

GLADSTONE.

The Khan in Hamilton Spectator.
[When Socrates was dying he told his disciples that it was all right—in a few hours he would be with Homer.]
Only an hour and Gladstone strode across
The valley darkly lit;
Shook hands—and never felt his earthly loss—
With splendid William Pitt.
And all thro' Heaven rang the welcome news,
From far and wide and near;
It lit the New World with a sparkling fuse—
"Lo! William Gladstone's here!"
And old Lord Palmerston laid down his book,
And Walpole raised his head:
An anthem all the realm of Heaven shook,
"Lo! Gladstone is not dead!"
"He liveth here with us for aye and aye—
Never knowing death!"
A Princess met him at the great gateway—
The Queen Elizabeth.
"Come, join us, thou, who hast so bravely kept
The England that we made,
In safety while the sullen Lion slept,
And made the world afraid."
"Come thou with me, thou noble and supreme—
My Shakespeare is within,
And thou shalt clasp his hand—'tis not a dream—
Thy new big life begin."
"To-morrow thee and me will visit where
Homer sits at his gate."
And Gladstone doffed his hat with reverent air.
And cried: "Our God is Great!"

HOW AN OLD BACHELOR WENT BYE-LO.

The trumpets had just sounded retreat when my servant came in to pull down the curtains and light the lamps in my bachelor quarters. Our regiment was stationed at Fort Spokane, many miles from a town.
"It's very cold outside, sir," said Dolan, as he gave the fire an extra poke that sent the shadows flickering and dancing on the wall. I believe, sir, it's below zero. Why, sir," continued Dolan, thoughtfully, "it's as cold as the night we marched to—"
His sentence was never completed, for just then we heard a faint, timid knock. Dolan opened the door and then with a half-grin he turned to me and said, "A lady to see the lieutenant."
"A lady?" I thought, and half unconsciously rose to meet her.
"Walk in, me lady," said Dolan, rather ceremoniously, and then my eyes beheld a little figure muffled from head to toes.
"I runned away," came boldly from under a big soldier fur cap, almost covering the entire face. "Ise cold."
A moment later Dolan and I were both on our knees taking off her overshoes, leggings, and what to my bachelor eyes seemed interminable wraps. It was a pretty picture that met my gaze. A pair of big blue eyes, a head of brown waving hair, that tumbled in all directions, and a little red mouth that smiled back at me.
"Dick Ransome's kid," whispered Dolan to me; "the mother was buried yesterday."
"And the father?" I asked; but Dolan shook his head.
The child seemed not at all disconcerted, and while she prattled away to both of us impartially, Dolan, in a few words, told me her history. The substance of it was that her father was Ransome, a dissipated private in F Company, and Betty was left motherless, as Dolan had said.
"But who's taking care of her now?" I asked.
"Nobody but Ransome, sir. I suppose the kid was left alone and wandered off. It'll be lesson to the villain," he concluded, under his breath.

Now as my establishment was run in a purely masculine fashion, and Dolan was cook, valet and general factotum, the advent of a female even of tender years, seemed likely to disturb the usual order of things.

"About dinner, sir?" asked Dolan, actually interpreting my thoughts. After some little time we gravely decided to put a place for Betty at the table, but to confine her to bread and milk.

The experiment was not a complete success. Though Betty's behavior at the table was irreproachable, she rather upset our well-laid plans by asking for whatever she wanted, and to the everlasting disgrace of Dolan and myself, getting it. "After all, the little one isn't much trouble," I thought, as I drew my rocker up in front of the fire after dinner, reached for my pipe and lay back in reverie.

"I want my mamma," and I felt the little one at my knee. "Betty wants her mamma!" I reached down and lifted her up in my lap. "Shall I tell you a nice story?" I asked, hoping to divert her thoughts from the mother lying under the winter snow. "Shall I tell Betty about the fairies?"

"Betty wants"—and then with a sudden clapping of the little hands, "Betty wants bye-lo!"

Bye-lo! What in the world was bye-lo? Probably something to eat. Dolan would know.

"Dolan!"
"Yes, sir," he answered, hurrying in. "The little girl wants bye-lo."

"Sir?"
"Don't stand there saying 'Sir!' I answered, somewhat unjustly, "but go and get it for her!"

"Get what, sir?"
"Bye-lo, you blockhead!" I thundered, "Don't you know what it is?"

"Shure I don't, sir," answered Dolan, somewhat reproachfully. "Bye-lo? Bye-lo? repeating it a number of times. "What is it sir?"

The little one answered it for us: "Bye-lo! Betty wants to go bye-lo. Sing bye-lo."

"Shure 'tis singin' she means, lieutenant," said my Irish henchman.

At last we are on the right track. "Bye-lo, sing bye-lo," continued the young despot petticoats.

There was a pause and then Dolan said, "I once knew a song called Barlow—Billy Barlow; maybe 'tis she's pronouncing wrong, sir."

"Dolan," somewhat coaxingly, "do you think you could—"

But an emphatic shake of the head was Dolan's reply.

"You might try," I continued; "I've frequently noticed that men with throats like like you"—Dolan made a grab at his throat that was rather funny—"generally sing and sing rather well, too."

After all, vanity can move us to good as well as to evil.

"If the lieutenant only thought I could," said Dolan.

"Try it" I answered heartily. "Try it Dolan."

"Bye-lo! Sing bye-lo," commanded my lady.

"I think, sir, if I turned my back, for which I ask your pardon—"

"Good idea. Turn your back and sing." Dolan turned his back, and as I stooped to

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

FOR ALL
**Itching, Torturing,
Distressing, Disfiguring
Skin Diseases.**

There is nothing gives such quick relief and promotes such rapid healing as this wonderful Ointment.

GEO. LEE, MANFIELD, ONT., says he was troubled with Eczema on the hands so bad that he could not work. He had doctors treating him, and tried all the remedies he heard of, but of no avail. At night the itching was so severe he could not sleep. Dr. Chase's Ointment being recommended to him he tried it, and one box completely cured him. He wouldn't begrudge \$50 for the benefit he received.

Price, 50 cents. Sold by all dealers, or
Kummenon, Harte & Co.,
Toronto, Ont.

whisper something to the younger on my knee, there came a terrific howl that rattled the very windows.

"I knew a young soldier called Billee Barlow" with an accent on the "low" that was simply appalling.

"For heaven's sake, man let up," I shouted, while Betty cried with a little sob in her voice, "Bad man, bad man."

"Poor, dear old Dolan. Plainly it was not Billee Barlow the younger meant, so back to his pots and pans he went and the trouble began again.

"You sing bye-lo for Betty, and a little hand patted my face caressingly. "Rock Betty and sing bye-lo."

"Can you sing it?" I asked.
The question was an inspiration, for she began to croon in a sweet childish treble:

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby,
Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, by.

Then came again the request, "You sing bye-lo for Betty."

There was a lump in my throat as I held the motherless little one close to me and began:

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby.

"Pwitty, pwitty," and a pat on the cheek was my reward. "Rock Betty and sing more."

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby.

I went on and on. The big blue eyes began to close and the little hand slipped from my shoulder.

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby,

I sang slower and slower, lower and lower.

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby,
Bye-lo, shh!

THOMAS H. WILSON.

BABY BRIGHTNESS

Soon fades when Diarrhoea seizes on the little form. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has saved many infants as well as adults' lives. Mrs. W. Walters, Richmond Street Hamilton, Ont., Says—"I cured my baby of a bad attack of Cholera by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Nothing else did any good, but the baby improved from the first dose of the Wild Strawberry."

Tales Of Mr. Gladstone.

Since the death of Mr. Gladstone personal anecdotes of the great man are drifting about through the columns of the press. One of the tales is retold from the Life and Correspondence of the late Archbishop Magee. Father Healy was once breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone, when the latter, ever ready for the usual argument, broke out with: "Father Healy, I went into a church in Rome once, and was offered a plenary indulgence for fifty francs. On what principle does your church grant such things?" But Father Healy was not to be drawn. He replied: "Well, Mr. Gladstone, I don't want to go into theology with you, but all I can say is that if any church offered you a plenary indulgence for fifty francs she let you off very cheaply." For once in his life, it is said, Mr. Gladstone was not ready with his reply.

There is another little story which we have not yet seen in the press to the effect that once while making a journey in England Mr. Gladstone met a friend of his, one of the English bishops. It was about the time Mr. Gladstone introduced his famous Home Rule bill and in the course of the conversation Mr. Gladstone asked his friend how he liked his dealing with the Home Rule question and the reply came, "It isn't your dealing I complain of: it's your shuffling!"

CONSTIPATION CURED.

It's important you should have natural action of the bowels. Purging and griping do violence to the system. Laxa-Liver Pills are nature's own medicine for all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Cure Constipation by toning the bowel wall and stimulating the secretions. Leave no bad after effects.

There's not an act of a man's life lies dead behind him, but it is blessing or cursing him every step he takes.

Style is the mantle of greatness; and say that the greatness is beyond our reach, we may at least pray to have the mantle.

Many are the uses of conversation. Besides obliging a man to formulate his knowledge and to exercise those faculties which would otherwise soon rust and actually decay from want of use, it helps to strengthen or throw doubt upon the knowledge that he already possesses, and also to enlarge its boundaries. It is by the process of continual experiment and sifting that a man's ideas are gradually crystallized into the clear transparency and symmetry of real wisdom. No school-teaching would ever make a man talk well. All that is required of him is that he should be patient in listening, desirous and quick to learn, frank and honest in his reply; and then, if Providence has given him weapons to defend his position, wit and eloquence sufficient to meet his opponent, he may taste the joys of a combat by the side of which other contests seem flat and unprofitable, and give as much pleasure to a worthy adversary as he receives from him in return.

A dumb tongue can be a heavy liar.
Life is the burlesque of young dreams.
Lies are usurer's coin we pay for ten thousand per cent.
The root cure is the regeneration of the individual.

Ask for
Eddy's

when you order
matches. Then
you will be sure
of having the best.

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 CLAPOARDS FOR SALE

WE WILL MAKE YOU

A Suit from Scotch, English, or Domestic Tweeds, at a lower price than you can get the same quality of goods in town. We excel in Style, Fit and Workmanship.

**W. B. NICHOLSON,
Merchant Tailor.**

Feed the Nerves!

South American Nervine is a powerful nerve builder and makes rich, red, healthy blood.

We live by nervous force, and if there is derangement at the seat of good health, the whole physical organization suffers—two-thirds of all ailments common to humanity can be traced to sick nerves. Naturally the weakest part is the one attacked, and in cases whose number is legion the trouble begins in the stomach—and ends too often in physical and mental ruin—sluggish circulation, impure blood, exhaustion, emaciation, loss of appetite, insomnia, general debility and wasting diseases—all for lack of replenishing an overworked system. South American Nervine is the greatest of all nerve foods—purifies the blood, clears the system of all impurities, tones and strengthens the digestive organs—a wonderful remedy in cases of female weakness and functional derangements peculiar to her sex—truly a good health angel to womankind.

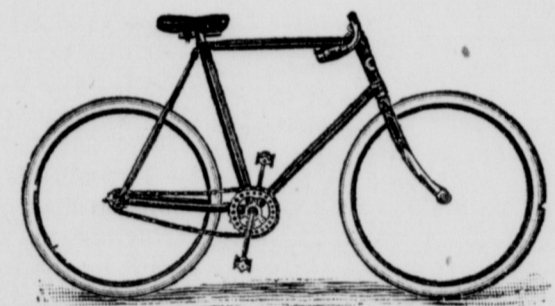
Mrs. Geo. Schlee, of Berlin, Ont., says: "I always felt weak and tired; at night I could not rest on account of nervousness; my body became wasted almost to a skeleton. Doctors claimed it to be womb trouble, and desired to perform an operation. I tried South American Nervine. The first bottle gave me great relief. I took eight bottles and am cured completely."

SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE—dissolves the solid matters which clog and impede the natural and healthy working of the kidneys—Cures Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Inflammation of the Bladder, Gravel or Stone in the Bladder, and all disorders directly attributable to diseased kidneys—A never failing, quick relieving liquid specific, endorsed by best physicians everywhere.

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE—In chronic cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago and kindred ailments, where the suffering has been intense, relief has come after one dose, and many marvellous cures have been effected—A sentence from one testimony: "My joints were stiff and swollen and the pains were almost beyond bearing, but a few doses of South American Rheumatic Cure worked wonders."

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT—Cures blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerating piles in from three to five nights—heals skin diseases, old sores, salt rheum, eczema, tetter, scald head, etc.—one application gives instant relief—33 CENTS A BOX

Sold by Garden Bros.



BICYCLES FOR SEASON 1898.

We have now in stock, the celebrated CLEVELAND, BARON and BARONESS, DUKE and DUCHESS.

Our prices range from \$35 to \$70.

All our wheels are guaranteed, and we would respectfully ask intending purchasers to call and inspect our stock before purchasing.

Correspondence solicited. Catalogues furnished on application. We have a few second hand Bicycles that we offer at a very low price to clear.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.