

THE SONG OF THE WAR-FIEND.

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! for the feast of blood,
For the carnival of gore,
When men shall fight, by day and night,
And slay on sea and shore,
"Kill, kill!" "Kill, kill!" is my order shrill,
And the mind of man is mad;
And the angel of Grace doth hide her face,
And the soul of Peace is sad.

The powers of hell will aid me well,
As I fiercely rise from sleep;
Riches and skill shall obey my will,
The harvest of Death to reap.
The joys that Peace in a hundred years
Has earned, in a day I'll take;
I'll gaily scream as the cannons gleam,
And a million hearts shall break.

Yet what care I for the widow's cry,
Or the orphan's feeble wail?
When the ocean tide with blood is dyed,
And the fire sweeps hill and dale,
And little I care for the mother's prayer,
When her son lies cold and stark,
For deep is the death from the blasting breath,
When the war-dogs wildly bark.

And glassy eyes shall gaze at the skies,
Mute lips to Heaven appeal;
And the likeness of God be crushed to the sod,
'Neath the tramp of the war-fiend's heel.
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! for the feast of blood,
For the carnival of gore,
When men shall fight, by day and night,
And slay on sea and shore.

London, Echo.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

A hundred miles from Aden her Majesty's troopship Idena steamed along, bound for home.

All day the fierce sun had streamed down with blazing beams, which those on board endured, cursed, or grumbled at according to their various dispositions.

The sensation of the day had been provided for by a Lascar stoker, who, rushing from the inferno of the engine-room, leaped headlong overboard, mad for one delicious plunge into coolness after enduring the torments of heat.

"Man overboard!" rang out. Engines were reversed. Ladies started from languid recumbency. A smooth-faced subaltern offered a hundred to one against "the nigger being picked up," but no one troubled to listen to him, for the water hereabouts is swarming with sharks. However, just as horror became subdued into resignation a black speck was seen still swimming vigorously. A boat was lowered and the poor wretch was dragged back, collapsing utterly when certain safety.

All this, however, had happened six hours ago. The incident had been discussed, commented on and capped by similar cases, and long before the dinner bell rang the customary state of boredom had again set in.

After dinner, when the sun had finally disappeared and the stars shone out of the wonderful luminosity of a Southern night, someone (probably the major's wife), proposed a dance, and presently the notes of a waltz rose and fell, alluring with its languorous lilt a melancholy sweetness even those who vowed they "didn't dance" to seek out partners.

Among the many who circled around were the officer in command, Captain Assheton, and his partner, Miss Phyllis Welsh.

The ladies of the Dovecote denied that Miss Welsh had any claims to the attractive adjectives by which the men on board the ship described her charming manners and face. They emphatically agreed among themselves that the only epithet she deserved was that of being "an outrageous flirt."

Whatever her character might really be, to-night more men than Captain Assheton thought Miss Phyllis Welsh looked uncommonly fetching. Her eyelids, heavy with dark lashes, drooped as though to hide the exulting brightness of the eyes they shaded, while excitement restored the bloom which a year spent in Indian gayeties had somewhat paled.

As she glided round she breathed quicker than the heat of the evening or the motion of the dance accounted for. She wondered at her own sensations. To experience the delight, fear, rapture, and doubt which it had amused her to make others feel half terrified half charmed her.

Once raising her eyes she met full a glance from Captain Assheton, and a thrill of certainty swept away the last doubt whether or not her love was returned.

"Let's come and sit it out," said Captain Assheton; then he added, "I want to speak to you—to tell you Phyllis—" He stopped abruptly on perceiving an orderly coming up to speak to him.

"Well, what is it?" he asked peremptorily.

"Please, sir, the doctor says Private Robinson is seriously ill."

Captain Assheton turned apologetically to his partner. "I must leave you for a few minutes. Will you wait for me here? I shall be back in five minutes."

"Yes," answered Miss Welsh, leaning back languidly in a deck chair. "I'll wait for you here if you're not too long."

Captain Assheton and the orderly strode away.

Custom had not steeled Assheton's heart against feeling a pang of sorrow when called to visit the poor fellows whose dying words his duty when officer in command to note and report.

When Tommy Atkins dies there is no useless fuss made over the event. No loving hand clasps his to strengthen him during the last struggle. No tears fall to tell him that

even he, poor fellow, has some one to miss him. No! The doctor merely reports him "seriously ill." The officer on duty comes to stand by his bedside and note down whatever message Tommy may choose to send to mother or sweetheart waiting for him at home. Then a few hours later, if on land, Tommy is buried in a coffin, the price of which Government stops out of his pay, or if he die on board ship, with some shot tied to his ankles, overboard he is dropped, to sink out of sight and join that weird company of shrouded corpses which stand upright, drifting and swaying in the current of the sea, half way between the bottom and the surface of the ocean.

On reaching the stifling deck where the sick, the wounded, and the dying lay, the orderly stopped beside the berth of Private Robinson.

Usually the officer in command knows nothing of the man whose dying words he has to report, but, as it chanced, Assheton had heard something of Private Robinson's career. He knew that Robinson was "a gentleman ranker," one of these good-looking, reckless, unlucky fellows against whom fortune seems to have a spite.

As Assheton came to the side of his berth the dying man started up with a curious expression of defiant despair. Above him, beside him, all around the deck lay other sufferers listening and watching to hear what "the poor beggar" had to say.

It was hardly the place for confidences, Assheton felt fully the embarrassment of the position. Robinson, however, had reached the time when the world recedes into the background of one's consciousness, and what has to be done must be done at once or left forever unaccomplished.

He teebly strove to take something from under his pillow.

"Can I reach that for you?" asked Assheton, gently.

"I've waited too long," said Robinson. "I intended to send this back myself, but somehow I put it off from day to day. I couldn't bear to part with it." He stopped as he succeeded in lifting up an envelope, then he continued:—"I want to send this back to her, and tell her, that though she sent me to the devil—I loved her to the end." He added, as Assheton took the envelope containing the photograph from him: "The address is written at the back of it."

"Is there nothing else I can do for you?" said Assheton, huskily.

"Nothing. Thank you, sir," replied Robinson, and Assheton felt he was dismissed.

He turned away in silence and left the hospital deck.

As he again passed through the waltz was hastening to its conclusion, and the laughing, talking company were dispersing in search of ices and comfortable seats.

Phyllis Welsh was still sitting where Assheton had left her.

"You weren't long," she said, smiling. "What did 'Tommy' want to tell you? Do tell me all about it."

Something in her words grated Assheton's feelings. He sat down, and replied slowly: "He asked me to return a photo to a girl and tell her that, though she played him false, he loved her to the end."

"Oh!" cried Phyllis. "How interesting it sounds. Have you the photo there? Do show it to me."

"You must not ask me to do that," said Assheton, gravely.

But Phyllis was not accustomed to have her wishes ungratified. She leaned forward and looked up with her wonderful dark eyes glowing. "Will you refuse the first request I've ever made of you?" she urged.

"Of course, if you insist—" hesitated Assheton.

"I do insist! I must see what the girl is like! Some common, vulgar creature, I suppose, that the poor fellow idealized into a piece of perfection."

"Probably," assented Assheton, dryly, taking the envelope from his pocket and producing the photograph.

With eager curiosity Phyllis bent over.

For the space of a second she stared, rigid with astonishment and dismay; then exclaiming: "Give it to me! Oh, give it to me!" she tried to snatch it from Assheton.

It was too late. Assheton, with blank disgust, had already recognized the beautiful likeness.

"Give it to me!" she stammered.

"Certainly," replied Assheton. "It was what I promised to do."

He dropped the photograph into her hands and strode away.—Temple Bar.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRWBERRY.

Nothing has yet been found to supersede it for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cramps, Colic and Summer Complaint. Dont take a substitute. Insist on getting the genuine.

Husband (shaving)—Confound the razor! Wife—What's the matter now! Husband—The razor is so abominably dull. Wife—Dull? Why, I ripped up an old coat with it yesterday and it cut beautifully!

Mamma (sadly holding up a nearly empty jar): "Rachel, have you been at my preserves again?" Rachel (intently combing her doll's hair): "Mamma, didn't grandma teach you when you was a little girl, same's you have me, not to be too 'quistive'?"

FOR THE AGED.

Paine's Celery Compound gives the needed stimulus to good digestion and assimilation, and keeps the blood pure.

Nature's medicine brings health and happiness to those in advanced years.

King David, the sweet singer of Israel says: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

The physical troubles and burdens of old people are many. Disordered nerves, constipation, fatulence, drowsiness, indigestion, palpitation and impoverished blood seem to make them grow weaker from day to day.

Paine's Celery Compound is a precious and invaluable medicine for old people. It is nature's true nerve, tissue and flesh builder; it keeps the blood pure and fresh from day to day, regulates the organs of digestion, and keeps the appetite natural and healthy. No other medicine in the world so quickly recruits the strength and waning energies of men and women advanced in years. Paine's Celery Compound has added many long years to the lives of old people in the past, and today thousands sing the praises of the wonderful medicine, because it has bestowed peace and comfort and kept them free from the infirmities of old age.

The Philippines.

The Philippine Islands are south-east of China and contain about 100,000 square miles with a population estimated as high as 10,000,000. There are three seasons; a cold season from November to March, a hot season from March to June and a rainy season from June to November. The Islands are rich in natural resources which are still largely undeveloped. Large quantities of tobacco, hemp, sugar cane, coffee and cocoa are produced a considerable part of which is shipped to the United States. The value of all imports from the Philippines fluctuates widely between \$5,000,000 and \$16,000,000 annually.

The Interior Decoration

of your home should have some of your attention at this season. Mr. Turner has just returned from the Toronto Art School, and he will be glad to place at your disposal what he has learned there. Ask us about Alabastine. It is a good thing. Let us give you estimates on Papering, Painting or Plain Work.

TURNER & FIELDS.

Orders left at Aberdeen Hotel, or W. F. Dibblee & Son's Store.

An East Florenceville Item.

CHARLES M. BURNHAM

has a fine stock of light summer dress goods and he is selling them away down in price. Prints, Cashmeres, Gingham, Outings, Wools, Wrappers, Undervests, Underwear, Hosiery, Light Shoes.

East Florenceville.

Seeds! Seeds! Seeds!

Garden, Field and Flower.

These Seeds are grown by the best growers, and are Fresh and Good.

CHAS. G. CONNELL,

Main Street, Woodstock. Druggist.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE,

H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props

Outfits for commercial travellers. Coaches in atendance at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates.

A First-Class Hearse in connection.

Carlisle Hotel, - - Woodstock, N. B.

N. B.—Orders for each left at stable or sent by telephone will receive prompt attention.

THE WOODSTOCK

WOODWORKING COMPANY

LIMITED.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Church Pews, Doors, School Desks, Windows, Sheathing, Mouldings, Shop Fronts, Flooring,

And every variety of Finish for Houses and Churches.

Window and Door Screens, INCREASED FACILITIES.

SHINGLES AND CLAPBOARDS FOR SALE.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION

OF TORONTO.

Established 1871.

Income \$1,200,000.

Policies Unconditional. Extended Insurance and Paid Up Policy after TEN years. Low Rates. Profits Unexcelled.

WENDELL P. JONES, Special Agent.

G. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent.

BARGAINS. BARGAINS.

—AT—

THE HUB.

About six dozen Fine Colored Cambric Shirts of various styles and patterns, sizes 16, 16½ and 17,—75c. former prices, \$1.00 and 1.25.

Remember this you large people (large shirts).

Everything else in Gents' Furnishings will be sold very low through August.

Remember the Main-e place to buy Gents' Furnishings is at

THE HUB, NO. 2, MAIN STREET.

A. J. GREY, Prop.

LOST.

On Wednesday evening August the 3rd, at Bristol, or on the road leading from Bristol to Florenceville a Gentleman's, Hunting case, stem wind, Gold Watch with piece of Gold Chain attached. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving same with M. Caldwell "Caldwell House" Bristol, or with the owner

ED. STEPHENSON, Florenceville, N. B.

FOR SALE.

Three Thoroughbred Ayrshire Bull Calves at \$10 each. One of the best dairy breeds in the country.

WILLIAM R. REID, Centreville.

SITUATION WANTED

By a young man, a graduate of the Fredericton Business College. He has had three years experience as a book-keeper and about five years experience as a clerk in general store and in boot and shoe store. Apply to this office or to JOHN T. LEPAGE, Woodstock.

British tourists have compelled Henrik Ibsen to give up his twenty-year-old habit of going to the Grand Cafe at Christiania at a regular time by a regular road and spending his evening there with his friends. They waylay him, stare at him, and follow him along the streets. Recently six gathered around him while a seventh took a snapshot of the group. Ibsen lost his temper, exclaimed: "Ignoble English!" turned around and went home, missing his evening at the cafe for the first time in twenty years.

Holland has had to pay hard cash to acquire again a number of works of art lost by the vices of Queen Wilhelmina's father. Milliam III. more than a quarter of a century ago took a young woman of Paris named Mlle. Ambre with him to Holland and endeavored to establish her at Loo as state mistress in imitation of Louis XIV and Chas II. The Dutch Court would not stand this and the young woman was sent back to Paris before her departure she and her royal admirer looted the royal palaces and museums to furnish her house at the Champs Elysees. She died recently and at the sale of her effects the Dutch government was the principal purchaser.