

WOODSTOCK, N. B., OCTOBER 11, 1905.

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**Galls quickly,**  
sores, wounds—barbed wire  
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25 cts. at all dealers.  
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WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**AUTUMN.**  
(BY ALICE CARRY.)  
Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips  
The days, as through the sunset gates they  
crowd,  
And summer from her golden collar slips  
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans  
aloud.

Save when by fits the warm air deceives,  
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,  
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,  
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

The wind, whose tender whisper in the May  
Set all the young blooms listening through the  
grove,  
Sits rustling in the faded boughs today,  
And makes his cold and unsuccessful love.

The rose has taken off her tire of red—  
The mullein-stalk its yellow stars has lost,  
And the proud meadow-pink hangs down her  
head  
Against earth's chilly bosom, witched with frost.

The robin, that was busy all the June,  
Before the sun had kissed the topmost bough,  
Catching our hearts up in his golden tune,  
Has given place to the brown cricket down.

The very cock crows lonesomely at morn—  
Each flag and fern the shrinking stream divides—  
Uneasy cattle low, and lambs forlorn  
Creep to their strawy sheds with nettled sides.

Shut up the door: Who loves me must not look  
Upon the withered world, but haste to bring  
His lighted candle, and his story-book,  
And live with me the poetry of Spring.

**A Little Jiu-Jitsu.**  
Frederic the youngest son of the family,  
although just in his twenties, had entered  
the sophomore class in college. He was  
regular and faithful in writing to his parents,  
and when, near the middle of his first six  
months, a period of more than two weeks  
elapsed without their having heard from him,  
they became uneasy. They were on the  
point of sending a telegram of inquiry, when  
they received the following note, written in a  
cramped and almost illegible hand:

Dear Mother. I have been pretty busy of  
late and have not had time to write. Harry  
Jenkins and I had some fun the other even-  
ing, hazing a new student. Harry has been  
in the hospital nearly a week, but is about  
well now. I got off a great deal easier. All  
that happened to me was a broken finger and  
a sprained ankle. I am writing this with my  
left hand. The doctor says I will be as good  
as ever in a few weeks. With much love,  
Frederic.

P. S. The student we hazed is a Japanese.  
**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets  
All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.  
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

**The Firefly's Secret.**  
The light of the firefly is believed to have  
an efficiency of virtually 100 per cent. of the  
energy expended, whereas recent tests indi-  
cate that the light efficiency of the ordinary  
incandescent lamp is only 2.6 per cent.; the  
rest of the energy is expended in producing  
heat which is not needed. Inventors do not  
yet despair of success in imitating the firefly's  
economical method of producing an illumina-  
tion. In a recent paper Mr. F. C. Caldwell  
says that it is well within the range of  
possibility that we may see the transmission  
of light-producing energy entirely done away  
with, and a return made to some form of  
portable lamp, consuming an exceedingly  
small amount of material, and producing a  
"cold," or firefly-like light.

**Sold Out.**  
One of Nantucket's summer visitors strolled  
into the little shop kept by an old man, a  
native of the place.

In looking about she found a kind of linen  
cloth which she bought for fancy work.  
Some friends who saw and liked it went to  
the shop and purchased all that remained.

In a few days the proprietor went to the  
"mainland" to replenish his stock, and  
bought more of the same goods, which, also,  
was soon sold.

"Well!" exclaimed Uncle Hi as the last  
yard went, "if any more of your folks want  
that stuff you can go up ter mainland an' git  
it. I can't keep nothing in this here shop!"  
—Francis B. Phipps, in October's Lippin-  
cott's.

During their war with Russia the Japan-  
ese took pictures of the Russian prisoners  
and their surroundings in Japan and with  
the aid of kites scattered them among the  
Russian soldiers in camp, in order to show  
the contrast between their hardships and the  
comforts enjoyed by the prisoners.

**A Japanese Officer's Exploit.**

Lastly, I must recount the exploit of a  
very young officer, in fact a cadet not yet  
commissioned, who, however, was gazetted  
on his return as a reward for his services.  
He was ordered to reconnoitre the Russian  
position around Mukden, to ascertain how  
far the railway from Mukden in the direction  
of Fushun had been extended, and generally  
to observe what was going on. Taking one  
non-commissioned officer and two men, he  
started on January 4, following the route  
later taken by the two larger patrols. Cross-  
ing the Hun and Liau rivers, he rode up to  
the right bank of the latter, avoiding Hsin-  
min-ting, and on January 15 reached the  
latitude of Tieling, though still a long way  
west of the railway. The little party now  
wheeled east, and, despite the fact that the  
country positively swarmed with horse, foot,  
artillery, and Russian followers of all sorts,  
rode due east into the lion's mouth. At  
this time a man was sent back to report, for  
there did not seem much prospect that the  
patrol would ever get home again. The  
young officer took it for granted that he  
could not return alive unless successful in his  
mission.

Travelling by night and lying up by day,  
his little party had done a great deal of re-  
connoitring from various points of vantage  
en route. The patrol hoped to cross the  
railway near Tieling, but that proved too  
difficult. Working south, however, they  
managed to skip across about twelve miles  
north of Mukden, in the early morning of  
January 16. They reached a point five  
miles north of Fushun on the night of the  
17th, spent twenty four hours in observation  
of the neighborhood, and then made back by  
the way they had come, eventually reaching  
brigade headquarters just in time to join in  
the operations around Mukden.

In dangerous country, each of these expe-  
ditions travelled mostly at night. Needless  
to say, narrow escapes and exciting moments  
were the continual experience. That all of  
them were brought to a successful conclusion  
argues nerve and resource in no common  
degree on the part of the Japanese cavalry.  
Other parties penetrated through the Russian  
lines, one as far as Kharbin, and the ex-  
ploits I have described were by no means  
isolated cases. Doubtless some patrols did  
not prove so effective, but enough has been  
recounted to make the military reader  
speculate upon what might have been done,  
had the Japanese cavalry borne a reasonable  
numerical ratio to their opponents.—[London  
Times Correspondence.

**A License To Marry.**

An excellent story is told by Kate Doug-  
las Wiggin, the popular writer. A negro  
servant wishing to get married, asked his  
master to buy him a license in the neighbor-  
ing town. The master, being in haste, did  
not ask the name of the happy women, but  
as he drove along he reflected on the many  
tender attentions that he seen John lavish  
upon Euphemia Wilson, the cook, and con-  
cluding that there could be no mistake, had  
the license made out in her name.

"There's your license to marry Euphemia,"  
he said to the servant that night. "You're  
as good as married already, and you owe me  
only two dollars."

The darkey's face fell.  
"But, Mass' Tom, Fuphemia Wilson ain't  
de lady I'se gwine to marry. Dat wan't  
nothin' mo'n a little flirtation. Georgiana  
Thompson, de la'dress, is de one I'se  
gwine to marry."

"Oh, well, John," said the master, amused  
and irritated at the same time, "there's no  
great harm done. I'll get you another  
license tomorrow, but it will cost you two  
dollars more, of course."

The next morning the darkey came out to  
the carriage as it was starting for town, and,  
leaning confidentially over the wheel, said  
"Mass' Tom, you needn't git me no udder  
license; I'll use de one I'se got. I'se been  
t'inkin' it over in de night, an', to tell you  
de troof, Mass' Tom, de conclusion o' my  
judgment is dat dar ain't two dollars' worth  
o' difference between dem two ladies."



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A Safe Soap for a TENDER Skin  
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Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.  
MONTREAL.  
There is no other just as good.

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HAVE you ever tried to blend colors to match the  
shade of the red rose?  
Pretty difficult, yet an expert can do it easily.  
Why? Because he can tell by looking at the rose  
what colors are required to produce that tint or shade.  
He can make that precise color every day in the week.  
Just as the artist in colors blends the tints of the red  
rose, so my artists in tea blend the "rich fruity flavor" of  
Red Rose Tea.  
With expert knowledge and intuitive skill he selects  
the particular picking of rich, strong Indian tea and the  
precise grade of fragrant, delicate Ceylon, and by skilful  
blending produces the peerless flavor of Red Rose Tea—a  
tea which for delicacy and strength is matched by no brand  
of Ceylon alone.

**Red Rose**  
**Tea** is good Tea  
T. H. Estabrooks  
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There never has been a plow yet manufactured that has given  
the farmer the satisfaction that the Fleury has. Farmers who  
have bought other makes of plows have discarded them and re-  
placed them with the Fleury. One of the greatest points about  
the Fleury is the lightness of the draught. A ten hundred pound  
team can haul a Fleury Plow more easily than a twelve hundred  
pound team can haul any other plow.  
These plows can be bought direct from our store at Wood-  
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