

Companions.

A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions; men, women and books.

Sir John Davys.

We have companions, comrades mine;  
Jolly good fellows, tried and true,  
Are filling their cups with the Rhenish wine,  
And pledging each other as I do you.  
Never a man in all the land  
But has in his hour of need a friend  
Who stretches to him a helping hand  
And stands by him to the bitter end.  
If not before, there is comfort then,  
In the strong companionship of men.

But better than that, old friend of mine,  
Is the love of Woman—the life of life—  
Whether in maiden's eyes it shines,  
Or melts in the tender kiss of wife;  
A heart contented to feel, not know,  
That finds in the other its sole delight;  
White hands that are loth to let us go;  
The tenderness that is more than might!  
On earth below, in heaven above,  
Is there anything better than woman's love?

I do not say so, companion mine;  
For what without it, would I be here?  
It lightens my troubles like this good wine,  
And, if I must weep, sheds tear for tear!  
But books, old friends that are always new,  
Of all good things that we know are best;  
They never forsake us as others do,  
And never disturb our inward rest.  
Here is truth in a world of lies,  
And all that in man is great and wise!

Better than men and women, friend,  
That are dust, the dear in our joy and pain,  
Are the books their cunning hands have penned;  
For they depart, but the books remain.  
Thru these they speak to us what was best  
In the loving heart and the noble mind;  
All their royal souls possessed  
Belongs forever to all mankind!  
When others fail him, the wise man looks  
To the sure companionship of books.  
Richard Henry Stoddard.

What I Saw Across the Sea.

BY S. M. BOYER.

NO. 20.

In my last communication I had given part of an account of what I saw at Stratford-on-Avon. After we had been shown through the Hatheway home we pass on to the gardens and old well in connection with the home, a bucket is used to draw the water and the well has been in use for centuries. Our cabman in waiting we are next driven to Trinity church. This is one of the oldest and most beautiful churches in the town, it is on the banks of the River Avon on the outskirts of the town. In it the poet and his wife were both christened, attended service, and are both buried in front of the altar. I noticed the large stone basin in front of the chancel used for christening children is very much worn away to one side from long use. I walked through the churchyard and grounds and viewed the River Avon its banks close to the churchyard and grounds. I thought it was among the finest views I had ever seen. Our driver still in waiting we return to our carriage and are driven back to town. As our time is drawing near to sail from Liverpool for home we travel part of the time by night. Leaving Stratford we ticket for Chester a distance of one hundred miles. This part of our journey was in the night. Arriving in the City of Chester at eleven o'clock p. m. we make our way to the Washington Hotel, register, select our rooms and are quietly put away for the night. Looking over the hotel register next morning we find the names of Dr. Borden and wife from Sackville, N. B. At eight o'clock a. m. we set out to see this quaint old City of Chester with its thousand associations of the past. It is one of the most interesting cities in the kingdom to the visitor or tourist. This old city dates back to A. D. 60, it was one of the last places quitted by the Romans. We first start out to make a circuit of the Roman wall which is two miles in length, a paved footway running along the top affords a delightful walk and a commanding view of the city and surrounding country. Here are to be seen numerous Roman antiquities. Chester is situated on the River Dee and is the only city in England that still possesses the Roman walls perfect in their circuit. As we walk along the paved footway the houses and trees are beneath us and one can see children at play while their mothers are washing and doing all kinds of work, hens and chickens keeping company with the children. You can easily pick leaves from the tops of the trees as you pass along. There are at intervals along the top of the wall towers and in one of these called the Phoenix Tower King Charles stood on the top and witnessed the defeat of his army at Rowton Moor, September 26th, 1647. With the aid of our glasses from this tower we get a splendid view of the Welsh hills. As we pass along to the next angle of the wall is the Water Tower a fortification erected at a time when the River Dee washed its walls and vessels were moored to ring bolts in its walls. Along the wall here we see a number of massive Roman remains including the base of a bath column, monumental stones and altars, one piece of stone pavement dug up from an old Roman street said to be 1700 years old. It was from this tower Cromwell defended the city against the Welsh. Leaving the walls we walk across the old stone bridge that spans the River Dee. This bridge is said to have been built by the Romans. As we stand upon the old bridge we see a number of coarse looking women, fishermen's wives, going in to the market with their fish in baskets on their heads which to us Canadians was rather a novel sight. From where we stand on the old bridge we can see another one built in 1832. This one is stone

also and has an arch of two hundred feet, this is said to be the largest stone arch ever erected. It was opened by the Queen then Princess Victoria. Returning through the city we pass rows of gable fronted houses, quaint looking buildings well preserved. In the front of one of these is a beam with the date 1539 carved upon it, on the same side of the street there is a house bearing this inscription "God's Providence is Mine Inheritance, 1652." This house is known as God's Providence House because when the plague devastated the city this was the only dwelling in which the inhabitants escaped the pestilence. Our next visit is made to the cathedral. It is said to occupy the site of a temple of Apollo. The greater part of this edifice was erected during the reign of Henry the VI., VII. and VIII. The building is of red sand stone. In walking through this church I noticed that down the aisles paths were literally worn in the stone floors, the work of centuries. The gables and turrets on the outside looked as if they had withstood the elements for a thousand years. In some places more than an inch of stone had been worn away. In the rear of the cathedral stands an old church called St. John's, this is in ruins, it dates back from 689. Through this part of the country they have a canal system of water carry and as in other parts of Britain and in France women do a large portion of the work out of doors. Here we see them manning the canal boats, large, masculine women with short dresses, sleeves rolled up, bare headed, manning the sweeps and the bows of the barges and more than that on one occasion I saw three women grasping a line towing a barge. Time would not permit us to visit Hawarden a village six miles out of the city made famous as the home of Gladstone who died in 1898 regretted not only by his own countrymen but by the whole civilized world. His remains rest in Westminster Abbey. The tourist could spend many days of interest in this old city of the Empire. And now we take our leave of Chester and purchase tickets for Liverpool. Less than two hours by rail brings us to Birkenhead on the banks of the Mersey River opposite Liverpool. Here we take the steam ferry and are soon set down in this great shipping port having sent our baggage by express from London to the Allen Line Steamship Company office. We are taken to the Shaftsbury Hotel, Mount Pleasant, where we are soon made to feel at home. The landlord very obligingly gives us all the information asked for. As our stay in Liverpool was short we had to make the best use of our time. Being anxious to see something of the great shipping interest I naturally sought out the wharfs and docks. There is an overhead railway running a distance of eight miles along the wharfs we boarded the train and rode the entire length which gave us a good idea of the business of the port. The Mersey is three miles wide here and has a subway under the river to Birkenhead. Fourteen miles above Liverpool a bridge crosses the river.

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The Philosophy of Simon Frost.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Trouble's like babies; it grows bigger by bein' nursed.

It don't make so much difference what a feller thinks, so that he don't say it out loud.

There's some folks that think of they can't do a thing nobody else kin neither.

The only way to find happiness in this here world's to fetch it with ye.

Eff fortune don't come your way the only thing to do's to go his'n.

I heard a feller say onct thet failures only help a wise man to success. May be thet's the reason some folks git richer ev'ry time they fail.

The feller that complains the most about the victuals gen'rally's the one thet eats the most.

A quiet mule thet minds his business is better'n a balk hoss.

There's many a feller thet dies for love—o' drink.

Fault's the easiest thing in the world to find ef ye try.

It's climbin' hills thet they don't never come to thet makes some folks old afore their time.

Friendship's like a china plate; when it's busted ye kin sometimes mend it, but the crack'll always show.

There's always plenty o' fools to cheer another un on.

There's as much in knowin' how to rest as there is in knowin' how to work.

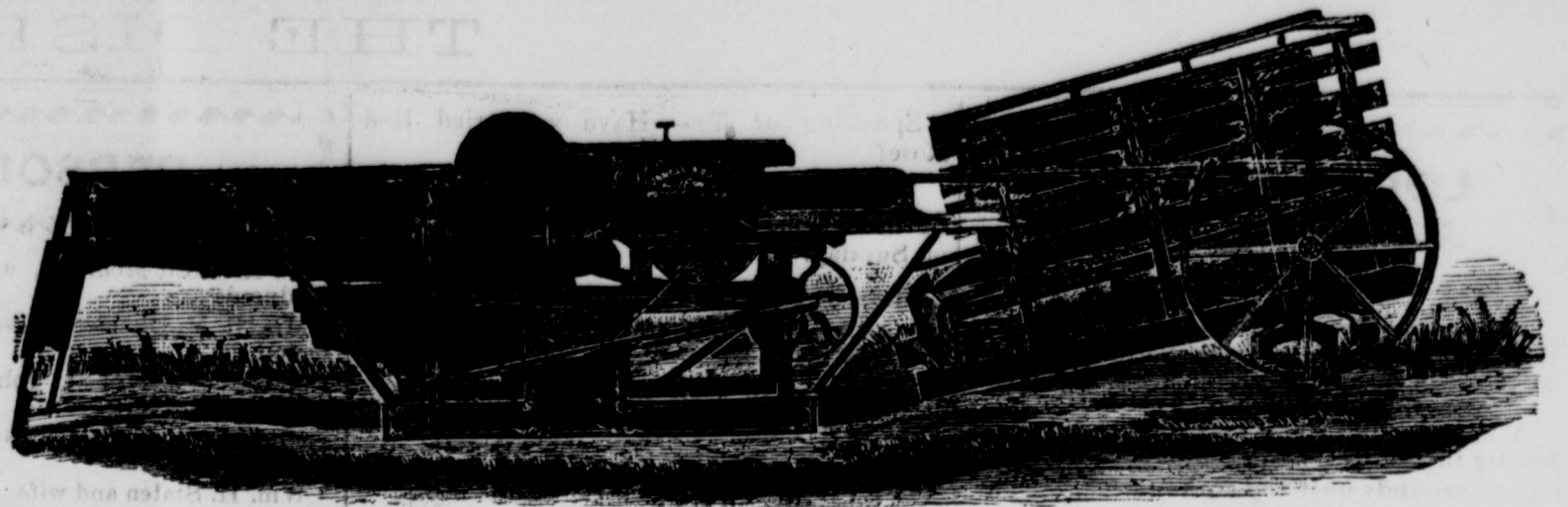
There ain't many men so great thet they don't care what other folks think uv 'em.

Some folks' busiest time's meal time.

There wasn't no saints till they wuz dead.

There's some folks thet spend their time wonderin' how the world managed to git along afore they come into it, an' how it'll keep a-goin' after they leave.

A feller's first love's gen'rally like his first pants; he soon outgrows it.



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England and France.

There is always an alarmist, on one side or the other, to foresee an eminent conflict between France and England, and to compare the respective forces of the two countries. The most recent of them is Monsieur Germain Bapst, who in a long article in the Figaro argues that it is the urgent duty of the government to make ready against an attack from their neighbor across the Channel. The French fleet, he admits, is much weaker than the British—in spite of the superiority of the French ships as individual units—but he does not think that the English men-of-war could do much mischief by a bombardment of the naval works at Marseilles, Havre, or Dunkirk, as the land defences are too strong, but they could easily, of course, if they choose, destroy such resorts as Nice or Cannes. It is not likely, says M. Bapst, that the English would attempt to land either in France or Algeria, but the South African war has proved that they could transport to and maintain in any part of the world an army of 250,000 men, and this was a threat to all French colonies. Great Britain already has 60,000 colonial troops in the Transvaal, and this force could be augmented indefinitely, if necessary. Now Parliament has passed a bill creating three army corps ready for immediate embarkation, and it is France's burden duty, says M. Bapst, to be prepared for all eventualities. England's weak point is her commerce, and the true French policy, he believes, is to build large numbers of swift cruisers to play upon it. He would cease the reconstruction of battleships on the ground that his countrymen have always been worsted by the British in great naval battles.

Piles

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A European Combine Against the United States.

Springfield Republican: The talk of a trade coalition among European nations against the United States impressed very profoundly the former Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. Vanderlip who has lately returned from a journey through the leading European countries. He made it a point to visit financiers and Finance Ministers in various capitals, and get their views. And this is Mr. Vanderlip's conclusion: "I think it not only possible, but highly probable, that Europe can and will agree to binding terms of trade combination against us, within the next few years, and that the result will be the most gigantic and stubborn commercial war in the history of the world. As most of our commercial treaties expire in 1903, I look for the real beginning of the war then in a refusal of most of the Continental nations to renew those conventions."

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and there is no prospect of its being marked down.—Puck.

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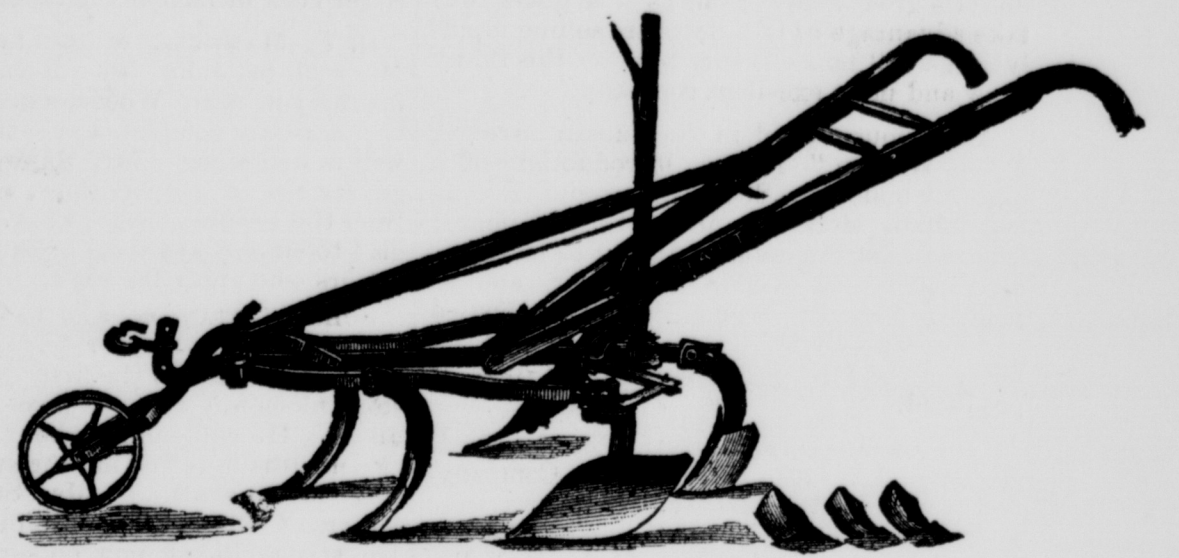
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