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The Bravery of a Woman.

(From the Cincinnati Post.)

How brave is a woman?  
That depends on circumstances. It is a woman's nature to be afraid of little things. She screams when a mouse runs over her feet. Fear clutches her heart when she is alone at night. Almost every woman will say, "I'm a terrible coward."

That is only true to a very limited extent. When the time for bravery comes the grandness of a woman's unselfish courage is apparent. And when love nerves heart and hand, you have a force to move the world.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Logan left their good home in Bethany, Ill., at the call of duty and went to China as missionaries. Dr. Logan became very ill with appendicitis.

It was 800 miles to the nearest doctor. He told Mrs. Logan that his only chance for life lay in an operation, and asked her to cheerfully listen to his instructions and perform it.

Can you imagine a position more tragic? And her unskilled hand might slay the man she loved! She listened to Dr. Logan. She prayed, too; then gave him an anaesthetic and successfully removed his appendix.

After that came loving care and tender treatment, until he had rallied sufficiently to be moved, when Mrs. Logan took him 800 miles by wagon and rail to a physician, who completed the treatment.

Are women brave?  
Mrs. William H. Logan has answered the question. Florence Nightingale never did a more heroic act than was performed by the missionary woman, hundreds of miles from civilization.

His Brother at the University.

A small urchin picked up by the Melbourne police, a few days since, stated, in reply to the usual questions put to lost infants, that he had a brother at the university. His own unkempt appearance scarcely seemed to corroborate the assertion, so the matter was pressed.

"What part of the university?" he was asked.

"The Medical School," glibly replied the kid. The police looked at one another. Then it occurred to a constable that the relative might be a sweeper-out, or something of the sort.


"What does he do there?" he demanded.

"Oh! he doesn't do nuffin," responded the youngster, "he's in a bottle."

Animal Longevity.

Some curious statistics have just been published upon what an insurance actuary would describe as the "expectation of life" in animals. Among the larger species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus for the horse and the ass the extreme limit is about thirty-five years, and for horned cattle about thirty. For the dog it is given as twenty-five, while sheep, goats, pigs, and cats are grouped at fifteen. But there are stranger disparities among birds. While a goose may live thirty years, a sparrow twenty-five, and a crow as many as one hundred, ducks, poultry, and turkeys die of old age at twelve years. The palm for longevity is divided between elephant and parrot. Both pass the century.

A recent book, "The Log of a Cowboy," contains this characteristic far-Western story, told by one of the "cowpunchers" about the camp-fire: "I was at a dance once in Live Oak County, and there was a rough stammering fellow there by the name of Lem Todhunter. The girls, it seems, didn't care to dance with him, and pretended they couldn't understand him. He had asked every girl at the party, and received the same answer from each—they couldn't understand him. 'W-w-w-ell, g-g-g-go to hell, then. C-c-c-can y-y-you understand that?' he said to the last girl, and her brother threatened to mangle him horribly if he didn't apologize, to which he finally agreed. He went back into the house and said to the girl: 'Y-y-you n-n-n-needn't g-g-g-go to hell; y-y-y-your b-b-b-brother and I have m-m-made other 'r-r-r-rangements.'"



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No other Soap is just as Good. 624  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

Smith: Waste-Product.

There were four of us, met together one Saturday evening in our accustomed quiet Bloomsbury tavern—three of us friends of long standing, the fourth only admitted to the circle of late; we knew little of him save that his name was Smith; his age would be something over thirty, and he seemed to have done and seen most things under the sun.

That evening someone had mentioned the case of a young fellow who had just been told by his doctor that he must not expect to live more than ten years, and we had been discussing whether he should live "the strenuous life" for his short span, or take things easily. Smith listened in silence for a time, but presently broke out.

"Blame me if I can understand you fellows," he said, "and your talk of the strenuous life and fame and success and the rest of it; I suppose it's not in me.

For to be old and for to see,  
For to admire this world so wide

—that's me. I've not had much of a time of it on the whole; had a bad start for one thing. I was what people call the 'love-child' of a barmaid. Don't know nor care who my father was—bit of a swell, probably; he settled a hundred and fifty a year on me for life through some lawyers. I was put out to nurse soon after I was born and never saw my mother to know her—lawyers told me who she was. I had a middling education and could gabble my 'Arma virumque' with the best of 'em when I was sixteen. I started in Canada, took up my 160 acres, wheat got frozen two years running, so I chucked it and went lumbering. Got down into the States, was a potman in New York, clerk in a tinned beef show in Chicago, cow-puncher in Utah, and worked on fruit ranches in California. Fine country, California. Signed on a tramp at Frisco, left her at Sydney and did Australia—sheep-shearing, cattle stations, 'sundowning.' Made a bit of money over a deal in cattle, blued it in a week in Sydney, and got on another tramp for Cape Town. Left her there, went up country and joined the B. S. A. Police, went through the Matabele war, and was in the Jameson Raid, and then came home for a spell."

Why "home?" I thought.

"Went out to the Cape again a bit before the war; when that started, joined the I.L.H., and went all through it. War's about my mark, I guess—not soldiering, mind you. There's a grisly kind of fascination in the zip-zip-zipping of the bullets, seeing fellows go down all around you, and wondering where the next one's coming. It's like swapping yarns with death. What am I going to do now? Lord knows; there's not much left in life for me; it's a mystery why some bullet didn't come my way a bit straighter, but my sort don't seem to get killed that way. Marry and settle down? Not likely; women're just like places to me—I get sick of 'em. I've loved a few; I'm all human that way. I'm not one of your cold-blooded kind. Holy Mary! pity women!"

He brought his fist down on the table with a display of emotion that was astounding.

"I've broken all the ten commandments and I haven't the conscience of a self-respecting rat; but when I think of those poor, simple, trusting fools—God! why had I no mother?"

For a moment he hid his face in his hands and was silent.

"Ah, well," he went on, Ca ira. Some fellow once called me a waste-product of the Empire—it's a fancy phrase, but I guess he wasn't far wrong. I'll be on the move again soon—I'm sick of your cursed stuffy city—I want God Almighty's winds in my face, and the smell of the sea in my nostrils, and the sound of it in my ears; I want the veldt or the prairies again—space—God! I want the space."

He stretched out his arms and drew in a long breath through clenched teeth and then got up.

"Well, good night, you fellows: I've been drinking too much tonight, but I'll give you a last toast—here's to the next war, and pray God I'll never see forty." He drained his glass and lurched unsteadily out into the night.

I have never seen him since.—G. S. P. in London "Outlook."

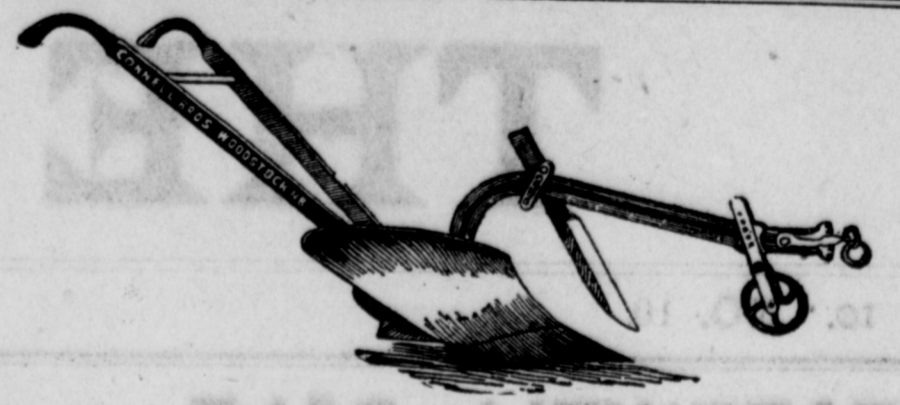
Where He Was Tanned.

"Oh!" giggled the frivolous damsel, "you just ought to see my arms. Mamma told me not to go bathing so much, but I just would, and I got tanned away above the elbows."

"Huh!" puts in her small brother, who is sitting gingerly on the edge of the chair. "Mamma told me not to go bathing, too, but I didn't get tanned on the arms."

And the small boy received the usual bedtime hint.

Every owner of timber stumpage may feel assured that sooner or later his timber holdings will become very valuable. One by one the so called valueless woods come into prominence. Just now hemlock is denigrating attention as never before. Not long ago regarded as barely worth the time necessary to put it in marketable condition, today is being shipped in deal form to England, and has probably not yet reached its proper status in the timber field.—Canada Lumberman.



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Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897, Jan. 25, 1900.  
NON-POISONOUS PREVENTS BLIGHT.

A German visitor thinks that American college students cannot have the enthusiasm of German college men, who are inspired by beer. The New York Sun wonders if he has ever heard a good, healthy American college yell. It thinks that all the enthusiasm and voice of all the Goths, Vandals, Huns, Wends, Burgundians, Franks, Lombards, Alamanni, Ubii, Suevi, Cimbric, Teneteri and Teutones would be a poor little squeak beside a real college yell, which is nourished on water. The Sun is right. Our German friend must learn that water-power is a force to be reckoned with, in other fields besides that of machinery.

"Sixty-eight," murmured a young librarian as a woman waiting for a book leaned forward and touched her cheeks and lips to the top of the brass guard about the desk.

"Beg pardon," said the woman. "Did you speak to me?"

"Oh no, I am just counting the persons whose lips have touched that rail this afternoon. You are the sixty-eighth."

The woman started back in disgust, and hastily wiped her lips on her handkerchief.

"I was unconscious of what I was doing," she exclaimed.

"I suppose they all are," was the laconic reply.

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Intercolonial Railway.

Tender for Building for Conductors, Express Rooms, etc., at Moncton, N. B.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Building at Moncton," will be received until

MONDAY, THE 10TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1903,  
for the above mentioned work.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Office of the Chief Engineer at Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a property vote of the ratepayers of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton will be taken on THURSDAY the TWENTIETH day of AUGUST next at the Council Chamber in the said Town of Woodstock on the question of granting to Alexander Henderson a bonus of Five Thousand Dollars upon his establishing in the said Town of Woodstock an industry for manufacturing furniture, and for plant, buildings and land a sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars.

The poll for taking the vote will open at nine of the clock in the forenoon and remain open until five of the clock in the afternoon of the said TWENTIETH day of AUGUST next, and the vote will be taken under the authority of the Acts of Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick 62nd Victoria, Chapter 62 and Amending Acts.

By order of the Town Council.  
**J. C. HARTLEY,** Town Clerk.  
Woodstock, N. B., July 10th, 1903.