

THE KISS.

(Harper's Weekly.)

Last night I had to go to bed
All by myself, my mother said,
'Cause I'd been naughty all day through;
She wouldn't kiss me good-night, too.
I didn't want to let her know
How much I cared 'bout that, and so
I dropped my clothes right on the floor—
A thing I never did before—
And put each stocking in a shoe—
She just hates that—and didn't do
My hair, or wash my face, or brush
My teeth, and left things in a squish
All round the room; and then I took
Her picture, and my fairy-book
She gave me on my last birthday
In June, and hid 'em both away.

I put my father's picture right
Up in the middle of the light,
To show 'em just the way I feel,
'Cause he said, "Kiss the child, Lucille,
Don't let her go to bed like this
Without your usual good-night kiss."
But she just shook her head and turned
Her back, and then my eyes they burned
Like fire. It's been a horrid day!
And then of course, I didn't say
My prayers at all, but went to bed
And wished and wished that I was dead.

Well, I don't know just how it was,
For I'd been half-way sleeping, 'cause
I was completely tired out,
When I heard something more about
So quiet, and the next I knew
The door moved back and she came through
And put her arms around me so,
And said, a whispering very low,
'My poor dear child,' and was so sad,
And kissed me twice. My! I was glad.

A HOLIDAY GAMBLE.

(Illustrated Bits.)

Fishing up crumbs from the bottom of several pockets, I scraped together enough tobacco to roll a cigarette, and, lighting it, puffed grateful wreaths. Hunger for food is bad enough in its way, but, honestly, up to a certain point, say twenty-four hours, I had rather go without food than without tobacco.

But on this Christmas day the twenty-four hour limit on eating had passed some hours before, and just then I wanted food worse than I did tobacco.

I was waiting at the corner of Leicester Square, puffing reflectively at my cigarette, and looking at the light and warmth of the restaurant across the way enviously. I did not have on an overcoat, though the weather was not so bitterly cold but that this omission might be overlooked, and the rest of my clothes were fairly presentable.

"Can you oblige me with a light?" I turned and saw a middle-aged man behind me, with an unlighted but half-consumed cigar between his fingers, and managed to fish up a match for him.

"Thanks," he said, monosyllabically, puffing away.

He did not move on, but continued to scrutinize me very closely. I paid no attention to him, but continued to smoke.

"Waiting for some one?" he asked.

"No," said I, coldly.

"Broke?"

I looked at him again, and, angered by his curiosity and readiness in guessing my true state, I answered sharply that it was none of his business whether I was broke or not.

"Then you are broke?"

"Yes, if the knowledge will do you any good. I don't want any help from you."

"Hungry?"

"Will you kindly go to blazes?" I answered.

"Needn't get bad tempered about it. Fellow-feeling ought to make you more tolerant. I'm hungry, too."

"The devil you are!" said I, astonished.

His clothes were fairly good, but I noticed that he wore neither watchchain nor scarf-pin, and leaped to the conclusion that he, like myself, was trying to keep up a "good front" in the hope of better days.

"You must pardon me for my brusqueness," I added; "you see, I had no idea you and I were in the same boat, and thought maybe you were going to offer me charity."

"Wouldn't accept charity, eh? Well you are right; it's galling. But how far would you go to get a square meal?"

"Just this side of the police station," I answered briefly, and to the point.

The answer seemed to please him, for he chuckled and said:

"Mind taking a gambler's chance at jail?"

"No. I will take a chance at anything," I answered.

Then he unfolded to me a plan. Both of us being well dressed, we could enter a restaurant and order dinner without arousing suspicion. This we would do, and after eating our dinner in leisure we would toss a coin—no, not a coin, for neither of us had a coin, but we would draw toothpicks or straws or something—to decide who was to pay for the bill.

The winner would get up and bid good-by to his friend, whom he would leave with the bill and the prospect of the police. Of course the thing was hardly honest, but I can only plead I was very hungry, indeed. We went in. Of all the dinners I have ever eaten in my life I think I enjoyed that one the most. We turned up our noses at the regular table d'hote and ordered lavishly from the card, beginning with a clear soup and working down to the coffee by gradual and thoroughly delightful stages.

We did not go in heavily for wines, but contented ourselves each with a modest pint of a fine Burgundy that, when opened per-

fumed all its surroundings with the delicious aroma of its long imprisoned southern sunshine. As I ordered it I noticed that the waiters, "Bien, monsieur," was more heartfelt than usual and that his respect for me had risen immensely.

It cost just a little more than double the price of champagne, but that did not weigh with either of us. We were like multi-millionaires in one respect—we could not afford to deny ourselves anything we fancied.

We did not carry on much conversation, as the dinner was a solemn affair; but my companion led me on a little on my past record and my prospects for the future.

I told him the truth—that I had come to town with high hopes of establishing myself in the practice of consulting engineer; that I had met with some success in the practical part of my profession in the provinces, but that my fame did not seem to have reached here, and that I had seen all my little capital eaten up in the expense of living. Pride had made me keep up the fight.

Of himself my companion told nothing.

The old song says that "the best of friends must part." Everything comes to an end, and by and by we could eat no more. In unspoken desire to postpone the inevitable we lingered long after coffee and then over brandy and a couple of excellent cigars.

It was pitch dark by now, and from where we were sitting we could see the trees of the square standing up as long black shadows and the lights of numberless hansoms.

Then we looked at each other, and my new-found acquaintance took two toothpicks in his hand, broke the end off one of them, shuffled them together and extended his hand toward me, the even ends of the toothpicks just showing. At random I chose one; he opened the hand, and I had won.

The waiter had watched the whole proceeding in some little amusement, and was hovering in the neighborhood with the bill, therefore, I could not show my relief. But I could not help looking my friend squarely in the eye and noting that he was a game loser. Not by the quiver of a lash did he be token anything amiss.

"I'll have to pay this," he said quietly. "What's your hurry? Think I'll sit here and smoke a fresh cigar."

It was very well done, but I said something about having an engagement at the Cecil, and waived aside the waiter's offer to call me a cab.

At the door I turned round to catch one more glimpse of my late "vis-a-vis." He was laughing, and beckoned me to come back I went out curiosity.

"Here, Pierre," he called to the waiter, "you know me, don't you?"

"Certainment, monstieur. Vous etes M. Grammercy."

"And I am able to pay the price of a dinner for two?"

"Mais oui, monsieur. A thousand times."

"Then, for goodness sake, young man, sit down," he said, motioning me to my chair.

"Do you know who I am now?"

I had seen his picture often enough in the newspapers and elsewhere. I do not know why I had not recognized him at first, since he was Dorothy's uncle and well known to the general public because of his wealth and eccentricities, though I never before seen him in the flesh.

"Young man," he said. "I like your gameness. You never turned a hair when we drew straws—or, rather, toothpicks—to see which one of us was going to jail. I think

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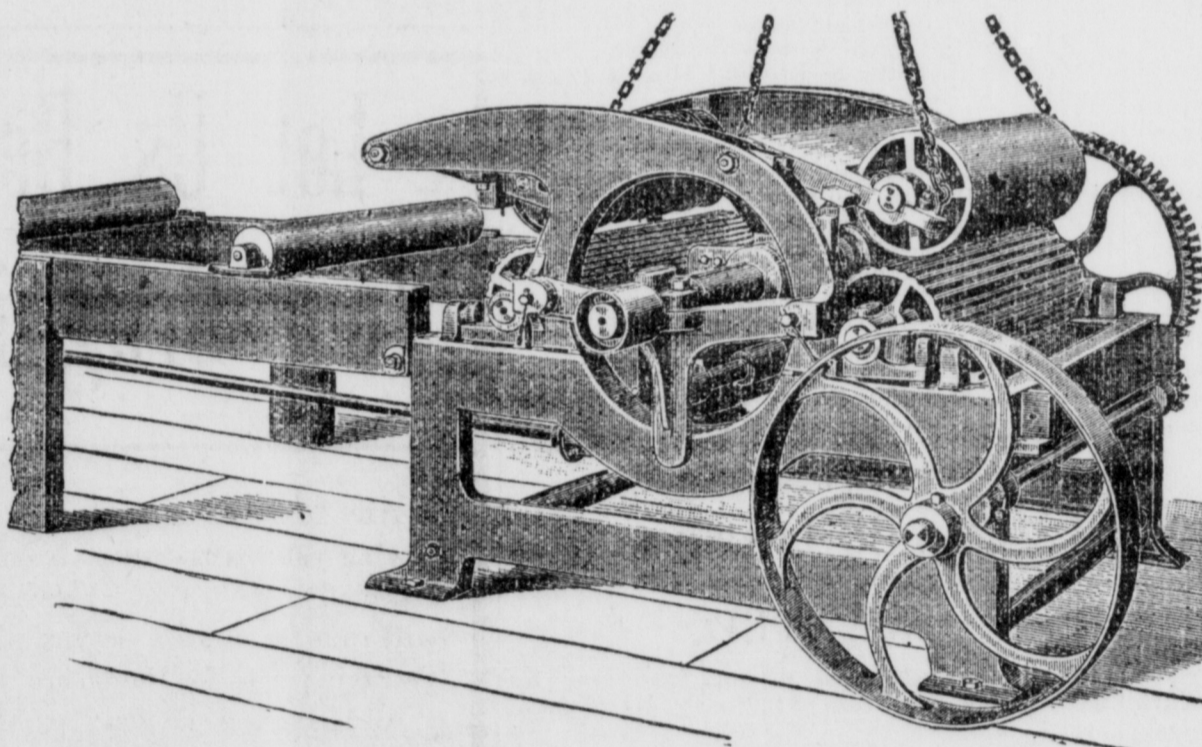
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WOODSTOCK, N. B., FEB. 22, 1905.

you will do. I seem to have heard your name before somewhere."

I have the honor to be engaged to your niece," I said quietly.

"Exactly. Well, you can't very well be married until you get a job of some kind, so I suppose you might as well go to work for me. A young man with your nerve can always be made useful. Pierre, you will find my motor outside; have it brought round. My friend is going home with me."

Röntgen or X-Ray.

As I am about to purchase an x-ray apparatus I wish to explain to the public a few facts in regard to the part it plays in the treatment of certain diseases.

The x ray was first discovered by Prof. W. C. Roentgen at Wurzburg, Germany, in 1895, but it is scarcely eight years since it was first applied in medicine.

I first became interested in the treatment of diseases by x-ray while taking a post graduate course in London in 1901. At the hospitals in London at that time I saw it cure certain diseases which it was impossible to touch with medicine by the best of doctors. After seeing it used by the professors there and thoroughly explained as to what disease it was applicable for and how to apply it in each disease, I continued the study of x ray work until 1903, when I took another post graduate course in New York. At this time the latest researches and best methods of applying the apparatus had been thoroughly worked out and as this was part of the general course which I was taking I learned many things in regard to applying it in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases. As tools do not make a carpenter neither does an x-ray make an electrotherapist. It requires courses of study medical men skilled in x ray work. This requires time spent in large hospitals where one can see it properly applied in the treatment of thousands of cases.

Now, what are we to expect from the x ray when properly manipulated? It is impossible in this short article to tell of all its virtues.

Its first great help is as an aid in diagnosis in defining what the trouble really is with the patient. There are many cases which the best of doctors cannot diagnose without first cutting into the patient and exploring the seat of the trouble. Now by the use of the x ray one can see positively the exact nature of the malady in many cases without the slightest abrasion of the skin and can tell whether an operation is required at all or not.

In case of injury of a limb where the swelling is so great that it is impossible for any doctor to tell whether a fracture or dislocation is present or both, one can see exactly with the x ray as easily as if there were no swelling in the limb and thus give the proper treatment at once without the usual delay necessary in those cases, i. e., waiting for the swelling to go down. When the fracture is set you can look at the bones through the dressings and splints and can tell if the bones are exactly in direct apposition to each other.

Foreign bodies as bullets, glass and needles in any part of the body can be at once located. When a patient has an abscess in any part of the body you do not have to subject him to the painful method of probing to tell if the bone is diseased. You can see the diseased bone if any exists without subjecting the patient to any pain whatever.

You can see gallstones of the liver and stones of the kidney and bladder, which in a great many instances it is impossible to tell without first operating. By using a delicate ray and proper technique one can tell if the lungs are affected with tuberculosis if the patient has fluid or abscess on the lung and even tell if the heart is diseased. Cancers of the skin can be cured and in some cases when located within the body. The pains of cancer even in the last stages can be relieved. A great many tumors can be removed by a thorough course of treatment with x ray.

Now, you may wonder why every doctor doesn't get an x ray if it is so valuable an aid in diagnosis and treatment. Well, the answer is this, the real value of the x ray as applied to medicine was not fully known or appreciated until within the last five or six years and it is well nigh impossible for old practitioners to get up and leave their practices for a sufficient length of time to enable them to take the proper course required in this branch of study and besides the majority of doctors might not care to work on the subject.

I do not wish to be understood as making a specialty of x-ray work. I only intend to use it in my general practice as an aid in the diagnosis and treatment of the more obstinate cases.

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Some ten days ago, one of the C. P. R. liners, the steamship "Express of Japan" sailed from Vancouver for Hong Kong with a somewhat varied and interesting cargo. She carried, for example, 4,000 sacks of Canadian flour consigned to Japanese ports. There is ground for the statement, made by a western journal, that the exportation of Canadian flour to Japan will hereafter be larger than hitherto, and that large consignments will be taken out by each departing Oriental liner. The same steamship carried cotton, but very little of it was Canadian. It was American cotton for Shanghai. She took out about a ton of Canadian butter consigned to Japanese and Chinese ports. This was made in the vicinity of Calgary. An interesting shipment which went into the strong box of Japan was one and a quarter ton of silver bullion from the Trail smelter in British Columbia, destined for Shanghai, where it will be minted into currency. The bullion was shipped in the form of bars.