

The Man He Killed.

(Thomas Hardy.)
Scene: The settle of the Fox Inn, Stag foot Lane.
Characters: The speaker (a returned soldier), and his friends, natives of the hamlet.
I.
Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have set us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin.

II.

But rang as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

III.

I shot him dead, because—
Because he was my foe,
You see; my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

IV.

He thought he'd list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

V.

Yes: quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat it well where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown.

The Art of Daguerre.

Although the improvements in photography are made so rapidly nowadays that even the professional photographer can hardly keep track of them, there are many picture-makers, says the Century Magazine, who believe the world will turn back to the daguerreotype for its beautiful and most artistic portraits.

It is more than sixty years since the scientific world was aroused by the announcement that Daguerre, a Frenchman, had discovered a method of fixing the image made by the camera obscura. It was a crude method then. The first picture, of a tree standing in the sun, required half an hour or more of exposure. That was the same year in which Samuel F. B. Morse went to Europe to exhibit his new electric telegraph. The two inventors met by appointment in Paris and explained their work to each other.

Daguerre's plate was of pure silver. It was thoroughly cleaned and polished. In a dark room it was next coated with a film deposited by the vapor of iodine, and then exposed in the camera. Still protected from the light, it was placed over the fumes of hot mercury, which developed the image, and it was then made permanent by chloride of gold.

This process was soon improved, until on bright days the sitting for a daguerreotype was reduced to ten, sometimes to five seconds. Even with this short exposure, however the likenesses were remarkable. It is possible to assume an artificial expression and hold it for the brief second before a modern camera, but to remain motionless for the long time required for the daguerreotype, it was necessary that the features should be in repose in their natural position.

The daguerreotype was a positive, impossible to retouch. It was of a soft, flesh-like tone, which even to day, in the specimens of the art preserved in collections and among family relics, wins admiration. The daguerreotype gave way to the cheaper ambrotype, which was on glass, and required a dark background to show it off; and this in turn was succeeded by the glass negative and the paper positive print. None of them has ever attained the delicacy or the softness of the daguerreotype, and the Frenchman's method, expensive and slow as it is, may win its way back into the popularity it had more than half a century ago.

Knew his Business.

"No, no!" says the multi-millionaire to the poor but crafty beggar; "I will give you nothing."
"Boss," suggests the beggar with a rare smile, "do you see that young fellow watching us from that doorway?"
"Yes. What of it?"
"Well, he's a reporter for the Daily Whoop, and he's out gathering material for an article on 'the unknown charities of our famous men.'"
"Cut, tut, my poor fellow!" says the multi-millionaire, loudly. "Nothing to eat since yesterday?" still more loudly. "Here is five dollars! Take it and get a square meal and then come and let me know what you need to put you on your feet!"
As the multi-millionaire struts proudly away, glowing with the consciousness of having done a good deed at the time to secure proper notice, the poor beggar joins the man in the doorway, and they shake hands over the success of their scheme.

Why She Laughed.

When the young mistress of the house entered the kitchen, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, she carried herself with dignity. She had come to call the cook to account.
"Mary," she said, "I must insist that you keep better hours, and that you have less company in the kitchen evenings. Last night I was kept awake because of the uproarious laughter of one of your women friends."
"Yis, mum, I know," Mary replied, cheerfully, "but she couldn't help it. I was telling her how you tried to make cake yesterday morning."

The Length of a Dream.

"The other afternoon," said a doctor, "I called to see a patient, and, much to my satisfaction, I found him sleeping soundly. I sat by his bed, felt his pulse without disturbing him, and waited for him to awaken. After a few minutes a dealer's cart, with discordant ringing bells, turned into the street, and as their first tones reached me my patient opened his eyes.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm glad to see you, and awfully glad that you woke me, for I have been tortured by a most distressing dream that must have lasted for several hours. I dreamed that I was sick, as I am, and that my boy came into the room with a string of most horrible sounding bells and rang them in my ears, while I hadn't the power to move or speak to him. I suffered tortures for what appeared to be interminable time, and I'm so glad you awoke me."

"The ringing of those bells for one second had caused all of that dream, and just at the waking moment."

Embroidered Belts.

The supple belt is, in many cases, the relieving note of the linen frock and gives the cut for cravat, hosiery and sunshade; but the Parisiennes, who exploited this notion furiously all last summer, are wearying of it, says the New York Sun. Embroidered linen belts and shaped girdles are being much worn in Paris, and some of the models, imported even at this late day in the season by certain exclusive houses, are most attractive.

Often a stock or collar and cuffs to match accompany the belt, but the French woman still favors her stiff linen collar and "cravatte" with her linen frock, although our American women are rejoicing in emancipation from stiff collars—and, it must be admitted, looking distinctly slouchy in many of the soft stocks substituted.

The latter are charmingly dainty when viewed in the shop, but their freshness and charm are prone to vanish with the wearing; and though the few women this summer wear their fancy shirt waist stocks with a grace, the many look far less trim and chic than they did in the day of the stiff linen collar and mannish tie that went with it.

Health Hints.

From Green's Fruit Grower: A fig split open makes a good poultice for a boil. A split raisin is also good.

Lemon syrup made by baking a lemon twenty minutes and then squeezing the juice upon half a cup of sugar is excellent for hoarseness and to break up a cold.

Lemons are very useful in health or sickness. Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for an incipient cold. It is also excellent in case of biliousness.

The following is a list of contradictory maxims which appeared in an English paper the other day. They speak for themselves, so no need for comment:

- "A man is known by the company he keeps."
"Appearances are deceitful."
"Honesty is the best policy."
"The truth is not to be spoken at all times."
"Too many cooks spoil the broth."
"In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom."
"Two heads are better than one."
"Out of sight out of mind."
"Absence makes the heart grow tender."
"Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."
"Penny wise, pound foolish."
"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."
"Nothing venture nothing have."
"A rolling stone gathers no moss."
"A setting hen never grows fat."
"Strike while the iron is hot."
"A patient waiter is no loser."

Small rosettes and tiny ribbon bow-knots are being displayed on the newest muslin gowns, says the New York Telegram. Alfew soft loops of the ribbon holding up the pointed scallops of the flounce, or just in front of the waist two or three small ribbon bows are seen on either side of the white vest. In the new evening gowns flowers and small ribbon bow-knots will be seen together above the deep lace ruffle, and one inch satin ribbon is worked in patterns and large bow-knot designs on gowns of the softest and most perishable textures.

The wife seems disposed to hark back somewhat into the distant past.

"You are not like you used to be," she says to the husband. "I remember how you used to swear that I was an angel."
"Well," replies the brutal man, "you haven't changed much. You are as flighty as ever."

We have been accustomed to look down on the South American republics because they substituted revolutions for general elections. Now they are setting the world some good examples. Chili and Argentina recently concluded a treaty of peace involving extensive disarmament and now Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua have entered into an agreement similar in effect.

A Revulsion of Feeling.

A man in Philadelphia went into a big department store to buy some small articles that his wife had commissioned him to get as he passed that way. This is the way he recounts his experience:

"It was a hot day and I was in a hurry to get home and get my head polished. So I pulled up to the counter, hoping to get through and out right away.

"A tall blonde who would have held a full two quarts of champagne without sloshing, was leaning wearily against the counter cleaning her finger nails. She heard me puffing and blowing, I'm sure, because anybody in the store could, but she still had a few nails to clean and she desisted not.

"I kept getting warmer and warmer, until finally, I said—

"When you get quite through manicuring yourself, duchess, I would crave a minute of your time."

"That was so freezing that it almost cooled me off. It didn't phase her. She finished her nails and then said, patronizingly:—

"What is it you wish?"
"I told her impolitely what I wished, and she got it. Then it went away to the 'steenth story to be wrapped, and the dollar bill I gave her went to New York to be changed. After waiting some hours, I got what was coming to me and paddled out as mad as ever I was in my life."

This is the weak point of the department store, viz, its service. Of course this does not apply in the case of country customers, who send in their orders by mail; that is to say, they have not to suffer the annoyances of long waits while they are being served, though experience proves they have frequently to suffer the annoyance of getting things far distant from what they expect. So after all it is far more satisfactory for the city buyer and for the country buyer to go to some smaller, conveniently situated place, and there buy what is wanted, have the clerk who sells it wrap it up and change the money on the spot and get away more quickly than some one would come to ask you what you wish in a department store. In the cities and in the far away towns many people are becoming dissatisfied with the department and the mail order store. So the small retailer should take heart. Evidently there is something to work on now to make the small business "go."

Observer.

A Tough Old Invalid.

In England the purchase of an advowson, or the right to succeed to a vacant church office, is not uncommon. There is a story told of a country vicarage whose incumbent was, though but middle aged, very infirm. His tenure of the position being thus uncertain, the living was advertised for sale. The auctioneer who at the time had the disposal of all church preferments mentioned and special advantage to intending purchasers that the then holder could not last long. To put this prospect to the test several possible buyers went down to the village to look over the vicar. A father and son attended the Sunday services at the church. A servant led in the ailing vicar, but the latter managed to get through a very earnestly delivered sermon lasting half an hour. In the afternoon he again conducted service, baptized children and preached for fifty minutes. Service in the evening was to follow. But the man who had come to buy had seen enough. "My son," he said, "that old cock ain't a-goin' yet; I am," and he forthwith departed. In the end a young parson bought the place for himself. The invalid outlived by twenty years the man who had bought his living. He lasted fifty years beyond the sale and died of sheer old age at ninety-two.

An Erratic Memory.

Mrs. Ransom's greatest trial was her poor memory. She had tried all sorts of "systems," both original and recommended, but nothing succeeded for more than a little while.

"I'm almost wild," she said plaintively to a niece who found her with a wet compress bound about her head, "for my old school friend, Mrs.— There, I hoped perhaps it would come to me but it hasn't. Well, she is here in New York, and I met her on the street and asked her to luncheon, and I wanted you and Emma to meet her. But what can I do? How can I introduce her when I can't think of her name?"

The niece looked properly sympathetic and murmured something about every one's having times of forgetfulness.

"But there's no reason for this," moaned the sufferer, "for we have exchanged gifts at Christmas for years! I've tried all my system, but it's no use; her name has gone, so I doubt if I should know it if I heard it. Of course I shall just have to say, 'This is my old school friend, Mary Lane.' It seems more natural, anyway, to call her that, because that was her name before she married George Ray. I suppose I shall have to pass it off as best I can!"

Getting the Money's Worth.

Mrs. Lane was young and inexperienced, but certain principles of economy had been instilled into her from childhood. She knew that since one could send ten words in a telegram for twenty-five cents any smaller number cost the same amount, it was an obvious

waste of money to send less than the ten.

She had also been taught by her eminently practical husband that in sending a telegram one should "keep to the matter in hand," and avoid all confusion of words. On the occasion of Mr. Lane's first absence from home, he sent a telegram from Chicago, saying: "Are you all right? Answer. Blank Hotel, Chicago."

Mrs. Lane knew she must be wise, economical and speedy, for Mr. Lane was making a flying trip, and had told her he could not plan on his whereabouts long enough ahead to have a letter sent. She spent a few moments in agitated thought, and then proudly wrote the following message:

"Yes. Yes. Yes. I am very well indeed, thank you."

NOTICE.

You Have Some Plumbing

You want done before winter. Why not get it done now? I can do it for you promptly, thoroughly and neatly, and at a reasonable price. Don't delay this work till the cold weather is here. Orders from out of town promptly attended to.

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NOTICE.

We hereby notify the public that Mr. McCain who has been travelling through Carleton and Victoria Counties soliciting orders for grave stones, is not our agent. So many of our friends have complained to us of mistakes being made that we feel called upon to give this notice for their protection. If you want work in this line come or write to the firm of "Oldham Bros." Southampton, and we will give you the latest designs and first-class work at lower prices than any other firm. We will give you a few of the reasons why we can put out our work at so much lower figures than other firms. In the first place we are situated in the country and escape the heavy taxes imposed on a business of this kind in a city. We are not paying rent on our shops which are our own. We have been asked if we did not find it an expense to keep our truck teams. Our reply to this is we have a large farm where our teams do work enough when they are not on the road to keep themselves and a good margin over; also we are an old firm with 25 years of experience in the business and in a position to pay cash for our stock. You will see that we are at a very trifling expense to run our business and when you buy from us you are not helping to pay interest to some other man for the money to buy our stock. Thanking our friends for their patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance of the same for the future, we are, Most respectfully yours, OLDHAM BROS., Southampton, N. B. August 31, 1904.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR STATION BUILDINGS.

Separate sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Station at Woodburn," "Tender for Station at Lorne," "Tender for Station at Union," "Tender for Station at Assametsquaghan," "Tender for Station at Villeroy Junction," as the case may be, will be received up to and including

FRIDAY, the 23RD. DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1904,

for the construction of a STATION BUILDING AT WOODBURN, LORNE AND UNION, N. S., and ASSAMETSQUAGHAN and VILEROY JUNCTION, P. Q. Plans and specifications may be seen at the Station Master's Office at Truro and New Glasgow, N. S., Campbellton, N. B., Ste. Flavie, Riviere du Loup, Levis and Drummondville, P. Q., and at the office of the Engineer of Maintenance, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1904.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Intercolonial Railway.

Tenders for Works at North Sydney.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Works, North Sydney," will be received up to and including

THURSDAY, the 22ND DAY OF SEPTEMBER,

1904, for the construction of a FREIGHT SHED and a LOADING PLATFORM, and the MOVING OF THE PRESENT FREIGHT AND ENGINE SHEDS AT NORTH SYDNEY, N. S.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Station Master's Office, North Sydney, N. S., and at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1904.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

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The Biggest, Brightest and All-Round Best Fair ever held in St. John, N. B., is already assured.

THE INDUSTRIAL, AGRICULTURAL and LIVE STOCK DEPARTMENTS will be of outstanding interest. DAILY HORSE SHOW before the Grand Stand! THE FASHIONABLE EVENT OF THE SEASON. The best of horseflesh in all classes.

AMUSEMENTS—This year, there has been no limit to expense, SIMPLY THE BEST has been secured. The following are a few of the STRONGEST ATTRACTIONS EVER OFFERED IN ST. JOHN. ADGIE'S LIONS—This show has drawn by far the largest crowds of any seen of recent years. The most enthralling and Daring act on record.

YAMAMOTO BROTHERS—The greatest LIVING JAPANESE High-Wire and Perch Artists. SHERIDAN'S DOGS—The best and most laughable Dog Show on Earth.

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TO HORSEMEN

The list below, of things we keep constantly in stock, will no doubt suggest to your mind something of which you are in need:

- Wool Foot Mats, Wool Lap Robes, Seal Robes, Shawl Robes, Summer Horse Blankets, Fly Screens, Leather Fly Nets, Corded Fly Nets, Linen Waggon Boots, Rubber Waggon Boots, Oiled Waggon Boots, all kinds of Horse Boots, Bandages, Tongue Lawling Bits, Humane Bitts, Perfection Bitts, Snaffle Bitts of all kinds. Shoe Boil Rolls, Interfering Rolls, Razor Strops, Belts, Leather Suspenders, Whips, Whip Stocks, Lashes, Sweat Collars, Team Collars, Express Collars, Light Driving Collars, Leather Collar Pads, Polishes, Myers' Putz Cream, 10, 15, 25 and 40c. " Pomade, " Silva Putz Silver Polish, Diamond Hamen Dressing, half pints and pints, Standard Ha Dressing, U. N. O. Dressing, Frank Miller's Harness Soap in pans and cakes, Eagle Brand Colgate's Harness Soap in cakes, Climax Water Proof Oil Harness Blacking, Crystalline Axle Grease, Mica Axle Grease, Asbestoline Axle Grease, Imperial Axle Oil, McLean's Axle Oil, Beaver Brand Axle Oil, Bickmore Gall Cure, Lotasine Gall Cure, Imperial Hoof Ointment, Dr. Daniel's Hoof Ointment, 3rd Seat for Carriages, Brushes, Curry Combs, Cards, Mane Combs, Waggon Washers, Shoe Thread, Wax, Harness Awls and Needles, Blacksmiths' Leather Aprons.

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