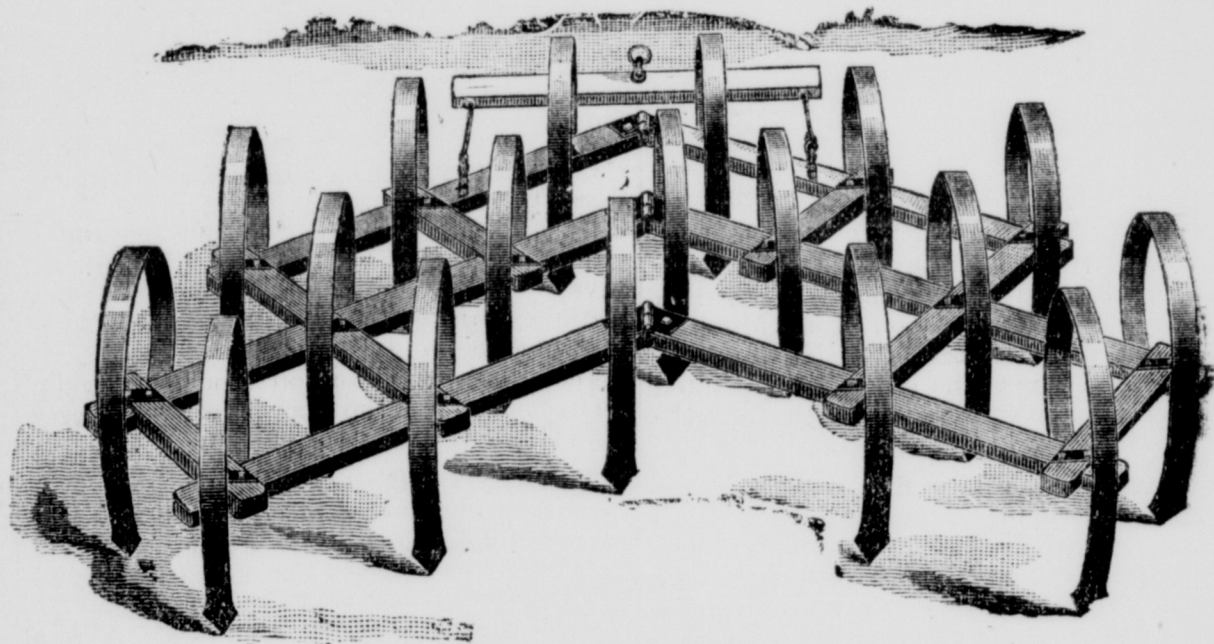
PETERBORO, ONT., Canada, Oct. 13, 1877.
"I was foreman in the lumber shanty when I was taken sick, and being anxious about the work, I exposed myself greatly, caught a severe cold, and after recovering took a heavy relapse, which terminated in inflammation of the lungs. The doctors all gave me up. One of the most prominent said it was impossible for me to get cured, or even get better, and all that any one could do for me was to give me something to ease me the little while I could live, and had me make my will. The 22d of January, 1878, I took my bed in Peterboro, and on the last of the following August, I was drawn homely on a bed, and three doctors gave me up after I came home. An abscess formed at the bottom of my left lung and discharged outwardly from that time until May, 1878. At the time I got your medicine, it was getting worse every day. Every one thought, and so did I, that death alone would end my misery. I commenced using CANNABIS SATIVA the first of February, 1878, and after using three or four packages of the Remedy, the discharge was checked, and I was able to get out of bed alone for the first time in more than three years and three months."

"For from the 22d of January, 1873, to the 15th of May, 1876, I never was able to get in or out of bed once alone, nor never lay ten minutes off my back, nor never was out of bed one-half day at a time, and spent upwards of \$7,400 without much if any benefit, and I only used a few cents over \$20 for your medicine till I was well."

"It is now exactly eleven months since I left my bed, and I am smart and healthy, and without pain or ache, or any symptoms of the disease. For the past six months I have been able to make a good living for myself. Last fall I cradled and drew in grain."

Sept., 1897.—Mr. Hamilton's health still remains good.
"My son was given up by three doctors. They said he could not live. In three days after commencing to take CANNABIS SATIVA, we could see a change for the better. It cost me hundreds of dollars for doctors before I got this remedy—and they did him no good. He was reduced from 150 pounds to 114 pounds, and in one week after he began to take the Remedy, he gained 14 pounds. After using five packages he is stronger than ever before. His recovery has been acknowledged in this place as a miracle. To God and your remedy we give thanks for it."

W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.



We have now a stock of WOODEN FRAME and STEEL FRAME HARROWS!

Made of the FINEST SPRING STEEL, OIL TEMPERED.

Wooden Frame \$9 00. Steel Frame \$8.00.

We manufacture a LEVER TOOTH HARROW, the Celebrated SYRACUSE STEEL PLOW with a Steel or Chilled Iron Mould Board.

CONNELL BROS.,

Woodstock, N. B.

Everybody Look Toward Easter.

See if you will need a FULL DRESS SUIT or a NICE BLACK 3-BUTTON CUT-AWAY FROCK SUIT to wear at the Grand Ball to be held in this town Easter Monday evening. It will be the grandest success of the season. (So are our cloths.)

Perhaps you would like a nice neat 3 or 4-Button Sack Suit made in the Latest Style either in a nice piece of Tweed or Fancy Worsted. We have some very neat lines of cloths in stock which we are selling very rapidly. Worsteds of every description, Serges, Tweeds, in the very Latest Patterns, Fancy Worsteds, Trouserings, Coatings and Fig. Vestings. Kindly call and we will try our best to please you.

PORTER & GIBSON, Merchant Tailors.

Opera House Block, Queen Street.