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WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUGUST 9, 1905.

THE COMING OF JONES.

(Toronto Sunday World.)

While Jones' bones, or all he owns,  
Are daily drawing nigh,  
Of Jones' deeds the patriot reads  
In Scribner's for July.

And there we find what, to our mind,  
No child at school should miss;  
How Jones did sick the Bon Homme Dick  
Right on the Serapis.

The English ship first gave the tip  
By calling "ship ahoy!"  
To which our Jones in honeyed tones  
Replied: "Can't hear, my boy."

Now, whether Jones, whose dubious bones  
Are rolling on the tide,  
Spake truth or may we cannot say,  
But we suspect he lied.

"Come, answer Pat, what ship is that,  
What nation's flag she owns,  
Or I will sink her in the drink!"—  
"Sink and be damned!" said Jones.

The gallant tar in time of war  
To hasty speech is stirred;  
So boys and girls, whose hair this curls,  
Forget the naughty word.

Then did ensue upon the blue  
Till far into the night,  
With more such tones anon from Jones,  
A fight that was a fight.

When morning came with sky aflame,  
As poets' mornings must,  
The Serapis—more license this—  
Lay humbled in the dust.

And strange to say that while the fray  
With incident was crammed,  
Of all who fought as sailors ought  
No one was sunk or damned.

More exploits warm did Jones perform,  
With valor and with pride;  
Then presentlee to a far countree  
He toddled off and died.

And there he lay for many a day  
The prey of Lethe's cup,  
Till Forter cried: "Behrew my hide!  
'Tis time to dig Jones up."

And then, arrayed with pick and spade,  
They excavated France  
Until some bones that looked like Jones  
Met their approving glance.

The rest you know, 'tis history, so  
We shall not longer dwell  
On what, forsooth, to speak the truth,  
'Would take too long to tell.

The courtly French confessed the wench  
Of parting with those bones,  
But sweetly said: "Since they are dead,  
And since they may be Jones,

"It is but fair they shall go where  
A grateful nation weeps,  
And in a vault for a tough old salt  
Be put away for keeps."

The squadron loomed, the cannon boomed  
Above that precious dirt,  
And French and Yanks, with grog and thanks,  
Wept one on t'other's shirt.

Then they let slip the cables' grip  
And sailed into the west,  
With those dear bones, that may be Jones  
To the land that loved them best.

And let us pray that on the way  
No impious knave or knocker  
Consigns those bones to the other Jones—  
Old Davy of the locker.

—ROSWELL FIELD.

The Russian Soldier.

Of the many books having their origin in the present war not the least instructive is one by Mr. Maurice Baring, entitled 'With the Russians in Manchuria.' Mr. Baring is a newspaper correspondent who has been with the Russian army in fair weather and in foul and has lived intimately with general and private in every stage of the Manchurian operations. His vivid presentation of the horrors and heroisms of the battlefield have therefore the merit of personal experience and observation. His picture of the Russian soldier is not an unpleasant one, in fact it will prove a surprise to many who think of the Muscovite army as for the major part consisting of sullen, revolutionary peasants in uniforms and for the minor, of cruel officers and vindictive and fanatical Cossacks. Mr. Baring finds the officers neither drunken, brutal, stupid nor unconscientious. At the front there was nothing to drink except tea and occasional extremely limited doles of vodka. He admits that Russians, when they do drink, drink harder than Englishmen, but whenever drunkenness was observed it was when off duty, and in towns which occupied the same position toward the front as that held by Capetown toward Pretoria during the Boer war. He found that the officers did lack military instruction, that there was a general want of organization, cohesion and discipline in the whole army, but that the system was at fault more than the individual, and that it came from above rather than from below. The common soldier, according to Mr. Baring, is a splendid fellow, a man of wonderful patience and endurance, of stubborn courage and of inexhaustible good nature. Hospitality is a virtue which is universal. At the front luxuries and even necessities were scarce enough, in fact, lack of food sometimes seems to have been a serious problem, but one and all were eager to share their last morsel with the stranger. On one occasion when Mr. Baring was lying half dead with fatigue in the rain, on the platform of a railway station, a soldier waited till he was asleep, then brought his own matting and put it under him, built a small tent of matting over him and brought him a sack for a pillow. When the correspondent awoke and remonstrated, he insisted. At dawn he brought a cup of hot tea. Mr. Baring offered him a rouble, but he refused. One occurrence which he relates reminds one of the death of Sir Philip Sidney. Two officers, badly wounded, were brought into a

house where a doctor was attending to the severely injured. 'Don't bother about us,' they said, 'we shall be all right.' One of them died shortly afterward, after suffering great agony.

Recipe for a World.

Take one man, one woman and a garden. Add an apple and a good fresh snake. Stir gently until the pot begins to boil, then drain off the apple and keep adding children. Simmer on a slow fire, then put on ice. Alternate between the two extremes, giving the whole a good sound basting when needed, turning slowly in a proper space. Keep adding time until the mass is of the consistency of a mud pie covered with ants. Multiply the inhabitants and garnish with villages, towns, cities and empires. Now introduce a little theology and enough Devil sauce to spice. Keep adding Battle, Murder and Sudden Death, and a good layer of Cant. Put plenty of salt in the water and sprinkle with bad society. When your world is finished, throw it in the fire and begin all over again. It's a good game to pass away the ages with.—Life.

But that's Another Tale.

All sorts of sotto-voce remarks were passed concerning the passenger in the pink blazer and the yellow yachting cap, as he paraded the deck; but these he did not mind. What really annoyed him was the cool stare with which a tall, bronzed, faultlessly groomed passenger favored him.

At last he could stand it no longer, and he approached the offender.

"Excuse me—aw," he said, "you are staring at me in a swange mannaw. Have we ever met befoah?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I believe I met you abroad—in Central Africa; but you lived in a tree then, and wore a long tail!"

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Pointed Paragraphs.

(Siftings)

Lots of men recede from ultimatums. You might as well say a man steals as to say he is frightened.

Any quarrel is unpleasant, but a domestic difficulty is the worst.

Haven't you said a thousand times you wouldn't stand certain things and then stood them?

Some people complain because they can't get justice who should really be grateful because they don't get it.

"It doesn't require as much patience to put a baby to sleep as it does to fish, but the men can't see it that way.

How often do you know you are right, and yet the man you are arguing with is convinced you are not! And the half convinces you that you are wrong.

A Shocking Confession.

Benedict is a New Haven man who has been eight times the father of a bouncing bouncer. In the outskirts of the university city is a little town among the hills named Prospect, and last year four of the children were sent there for the summer.

One day Benedict and his wife entertained at a dinner a new acquaintance, Professor B. The Professor is a bachelor, and, like many scholarly men, rather ill at ease in society.

"What a fine little family of children you have," he began with an admiring glance at the four stay-at-homes.

"Yes, indeed," replied Benedict proudly, "and we have four more in Prospect." The professor blushed his astonishment.—August Lippincott's.

Outdone.

An English and an American merchant were discussing the relative importance of their businesses.

"Why," said the Englishman, "in my firm the clerks use 30,000 gallons of ink a year!"

"Oh, that's nothing," retorted the American; "we saved that much ink in a year by ordering our clerks not to dot their 'i's.'—Harper's Weekly.

Bridegroom-alect (purchasing the usual buttonhole)—"I want some flowers." Florist (sympathetically)—"Yes, sir. A cross or a wreath?"—Punch.



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But my expert Red Rose blenders select the right grades of strong, rich Indian teas and delicate fragrant Ceylon teas, and produce Red Rose Tea with entirely new characteristics—a tea with that "rich fruity flavor"—a tea so exquisitely different and better than any brand of Ceylon alone, that no one who once tries it ever goes back to Ceylon again.

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What you Don't hear.

You hear something like this every day in the week: "Ten years ago he couldn't get credit for a suit of clothes. Now he can write his check for \$50,000." But when did anybody hear anything like this? Ten years ago he was thoughtless and regardless of his fellow men and cared for nobody but himself. Now he is kind and gentle and is a constant encouragement to all who desire to enlarge their faith in human nature.

Sorry He Learned Law.

Attorney William S. Barnes has a new office boy. The last boy with whom he was associated resigned a few days ago because the law business did not suit his peculiar temperament.

"How long have you been here?" asked Barnes when the small boy made known his intention to engage in different vocation.

"Six months," replied the boy.

"And you don't like the law business?"

"Naw. It's no good, and I'm sorry I learned it."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto, Dr. Chase's Ointment

"I hear your married sister is studying law. Is she going to practice?" "Yes. She wants to get a divorce from her husband and she's so modest she doesn't care to tell her story to a lawyer."

Our hopes—they is high, Lawd,  
We fixin' fer flight;  
Teach us ter fly, Lawd,  
An' also ter light!

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