

The City of Sleep.

Over the edge of the purple down,
Where the single lamplight gleams,
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town
That is hard by the Sea of Dreams—
Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
And the sick may forget to weep?
But we—pity us! Oh, pity us!
We wakeful; Oh, pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep.

Wear they turn from the scroll and crown,
Fetter and prayer and plough—
They that go up to the Merciful Town,
For her gates are closing now.
It is their right in the Baths of Night
Body and soul to steep;
But we—pity us! Oh, pity us!
We wakeful; Oh, pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep.

Over the edge of the purple down,
E'er the tender dreams begin,
Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,
But we may not enter in!
Outcasts all, from her guarded wall
Back to our watch we creep;
We—pity us! Oh, pity us!
We wakeful; Oh, pity us!
We that go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Beyond The Green Baize Door.

(London Tid-Bits.)

There was a mystery beyond the green baize door; tangible or intangible, nobody knew, since no one but Mr. Blakely ever saw the inside of the door, which shut his private room at Messrs. Blakely & Stephen's bank from the narrow passage connecting it with the general offices.

Mr. Blakely was sole proprietor of the bank, which was the only one in the town, and showed every semblance of the soundest financial basis.

Mr. Blakely was a man strangely devoid of eccentricities. The chief faults the bank staff found with him were his indefatigability, and that whenever there was business to be done in London—selling or buying stock, buying cash, etc.—he invariably attended to it himself.

I was seated at the desk of the head cashier, who was away on a short holiday, one morning in September, when one of our clients entered the counting house.

"Mr. Boynton, look here," he said, slipping a crown piece upon the counter, "Where did you get it?"

"What's wrong with it?" I inquired, examining it closely without noticing any defect. "Did I give it to you?"

"Yes. Look at the edge; it's quite smooth." I passed him two half crowns, and as he went away I slipped the crown into my pocket, intending to keep it as a curiosity.

But later in the day, when Mr. Blakely was in the office, I showed it to him.

"Curious!" he muttered. "One of an experimental mint, no doubt, for it's dated 1896. Do you think we've any other similar?"

"No; I have been through them." "Strange! Well, I'll keep it. It is probably unique."

I was disappointed with his decision, and I wanted the coin myself. It was against my principles, however, to protest. I forgot it entirely until some weeks later, when Mrs. Blakely, to the utter astonishment of the bank's staff, turned up an hour or so before luncheon time.

Up to that time, although she had been married more than ten months, Mrs. Blakely had never been inside the bank. Now she drove up in her carriage, came in proudly and asked for Mr. Blakely.

I replied that if she would step into the waiting room I would summon him in the usual way.

"No. Show me into his private room. I am Mrs. Blakely," she said, hastily.

"I recognized you, madame," I replied, "But the rule is that all visitors, whoever they may be, are to be shown into the waiting room, where Mr. Blakely will receive them."

"Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "Such rules do not refer to Mr. Blakely's wife. The room is at the end of the passage is it not?"

"You are putting me in an awkward position," I replied. "I am not allowed to let visitors approach the green baize door—"

"Ah!" her proud eyes flashed. "So there is a green baize door which no one approaches?"

When Mr. Blakely came, he did so in the habitual leisurely manner; and he walked into the waiting room, leaving the door ajar.

"Mr. Blakely," she said, haughtily, "I have been insulted by one of your clerks. Since when has your wife been denied the right to her private room?"

"Ever since she wrongly assumed that she had such a right, Mary. My clerks have their orders. They obey them. You cannot blame them for upholding rules I myself have framed. What do you want? I am very busy this morning. The market is very unsteady just now."

"Tell me, Richard; had you known I was coming would you have allowed your clerk to deny me access to your private room?" Mrs. Blakely enquired.

"The rule is of many years' standing, Mary," he said, deliberately. "If it were set aside for you it would be the thin end of the wedge; my room would no longer be private."

"You indorse your clerk's insult?"

"I uphold my clerk who upholds the bank's rules."

I felt her brush past me as she came out of the room, and saw her walk round the desk, her lips tightly compressed and her head very high.

The following morning when I turned up at the bank the porter met me with the enquiry, had I seen anything of Mr. Blakely? No one had seen him since the bank closed the night before. He was not in the bank—had not been home—indeed, it was Mrs. Blakely who had driven down the first thing to inquire about him; and no one had seen him.

"Mr. Boynton," she asked, "have you seen my husband? You were the last to leave, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, but I have not seen Mr. Blakely since he put you into your carriage yesterday."

"That decides it," she muttered. "Something has happened to him in his room. The door must be forced. Porter, go for a carpenter!"

"You take the whole responsibility of forcing the green baize door?" I suggested.

"The whole responsibility," she replied and turned away impatiently.

When the carpenter arrived Mrs. Blakely led him to the door and ordered him to force it. He smiled grimly as he looked the door up and down. He sounded it with a mallet, and his jaw fell.

"Iron!" he said, laconically. "Tisn't my job. You want a blacksmith."

The porter was sent off in the carriage to fetch a smith. When the man arrived he eyed the door critically and looked dubious.

For five minutes he dealt a rapid fire of blows, and then the door began to tremble, then to shake. Finally, after 10 or 12 minutes, it gave a shudder and came forward, swinging on its hinges.

Mrs. Blakely darted forward and stopped. Six feet farther down the passage another door obstructed the way. She signed impetuously to the smith, who stepped forward and shivered the lock of the second door, which was only light wood. All was darkness beyond the door.

I turned to Mrs. Blakely, who stood gazing in wonderment into chaos.

"Porter," she said in a hushed voice, get me a lantern. Then you can both leave us. Mr. Boynton's will be all the help I shall need."

We passed through the doorway and into a small dark room, poorly furnished with a little office furniture and littered with papers. There was no sign of Mr. Blakely.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Blakely. "Look! A trap door."

I saw a square had been cut out of the carpet, in the centre of which was a ring, by which I raised the trap.

Looking through we saw a ladder leading down to darkness.

Going carefully down four rungs of the ladder I held the lantern out at arm's length and surveyed the scene.

A stone-walled chamber stretched before me like a large vault. In one wall was a low, barred door; in a corner was a small furnace. A peculiar looking machine stood in the middle of the vault, and upon a ledge of its frame rested a row of silver coins.

I went down, and stepping as I thought to the ground, my foot encountered something soft. I sprang aside, avoiding it, and saw the body of Mr. Blakely huddled up in a broken bundle.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!" she moaned, propping the head upon her knee with frenzied tenderness. "Richard, husband! You did not merely dream—you lived your crimes that night—and now! This is his secret! Last night—the night before, he was restless in his sleep; he talked of coining, years of coining—coining silver coins and reaping profit. The mint makes profit on its silver coins and why not I? He said that, and as I lay awake, I hoped he merely dreamed. Dead, dead! Yes, yes, and if you lived these hands should kill you for the ignominy and shame! Richard! O, Richard! Richard!"

Beyond the police, only Mrs. Blakely and myself know the true secret that hid beyond the green baize door.

A CEASELESS TORMENT.

Eczematous Gnawing and Irritation Have a Short Stay after One Application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment—It Helps Immediately and Cures Quickly.

C. W. Howard, Peak's Island, Me., writes: "Enclosed find 35 cents, for which kindly send me a box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I have been afflicted for a long time with eczema, and it has done me so much good I want to try another box. The first application gave me more relief than anything I ever tried. It's going to cure me outright."—Sold by Garden Bros.

Rapid Telegraphy.

In a test recently made at Buda Pest of the Pollak and Virag system of telegraphy it was demonstrated that 80,000 words an hour could be transmitted over one wire. As described by the Electrical World, the transmitting part of the apparatus consists essentially of a small mirror attached to a

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhæa, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."



telephone membrane, which moves with each making and breaking of the circuit. This mirror reflects a powerful electric light upon an opening in a drum, through which the light plays upon a roll of sensitized photographic paper which is made to pass behind the opening. This paper is capable of recording telegraphic signals at the rate of 400,000 an hour, which, on the average, is the equivalent of 80,000 words per hour. The sensitized paper is developed in a few moments and the telegraphic signals are described therefrom.

A Lady Misled By a Dealer Who Loved Long Profits.

A lady residing in a flourishing Ontario town recently wrote as follows:

"Having some faded cotton goods to dye, I went to one of our stores and asked for two packages of Diamond Dye Cardinal for Cotton. The storekeeper informed me that he was out of that brand of dyes, and recommended strongly another make of package dyes. I unfortunately bought the recommended dyes and carried them home. I used them as directed on the package, but the work was not fit to look at, the color being of a bricky red instead of cardinal. I was obliged to wash the goods so as to get rid of the awful color, and afterward re-dye with the Diamond Dyes which I procured at another store. I have used Diamond Dyes without a single failure for many years, and will never again accept a substitute from any merchant. The Diamond Dyes are true to promise every time."

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Alexander Kearney of Northampton in the County of Carleton, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, or Louis E. Young, solicitor. All persons having lawful claims against the said estate are requested to present them duly attested, within three months.

Dated at Woodstock, 25th Sept., 1899.
FRANCIS M. KEARNEY,
Administratrix.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the Plans and Description of the proposed Bridge to be erected over the St. John River at Hartland in the County of Carleton, N. B., by the Hartland Bridge Co., have been deposited with the Minister of Public Works, and a duplicate thereof in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for said County of Carleton.

Dated this 9th day of October A. D. 1899.
SAMUEL S. MILLER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

House Painting, Decorating, Alabastine, Frescoing, Marbling, Gilding.

All kinds of Exterior and Interior Work.

TURNER & FIELDS.

Orders left at W. F. Dibblee & Sons or at the Town Hall promptly attended to.

Election Card

To the Electors of the Parish of Wilmot:

GENTLEMEN:—Having been solicited by a large number of my friends to allow myself to be nominated as a candidate in the coming election, I have at last consented to do so, hoping my views relating to parish matters in general will be so in conformity with your own that you will not hesitate to give me a very generous support.

I am not in favor of taxing the county from \$20,000 to \$25,000 to build a retreat for the criminal classes, which would only be an encouragement for those who violate the laws of our country.

I am in favor of a thorough investigation of all matters which may properly come before the council, and a prompt settlement of any claims due to or by the municipality.

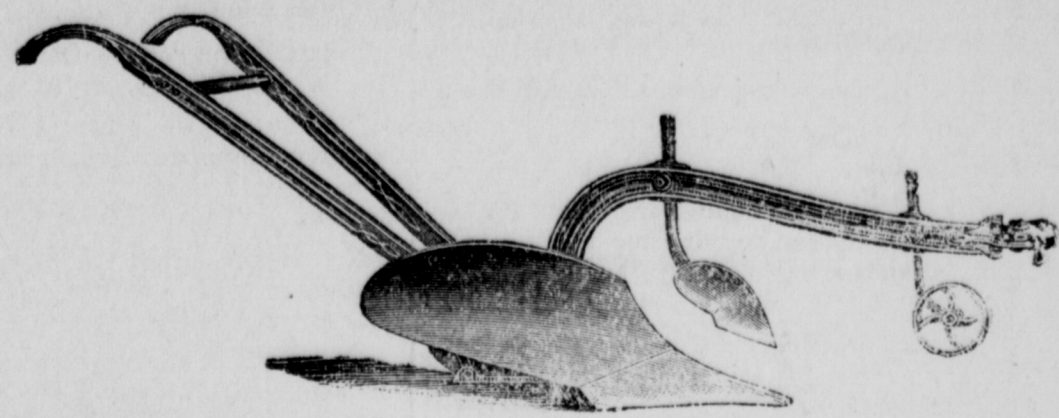
I am also in favor of filling the country and parish offices with persons competent to perform the duties of them and only by persons qualified, otherwise as by law required. My temperance sentiment is too well known to need any comment. If I am elected I shall do my utmost to lower your taxes as much as possible, knowing as I do that the low price of farm produce and the increase of taxes from year to year that the burden that is now carried by those that till the soil may not become so heavy that they may become totally disheartened.

I am yours truly
E. L. WEST.

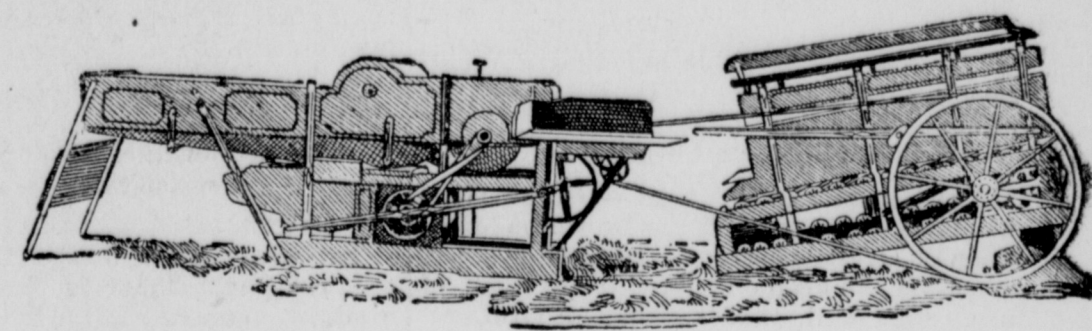
September 18th, 1899.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

SYRACUSE & CONNELL BROS., L'T'D. STEEL PLOWS.



All admit it is the best all round plow made in this or any other country. Pulpers, with roller bearings. Furnaces and Stoves, Farmers Furnaces and Boilers, of our own make, of the best material. Our Tornado Threshing Machine admitted the BEST.



TORNADO.

We have a good many unsolicited letters like this one from Mr. Grant

CENTRAL SOUTHAMPTON, York Co., 17th Dec. 1898.

MESSRS. CONNELL BROS., WOODSTOCK, N. B.
DEAR SIRS,—As we are about through with this season's thrashing and as I am aware you feel interested in the machinery you manufacture, no doubt; it will be pleasing to you to hear good reports of same. The TORNADO Threshing Machine manufactured by you that we bought in August last has proved to be the best thrashing machine that ever was in this section of the country. That is the unanimous verdict of every man the machine has done work for. She has thrashed for thirty men in this section, and men that never were satisfied before were more than pleased with the work that the machine did; they were satisfied they got all their grain and well cleaned, even the women were pleased because they did not have a crew of men around several days thrashing a small quantity of grain.

The machine has thrashed this season about ten thousand bushels of all kinds of grain and I am happy to inform you that there was not one thing broken about the machine, not as much as a tooth. She has thrashed over a bushel a minute, and with a suitable team, she will thrash 300 to 400 bushels a day. It is gratifying to me to congratulate you for perfecting and manufacturing the best two horse power thrashing machine in the Dominion of Canada, and maybe in the world.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in advance, I remain,
Yours truly,
(Signed) H. C. GRANT.

CONNELL BROS., L'T'D. Woodstock, N. B.

Not made in Huge Lots!

In Haste, Slighted in Workmanship, Painting and Upholstering.

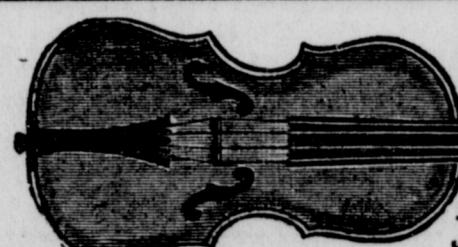
This is not the way We make our Waggon.

Each Carriage is carefully made by skilled workmen, out of the best material, painted and trimmed in the best manner, and will outlast three factory carriages.

LOOK AT OUR CORNINGS AND ROAD WAGGONS,

The Woodstock Carriage Co.

Main Street, at the Bridge.



\$4⁹⁵ Cut this out and send it to us with the name of your nearest express office and we will ship you this Violin with Outfit by express, subject to examination. Examine it at your express office, and if you find it exactly as we represent it and entirely satisfactory, pay the express agent our special price, \$4.95 and express charges. This is a finely finished, regular \$10.00 Stradivarius model violin, richly colored, highly polished, powerful and sweet in tone. Complete with fine bow, extra set of strings and resin. A genuine bargain at the price. Buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit.
Johnston & McFarlane, Box W. D. Toronto, Ont.

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.

TO LET.

House situated on Main St., nearly opposite Chestnut & Hipwell's factory. Apply to MR C. N. SCOTT, Small & Fisher's office.

GIRL WANTED.

to do general housework. Good wages paid to a competent g. l. Enquire at the store of W. F. Dibblee & Son or at the residence of J. T. Allan Dibblee, Division street.