

Japanese Can Fight.

At the battle of the Yalu, one of the decisive conflicts of the war between China and Japan, while a Japanese sailor was standing on the rail of his ship watching the enemy he was struck by a fragment of a shell, horribly wounded, and knocked into the sea.

He rose for a moment in a whirl of bloody foam, shouted to his comrades, "Nippon banzai!" ("Japan forever!")—then sank, to rise no more.

This incident illustrates the daredevil courage and absolute devotion of the Mikado's great-hearted little warriors. There are a thousand other true stories of the Japanese army and navy which are fit to keep it company and to prove that the men who will fight Japan's next battles rank among the best soldiers in the world.

Of all these stories, the heroism of a private named Harada during the siege of Ping-Yang is regarded in Japan as the most remarkable. "I don't believe this story of the war with China has ever been told to the Western world," said a Japanese merchant now living in New York, "but in Japan it is regarded as the classic instance of national bravery.

"The front at Ping-Yang made a most desperate resistance. Again and again our troops tried to storm the gate, but the massive door was secured by a heavy iron bar, and they could not gain entrance.

"They were beaten back, but Harada stayed behind under the shelter of the battlements. While the enemy were triumphing over their victory, he quietly sealed the wall and dropped down suddenly into the midst of a hundred yelling Boxers.

"Before they realized who he was, he had shot a couple of them, bayoneted a third, thrown down the iron bar and swung the gate open. Then for a few strenuous moments he held the gate alone against hundreds of Chinese, until his comrades rushed up, cheering madly, and swarmed in and took the fort.

"They found Harada covered with blood and surrounded by a rampart of corpses, but alive and only slightly wounded. He was decorated by the Mikado, and is today one of the national heroes of Japan."

Scores of songs and ballads have been written by Japanese poets on Harada's exploit, and his example is held up to all the boys in the Japanese schools.

Rear Admiral Kabayama is another national hero. In the battle of the Yalu he was in command of a merchant steamer which had been hurriedly turned into a transport and mounted with a couple of small guns.

The admiral did not expect the battle, and almost before he knew what was happening his feeble craft was cut off from the rest of the Japanese fleet and exposed to the fire of the biggest of the Chinese cruisers and battleships. It seemed impossible that she could escape destruction, but the admiral handled her beautifully, dodging in and out among the Chinese ships like a clever dancer in a crowded ballroom.

He crumpled up a torpedo boat with one of his small rapid-fire guns, and even had the audacity to pump some shot into the battleships. A shell burst on the deck, but he kept as cool as a cucumber, and calmly told two of his officers to fetch their cameras and take some pictures of the battle.

Then another torpedo boat hurried up and discharged a torpedo broadside at the ship. As the admiral saw it cutting through the water he lit a cigaret and said to his officers: "Here comes our finish, gentlemen!"—or the Japanese words to that effect.

However, the torpedo dived clean under the ship's keel and exploded far away on the other side.

Things were growing too hot, and the admiral determined he would not be captured. He sent his ship full speed ahead, and tried to ram the biggest Chinese battleship. She dodged out of the way, and the transport steamed on, little damaged, and rejoined the Japanese fleet.

Kabayama's heroic fight takes rank with Sir Richard Grenville's battle of "the one and the fifty-three," but it had a happier ending. Although his ship passed through a storm of shot and shell, only a few of the crew were killed or wounded.

Could Not Commit Murder.

It is so unusual for a man who has a chance to shoot a deer to return to camp with a clear conscience that it is a pleasure to quote this story from the New York Sun. Two jack-hunters had gone out one night on a fork of the Flambeau River in Wisconsin. They were using a clumsy flat bottomed boat which one of them propelled with a pole. At ten o'clock they saw a buck, by the light of their powerful carbide lamp, just as he was leaping to the bank. An hour later they rounded a bend and found a doe standing in full view.

She was not more than twenty yards distant. She threw up her head, and stared at the light as soon as it came within range.

The wind was blowing from her to the hunters, so that she could get no scent. The man who was poling dropped the long stick, sat down and picked up the paddle. The deer stood still as the boat continued to advance. It crept on foot by foot, but she showed no nervousness. Now and then she thrust her nose far upward, turned her head to one side, and expanded her nostrils in the effort to get the scent of the strange thing that was approaching; but getting no scent, flight did not occur to her.

The boat got within twenty feet of her, then within ten feet. Another stroke of the paddle, and it would have been upon her. Then she turned toward the bank and walked slowly away. Twice she stopped and looked back at the light; once she stopped, gathered a mouthful of water-grass and chewed it. Still at a walk, never hurrying even into a slow trot, she went up the bank and disappeared.

All this time there had been a man sitting with a high-power rifle just behind the light. He wanted deer meat, and could, of course, have blown a hole through the animal if he had so minded. In fact, he could have knocked it down with the guide's pole, which lay in the bottom of the boat. He said afterwards:

"I could not shoot. She was in prime condition. A very beautiful animal, standing relieved in the strong light so that every muscle showed. She looked straight at me with her lustrous, large eyes, that were not frightened, but merely inquisitive, peering into the great lamp to see if it contained anything harmful or useful to her. She could not see me, of course, as I was in the black shadow behind the light, but I could hardly persuade myself that I was unseen. Killing that deer would have been simple murder.

Reciprocity With the United States.

A correspondent on the United States frontier, opposite Detroit, writes to the Monetary Times, of Toronto, expressing some surprise that that journal has not dealt recently with the subject of reciprocal trade between Canada and the United States.

The Monetary Times thus disposes of the matter:—

No doubt, the subject is one of considerable moment, as is shown by the efforts long ago made by Canadians to secure a reciprocity treaty with the government at Washington. We were, and still are, well enough aware that there is a great business to be done with Uncle Sam in addition to the two hundred and odd millions a year we already do with that unusually shrewd personage. We might sell much more to him, and would possibly buy much more from him if he chose to reciprocate in certain directions. But if he expects us to bother ourselves more upon the matter he is quite mistaken as to the temper and self-respect of the Canadian people. We made every reasonable overture to the United States Government, for years in succession, by means of duly accredited commissioners, to bring about a reciprocity treaty between the two countries. And it is only fair to say that our efforts were seconded by many boards of trade and representative bodies as well as the press in the States along the St. Lawrence Lakes, who perceived that much benefit would accrue to their country as well as ours by such an arrangement.

But our advances were coldly received. The United States authorities gave us no encouragement towards fair play: they wanted "the long end of the stick." Nay, their commissioners (with one exception), showed so petty and huckstering a spirit, and seemed so incapable of breadth of view, or else so contemptuous of the claims and resources of this country, and mistaken as to its spirit, that it only remained for us to withdraw from the negotiations. And it is doubtless the feeling of an overwhelming mass of Canadians that we do not care to renew them. We know when we are snubbed; and any emissaries from the United States Government appealing to us for reciprocity, at this late day, and under our altered circumstances, will be extremely likely to receive the sort of bitter answer that Lord Chesterfield's proffers of patronage received from sturdy old Sam Johnson. Canada is in no hurry for another meeting of the High Commission—if it ever does meet again.

On one trip through the Kentucky mountains performed by John Fox, Jr., in pursuit of "local color," he stopped overnight at a cabin, where he slept up next to the clapboards and went down a ladder to breakfast. He washed his face in a creek below the house, and dried it on a siding of coffee sack hung against the logs for family use, and combed his hair with his own comb before a broken piece of glass stuck between the chinking and daubing.

As he was making his toilet he was closely observed by a small boy of the family, who

was clothed in a pair of cotton-ade pants hitched to a hickory shirt with one "gallus" fastened by a nail. Shoes and hat were lacking, and his hair hadn't been combed for six weeks. He watched the visitor so closely that Mr. Fox thought he was making an excellent impression on the young barbarian. As he put on the last touch, the boy, unable to contain himself longer, broke in.

"Say, Mister," he inquired, "ain't you a good deal of trouble to yerself?" The Reader Magazine for December.

Needed a Slope.

Among the stories treasured by the older inhabitants of a Massachusetts town is one that relates to a none too scrupulous shopkeeper who flourished over thirty years ago, and a variety of potatoes for which he acted as sponsor.

They were known as "Dover's Seedlings," and were favorites with the people who succeeded in making them grow. Unfortunately Eben Rhodes was not one of the few, and he lamented his failure in public, upon which the shopkeeper remonstrated.

"See here, Eben," he said, firmly, "you've got no right to go spoiling sales. Where did you plant those seedlings?"

"In as good soil as ever a potato could desire," said Mr. Rhodes, with dignity.

"On level ground?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Level and fine," said Eben.

For a moment the shopkeeper was silent. Then he clapped his hand to his forehead.

"Come to think of it," he cried, "I believe those you bought were side hill Dover's, Eben!"

Bananas, Not Pajamas.

Walter Camp, the athletic adviser of Yale University, was recently entertaining a gathering of his undergraduate friends with experiences of his own.

He told of a dinner where a charming young woman was seated next to an exceedingly deaf old man. She had done her best to interest him, but had found it necessary to shout out each remark unto the third and fourth narration before the old man could catch the point.

So the time dragged along, till the dinner was waning and the fruit was passed.

The young woman determined to make a final effort at being agreeable, so she threw her voice into saying:

"Do you like bananas?"

"How's that?" asked her neighbor in a surprised tone.

"Do you like bananas?" she repeated.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "so long as you have introduced the topic, I will say that I much prefer the old-fashioned night-shirt."—New York "Tribune."

In Defence of an Offering.

A slave to tobacco! Not I. Singular, the way you women misuse nouns. I am, rather, a chosen acolyte in the temple of Nicotiana. Daily, aye, thrice daily—well, call it six, then—do I make burnt offering. Now some use censers of clay, others employ censers of rare white earth finely carved and decked with silver and gold. My particular censer, as you see, is a plain honest briar, a root dug from the banks of the blue Garonne, whose only glory is its grain and color. The original tint, if you remember, was like that of new-cut cedar, but use—I've been smoking this one only two years now—has given it gloss and depth of tone which puts the finest mahogany to shame. Let me rub it on my sleeve. Now look!

The first whiff is the invocation, the last the benediction. When you knock out the ashes you should feel conscious that you have done a good deed, that the offering has not been made in vain.

Slave! Still that odious word? Well, have it your own way. Worshipers at every shrine have been thus persecuted.—The Reader Magazine.

Hints on Giving.

We should not give people things they don't want.

We should avoid giving anybody the mumps or the chicken-pox if we can help it.

Do not give a friend the cold shoulder without baked beans and hot coffee to go with it.

A man should not give a lady a kiss unless he thinks she would enjoy it, except in the case of his wife and his mother-in-law.

Do not give red suspenders to a total stranger; he might prefer those of a pale-blue shade instead.

Do not present a bucking broncho to a tall, pale man of sedentary habits, as he would not likely live long to enjoy it.

When you give castor-oil to a howling infant give it for its intrinsic worth, and not merely as an evidence of your regard.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Money on good real estate mortgage security, on reasonable rates of interest, may be obtained at application to the undersigned at his office opposite the Carlisle Hotel.

LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock.

Little Red Riding-hood.

Little Emily Kingsbury, aged four, who attends the kindergarten and calls it the "kidney-garden," was being examined as to the senses.

"What are your ears for, Emily?"

"To hear with," was the answer.

"And what are your eyes for?"

"To see with."

"And what is your nose for?"

"To blow," was the innocent answer.

Legal Lore.

Just after the war an old darky came up to the Governor and said, —

"Marster, kin you make me justice ob de peace?"

"Well, Uncle Ned, in a case of suicide would you do it?"

Uncle Ned thought deeply. "Marster, I'd make him pay de costs of de court and support de child."

"What's the charge?" the justice asked the officer who had brought in the object of the next item on the docket.

"Vagrancy, your honor."

"Are you homeless?" the justice asked the prisoner.

"Temporarily," was the reply.

"When did you work last?"

"Well, about a year ago I had a drug store, but—"

"And you couldn't make a living with a drug store!" exclaimed the justice, excitedly, leaning over the bar.

"No."

"Ninety days! A man who can't make a living with a drug store ought to be put away permanently."—Baltimore American.

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6.45 A MIXED—Week days—for Houlton, McAdam, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John and East Bangor. Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper car McAdam to Halifax. Dining car McAdam to Truro. 9.05 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook, M. Jct. and intermediate points. 11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North. River du Loup and Quebec. 12.30 P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. Jct., etc., via Gibson Branch. 2.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jct. M. Plaster Rock and intermediate points. 5.59 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton, M. Saint Stephen, Saint Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston. ARRIVALS. 11.12 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch. 11.25 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Boston, Montreal, etc. 1.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Plaster Rock and intermediate points. 5.50 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc. 7.20 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook Jct. 11.05 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., St. John.

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