

The Man Behind the Plough.

There's been a lot to say about the man behind the gun, And folks has praised him highly for the noble work he done; He won a lot of honor for the land where men are free, It was him that sent the Spaniards kitin' back across the sea; But he's had his day of glory, had his little spree, and now There's another to be mentioned—he's the man behind the plough.

A battleship's a wonder and an army's mighty grand, And warin's a profession only heroes understand; There somethin' sort o' thrillin' in a flag that's wavin' high, And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by; But when the shoutin's over and the fightin's done, somehow, We find we're still dependin on the man behind the plough.

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun, And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done; The world has been made over by the fearless ones who fight; Lands that used to be in darkness they have opened to the light; When God's children snarl the soldier has to settle up the row, And the folks haven't time fer thinkin' of the man behind the plough.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade, And all through the awful darkness that the smoke of battle made; In the halls where jewels glitter and where shoutin' men debate, In the palaces where rulers deal out honors to the great, There is not a single person who'd be doin' business now Or have much to say if it wasn't fer the man behind the plough.

We're a-busin' mighty cities and we're gainin' lofty heights; We're a-winnin' lots of glory and we're sittin' things to rights; We're a-showin' all creation how the world's affairs should run, Future men all gaze in wonder at the things that we have done, And they'll overlook the feller, just the same as we do now, Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man behind the plough.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago News.

THE BOOM OF THE CLARION.

BY BRET HARTE.

(Concluded)

"Of course I must say that the advertisement was authorized," returned the editor. The proprietor is away."

"So much the better," said the lady, complacently. "You just say you found it on your desk with the money; but don't give me away."

"I can promise you that the secret of your personal visit is safe with me," said the young man, with a bow as Mrs. Dimmidge rose. "Let me see you to your horse," he added. "It's quite dark in the woods."

"I can see well enough alone, and it's just as well you should not know how I came or how I went away. Enough for you to know that I'll be miles away before the paper comes out. Stay where you are."

She pressed his hand frankly and firmly, gathered up her riding skirt, slipped backwards to the door, and next moment rustled away into the darkness.

Early next morning the editor handed Mrs. Dimmidge's advertisement and the woodcut he had selected to his foreman. He was purposely brief in his directions, so as to avoid inquiry, and retired to his sanctum. In the space of a few moments the foreman entered with slight embarrassment of manner.

"You'll excuse me speaking to you sir," he said with a singular mixture of humility and cunning. "It's no business of mine, I know; but I thought I ought to tell you that this yer kind o' thing won't pay any more—it's about played out!"

"I don't think I understand you," said the editor, loftily but with an inward misgiving. "You don't mean to say that a regular, actual advertisement—"

"Of course, I know all that," said the foreman, with a peculiar smile; "and I'm ready to back you up in it, and so's the boy; but it won't pay."

"It has paid a hundred and five dollars," said the editor, taking the notes from his pocket; "so I advise you to simply attend to your duty and set it up."

A look of surprise, however, by a kind of pitying smile, passed over the foreman's face.

"Of course, sir, that's all right, and you know your own business; but if you think that the new advertisement will pay this time as the other one did, and whoop up an other column from an advertiser, you'll slip up. It's a little off colour now—not up to date—if it ain't a regular 'back number' as you'll see."

"Meantime I'll dispense with your advice," said the editor curtly, "and I think you had better let our subscribers and advertisers do the same, or the Clarion might also be obliged to dispense with your services."

"I ain't no blab," said the foreman in an aggrieved manner, "and I don't intend to give the show away even if it don't pay. But I thought I'd tell you, because I know the folk round here better than you do."

He was right. No sooner had the advertisement appeared than the editor found that everybody believed it to be a sheer invention of his own to "once more boom" the Clarion. If they had doubted Mr. Dimmidge they utterly rejected Mrs. Dimmidge as an advertiser! It was a stale joke that nobody would

follow up; and on the heels of this came a letter from the editor-in-chief.

"My Dear Boy.—You meant well, I know, but the second Dimmidge 'ad,' was a mistake. Still, it was a big bluff of yours to show the money, and I send you back your hundred dollars, hoping you won't 'do it again.' Of course you'll have to keep the advertisement in the paper for two issues just as if it were a real thing, and it's lucky that there's just now no pressure in our columns. You might have told a better story than that hogwash about your finding the 'ad,' and a hundred dollars lying loose on your desk one morning. It was rather thin, and I don't wonder the foreman kicked."

The young editor was in despair. At first he thought of writing to Mrs. Dimmidge at the Elkton post office, asking her to relieve him of his vow of secrecy; but his pride forbade. There was a humorous concern, not without a touch of pity, in the faces of his contributors as he passed; a few affected to believe in the new adfunctory questions about it. His poverty-stricken, and asked him vague, persition was trying, and he was not sorry when the term of his engagement expired the next week, and he left Calaveras to take his new position on the San Francisco paper.

He was standing in the saloon of the Sacramento boat when he felt a sudden heavy pressure on his shoulder, and, looking round sharply, beheld, not only the black-bearded face of Mr. Dimmidge, lit up by a smile, but beside it the beaming, buxom face of Mrs. Dimmidge, overflowing with good humour. Still a little sore from his past experience, he was about to address them abruptly, when he was utterly vanquished by the hearty pressure of their hands and the unmistakable look of gratitude in their eyes.

"I was just saying to 'Lizy Jane,'" began Mr. Dimmidge, breathlessly, "if I could only meet that young man o' the Clarion what brought us together again—"

"You'd be willin' to pay four times the amount we both paid him," interpolated the laughing Mrs. Dimmidge.

"But I didn't bring you together," burst out the dazed young man, "and I'd like to know, in the name of Heaven, what brought you together now?"

"Don't you see, lad," said the imperturbable Mr. Dimmidge, "'Lizy Jane and myself had quar'led, and we just unpacked our fool nonsense in your paper and let the hull world know it! And we both felt kinder skeert and shamed like, and it looked such small hogwash, and of so little account, for all the talk it made, that we kinder felt lonely as two separated fools that really ought to share their foolishness together."

"And that ain't all," said Mrs. Dimmidge, with a sly glance at her spouse, "for I found out from that 'Personal' you showed me that this partickler old fool was actooally jealous!—jealous!"

"And then?" said the editor, impatiently. "And then I knew he loved me all the time."

Without a Rival!

Paine's Celery Compound as a Blood Purifier and Health Giver Ranks First in Every Civilized Land.

Professional men, members of parliament, bankers, business men, mechanics and our farmers, after happy results and experiences with Paine's Celery Compound, emphatically assert the great medicine has no rival.

As a blood purifier, disease banisher and health giver, it has won the admiration and praise of those in position and affluence, and people in humbler circumstances have largely added to its extended reputation.

The vast army of sick and weakly people restored to health and vigor by Paine's Celery Compound have done more for the present world-wide sale of the great health-builder than all the press notices ever published.

Under such happy auspices, the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound with full and honest confidence urge the use of this noblest and best of medicines at this present season.

The work of purifying the blood, cleansing the system, regulating the nerves, is an imperative one, and should not be delayed a moment, if ailing people would have perfect health.

Men and women distressed by headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism and liver and kidney complaints, cannot afford to treat their troubles with indifference. Serious and fatal results follow delays. This is the time for the taking on of new strength and true vitality, and Paine's Celery Compound will never disappoint the sick and afflicted.

The old motto of Paine's Celery Compound "Makes sick people well," is as true today as it was years ago.

Bread on the Waters.

One of the closest friends of Baron Rothschild of Paris was Carolus Duran the artist. During the entire course of a certain large dinner party the great financier noted that the painter kept looking at him with a most intent and peculiar expression. After the

BRAIN FAG

Is the result of Overwork and an Exhausted Nervous System. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food creates New Brain and Nerve Tissue.

Business and professional men, accountants, stenographers, teachers, students and all brain workers know only too well what it means to have the brain so tired out that concentration of thought is almost impossible.

One-fifth of all the blood in the human body is found in the brain, and unless the blood is pure and rich the brain becomes exhausted for want of proper nourishment.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Blood Food creates new brain and nerve tissue, and produces rich red blood, "the vital fluid" of the body.

All brain workers quickly recognize the merits of this great food cure, and after a few doses enter on their work with new energy and ambition.

Brain fag is unknown to persons whose brain and nerve have been invigorated by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, which is for sale by all dealers at 50c. a box.

Dr. Chase's New Book, "The Ills of Life and How To Cure Them," sent free to your address. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

coffee and cigars, the baron drew his friend aside and said:—My dear fellow, pray tell me why you have stared at me so peculiarly this evening?"

"I'll tell you with pleasure," answered Duran; "I am painting a beggar for the Salon, and have looked all over Paris for a suitable head to draw from. I've finally found it. Yours is the ideal."

Rothschild laughed heartily, and promised to sit for his friend in suitable attire on the following day.

During the progress of the sitting a young artist, one of Duran's pupils, came into the room. Naturally he had not been in a position to meet people of Baron Rothschild's importance, and so did not know him; but the beggar's miserable rags, wan face, and wistful expression appealed deeply to the young man's sympathies. Waiting until his master was busy mixing colors, the pupil took a franc from his vest pocket, and held it out behind his back to the model, who seized it with feigned avidity.

When the sitting was over, Rothschild made enquiries of Duran concerning the philanthropist, and was informed that he was a student of great promise and attainments, but among the poorest of the inhabitants of the Latin Quarter.

Some six months after this occurrence the young man received a note, which ran about as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—The franc that you gave in charity to a beggar in the studio of Mr. Duran has been invested by us, and we take pleasure in forwarding to you our cheque for 2,000fr., the principal and increment of the same. Yours, etc.,

—ROTHSCHILD AND CIE."

—Harper's Round Table.

HEART DISEASE.

Has become frightfully prevalent of late. If your heart palpitates, throbs, skips beats or is weak, do not fail to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They strengthen the heart, steady and regulate its beat, and restore it to a healthy, normal action.

Getting Even with Him.

Revenge is sweet.

"Papa," said the little girl, "who do you love best in the world?"

Of course she thought [she knew who he would reply, and he knew that she thought she knew it. Consequently he decided to tease her.

"Daisy," he replied.

Daisy was her sister.

She thought it all over, any then she climbed up in his lap.

"Papa," she said, "I wish you would ask me if I love you or mamma best?"

Revenge is sweet; but even so, a tender-hearted bit of humanity does not like to be too harsh.

"You won't feel very, very badly if I tell you?" she whispered.

He promised her that he wouldn't.

"Well," she said, "then I guess I love mamma best."

Yes; revenge is sweet.—Chicago Evening Post.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets, at All Druggists. 35c a Box—60 Tablets.

CHAPTER VII.

1. The beginning of trouble is the time for its care. The sorrows of dyspepsia arise from neglect.

2. Indigestion is the beginning of knowledge concerning the stomach—and some people get knowledge through suffering.

3. Loss of appetite, loss of vitality, loss of flesh, loss of rest—these are the penalties which thousands endure until—

4. They try Dr. Von Stan's Dyspepsia Tablets. They ease the stomach, relieve all distress and they always effect a rapid cure. All druggists sell these tablets at 35 cents a box.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets

instantly relieve heartburn, sour stomach, nausea, headaches arising from deranged digestion, and they quicken the appetite while effecting a cure.

Sold by Garden Bros.

Bobby—"Pa what is an heir-at-law?" Pa—"Usually the lawyer, Bobby."

YOU WILL FIND

THE BEST LINE OF

EATING CHOCOLATES!

In town at the CENTRAL GROCERY.

C. M. SHERWOOD & BRO.

WOODSTOCK.

Ask your grocer for

EDDY'S

"EAGLE"	PARLOR MATCHES 200s
do	do 100s
"VICTORIA"	do 65s
"LITTLE COMET"	do

The finest in the world. No brimstone.

The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited.
Hull, P. Q.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.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N'S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R.I.P.A.N'S on the package and accept no substitute. R.I.P.A.N'S 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce St., New York.

In Spring
Cleaning

You will require

Whiting, Paints, Kalsomine, Oils,
Alabastine, Leads.

I HAVE THEM ALL.

General Builders Hardware.

M. S. SUTTON, Andover.