

THE LAST WHINNY.

Good-by, Champagne, my pretty Champagne,
With the white tail and the flowing mane,
Good-bye, forever and ever again.

Friends were we through the summer weather,
Climbing the mountain roads together,
Nipping buds in the heart of the wood,
I sang, you whinnied, each understood,
The sky was blue and life was good.

There were the streams and under the dint
Of your slender hoofs the fragrant mint;
There was the moss, and the wild grape vine,
The rhododendron, laurel, and pine,
The honeysuckle, the columbine.

Remote from struggle, away from care,
Peace profound in the rarefied air;
Without temptation to sin—we need
Not worry ourselves with anxious creed;
The very God seemed with us indeed.

Good-by, Champagne, my pretty Champagne,
With the white tail, and the flowing mane,
Sad on the mountain sobs the rain.

It's likely I'll go to Heaven some day,
When this poor body is sloughed away,
If I am good and absolved of sin,
But that is a goal you cannot win;
For Heaven they don't let horses in.

I am glad you do not understand
That this is the last touch of my hand;
That into Heaven you cannot get,
That you don't know why my cheeks are wet
As you bend to me your neck to pet.

Now here are queries to pose the knowledge
Of each trustee of Carnegie's college;
Why I have a soul and you have none;
Why you must perish, and I go on,
Which today is the pitiful one?

Happy it is in Heaven, no doubt,
Yet, surely, some day, I will look out;
Mine eyes through infinite space will strain
For a glint of snowy tail and mane,
As you whinny, whinny, once again.

Good-by, Champagne, my pretty Champagne,
With the white tail, and the flowing mane,
Out of the shadows whinny again!
—Blanche Nevins, in the Independent.

Our Flexible Language.

The flexibility of our language is one of its acknowledged glories; but it has been reserved for Mr. F. L. Rose, an American poet, to test its full capabilities. He calls one of his lyrics "Some Strenuous Lives," and it runs thus:

The chauffeur souches like the deuce,
"I know my brakes," is his excuse,
But one day o'er the dash he goes,
He "knows his brakes" and breaks his nose!

He trundles oil cans round the room,
And oils the wheels of every loom,
Oh, what a ceaseless round of toil!
He oils the wheels and wheels the oil!

Cap. Wheeler runs a cattle boat,
And owns the cargo that's afloat,
His work will wear him out, he fears;
He steers the ship and ships the steers.

Binding The Empire.

In the matter of binding the empire together, sentiment and interest must be welded together, and not be handled as two separate links. If from any inherent and irremediable cause sentiment cannot be reconciled with interest, or interest with sentiment then the British Empire, as a political entity, is a mere expression; for, if interest alone binds it together, then the connection is extrinsic and dependent upon fortuitous economic conditions. If sentiment alone keep it as one just as sentiment is subject to the temperature of the thought, so will union be ever at the mercy of prevailing political conditions. . . . A treaty made between the colonies and the Mother Country might well be to the best interests of the Empire, even at some sacrifice of Protection, if by doing this commerce and connection with the Motherland are extended; and, conversely, the Mother Country might well think it worth the while to suffer some sacrifices of Free Trade if, by doing so, the Colonies are bound closer to her and the future of that portion of "the rest of the world" secured for her manufactures. . . . In the case of Great Britain and her Colonies both sentiment and business principles are essential factors towards a permanent union, and that a treaty on "strictly business lines," without taking sentiment into account at all, is more likely to develop a cold bargain of mutual selfishness than a hearty union of mutual affinity. —African Review.

Nothing for the Wattses.

A lantern jawed young man stopped at the country post-office one Saturday, and cried out:

"Anything for the Wattses?"
The polite postmaster replied: "No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Watts?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ace Watts?"

"No."

"Anything for Bill Watts?"

"No, sir."

"Anything for Tom Watts?"

"No, nothing."

"Anything for Joe Watts?"

"No," not Dick Watts, nor Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized, or uncivilized, gentle or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized, or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and for ever, one and inseparable.

"The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said: 'Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts.'"

Timely, convincing, vivid, realistic, all this and much more can be said of the Original Moving Picture Company that appears here next week.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. John Loane spent last week in St. John. Mr. E. R. Teed spent Labor Day in St. John. Miss Hastings is visiting friends in St. Stephen.

Geo. E. Armstrong, of Perth, spent Sunday in Woodstock.

Mr. Arthur G. Bailey was in St. John last week on business.

Judge Stevens, St. Stephen, is confined to his home with pneumonia.

Miss Shewne, St. John, is a guest of Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Neales.

Mr. F. A. Good, of Fredericton, spent Sunday in town with his family.

Mr. W. S. Sutton left on Monday for a trip to Andover and Plaster Rock.

Dr. Upham and daughter, Gretchen, returned to Boston Tuesday morning.

Fred D. Tweedie and Leland Clark, of Centreville, were in town on Sunday.

Miss Thessa Patterson, of Westbury Mass. Hospital is home on her vacation.

Mrs. W. W. Hay and Miss Cassie Hay, leave today for a visit to Sydney, C. B.

Mrs. E. N. Case, of Chicago, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Dalling left Monday for a fishing trip on the Madawaska river.

Miss Inez Burt returned yesterday from a pleasant trip to St. Andrews and St. Stephen.

Miss Laura Balmain left this morning for Sackville, where she will pursue her studies for a time.

Rev. Father Bradley, of Florenceville, and Rev. Father Murphy, of Debec, were in town last week.

T. M. Jones and Mrs. Jones, Hartland, left last week to take in the sights at the Toronto Exhibition.

Alex. Stratton, barrister-at-law, Andover, spent a few days in town this week on professional business.

Miss Annie Nicholson, of Waterville, Me., is visiting her brother, Mr. James Nicholson of this town.

Charles Scholey and Miss Scholey, of Centreville, were in town on Tuesday on their way to Boston.

Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Bleakney, having returned from the Tobique, will reside at Elm Cottage, Woodstock.

Mrs. Jas. Wilbur, of Woodstock, is visiting her cousin, Miss Minnie B. Parker, King Street West.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. G. Smith and family, who have spent the summer in Woodstock, left yesterday for their home in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Cookson and family, left yesterday afternoon for Palo Alto, California, where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Munro and children, who have spent the summer in Woodstock leave this evening for Vancouver, B. C.

W. P. Hunt, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Montreal, was in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. A. Dibblee for a few days last week.

The Misses Moorman, of Truro, N. S., who have been visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Francis Rankin's, Grafton, left on Friday for their home.

J. H. W. McLaughlan, teller of Peoples' Bank of Halifax, returned on Monday night from Portland, Lewiston and St. John where he has been spending his vacation.

Miss Carrie Smith, who has been in this place since April, started Wednesday noon for Woodstock, where she will visit relatives for a few weeks, after which she will return to her home in Marysville, N. B.—Maysville, Me., Cor. Aroostook Republican.

Her Old Sweetheart.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to let him depart. They swing on the gate. "I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobb. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part. Six years later he returns. His his girl of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

An Exemplary Monument.

Three hundred and fifty years ago Michael Servetus fled from Vienna to Geneva to escape death because of his religious opinions. The flight was only a postponement, for in Geneva, the home of John Calvin, there was no room for his great opponent. The fugitive was arrested, tried for heresy, and on October 27, 1553, was burned at the stake.

The world changes in three hundred and fifty years, and those who have read deeply and are wise enough to judge men by the times in which they live have long since forgiven Calvin for this great mistake.

Not so the Calvinists themselves. Through all the years they have been conscious of the stigma on the fame of their great leader and the blot on their own history, and in this coming October, on the very spot where Servetus died, an exemplary monument will rise. It is to be erected by the Society of the Historical Museum of the Reformation in Geneva, and will bear a tablet stating the circumstances of Servetus' death and repudiating "all coercion in matters of faith."

To the student of civilization this has a deep and noble significance. It speaks unmistakably of tolerance; of the softening of human hearts, and of the creeds in which those hearts seek to express their relation to God.

It has a personal and an individual significance, too. No one of us is able to avoid mistakes. Happy the man who has the courage to atone for them, so far as he can; who is noble enough and magnanimous—what a word that is! big-spirited—enough to go to him whom he has injured and say, "I was wrong. I am sorry."

The expiatory monument in Geneva deserves to be one of the most beautiful in the world, for it stands for one of the most beautiful, one of the most godlike traits in human nature.

Japanese Progress.

In San Francisco harbor there lately arrived the body of an American who had died in Japan. The man himself weighed only one hundred and forty pounds. The case containing the body weighed two thousand four hundred pounds. It consisted of five coffins, one inside another, the intervening spaces packed with charcoal and cotton. These precautions represented the point which Japan has reached in sanitary science.

There is nothing new in saying that the island kingdom is advancing rapidly because of its receptive attitude toward Western learning, but an incident like this brings the matter home in an impressive way.

College faculties know the country boy who enters with insufficient preparation, but has accomplished such results as he could by sheer power of will and force of mind. The progress of such a boy when he finally comes under competent instructors in exhortation. He advances by leaps, until almost before his class realizes it he is an acknowledged leader.

In the great college of the nations, Japan is that boy. It is only a short time, in the historical sense, since the little kingdom was opened to the world. There were great minds there before that, but not learned in the Western knowledge or Western methods; yet it was a Japanese physician who, in 1894, discovered the germ of the bubonic plague, and it was another Japanese physician who this year discovered the germ of dysentery. Army and navy physicians in the East say the Japanese quarantine regulations are more exacting and more rigidly enforced than those of any other nation.

In this rapid progress of the Japanese, some measure of credit reflects upon the United States, for it is this country to which, from the beginning, Japan has gone to school.

MARRIED.

CLARKE-HAMILTON.—At the residence of Mr. J. Kermott, brother-in-law of the bride, on August 22, 1903, by Rev. E. C. Turner, Mr. Burr Clarke, of Mount Pleasant, Carleton Co., to Mrs. Ida V. Hamilton Smith, of Centreville, Carleton Co.

HOYT-HUGGARD.—At the manse, Glassville, August 20th, by Rev. J. K. Bealisto, Mr. Samuel Hoyt, of Middle Simonds, to Dora, daughter of Mr. John Huggard, of Biggar Ridge.

BENHAM-MEREDITH.—At the Methodist Parsonage, Woodstock, by the Rev. George A. Ross, Alfred J. Benham, of Fredericton, to Carrie Meredith, of Hartland.

YANDELL-HATFIELD.—At the First Baptist church, Springfield, Kings Co., Aug. 26th, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, William Ewart Yandell, Chief engineer of Steam Yacht, "Isis," Boston, Mass., to May Glendora, eldest daughter of Alfred Hatfield, of Kings Co., N. B.

DIED.

TURNER.—Died at his home in Minneapolis, Minn., August 22nd, Harvey G. Turner, son of the late Edward W. Turner, of Simonds, Carleton County.

WILSON.—At Argyle, August 31st, of spinal meningitis, in the 7th year of his age, Hans Alexander, youngest son of Charles and Jeanette Wilson.

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