

The Great Unsatisfied.

The men who are not satisfied—
Are they who set the pace—
The men who do not meet defeat
With calm, contented face;
The men who labor on and on
With minds and fingers skilled—
They are the great unsatisfied
Who plan and fight and build.

The men who are not satisfied—
They are the ones who lead;
They force humanity ahead
By strident word and deed.
They bring us out of bygone ways;
They guide us through the dark
To wehre some man, unsatisfied,
Has set a shining mark.

The men who are not satisfied—
They gird the world with wires;
They belt the land with rails of steel
And pierce the air with spires;
They loose the leash of sweet content
With which mankind is tied.
We'll never pay the debt we owe
The men unsatisfied.

—Baltimore "American."

SHORTY'S CELEBRATION.

Shorty McGovern was what is known in certain circles as "a second story man." His friends respected him for his undeniable ability for getting and, what was really quite as important, for getting away.

The police respected him, but principally for the latter gift.

Shorty respected himself sometimes, but not often. After a particularly good piece of work, when his finances would permit, Shorty gave himself up to a period of dull respectability, a proceeding rather foreign to the disposition of a second story man. For days he would keep to his room, reading voraciously every book upon which he could lay his hands. Dickens was his favorite author, and he loved stories of children.

Shorty was fond of children and never disturbed them more than was necessary when engaged in his business.

It was when his finances thus permitted him to rest and dip into literature that Shorty came nearest to respecting himself, but unfortunately there always came a day when he was forced to sally forth and again become the hunter and the hunted, usually the central figure, though unknown, in items of various length in the newspapers.

The residence section of the city was invariably the field of his efforts. A day's stroll would disclose the opportunity, and then night and a few necessary implements of trade enabled him to do the rest.

As he walked briskly up the avenue this winter afternoon nothing in Shorty's appearance would attract particular attention. Plenty of young men were doing the same thing. However, a discerning eye might note that when he passed a policeman Shorty seemed suddenly afflicted with a severe cold in his head, which necessitated the use of a large handkerchief. Between policemen Shorty's head seemed to be in a perfectly normal condition.

Turning up a side street, he slackened his pace somewhat, and his trained eye searched every detail of the houses on either side of the way. Ordinary people might have thought them painfully alike, but Shorty knew otherwise. Here was a basement window unguarded by the usual iron frame; there a balcony gave promise of shelter from passing eyes while the window was being forced.

At the corner Shorty passed a church. He had no designs on the church, but the swell of the organ and the sound of children's voices came to him through a half open window. They were devoting all their energies to the last verse of the carol:

Ring the joy bells over all the earth.
Stealing, pealing, let them tell his birth.
Angel music, let it sweetly fall,
Singing bring peace and joy to all.

The extra power thrown into the words "joy to all" recalled to Shorty the fact that Sunday schools frequently gave celebrations for their faithful scholars. Exactly! These children were having a Christmas tree at the church after exhausting the holiday season at home.

Suddenly he had a desire to see the real thing if they would let him in. The main door opened around the avenue, but the vestry door was at his hand. He'd take a look at it anyway. Shorty started forward, then, stopped. Through a swinging baize door came the murmur of voices, then a strange crackling sound and the cry "Fire!"

Shorty was trained to act quickly whatever the emergency. On the corner was a red firebox, and it was the work of only a second to smash the glass and turn in the alarm.

As he ran from the box the children, pale faced and frightened, were pouring through the doors, and above their heads far back in the church he could see the gayly decorated tree blazing in a cloud of smoke. He saw that the youngsters were being well handled by two young men who stood on either side of the doorway. Then his other nature asserted itself.

To Shorty and his ilk a fire always means loot. The habit of years was strong upon him. Back to the vestry he ran and crept through the narrow corridor and the baize door. Through an archway he looked into the smoke filled church. There was no one in sight. The burning tree and the smoke screened him from view. He glanced about hastily, and his eye rested on the alms basin, piled high with the children's annual offering. It stood on a table near the reading desk,

and sparks from the burning tree were falling upon it.

He rushed forward, snatched it and began to cram the envelopes containing the money into his overcoat pockets. He must get away before the firemen arrived on the scene. The silver plate he would button under his overcoat.

He worked feverishly, for already the choir stalls were smoldering. He had the money at last and, ripping open the coat, was about to conceal the plate when a voice rang through the smoke laden air:

"The children's money! Can no one save it?"

Shorty crouched low and began to work his way to the baize door. The smoke was stifling. His head throbbed, and he found himself repeating mechanically: "The children's money! The children's money!"

His ears rang with the music of an organ and childish voices.

He wondered if he was going to die, choked by smoke, with the children's money in his pockets.

Angel music, let it sweetly fall,
Singing, bringing peace and joy to all.

He reached the vestry room. The air was better. He could breathe more freely. A few steps more and he would be safe—safe with the children's money.

Again came the cry from behind the curtain of flames, "Save the children's offering!"

A struggle was going on in the soul of Shorty. Something, he knew not what, surged in his breast.

The aged rector stood in the aisle as near the burning tree as the heat would permit. The last of the children had been led safely through the arched doorway. The rattle of engines sounded far down the street and the clang of the fire gongs.

Would they be in time to save the offering that had meant so much personal sacrifice for the children? Then suddenly something black crashed through the lower branches of the tree and fell over the rail into the aisle. It was a man.

The rector sprang forward and dragged him away from the shower of sparks which followed his fall. It was the disreputable Shorty who looked up into the rector's face.

"Unbutton me coat!" he gasped.

The rector obeyed and with an exclamation of surprise caught the silver plate. He lifted it wonderingly, and Shorty struggled to his feet.

"Feel in me pockets. Me hands is burnt." The rector hurriedly pulled forth the envelopes and started to speak.

"Quick!" ordered Shorty. There was a rush of feet, and half a dozen firemen dashed in bearing a hose. Where there were firemen there would also be police.

"Got it all?" he yelled at the wondering rector. The latter nodded.

"You must come with me. I'm afraid you are badly burned," he murmured confusedly.

Shorty shook his head and started for the door.

"It's nothin'," he said. "I did it fer the kids so's their Christmas wouldn't be spoiled. S'long." Alld he pushed his way through the crowd and vanished.

Some hours later the pain of his burns drove him to the dispensary, where he told a plausible tale of an overturned lamp and was promptly and properly bandaged. Walking down street he met a friend in the same line of business as himself. The obvious impossibility of doing any remunerative work with hands like boxing gloves appealed to the friend and secured Shorty a loan of \$10. Then he went to bed.

The next morning Shorty read an account of the fire and also a public acknowledgement by the rector of the bravery of an unknown man who at risk of his own life had saved the children's offering, amounting to about \$300. The rector expressed his desire to meet personally the brave fellow if the latter would communicate, etc. Shorty began to feel proud of himself. This was genuine respectability.

For one gladsome week he gave himself over to reading and respectability, but he did not communicate his address. Then the week and the \$10 came to an end simultaneously, and Shorty was forced to take another walk up town with a view to studying balconies and unbarred windows.

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PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH

Suggests The Impossibility of Female Teachers Bringing Rough Boys Under Control.

A schoolgirl in sport knocks off a boy's hat. The boy draws a revolver, and without saying a word shoots her dead. The teacher, it seems, deposed that the boy's spirits were high, and that he was quite troublesome. It seems that he was also a reader of pernicious literature, and that the teacher had taken from him several "Jesse James" novels. In American papers we read constantly of outrages committed by boys. The other day some boys found an outlet for their "high

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Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

spirits" in trying to throw a train off the track on an embankment, where its derailment would probably have caused a massacre. The Jesse James novels may have something to answer for. But the chief responsibility probably rests on the lack in our public school system of moral discipline, to which at the same time little attention is apt to be paid at home, the parent being too willing to throw off the whole duty of training character as well as of imparting instruction on the school. In this point of view the rapid increase in the proportion of female teachers seems a matter for serious consideration. If a boy's spirits are high, if he is addicted to the reading of Jesse James novels, and given to carry about a loaded revolver snapping it at people's heads, "not knowing that it is loaded," has a woman much chance of bringing him under effectual control?

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Value of Vaccination.

(Hartford Post.)

The logic of facts in Waterbury as well as everywhere else, goes to show that vaccination is a great preventive of smallpox. The fact that the two Hartford children who had smallpox were the only unvaccinated members of the family is further evidence along the same line. Nevertheless, in Waterbury, right at the time when the value of vaccination is being clearly demonstrated, an anti-vaccination society has been organized, and has been applying a policy of pinpricks to the authorities who are trying to deal energetically with the epidemic, and who at last have it substantially mastered.

PLEASE MR. DRUGGIST give me what I ask for—the one Painkiller, Perry Davis, I know it is the best thing on earth for summer complaints. So do you. Thank you: There is your money.

"I thought you said this was a life or death case!" growled the sleepy druggist who had been awakened at 3 a. m. by a man who wanted a two-cent stamp.

"So it is," declared the man, "so it is. I've got to mail this letter to my wife at once, that she may get it in time to postpone her return home long enough for me to have a new mirror put in the parlor and the hall re-papered. Some of the boys spent the evening with me to-night."—Judge.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

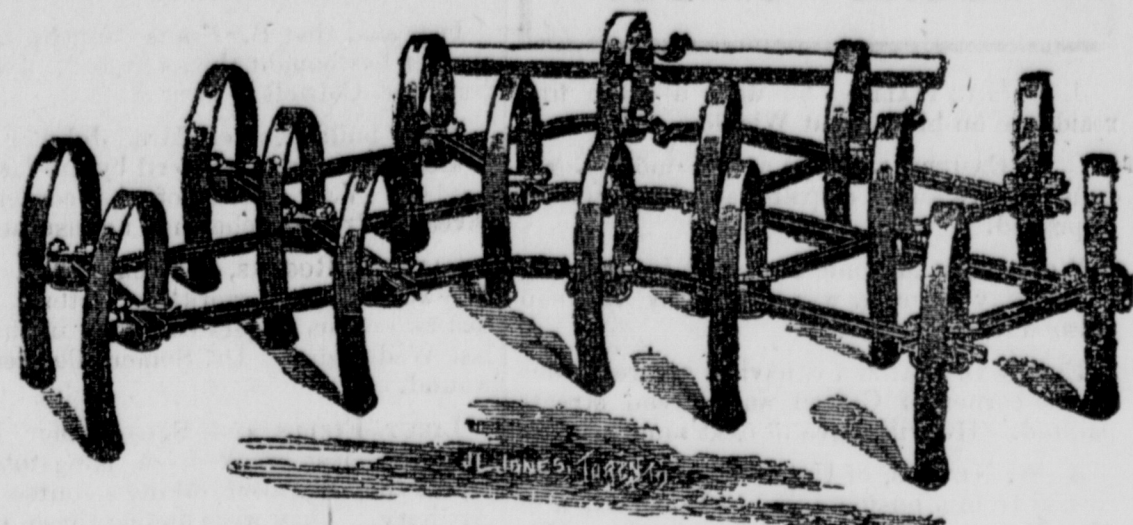
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

The boy who wants to do things in this world must be around when things are happening; and it is a part of the inconsiderateness of things that the vital ones happen just before the slow man gets down to his work and just after the easy-going one has started home.—Saturday Evening Post.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

"Renovated butter"—about which much is said now that the oleomargarine law is in force—is any butter that has become rancid and unfit for sale is melted up, strained, alkali added to neutralize the free acid, washed, worked over with skim milk, salted and sold again. Such an article should not be sold unless marked "Renovated butter."

"It is our duty to civilize the world."
"But there are other nations that think they have the same duty, and what will happen to civilization when our paths cross?" Chicago Post.



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