

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ont., and \$1.00; all druggists.

THE COSSACK'S MESSAGE.

It was 9 o'clock in the morning. In the large library where he had spent the night, the Governor-General was busy receiving and answering the reports constantly sent in from the various posts established throughout the insurgent city.

In spite of the fur coat which he wore and the red hot stove beside him, the Governor shivered. The glass in the windows, broken by the rioters and as yet neglected, gave free passage to the cruel winter winds. The man's face was white, and large black circles were around his eyes.

The fatigues and emotions of the frightful day of the insurrection, through which he had just passed and which had come like a thunderbolt to disturb the peaceful quiet of his life, had left their marks on his tired face, and his cigarette hung, unlit, from his pale lips. The knowledge of his appearance, his unkempt air, and he the most correctly dressed man of the city, added still another sting to his troubles.

He glanced wearily, for the thousandth time, at the broken panes as he handed the last despatch to his aide.

"I suppose the glass setters will reap a harvest after yesterday," he said bitterly. "Things are quieter today, but we must still be on our guard."

He expressed a yawn. What would he not give for a good sleep! After these tragic hours, this unexpected uprising in a city whose loyalty to the imperial rule had been legendary, so that the position of Governor had seemed a sort of gilded rest cure; after these massacres, which he had himself ordered with more of a sense of outraged tedium than danger, the energy which he was astonished to have found in himself was becoming exhausted.

From his window he could see the ravages of the fight, which had raged fiercest about the palace. The public gardens were trodden into mud by the cavalry, the gate wrenched away and broken off. At the entrance were the smoking ruins of a once prosperous cafe, and the snow was stained with dark spots that had first been red.

The Governor-General could hardly comprehend that such events had taken place in so short a time and that his peaceful life had been shaken by so frightful a crisis.

"Gentlemen, you will, of course, remain in this palace," said he as he dismissed his officers.

"Just my luck!" cried one of them, Count Michael Liaguine, as, saluting stiffly, he hastened out of the Governor's presence and strode down the broad stairway.

He was a young man, carefully elegant in appearance and as active and alert as if he had not fought all day and written all night. He had changed his uniform, and no trace remained of the wild riot, save a slight wound on his forehead, the mark of a stone, which, aimed more correctly, must have killed him.

He glanced angrily at the closed doors of the palace, swearing, and his nervous hand clenched the hilt of his sword.

"Cursed rebellion!" he cried.

In the inner court, an improvised prison, as all the jails were full to overflowing, were collected a group of miserable prisoners, a wretched mass of humanity, stupefied by the audacity of a single hour and already becoming once more resigned to bitter, unending tribulation. Many were wounded and lay upon the ground, silent, uncomplaining, accustomed to suffering without help or comfort.

A bitter odor arose from these herded men, exalted for a moment by a gleam of hope and quickly plunged again into black desolation, blacker for the passing light. Count Michael shuddered with disgust as he passed them. Misery is ugly, and the handsome man abhorred ugliness.

During the whole morning he wandered about the vast edifice, exasperated at the forced inaction to which his position as aide condemned him. Around the palace the guarded streets were quiet with the silence of death.

"What the devil is the matter with you, Michael?" demanded one of his comrades. "You're as nervous as a woman."

"Shut up," growled the Lieutenant of the dragoons. "Keep your remarks for another day. I'll not stand them now."

Toward 1 o'clock, after a brief lunch, the Court made his way to the General's rooms, intending to solicit a special pass for outside service. But the Governor was still asleep. Then, impatient, the young man wrote a few words on a page of his notebook, and, enclosing it in an official envelope, called the captain of one of the guards.

"Tell one of your men to saddle immediately and take this letter," he said.

"Yes, your Excellency," said the Captain.

"Yemelian, saddle and come to me," he called as the Lieutenant strode away.

Yemelian was a colossal, broad-shouldered, wide-mouthed soldier, with a short curly beard and clear blue eyes, a veteran of long service, but simple as a child beneath his stern demeanor. He saddled his horse, listened to three repetitions of the address given him by the Captain, for he could not read, put the letter in his saddle-bag and started.

He crossed the devastated square at a rapid trot, passing the cordon of troops drawn up around the Noble's Club and turned down the Berditskara, usually the busiest street of the city and now deserted, the glass windows of the shops covered with boards. On the faces of the rare passersby was stamped a deep stupefaction at the violence of the preceding day.

A few soldiers still camped near the large bridge which cuts the city into two sections, and Yemelian recognized his comrades and grinned broadly to see them sitting on the sidewalk. Crossing the bridge, he rode through the Semenski boulevard and suddenly in the distance, beyond the new Church of Our Saviour, he caught sight of a crowd of the insurgents. Troops were being reformed, threatening and menacing, filling the streets that were not occupied by the soldiers.

After the hours of disorder that had followed the terrible repression of the people, the anger of the populace was once more rising, desperate, careless of the punishment that was certain to follow. A crowd of victims, many sorely wounded, breaking the truce established by mere terror, marched blindly and wildly through the streets.

At the sound of the bugles blown from the other side on the bridge, Yemelian knew that the alarm had been given. But his duty was to deliver the letter in his saddle-bag; this was the instruction he had received.

He continued to ride ahead. Another moment and he was face to face with the insurgents, a column of white-faced, haggard men, ready for the supreme sacrifice. In his gruff, good-natured voice Yemelian called loudly:

"Way! Make way there!"

But the brute instincts of the people were unchained. The rider was surrounded, shrill voices rose in biting insults. An old man whose fur cap had been torn in sheds by bayonets cried waveringly:

"Here's another. Here's another of em!"

A workman, armed with a stick, aimed a rude blow at the soldier's head. Thus attacked, Yemelian spurred his horse, trying to free himself. But a wave of human beings flowed over him, heavy hands grasped his bridle, paralyzed his arms. He spoke again:

"Brothers, I must do my duty. Let me pass."

A cry of rage answered him and a voice shrieked:

"Did you and yours have pity yesterday?"

"Kill him!" yelled a hunchbacked beggar.

The revolvers swarmed upon this victim whom the fates had delivered into their hands. Had they not been ruthlessly shot down the day before by men like this one?

Collecting all his strength, Yemelian sought to grasp his sword. The simple man thought less of his own danger than of the obstacle which threatened to prevent him from accomplishing his errand.

The sword was torn from his belt, amid loud shouts. An insurgent, seizing it, slashed at him wildly, and a cruel laugh greeted the leaving blood.

Yemelian fought in vain. His horse, wounded, cruelly cut with knives, sank beneath him and the dragoon was thrown down and stamped upon.

A young woman, whose husband had been taken prisoner, tore one of the boots from Yemelian's feet and beat him in the face with the improvised weapon.

A tragic drunkenness possessed the crowd their whole suffering was being revenged upon the soldier; their hatred was refined for his agony.

Yemelian swore bitterly beneath the blows and wounds, but even in his torment one thought remained with him, loyalty to the orders he had received. With fast weakening hands, he still sought to grasp the saddle-bag.

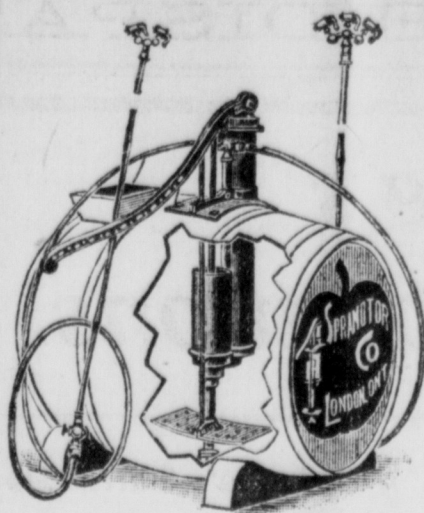
A boy near by seized quickly at his revolver, which the soldier had lost in the struggle and, echoed by a shout of joy from the crowd placed it at Yemelian's head and sent a bullet through his temple.

"What was he carrying in the saddle-bag?" cried one of the old men. "Orders for a second massacre, no doubt."

He leaned over the body, tearing the bag from the arms that held it even in death, and opening it, took out the letter which Yemelian had defended with his dying breath. It was addressed to the "Countess Doucka Seraskoff." He read it aloud.

Sorry not to see you to-day. Love and a thousand kisses. Michka.

A translation from the Russian, in The New York Sun.



You Have a Gold Mine in Your Farm if You Will Use a SPRAMOTOR.

What is the Spramotor? It is a machine that has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Department of Agriculture that over 80% of the possible fruit crop of the Dominion of Canada is going to waste and all through a lack of appreciation of proper means of saving it.

The Spramotor is a practical machine for practical purposes. It can be put to a number of uses, saving its cost a dozen times over in the course of a season.

Used for spraying fruit trees, shrubs and vines it increases the yield over 80%.

Under its influence, raw crops are rid of grubs, worms, bugs and other pests.

For killing wild mustard in the growing grain its value is beyond computation.

From relieving live stock from the annoyance of the horn fly it demonstrates its usefulness many times over and assures a greater yield of milk and butter.

For disinfecting its effectiveness is unquestioned.

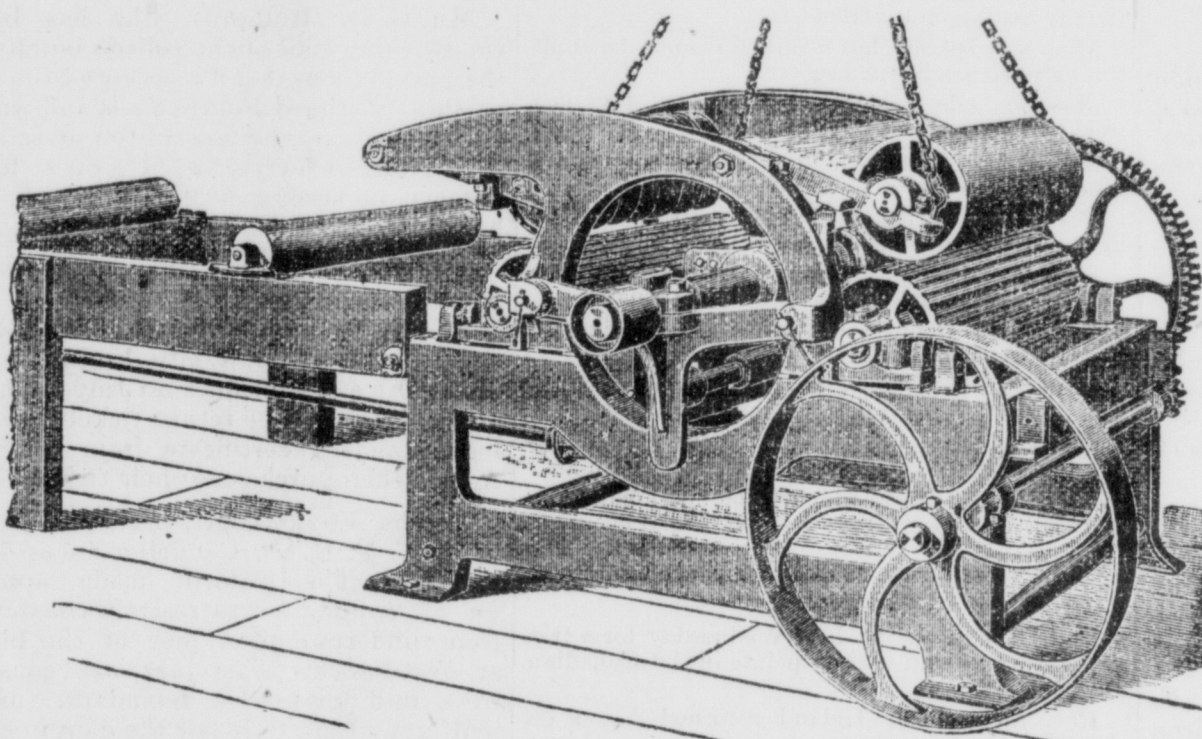
For painting and white washing out houses, barns, fences, etc., it is a money maker, because it is a money saver. It covers a given area in 15 the time required by hand labor. Used with Spramotor Cold Water Paint it reduces the expense of painting fully 60%.

We are sole agents for the Spramotor. Call at our store or write us for prices.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,

Woodstock. Hartland. Centreville.

IMPROVED GANG EDGER.



This machine has been designed to meet the requirements of all saw mills, whether for use in portable or stationary mills.

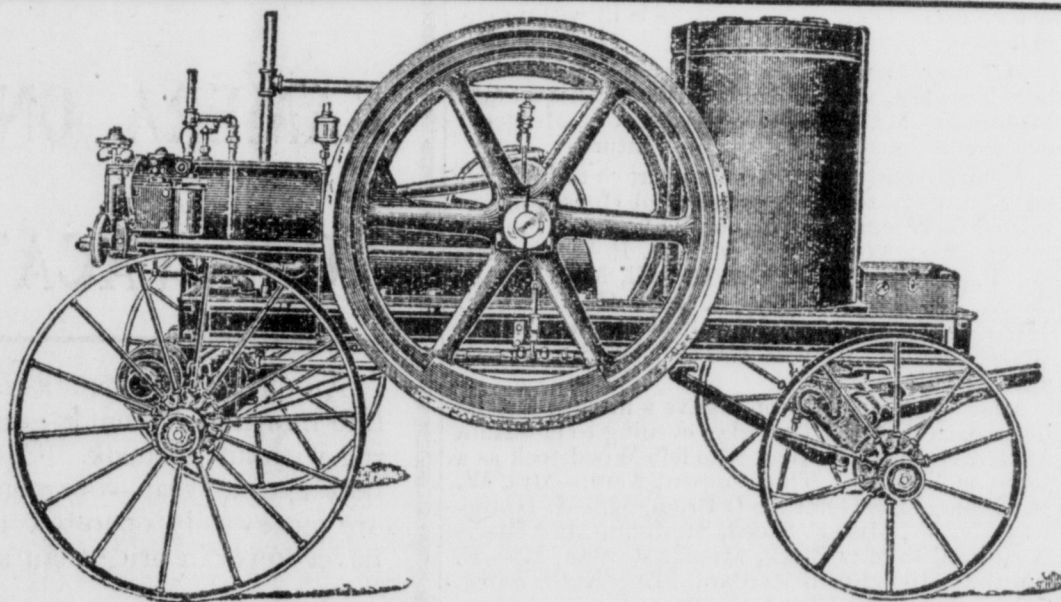
The machine will take saws up to 20 inch diameter.

Weight when ready for shipment, 3,000 pounds.

For further particulars apply to

Small & Fisher Company, Limited,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.



GASOLINE ENGINES.

Stationary, Portable and Marine.

In every size required for ordinary work. Your thrasher, hay press, grain crusher, wood sawing machines, etc., can be operated with our gasoline engine at about one half the cost for fuel of any other power. Our stationary engines are suitable for machine shop or factory of any kind, where a reliable, safe and economical power is wanted. Just the thing as an auxiliary power for water mill, when water is low at mid-winter or summer. Occupies little space—requires no attention after starting—positively no danger of fire—can be started almost instantly.

Our marine engines easily installed in any style of fishing or pleasure boat in sizes from two to forty H. P. We install all our engines and guarantee to start same in good running order without extra expense to purchaser.

We give larger power for the money than any other Gasoline Company doing business in Canada. N. B. agents for the celebrated Columbia Hay Press, fitted with automatic follower dropper, capacity of 40 tons per day when driven by our 8 horse power engine. Second hand steam engines and horse powers always on hand. Sold at about one half value. Power guaranteed. Prices moderate.

AMHERST MOTOR CO., Amherst, N. S.,

S. M. CARLE, Agent,
East Florenceville.

The Case of Jim.

Maw's callin' from the milkhouse,
Callin' stern;
"Jim, yer lazy good fer nuthin',
Come and churn."

Paw's callin' from the cornpatch,
Callin' loud;
"James, yer hulkin', stupid loafer,
Time yer plowed."

Nature's callin' from the trout brook,
Callin' which;
"Son, yer poor, tired, lazy feller,
Come and fish."

Stranger, if we just swapped places,
Put it clear.
Which of all the three a-callin'
Would you hear?

—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

At Sea.

O, we go down to see in ships—
But Hope remains behind,
And Love, with laughter on his lips,
And peace of passive mind;
While out across the deeps of night,
With lifted sails of prayer,
We voyage off in quest of light,
Nor find it anywhere.

O Thou, who wroughtest earth and sea,
Yet keepest from our eyes
The shores of 'n eternity
In calms of Paradise,
Blow back upon our foolish quest
With all the driving rain,
Of blinding tears and wild unrest,
And waft us home again.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DICKENS' PHRASES.

The Extent to Which They Have "Made Language."

Since Shakespeare no writer has "made language" to the extent that Dickens has done, and the number of common colloquialisms taken from his novels and which everybody uses every day in the outstanding proof of the success with which he has appealed to the imagination of the nation.

How often one hears "Barkis is willin'," "Beware of vidders," Oliver Twist asks for more, "Coolin's the friend, not Short," "I don't believe there's no such a person," "Let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed," "Waiting for something to turn up," "A trifle wearing," "The law is a bass," "The demmition bowwows," and so on!

Not a few actual words have come from Dickens to the dictionary—Pondsnappery, pickwickian, Pecksniffian, Bumbledom and many others. Dolly Varden, the pretty heroine of "Barnaby Rudge," has given her name to a hat, while Mrs. Leo Hunter, the Artful Dodger Urian Heep and Mrs. Jarley have become common generic terms.—London Express.

A REAL HOLIDAY.

The Pontiac Zouaves Coming

This company of the finest drilled soldiers in the world will be in Woodstock, Saturday June 24th and will give two of their marvelous performances under the tents of the Sells & Down's shows. This will be a great treat for our amusement-going public. Another feature of this splendid show is Capt. Winston's Trained Seals and Sea Lions. They can do most everything but talk. They play on the banjo, drums, cymbals and many other instruments, sing song, and in fact give an entire performance. Besides this, there is a large three-ring circus, a monster menagerie, which consists of all kinds of savage brutes, exhibited in startling performance in a huge steel-barred circular cage, seen in European capitals, New York and Chicago, at the Atlanta Exhibition. Then there is a real Roman hippodrome, and a world of wonders which space forbids a detailed account of here. All in all the Sells & Down's shows are held to be the most surprising and pleasing unifications of all that is new and wonderful in the circus world. There will be a grand street parade, and the tent will be pitched at Woodstock, Saturday June 24th.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

No More Insurance.

A German over-insured his house for £700. He was allowed £500, and strenuously objected.

"If you wish," said the agent, "we will build you a house larger and better than the one burned down, as we are sure it can be done for £300, and probably less."

Some weeks later the German was called upon by the agent of a life insurance company who wished him to take out a policy for himself and wife.

"If you insure your wife for £500," said the agent, "and she should die, you might then have that sum of money to console yourself with."

"Nein, nein," exclaimed the German, "you insurance fellers ish all tiefs. If I insure my wife, and wife dies, and I gets to de office to get my £500, do I gets all de money? Vell, I should say not! You vill say to me, 'She is not worth £500; she vas worth £300, and no more. If you don't want de £300, we vill get you a bigger and better wife.'"

In "Light Distress."

An old lady and her two daughters went into a millinery store, says the Charlotte, North Carolina, Observer. The young women were mourning hats. The elder woman said to the clerk:

"I want a mourning hat, for I am in mourning. But my darter here," pointing to one of her companions, "is a widder of two years' standing, and she is in light distress." Give her a hat with blue feathers on it.

The average number of persons to a family in the United States is 4.7. The average number in a New York state family is 4.4. Even in the old Bay State, the reputed home of the non-marrying person of both sexes, the average number of persons to a family is 4.6. But the New York city average equals the national.