

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Sitting alone in the midnight,
Alone in the twilight gray
The spirits come thronging about me
That I deemed were gone for aye;
The spirits of vanished moments,
Of words I might have said,
Of loving and thoughtful actions
Undone to the silent dead.

And I vainly try to escape them,
And their sad reproachful eyes,
For swiftly as one may vanish,
In its place will another rise;
And each voice has a strain that pierces
With its cadence of untold woe,
For the strain is like the tones of friends
Once heard in the long ago.

"Tell me, ye sad-eyed spirits,
May I never grasp you again?"
But low comes the sorrowful answer
In accents fraught with pain:
"Never, ah never, oh mortal!
A great gulf lies between,
And we must wander forever,
In the Valley of Might-Have-Been."

"Yet our brothers are always with you,
Each day they are by your side,
Then earnestly, swiftly seize them
Before they, eluding, glide
Into that mournful valley
Which man hath never seen,
But which lives in his memory forever—
—Amy K. Lloyd.

BRAIN MYSTERIES.

A Popular Study in Psychology.

The many cases reported recently in the papers of men and women wandering mechanically through the streets like wound-up automata, knowing neither whence they came nor whither they were going, nor who they were, recall to my mind (writes Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P.), an odd experience of my brother.

In a Madras hospital, with which he was connected, lay a gigantic negro, who was supposed to be a congenital idiot. An idiot he was certainly, and of an unusually mindless type—a mere vegetable, who seemed to even eat and drink mechanically. A surgeon who had only just joined the staff of the hospital, and who therefore saw its patient with a new eye, after looking long at the negro, said, 'I don't think the fellow is a congenital idiot at all. Here, lay him on this bed, and let me examine his skull.' A brief examination of the black man's skull showed the mark of an old and deep wound. 'Just as I thought,' cried the surgeon triumphantly. 'I shall trephine his skull, and you'll see.'

When he had sawed the scarred piece of skull away, he found, as he expected, a bit of bone pressing upon the brain. He raised and removed it, with the result that the patient, the moment he recovered consciousness, asked eagerly, 'Where's the army to-day?' 'Where was it yesterday?' asked the surgeon. 'Yesterday turned out to be nine years before, when this negro had escaped with another black from a battle on the Indian frontier, carrying away with him a lot of loot. While crossing a river with this loot in a boat, the two men quarrelled over the division of the spoil, and the last thing the hospital patient remembered was the upraised boat-hook with which the next moment he was knocked unconscious by his comrade. Then the clock stopped for nine years.'

Here is the saddest true love story I ever heard, and I heard it from a friend of the woman of the tale. The tragic denouement was due to a similar lesion of the brain to that which paralyzed for nine years that of the negro. For eight years two lovers, prevented by poverty from marrying, remained devoted to each other. At the end of this long probation of love the gentleman came in unexpectedly for a considerable fortune, and telegraphed the good news at once to his fiancée. The same evening he wrote her a letter delirious with love and joy, and urging an immediate marriage. She was interrupted in the act of answering with equal warmth and joy this passionate love-letter by the visit of a friend, who brought her the bad news she had just read in the paper. Her lover, late on the evening before, had been knocked down by a hansom and hurt so seriously that he was taken to Guy's Hospital, where the doctors shook their heads over the case. Next morning she hurried up to London, but was not admitted to see him for some days. Meantime, she learned from his servant that the accident must have happened as he was returning from posting the letter to her. When she applied at the end of the prescribed time to see him, she was informed that, though he was now in a condition to see a friend, if he so wished it, yet that he did not wish to see her, and had, indeed, given the most peremptory orders that she was not, on any pretext whatsoever, to be admitted to his room! When at last, by the most passionate entreaties, and by confessing their long-standing engagement, and even in her anguish of despair showing the kindly doctor some lines of the letter written to her upon the day of the accident, she was admitted to his bedside, she was furiously ordered by her lover to quit the room and never approach him again! The truth was, as the doctor had to explain to her, through some mysterious lesion of the brain, his passionate love for her was changed to hate as passionate! In fact, he died in the hospital, loathing her to the last, and left to his brother the fortune he had just inherited himself.

To turn from these dismal and even dreadful effects of a disorder of the body, not upon the mental faculties only, but also upon the

affections of the heart, to psychical phenomena less terrible though no less mysterious, I have just been reading the following passage in Scott's journal:—"February 17th, 1828—A day of hard work being, I think, eight pages before dinner. I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday, at dinner time. I was strangely haunted by what I would call the sense of pre-existence—videlicet, a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time, that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on the same subjects. It is true there might have been some ground for my recollections, considering that three at least of the company were old friends and kept much company together, i. e., Justice Clerk, Lord Abercromby, and I. But the sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a mirage in the desert.'

It is, I think, noteworthy that in all clairvoyant cases of this kind the body is, through overwork, or ill health, or fasting or congenitally, in the subdued state to which the Indian mystic and miracle-monger reduces his own by maceration. It was so with Scott and Rousseau, and William Hone, when he had the following experience recorded in his memoir:

When worn out with overwork he was shown into a certain room in a certain part of London where he had never been before. On looking round, everything appeared perfectly familiar to me: I seemed to recognize every object. I said to myself: "What is this? I was never here before and yet I have seen all this; and, if so, there is a peculiar knot in the shutter." I opened the shutter and found the knot. Now, then, I thought, there is something I cannot explain on my principles; there must be some power beyond matter.' And, from being a pronounced materialist, he became a believer in spirits, and, indeed, eventually a profoundly religious soul.

A LETTER FROM
OVER THE SEA.

WHICH WILL PROVE OF INTEREST
TO CANADIANS.

Here is a sincere and unsolicited letter from an Englishman who was almost led to take his own life on account of what he suffered from itching piles.

114 Milton Road,
Margate, England.

Edmanson, Bates & Co.,
Toronto, Can.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to write to acknowledge the great good Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. I had suffered from itching piles for over sixteen years, and suffered badly at that. There have been times when I could not have put an end to it all if it had not been for the thought of meeting God. Some people may think I am stretching it a point, but those who have suffered as I have will know.

At other times I have felt I could take a knife and cut away the parts until I came to the bottom of the evil, but thank God it is all past. It was quite by accident that I came to know of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have had doctors' advice and remedies to no end and could not say how much I spent in that sixteen years. I had a Calgary paper sent to me, and there I saw your Ointment advertised. It just met my case, as it said for itching piles and saved painful operations.

As I could not get Dr. Chase's Ointment from my own chemist, I wrote to my brother, Mr. H. Shelley, of Calgary, Alta., and he sent me one box. Before I had used one-third of the box I was perfectly cured by this Ointment.

I am sure you will be surprised to get this letter from this corner of the world, but I felt it my duty to acknowledge the great good Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. You are at liberty to make use of this letter as you see fit. All I should like to say to anyone who suffers from this dreadful complaint is I know it cures. With many thanks, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
T. Shelley.

If you are not acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment you will be surprised at the cures which are being brought about in your own neighborhood. No preparation has ever been more heartily endorsed by people who have used it and none has ever been so successful in curing piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

An Australian Boy's Essay On The Kangaroo.

The kangaroo is a quadruped, but two of his feet is only hands. He is closely related to the flea family, and jumps like him, and has the same kind of resemblance. He is Australia's by birth, and has a watch pocket to carry his children in. There is two or more kinds of kangaroos, but they are mostly male and female, and live on grass, cabbage, and curran buns. The kangaroo's tale is his chief support; it is thick at one end, and runs to the other end; it is good to jump with, and the kangaroo when it's cut off don't know his way home, and has to walk on his hands. The kangaroo is good for makin' soup and bootlaces and putting in zoos, and sometime he is presented to the Roil Family to represent Australia.—Otago Witness.

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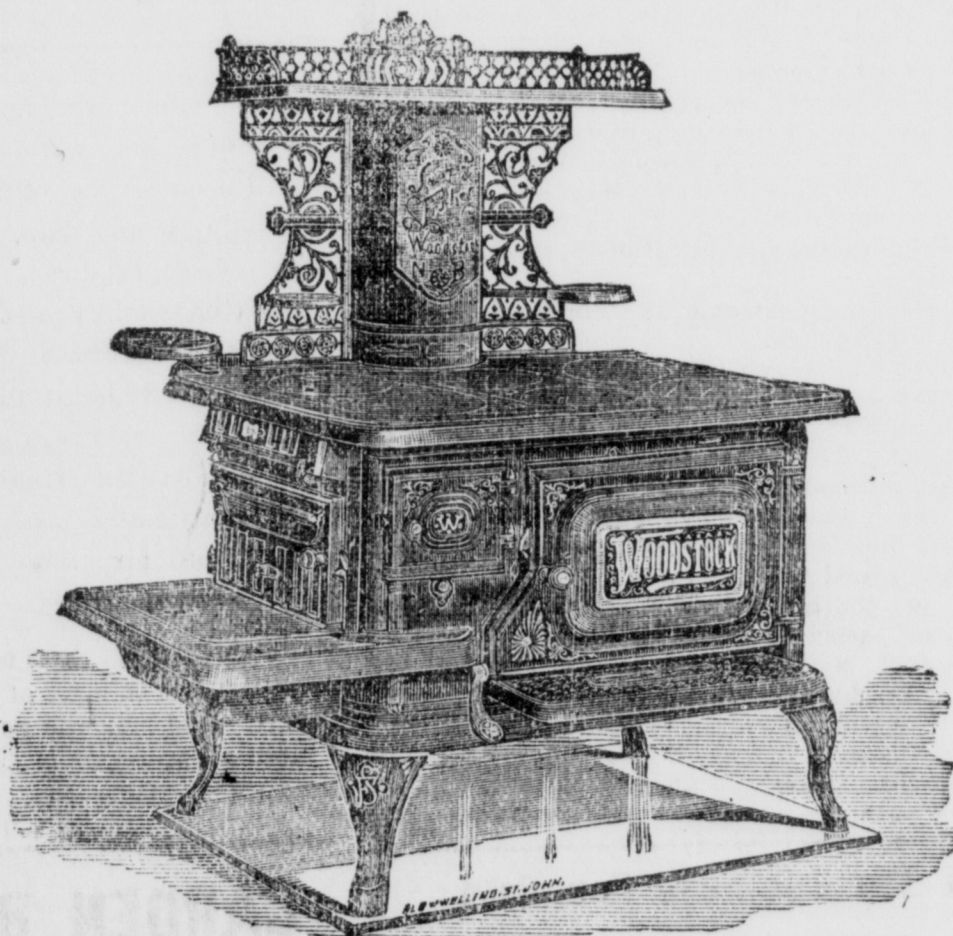
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THE WOODSTOCK RANGE.



The Methodist Parsonage, Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 11th, 1902
Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—After upwards of thirty years experience with a large variety of cook stoves, none has ever given the satisfaction derived from your "Woodstock". It is a perfect heater and baker, keeps the water tank hot day and night, with less fuel than any stove we have ever had in our parsonages.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN C. BERRIE.

P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

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The undersigned offers for sale his premises at Jacksonville Corner consisting of a large lot and dwelling and other buildings thereon all in good repair. For further particulars apply to L. E. Young, Barrister, Woodstock, or the undersigned. C. H. GRAY, Jacksonville, N. B.
Dec-3-04-tf.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JAN. 11, 1905.

SECRET PLACES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mystery of the Door with Seven Locks.

(London 'Tit-Bits'.)

To the man who thinks he knows every nook and cranny of Westminster Abbey it will probably be a surprise to learn that there many of its most ancient and interesting parts of which he has never even caught a glimpse.

For instance, in the eastern cloister is an ancient double door, so guarded against unauthorized intrusion that it can only be opened by seven keys, which are in the jealous custody of as many government officials. Five of the keyholes of this wonderful door, which, by the way, is covered with human skins, are concealed from view by a stout iron bar which traverses it.

This door gives access to a vaulted chamber known as the Chapel of the Pyx, the walls of which were standing, as they stand today, before ever the Norman Conqueror landed on the shore of Sussex. This chamber was once the Treasury of England, to which were brought 'the most cherished possessions of the state.' The regalia of the Scottish Kings and the Holy Cross of Holyrood were deposited here; for many a year it served as a mint for coining silver and gold; it was, centuries ago, the scene of a daring robbery, when treasure valued at £100,000 (equal to two millions of our money) was taken from it; and today it contains, in addition to a stone altar, some old chests, one of which is said to have held the jewels of Norman kings.

Not far away is a passage leading to the Little Cloister, the arched walls of which were built under the eyes of Edward the Confessor nearly eight and a half centuries ago, and which has echoed to the footfall of the first William and his mailed attendants. Hidden from view under the pavement are the bases of the original columns of the Abbey, which have also stood since before the Conquest; and adjoining the Little Cloister is a garden, shut off by high walls from the outside world, in which monks meditated and walked and prayed eight centuries ago.

At the south-east corner of the Little Cloister are the remains of St. Catharine's Chapel, which was probably built within living memory of the Conquest. The beautiful doorway which once gave access to it now serves as the entrance to one of the official residences; and in its walls are still to be seen traces of the high altar and a fireplace. Not far from this interesting relic of ancient days is a square grey tower which once served the grim purpose of a monastic prison, and has also been the repository of the royal jewels (for many years it was known as the 'King's Jewel House') and of the Acts of Parliament. After all these centuries of existence it still has its uses, for in it are kept the standards of weights and measures.

Few who have explored the Abbey have been privileged to inspect the Chapter Library, with its treasures of books and manuscript many centuries old; or perhaps know that under the passage leading to the Chapter House lies the dust of the first Abbot of Westminster, who had his day when the Confessor was King of England. The Chapter House, which is open to the public, has, of course, centuries of interesting memories. It was originally the chamber where the Abbot and monks used to transact their monastic business; for many generations the Commons sat and legislated here before moving to the Chapel of St. Stephen in Westminster Palace; for in later years it was used as a storehouse for the public records, including the original Domesday Book. Beneath the Chapter House is a crypt, the entrance to which is kept jealously locked, and which seems to have served the purpose of a strong-room to the Plantagenet kings; and not far from the Chapter House is St. Faith's Chapel, at one time the vestry of the Abbey, and in which the ancient and priceless altar plate of the Abbey is kept.

Of peculiar interest is the Jerusalem Chamber, which was built more than 500 years ago, and was probably at one time the Abbot's withdrawing room. It was in this chamber that Henry IV. died, in curious fulfilment of a prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem:—

It hath been prophesied me many a year
I shall not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie,
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

And in the same chamber Addison, Congreve and Prior lay in state before their splendid interment in the Abbey.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c. in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"Ain't she got the sweetest voice!" I says to my wife about another woman. "Why," says my wife, "she didn't say a word!" "That's what I mean," I says. An' then my wife (she's prone, herself, to copious conversation) got mad.

Never put off until to-morrow those whom you can do to-day.