

St. Peter at the Gate.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate
With a solemn mein and air sedate;
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman, ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win—
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall, and lank and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.
The man was short, and thick and stout;
His stomach was built so it rounded out
His face was pleasant and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choir in the distance their echoes woke;
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"Oh thou who guardest the gate!" said she;
We two came thither beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt;
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out,
I've been to meeting three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise to speak.

"I've told the sinner about the day
When they'd repent their evil way;
I've told my neighbors—I've told them all—
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall.
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan for their whole career.

"I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong,
So, good St. Peter, you will clearly see,
The gate of Heaven is open to me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way;
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults
He's got;
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn,
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
While I with the chosen united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I in my purity sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But O St. Peter! I love him so;
To the pleasures of heaven please let me go.
I've done enough—a saint I've been—
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter who's dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray;
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing or fooling, or bribing you,
So that their relations can amble through
And, say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be;
You ought to stand right by the opening
there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.

"And, say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are
triumphed;
They're cut too wide and outward toss,
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going our crown to win,
So, open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,
But 'spite of his office he had to laugh;
Then said with a fiery gleam in his eye:
Who's tending this gateway—you or I?
And then he rose in his statue tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell:
"Escort this lady around to Hell."

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone.
A lifelong settled idea he had,
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down below,
That certainly he would have to go—
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went;
St. Peter, standing on duty there
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years," (with a weary sigh)
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down,
He raised his hand and scratched his crown;
Then, seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly half to himself he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked, smoke's not good;
He smoked and swore—I should think he
would!

Thirty years with that tongue so sharp!
Ho, Angel Gabriel, give him a harp!
A jewelled harp with a golden string!
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!

"Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion up near the throne!
Call up some angels to play their best;
Let him enjoy the music and rest!
See that on finest ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the Hell he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do,
To roast him on earth and in future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings;
A glittering robe and a pair of wings;
And he said as he entered the Realm of Day:
"Well this beats cucumbers anyway!"
And so the Scripture has come to pass,
That "the last shall be first, and the first
shall be last."—Heard and Home.

A Dubious Comfort.

(American Advertiser.)

There would appear to be very doubtful
comfort in the subjoined candid statement
that appears in the "Agony" column of a
London daily:

"Notice.—If B—, who is supposed to be
in C—, will communicate with his friends
at home he will hear of something to his ad-
vantage. His wife is dead."

Some Fast Railway Runs.

The New York Sun says that England
comes first, France second, and the United
States third in the matter of speed in regular
passenger railway service.

The fastest regular long distance run with-
out stop in the world is on the Great West-
ern, from London to Bristol, 118½ miles in
120 minutes, or practically sixty miles an
hour. In order to drop passengers at Bath a
car is dropped from the train without stop, a
time saving device in operation on a number
of European roads, though still unknown
here.

The longest run without stop made in any
country is London to Liverpool on the Lon-
don and North-Western, 201 miles, made at
the rate of fifty our miles an hour. The next
longest is on the Midland, from London to
Leeds, 196 miles, at the rate of fifty-two
miles an hour.

The train coming nearest to these long
runs without stop is the Empire State Ex-
press, on the New York Central, from New
York to Albany, 143 miles, at the rate of
53 64-100 miles an hour; and the time of the
same train to Buffalo, 440 miles in 500
minutes, is just a trifle faster than that of
the Midland express from London to Glasgow,
447 miles, in 510 minutes. Each makes four
regular stops. The North-Western runs a
train from London to Glasgow, 401½ miles,
in eight hours, making only two stops.

The Great Northern runs a train from
London to Lancaster, 156 miles, without
stop, in 169 minutes, at the rate of 55½ miles
an hour, and the Great Central train runs
over England's new road from London to
Sheffield, 165 miles, in 170 minutes, better
than 58 miles an hour, stopping a car at Lei-
cester without stop.

These fast and long runs are common to
all the trunk lines in England, while in the
United States the fast runs are all confined
to two roads, the New York Central and the
Pennsylvania. Compared to many English
fast runs the time between New York and
Washington and Boston is slow. The dis-
tance to the two cities from New York is
about the same, and in both cases the fastest
trains make it in five hours (or a little over,
now, to Boston), or at the rate of 46 miles
an hour, three stops being made in each case.

For runs of nearly 1,000 miles no country
can show trains to compare with the New
York and Chicago trains on the New York
Central, the best trains making the 980 miles
in 1.080 minutes, or at 54 miles an hour.
While this is not quite so fast as the time
made by the fast trains from Paris to Lyons
and Marseilles, the distance is twice as great
as across France.

Coming to short runs and special summer
trains, undoubtedly the fastest are from
Camden to Atlantic City. Here some very
fast time has been made over an ideal coun-
try for fast time; by both the Reading and
the Pennsylvania. The Reading has set the
pace, and the Pennsylvania followed. The
best Reading time is 56½ miles in 50 minutes,
or 66 miles an hour, while the best Penn-
sylvania time is 59 miles at the rate of 64 miles
an hour.

These constitute all the fast regular trains
in the United States. The fastest run in
New England outside the Boston-New York
run, is from Boston to Portland at the rate
of 44 miles an hour, and the showing is still
poorer in the West and South. Chicago, in
many respects the greatest railroad center in
the world, has no fast trains outside the New
York Central and the Pennsylvania trains
referred to.

Don't Dye the Old Way.

The same package of **DY-O-LA** can
be used for silk, wool, cotton, mixed
materials, etc.

It's a new and better dye.
Absolutely fast colours—rich and beau-
tiful.

"DY-O-LA dyes more and better than
any other dye I have ever used," writes
Mrs. J. Webb, Mill River, P. E. I.

No poisons or acids in DY-O-LA. Use
with common salt—and common sense.
Easy as washing. Same directions
apply to every colour. (Be careful about
discharging the old colour).

At the druggist's Insist on getting
DY-O-LA.

One package instead of three. Price,
10c.

Historic Furniture.

When he returned to Washington recently
Ambassador von Sternburg brought a com-
plete suit of drawing room furniture that had
adorned the rooms occupied by Napoleon in
Leipsic. These treasures were bequeathed
to the ambassador by a relative whose grand-
father had owned the place where the Corsi-
can elected to abide. The furniture is
ancient Flemish, and in the tapestry are
woven mythological designs. The frames
bear a gold design. A desk at which Napol-
eon wrote vigorous messages is part of the
legacy.

Primordial Inquiry.

Elsie—What's that, Daddy?
Father—A cow.
Elsie—Why?

A Great Love.

It takes great love to stir a human heart
To live beyond the others and apart,
A love that is not shallow, is not small,
Is not for one or two, but for them all.
Love that can wound love for its higher need,
Love that can leave love, though the heart may
bleed;

Love that can lose love, family, and friend;
Yet steadfastly live, loving to the end.
A love that asks no answer, that can live
Moved by one burning, deathless force to give
Love, strength, and courage—courage, strength,
and love,
The heroes of all time are built thereof.
Sel.
—Charlotte Stetson.

He Knew His Lesson

Frederick of Prussia had a great mania for
enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal
Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his
recruiting officers for getting them. One
day the recruiting sergeant chanced to spy
a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high.
He accosted him in English and proposed that
he should enlist. The idea of a military life
and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that
he at once consented.

"But unless you can speak German the
king will not give you so much."
"Oh, be jabbers," said the Irishman; "sure
it's I don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "and these you
can learn in a short time. The king knows
every man in the Guards. As soon as he
sees you he will ride up and ask you how old
you are; you will say 'twenty-seven'; next,
how long you have been in the service; you
must reply 'three week'; finally, if you are
provided with clothes and rations, you an-
swer, 'both.'"

Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers,
but never dreamed of learning the questions.

In three weeks he appeared before the king
in review. His Majesty rode up to him.
Paddy stepped forward and "present arms!"

"How old are you?" said the king.
"Three weeks," said the Irishman.
"How long have you been in the service?"
asked His Majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Am I or you a fool?" roared the king.
"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly
taken to the guard house, but pardoned by
the king after he understood the facts of the
case.—Judge's Magazine.

China's Empress.

That wonderful woman, the Dowager Em-
press of China, has been compared to Eliza-
beth of England and Catherine of Russia.
Her force of character has enabled her to
maintain her authority in all the turmoil and
intrigue and rebellion which has beset China
in recent years. She has absorbing vanity,
in which she is like Queen Elizabeth, and a
German artist, who has lately painted her
portrait, has been describing his experiences.
The painter made a portrait as true to life as
could be, but this was entirely unsatisfactory
to the royal patron. She is over seventy
years of age, but she wanted a painting of a
woman in the bloom of youth. The painter
had to depict her as a woman of 25. The
vanity, which appears like weakness, has
been seen in many of the most powerful
women, and has much to do in shaping their
lives. Some of the cruellest things these
women have done are traceable to it. Sur-
rounded by courtiers and sycophants, they
are fed on flattery until they cannot live
without it. They deceive no one, not even
themselves, but they never give up the battle
against old age. The Dowager Empress of
China has many imitators in all stations of
life, from palace to poorhouse.

The Ultimate Fact.

Rev. Phillips Brooks said, in an address
on "The Duty of the Christian Business Man"
the following: "The little child digs his well
in the seashore sand, and the great Atlantic
miles deep, miles wide, is stirred all through
and through to fill it for him. Shall it not
be the truth, upon which we let our minds
especially dwell, and which we keep in our
souls all the time I am speaking, and you are
listening, that, however. He may be hidden
from our sight, God is the ultimate fact and
the final purpose and power of the universe,
and that everything that man tried to do for
his fellow-man is but the expression of that
love of God which is everywhere struggling
to utter itself in blessing, to give itself away
to the soul of every one whom H cares."

Produced the Cook.

"Wal! this is fine pie; the kind that
mother used to make!" gleefully exclaimed
the tall American standing at the lunch
counter, as he ordered his third portion,
when the train stopped fifteen minutes for
refreshments at a little station in the far
west.

After he had disposed of the third slice,
the customer turned to the waiter and said:
"Say, that was the best pie I've eaten since
I left home. I uster say I'd never get mar-
ried. But, by thunder! anyone that can
make pie like that can be my wife. Bring
out the cook, and I'll marry her."

The waiter disappeared into the kitchen,
returning a minute later leading a pig-tail
Chinaman with a bland smile upon his face.

"Here's the cook," said the waiter, with a
chuckle.

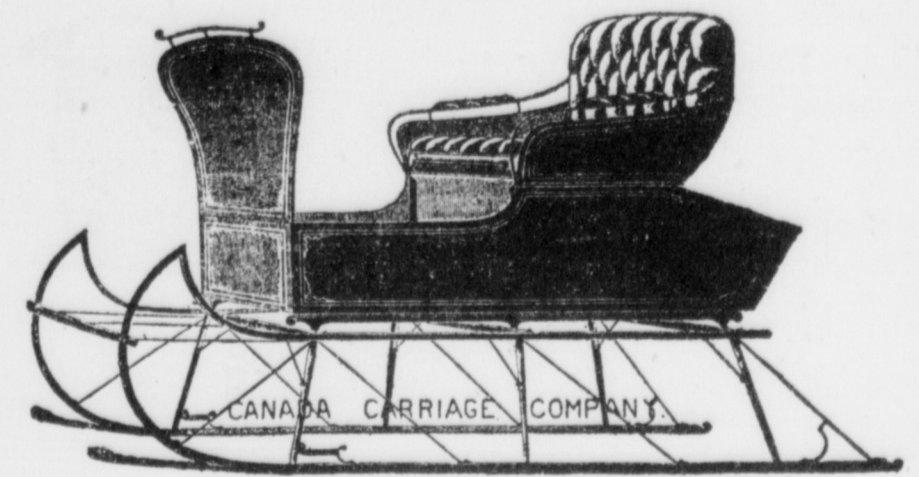
Amid a roar of laughter from the other
passengers the would-be bridegroom rushed
back to the train.

When Bishop Phillips Brooks was in Eng-
land he was 'commanded' as the phrase goes,
to preach before the Queen. Some one asked
him if he was not afraid?

"No," he replied, smiling, 'I have preached
before my mother.'

A FEW SLEIGHS STILL LEFT.

At Woodstock, Florenceville and
Andover, we have a few very fine
Sleighs on hand still.



We want to sell them and will make a price that WILL sell them. They
are beauties and the first comers will get a BARGAIN. Don't delay.

BALMAIN BROS.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Feb 14, 06.

Women Coated War Vessels.

The Japanese Federation of Women's
Clubs met at Nagasaki and coaled the Siberia,
writes Ed. Howe to The Atchison Globe from
Japan. The coaling was done by 1,200 Jap-
anese, mostly women, and the performance
was the most interesting I had ever seen in
Japan. The women receive 15 cents an hour
and the children 8 cents. It takes about
nine hours to coal a big steamer. Many of
the women who assisted in coaling the Sib-
beria carried babies on their backs. As the
coal boats were unloaded the women "washed
up," as coal miners do. I saw one young
girl perfectly naked from the waist up.
Wherever you go in Japan you see sights
that cause you to look the other way, par-
ticularly if you are women. After the coaling
was finished a good many of the women la-
borers produced pipes, and smoked while
waiting to return to shore.

Vendors of hair lotions and others mus-
tache producers in the Punjab should be
coming in for a busy time. The lieutenant
general of the northern command says that
he has "noticed that, contrary to regulations
many officers are in the habit of shaving the
upper lip." He has requested divisional and
brigade commanders to take measure to have
this practice stopped."

Canadian Pacific Railway

Effective October 8th, 1905.

(Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise
stated.)

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION.)

6.45 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jet.
M St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton,
St. John and points East; Vancoboro, Bangor,
Portland and Boston; Pullman Parlor Car Mc-
Adam Junction to Boston; Palace Sleeper, Mc-
Adam Junction to Halifax; Dining Car, McAdam
to Truro.
9.50 A MIXED—For Aroostook Junction, and
M intermediate points.
11.51 A EXPRESS—For all points North;
M Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle,
Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc.
4.30 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gib-
son Branch.
5.20 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen,
M Fredericton, St. John and East; Vancoboro,
Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; and Sher-
brooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest
and on Pacific Coast.

ARRIVALS.

11.51 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East;
St. Stephen, Boston, Montreal and West.
12.31 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via
Gibson Branch.
5.20 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou,
Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston,
Plaster Rock and all points North.
6.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Aroostook Junction
and intermediate points.
12.10 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fredericton, St.
John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton,
Vancoboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John.
E. E. USSHER, G. P. A., Montreal.

ALL GOOD THINGS*

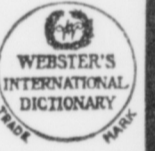
must win upon their
merits. The International
Dictionary has won a
greater distinction upon
its merits and is in more
general use than any other
work of its kind in the
English language.

A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D., of Oxford
University, England, has recently said
of it: It is indeed a marvelous work; it is
difficult to conceive of a dictionary more
exhaustive and complete. Everything is
in it—not only what we might expect to
find in such a work, but also what few of
us would ever have thought of looking
for.

A supplement to the new edition has
brought it fully up to date. I have been
looking through the latter with a feeling
of astonishment at its completeness, and
the amount of labor that has been put
into it.

FREE—"A Test in Pronunciation," in-
structive and entertaining
for the whole family. Also
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G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
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NOTICE

The annual meeting of the shareholders of
"THE TOBIQUE MANUFACTURING COM-
PANY, LIMITED," will be held at the office of
the Secretary in the Town of Woodstock on Wed-
nesday, the fourteenth day of March, next at the
hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, for the
election of Directors of the Company, and for the
transaction of such other business as may come
before the meeting.
Dated the twenty fourth day of February, A. D.,
1906.

Feb. 28—31. A. B. CONNELL, Secretary.

HOUSES FOR SALE.

A great chance to earn a home, either
on Main St., Broadway, Chaple St. or
Connell St. My terms are easy, drop in
and see me, J. W. ASTLE, Gen. Ins. and
Real Estate Agt., Queen St. Woodstock,
N. B.



The Smile That Won't Come Off

Is always worn by the thrifty housewife who uses one of our Re-
Acting Washing Machines. They save labor and Clothes. If
you have not got one buy now. Sold by

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,
WOODSTOCK AND CENTREVILLE.