

An Old Year Song.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

As through the forest disarrayed,
By chill November, late I strayed,
A lonely minstrel of the wood
Was singing to the solitude:
I loved thy music, thus I said,
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread;
Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now
Thy carol on the leafless bough.
Sing little bird! thy note shall cheer
The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue,
And morning filled their caps with dew,
The slender voice with rippling trill
The budding April showers would fill,
Nor passed its joyous tones away
When April rounded into May:
Thy life shall fail no second dawn—
Sing, little bird! the spring is gone.

And I remember—well-a-day!
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,
As when behind a broodered screen
Some holy maiden sings unseen:
With answering notes the woodland rung,
And every tree-top found a tongue.
How deep the shade! the groves how fair!
Sing, little bird, the woods are bare.

The summer's throbbing chant is done,
And mute the choral antiphon;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To fit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the scented plumage
Amid the love-sick orange blooms.
And thou art here alone—alone—
Sing, little bird, the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,
At morn the running brook was still,
From driven herds the clouds that rise
Are like the smoke of sacrifice;
Ere long the frozen sod shall mock
The ploughshare, changed to stubborn rock,
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb,
Sing, little bird, the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,
The songless fowls are half asleep,
The air grows chill, the setting sun
May leave thee ere thy song be done.
The pulse that warms the breast grow cold,
Thy secret die with them, untold;
The linger'g sunset still is bright—
Sing, little bird, 'twill soon be night!

Archbishop Ireland on Labor Unions.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., one of the greatest of the West's great men, delivered an address at a picnic in St. Paul on Labor Day, from which we make some extracts that are worthy of careful perusal:

"Labor unions have given wage-earners the consciousness of their rights, and have done much to obtain higher wages and shorter hours. But labor unions must be on their guard against serious evils threatening them. They cannot be tolerated if they interfere with the personal liberty of non union men, who have a right to work in or outside of unions, as they please. Public opinion and public law will and must protect this liberty. It were social chaos if we were to impose our opinions on others by force. What right have I to impose my religious belief by force? What right have labor unions to impose their opinions by force? It is wrong in labor unions to limit the output of work on the part of members. The members themselves are injured; they are reduced to a dead level of inferiority.

"The function of law in regard to capital and labor is to protect the natural rights of both capitalist and wage-earner, to care for the worklings and the unfortunate. Never should it go so far as to destroy or limit personal enterprise or personal liberty. State Socialism, allowable in things which cannot be done by individuals, is most hurtful when it goes beyond bounds. The prosperity of America is due to individual effort. State Socialism is utterly abhorrent to American institutions and ideas.

"I do not deny the theoretical right of the wage-earners to strike as a remedy for what they believe to be injustice, but practically strikes do most harm to the strikers themselves. Men are left whole seasons without work, without pay. The public, in presence of strikes, is turned against labor unions, and without entering for the moment into the examination of the rights and wrongs of existing strikes, I may say nothing has arisen for a long time in the country which has done more harm in the public estimation of labor unions than the condition now prevalent in our cities. Building operations have been suspended for months, and the whole prosperity of the people has been retarded.

"Public opinion is favorably disposed towards labor. Let wage-earners ever strive to be reasonable, to ask only what is right. Let them be patient, knowing that great reforms are never done in a day. Believing that they are right, let them appeal to the good sense of their employers, and if this is not enough, let them call in a board of arbitration. I commend very much the work of the Civic Federation of America. The power of a board of this kind, made up of wage-earners, employers and members and representatives of public opinion is such that public opinion will uphold its verdict, whether against capital or wage-earners. Public opinion in America is omnipotent.

"The labor question of to-day is far-reaching in its consequences. Common sense, a spirit of justice and of patriotism alone can solve it. Let the wage-earners show to the country that they are swayed by justice and patriotism, and they will win in all righteous claims."

Kidneys and Liver Affected by Colds.

Backache and Pains in the Legs the Common Symptoms—Cure Comes With the Use of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Exposure to damp, cold weather is a frequent cause of kidney disease. Sitting in a draught so as to chill the feet and legs is frequently enough to bring on congestion of the liver.

Colds settle on the liver and kidneys as well as the lungs. The results are diseases of the most dreadfully painful and fatal sort.

As yet there has never been discovered a preparation equal to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a prompt and thorough cure for derangements of these great filtering organs.

Pains in the back, headache, urinary disorders, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation soon disappear when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are used.

Mr. Arthur Walden, Ferryville, Carleton County, N. B., writes: "My wife was a great sufferer from kidney diseases for several years. She was troubled with pains in the small of the back and in the side, was gradually losing flesh and growing weaker. She got into a very bad state, suffered dreadful pains and her ankles would swell up so that we were afraid of dropsy. We had a book of Dr. Chase's in the house, and, reading about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, decided to try them. Relief soon came with this treatment. My wife has been entirely cured, and says she would not be without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for ten times the price."

"I am using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food myself, and it is building me up wonderfully." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

What Teachers' Union May Do. Nearly every one who writes or talks on the subject of teachers' salaries complains that they are too low, and yet few common-sense propositions have been put forward to remedy this state of affairs. Talking will not influence the average ratepayer or business man. He will say, "We want good teachers, but we do not propose to pay two dollars where one will do." This represents the prevailing sentiment in town and country today. Speakers will dilate on the advantages of free public schools, but when it comes to a proposal to increase the expenditure, they will take a very tight grip on their purses.

If teachers unite with the sole object of securing higher salaries, they will not accomplish their object. Chief Superintendent Dr. Inch, of New Brunswick, in addressing a teachers' institute a few days ago, plainly stated that he had very little hope that anything definite would result from such unions.

But if teachers will unite to study actual conditions, they will be in a fair way to accomplish something. For instance, if a community wants a good teacher—and all do, whether rich or poor—a teachers' union should be prepared to do some missionary work. It should show by actual figures what it costs to fit the teacher for good work, and what it costs a teacher to live, to wear good clothes, to buy books for improvement, to have money to expend for church, charities, travelling, amusement, etc. And as every teacher, worthy of the name, wishes to advance, the salary should be sufficient to enable him to lay up something each term to take an advanced course of study at a college or normal school, or at least to have a state of mind made peaceful by being able to save a little. In brief, let teachers and teacher's associations get down to actual conditions and show by actual figures what it costs to produce and maintain a teacher of good ability, good scholarship, and one fitted with a worthy ambition of improvement of self and school.

Our columns are open to those who have reasonable propositions to make along this line, and any common-sense ideas will be gladly published in the Review. But the time has gone by for mere complaints about low salaries.—Educational Review, St. John.

A schoolmaster one day asked the dunce of the school some very simple questions in arithmetic. He was surprised to find that he got the right answers, and when he had finished he said to the boy: "Correct sit down."

"Now," said the schoolmaster, "see if you have sense enough to ask me some questions." The boy pondered for a moment, and then said: "Please, sir, what would three yards of calico cost if cotton was tuppence a reel?"

"I think you take me for a fool," said the schoolmaster.

"Correct, sit down," returned the boy.

The Birth of a New Nation.

Sir Wilfred Laurier's declaration that he regrets that Canada does not possess treaty-making powers naturally produces a shock in England. For how can a Government have treaty-making powers without being independent? So long as the Dominion stays under England's wing, the King's own Ministers must have charge of Canada's foreign relations. Probably the Canadian Premier can explain away his remark to the satisfaction of his British Imperialist friends; yet it is a safe guess that when he made it he was instinctively giving expression to that nationalistic sentiment of the Dominion which cannot be entirely submerged and which has risen to flood tide the past week as the result of the Alaskan boundary decision. It is natural for Sir Wilfrid, to keep in touch with and give expression to dominant popular feeling. So, when he yearns in public for treaty-making powers, it may be taken for granted that Canada yearns for them too. The disappointment the Canadians show over the Alaskan affair is a small matter compared with the impulse for national independence which has suddenly thrilled them. A young nation may be awakening to its own dignity and importance.—Spring field Republican.

"Observation!" "Gentlemen, ye dinna use your faculties of observation," said the old Scotch professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical compound of exceedingly offensive smell.

"When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste, snell!"—and with that he dipped his finger into the gallipot and put his finger into his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor, and "exercise your perceptive faculties."

The gallipot was pushed towards the reluctant class. One by one the students resolutely dipped a finger into the abominable concoction and, with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers.

Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that ye dinna use your faculties of observation: for, if ye had looked in air closely at what I was daein' the noo, ye would hae observed that the finger which I put into ma mouth was nae the finger that I dipped into the gallipot!"

Mark Didn't Wait. An acquaintance of Mark Twain tells the following amusing story:—"When I lived with my brother in Buffalo," he said, Mark Twain occupied a cottage on the opposite side of the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the verandah, after breakfast, we saw him come to his door in his dressing gown and slippers and look over at us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute, as if making up his mind about something, and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking chair on the verandah, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments, and said:—"Nice morning."

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by-and-by."

"Well, we could stand a little."

"This is a nice house you have here."

"Yes, we rather like it."

"How's your family?"

"Quite well—and yours?"

"Oh, we're all very well."

"There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air, and in his lazy draw remarked:—"I suppose you're a little surprised to see me over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighbourly perhaps as I ought to be. We must end that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire, it struck me that it would be a good idea if—"

"But at the mention of fire the whole family rushed up stairs. When we had put the fire out and returned to the veranda, we were hardly surprised to find that the humorist hadn't waited."

EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY. We dropped in to see Brother Wm. Davis at his home at Waterville Friday evening, at whose home Sister Ruth Whitney lives, and found our aged sister enjoying her 89th birthday party. It has been Sister Davis' custom for years to make her aged mother happy by inviting the aged women of the community to visit her on her birthday, as a little birthday party. They had a very enjoyable time. Sister Whitney is enjoying good general health, but her hearing and her memory are failing.—King's Highway.

To Preserve Brushes.

Good hair brushes are costly items, and a way to keep the bristles stiff and clean for years is worth knowing. A Russian coiffeur gives this recipe: Have ready two basins; put a lump of soda the size of a walnut in one and three parts fill it with boiling water; the other basin should be three parts filled with water as cold as you can get it, to which you have added sufficient lemon juice or good white vinegar to give it a noticeably acid taste. Shake the bristles of the brush well up and down in the boiling water till they are clean, then at once rinse thoroughly in the cold water and stand them up to dry in the air or in a warm place, but not too near the fire. Of course, the backs of the brushes must not be wetted.

"Lizette," said Mrs. Goldrich to her maid, "I wish you would run up to my room, get the novel on my writing desk, cut the pages, take it back to Miss Bookhides, present my compliments and thanks, and tell her the story aroused my most profound interest."

A Restaurant-keeper noticed that some of his customers annexed the current day's papers for an irritatingly long time. He hit on this little piece of sarcasm. Prominently displayed on the walls was the announcement: "Those learning to read are requested to use yesterday's newspapers."

FOR SALE.

A grist mill, carpenter's work shop adjoining house, two barns, hog house and three acres of land, at Northampton, seven miles below Woodstock, on the east side of the river, situated about two rods from the highway road and about six rods from the river. Apply on premises to HUGH GIBSON, Northampton. Aug. 19-1f.

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Canadian Pacific Railway In effect October 11th, 1903.

DEPARTURES—Atlantic Standard Time. (QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.45 A MIXED—Week days—for Houlton, Me., Adam St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John and East Vangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper car McAdam to Halifax. Dining car McAdam to Truro.

9.05 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook, Me. Mt. 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, Mt. ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

2.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jct., Mt. Plaster Rock and intermediate points.

5.59 M EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton, Mt. Saint Stephen, Saint Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John and East Vangor, 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. 11.28 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. 5.59 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton Place, Edmundston, etc. 7.20 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook Jct. 11.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

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