

A SONG OF SHADOWS.

The city is weird with shadows,
In the shine of a sunny day
You may see them darken the pavements,
Furtive, and hushed, and grey,
They crouch by the brooding houses,
The fit through the streets below:
Every man has his shadow
That follows him to and fro.

And still when the day is sunless
They haunt the heart of the din,
They dance at the heels of pleasure,
They run before folly and sin,
Love, and honor, and beauty
They follow without a sound—
If the sun shine out but a moment
You may see them darken the ground.

The city is weird with shadows,
And fear or thought of them lies
On pallid and weary faces,
In hungry and wistful eyes,
In brains that madden with sorrow,
In hearts that sadden and break—
Shadows of day and darkness
Nor sun nor moon ever make.

Headless each of the other,
The dense crowd goes on its way;
They are shadows born on the daylight
And pass and fade with the day,
And the gold and glory they garner,
What is it when all is done?
Every man has his shadow,
Tho' he walks in the shade or the sun.
—A. St. John Adecock, in London Spectator.

FROM THE WINDOW.

They had wandered into a picture gallery to escape a shower, for, having known him since her school days, she felt no hesitation whatever in telling him that she "had a holy horror of spoiling her best hat and getting the bottom of her eight yard skirt muddy."

"I don't think much of this collection," she said disdainfully, after they had looked at the water colors that adorned the walls. "Not more than half a dozen of them are worth the frames around them. Who ever saw water like that?"

"Or snow like this?" added her companion, regarding a midwinter landscape decorated with deep purple tints. "The man that painted that must have been a South Sea Islander. Why do they hang such awful daubs? I believe I could do as well myself."

"Maybe you could, but it wouldn't be accepted. A name's worth a great deal in a picture gallery."

"And out of it, too, sometimes," he said, with evident meaning in his tone.

She turned sharply and looked at him. "Now you're going to talk nonsense again, and if you do I declare I'll—" She hesitated, as she looked out of the window.

"You won't go home," he said, following her gaze. "It's simply pouring, and you'd be drenched before you reached the corner. You needn't be alarmed; I'm not going to talk nonsense. It was your own guilty conscience that made you jump on me in the first place. You know you would never have given that man a second glance if it hadn't been for his big name."

They had sauntered into a little side room where the pictures were so few and far between and so poor, that apparently no one considered them worth a glance; so the two had the whole room to themselves.

"I have told you a dozen times," she said, "that his name has nothing whatever to do with it. It's the man I like; he has beautiful manners, and I admire his character. I tell you once for all that if he proposes I shall accept him."

"You needn't take the trouble to tell me that," he said moodily. "I know it. It was on his account you threw me over the fence last fall, but for the life of me I can't see the attraction. What is there in his character

that you admire? He's as two faced as the Evil One himself."

He's not two faced at all, but you're very rude and as cross as a bear, so for goodness sake change the subject. Oh see! From this window we can look right into the cafe of the Staunton. Let's watch the people and make bets on what they're eating. There's a couple just sitting down now. See, he's asking her if she'll have something and evidently she likes it, for she's nodding her head. Now he's calling the waiter. I guess it's a salad. What do you think?"

"Oh I don't care whether it's salad or saw-lust. Why didn't that fellow meet you today?"

"He's away on business," she said, still intent upon the cafe. "I didn't expect to come to town until tomorrow, but mother wanted some things she couldn't wait for. I'm sorry—"

"That's right, say it, don't mind me! You're sorry she couldn't wait, so that you could come in tomorrow and meet him. I'd like to meet him too, and break his neck."

"Oh, let up!" exclaimed the girl impatiently, and with a good deal more emphasis than elegance. "You're actually worse than Aunt Margaret."

Silence for a few moments, during which he watched the rain, and she the people in the cafe. Suddenly she exclaimed,

"Look at that girl just sitting down at the table by the window. Did you ever see such an amazing hat? To use your expression, it looks like the 'night before Christmas'—but pardon me, you seem interested. Perhaps she is a friend of yours."

"You needn't apologize. I never met the lady, although I have seen her once or twice before. Some people consider her very handsome."

"I don't think much of their taste. She looks like a drum major. I suppose that is one of her admirers with her now. I wish he'd take the seat opposite instead of getting behind that post. I'd like to have a good look at him."

"Shall I run over and tell him to change it?" her companion asked. "Perhaps he would, to oblige you."

"You needn't bother. I think she's telling him to do it now. See, he's moving; now we can see what he looks like—oh, Dick!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dick, and gave a long, low whistle.

She turned fiercely upon him. "Did you know he was over there with that girl?"

"I swear I did not. I could not see him any better than you could. I'm not a bit surprised, though, for I've seen him with that girl before." Dick could not refrain from this last bit of intelligence.

"And he told me he was called out of town for the day on business."

"Let's go home," suggested Dick, who felt happy enough to dance all over the picture gallery, if he had dared to express his feelings. "It's stopped raining, and you're getting excited."

"Go home!" she exclaimed. "No, indeed! Do you see that empty table next to theirs? I'm going right over there to have something to eat, and you are going with me."

"It's a go," said he, and they went. Again Dick did not care whether it was salad or sawdust; he was too happy to know the difference, but the young woman who resembled a drum major wondered what made her companion suddenly grow so sullen and morose, and thought he must be troubled with an attack of indigestion. She knew nothing of the "pretty girl with a large bank account" who had just slipped from his grasp. —Celeste McJilton.

A CHATHAM LADY

Tells How Her Health Came Back.

There are too many women who suffer dreadful backaches, pain in the side and headaches, who are weak, nervous and run down, whose life, energy and animation seem gone. Here's a lady who was cured by

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. Mary Bordeau, King St., Chatham, Ont., says: "For some months I have been afflicted with nervousness and general debility. Going upstairs would produce a great shortness of breath and a tired, exhausted feeling."

I had palpitation and fluttering of the heart, and for months had not been well or strong. Until I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I almost despaired of a cure. I have only taken one full box, and now feel splendid.

My nerves are strong, all the heart troubles are completely removed, the shortness of breath has vanished, and the constant tired out, all gone feeling is a thing of the past. It is needless to say that I esteem this remedy the best in the world for heart and nerve troubles." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

On Time.

The American boy is not the only one, it appears, who sometimes has the sagacity to apply for a situation just in the nick of time. A London paper tells of a small boy who dashed breathless into a merchant's office and demanded:

"Is the gov'nor in?"
"Yes, what do you want?"
"Must see him myself. Most pertickler."
"But you can't see him."
"Must, really—immedjit. I tell you it is most pertickler."

The boy's importunity at last won him admission.
"Well, boy, what is it you want?" asked the merchant, with some anxiety.

"Do you want an office boy, sir?"
"You impudent young rascal! We've got one."
"Beg pardon, you ain't, sir."
"What do you mean?"
"Your boy's just been run over in Cheapside, sir, and he won't never work for you no more."
The applicant was engaged.

WORMS BOTHERED BABY.

"My baby suffered terribly with worms. I used one bottle of Dr Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which accomplished the purpose for which it was intended, and cured him." Mrs. W.M. Messecar, Watford, Ont.

An Early Talker.

"Love is blind," according to the proverb; but the proverb cannot be true of maternal love, for the average mother easily sees in her baby a world of things which nobody else can discover.

"Does your baby talk any yet?" one woman was heard to ask of another.

"Talk? Well, I should say he did talk!" replied the mother almost indignantly. "He says just anything! His little tongue runs steadily from morning till night. He can ask for anything he wants at the table or any place else. I never had a child that talked so early, or said so many things at his age."

"My sister-in-law has a little boy eight months and four days older than this child, who don't begin to talk as much nor as well, although, of course, I wouldn't say so before her. She thinks the child is a wonder, but he don't compare with his little cousin here. Johnnie, say bread and butter for the lady."

"Bed an' buttum," said Johnnie.
"There! You see how perfectly he says it; and the best my sister-in-law's baby can do is to say 'bell an' bullaw,' and he calls sugar 'coogah.' Johnnie, say sugar and I'll give you a lump when we get home."

"Soogum!"
"There! You see the difference! It's just so with everything, but I never brag about it to my sister-in-law, for she's real sensitive about it."

"But I guess you wouldn't ask if this child could talk if you could hear him once! Of course he's in a strange place now, and he's quiet, but I guess he can talk; and I don't see who he gets it from, either! There are no great talkers in my family nor in his father's."

At His Word.

Many post-office names are queer enough to make one desire an explanation of them. Sometimes the explanation is queerer than the name itself.

A minister in Cass County wrote to Washington in behalf of the residents of a growing hamlet, asking that a post office be added to institutions. The request was favorably received, and he was asked to suggest a name that would be acceptable to his neighbors.

He replied that they were not hard to please, so long as the name was peculiar. The post office department took him at his word, and "Peculiar" is the name of the office to this day.—Kansas City Journal.

The affections themselves carry ever an appetite of good, as reason doth; the difference is that the affection beholdeth merely the present, reason beholdeth the future and sum of time.

The mind has over the body the command which a lord has over a slave; but, as Aristotle observes, the reason has over the mind the command which a magistrate has over a free citizen.

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THE FARMERS' AND DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF N. B.

Meetings will be held in Victoria and Carleton Counties at following places on dates mentioned.

- Jan. 31.—Andover, Victoria Co., evening session.
- Feb. 1.—Kincardine, Victoria Co., afternoon and evening session.
- " 2.—Arthurette, Victoria Co., evening session.
- " 3.—New Denmark, Victoria Co., evening session.
- " 4.—Florenceville West, Car. Co., evening session.
- " 6.—Glassville, Carleton Co., evening session.
- " 7.—Jacksonville, Carleton Co., evening session.
- " 8.—Richmond Corner, Car. Co., evening session.
- " 9.—Millville, York Co., evening session.

"Pork Raising for English Bacon Purposes," "Fruit Growing" and "Poultry Raising" will be among the subjects discussed—A full programme will be later announced. Everybody is asked to attend these meetings and ladies are especially invited. C. H. LABILLOIS, W. W. HUBBARD, Com'r of Agriculture. Cor. Sec'y F. & D. Assoc'n.

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"I have had chronic catarrh ever since the war," says J. C. Taylor, of 210 N. Clinton Ave., Trenton, N. J. "I had despaired of ever being cured. I used three bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and my catarrh has entirely left me." Rev. C. E. Whitcombe, rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Hamilton, Ont., was a great sufferer. He used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and now proclaims it a safe, simple and certain cure. The Lord Bishop of Toronto, Can., recommends the remedy over his own signature. Sold by druggists.

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