

Escape at Bedtime.

(Robert Louis Stevenson.)

The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars,
And high overhead and all moving about
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves
on a tree
Nor of people in church or the park.
As the crowds of the stars that looked down
upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.
The Dog and the plow and the Hunter and all,
And the star of the sailors, and Mars.
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me
with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

Compounding a Felony.

BY COLIN S. COLLINS.

"I don't see why your father objects to me," cried Dick Rand. "I'm sure he cannot object to my character, my business position or my social standing, and he admits that he liked me until I asked his permission to marry you."

"He still likes you," explained Rhoda earnestly. "It's simply that he does not want me to get married, Dick. You see, he wants me home with him."

"That's just what I want," said Dick viciously. "I've some rights in this matter. Of course, I don't blame him for wanting you, too, but you can't be expected to become an old maid just because your father wants you to remain single."

"I should not marry without his consent," she said softly.

"You'll marry, and with his full consent, if I have to waylay him with a gun some dark night and cry 'Your daughter or your life' at him," declared Dick with a chuckle.

Rhoda did not share his mirth. Horace Hartsell, her father, was a stubborn man, not easily moved from a decision. When she was seventeen he had declared that Rhoda was far too young to marry, and to that declaration he had clung, though Rhoda was now twenty-two.

More than one aspiring suitor had been warned off by the gruff old man, whose tenderness exhibited itself only in an engrossing affection for his daughter.

Long before an interest had really developed into love, other eligible young men had been scared off; but with Richard Rand these tactics were unavailing. He loved Rhoda, and he was as determined to win her as was her father that she should not be won.

Mr. Hartsell had exhausted all of his customary expedients long since, and for the first time a young man had been able to gain Rhoda's love and her consent to marriage.

Hartsell had taken a grim satisfaction in refusing his sanction. He knew that Rhoda would never marry without his permission, and Dick had just come from the library, still smarting under the injustice of his dismissal.

Rand did not linger long with Rhoda. He was afraid that he might be led into some injudicious speech, and presently he left the house and made his way down town. He dropped into the Frivolity, the vaudeville theatre. Ben Graham, the manager, was an old chum and Dick frequently dropped in to carry him off to supper after the performance.

Tonight he found Graham busy at a typewriter. "Just a minute," called the manager, as he looked up from his work. "I'm writing the home office. Go inside and look at the pictures."

"I'm tired of pictures," declared Dick, but he stepped through the door leading to the auditorium and leaned against the rail at the rear of the seats, watching the motion pictures.

He became so engrossed that he did not realize Graham's approach until the lights went up and the audience began to stream up the aisles. Graham waited for the house to be closed and then led the way across the street to their favorite haunt.

Dick's gloominess had disappeared and for an hour or more he sat at the table laughing and joking in a manner far from suggestive of a lover who has just been told that he must not wed the girl of his heart.

Horace Hartsell was far more worried than was Rand. When business took him to New York he sent Rhoda to visit relatives until his return and then hurried home because a friend wrote him that Dick had left town.

But Rhoda was safe at her aunt's and Dick did not return for ten days. When he did come, he was more jaunty than ever, and there was something positively gleeful in his manner when he dropped into Horace Hartsell's law office the day following his arrival.

He found the lawyer just about to leave for him, and together they descended to the street in the tiny elevator.

"Come over to the Frivolity," pleaded Dick as they reached the sidewalk. "There is something I want you to see."

"No, thanks," was the brusque reply. "I don't like those specialty shows. It's a waste of time."

"This is something very special," insisted Dick.

"Nothing to interest me," declared Mr. Hartsell. "I have some papers to read over for Blatchford. I promised to give him an opinion in the morning."

"You won't come?" demanded Dick.

"Certainly not," was the irritated response.

"On your own head be it," said Dick solemnly as he turned away. Something in the tone alarmed the elder man. He turned his steps to follow Dick and presently they entered the deserted lobby together.

Graham was apparently waiting for them, for at their approach he led the way into the empty auditorium. In response to his shouts a white curtain was dropped on the stage and from the balcony above came the whirling noise of the projecting machine.

On the screen, in flickering letters of light, appeared a legend announcing that the dives of New York would be shown. In a moment this gave way to an interior that fairly represented one of the drinking resorts known all over the country by name and reputation, or lack of it.

Seated at the tables were gay parties, and the lawyer gasped as at the nearest table he perceived a figure so like his own that it might have been his twin.

"Been having a mighty good time in New York," chuckled Dick, as he turned to Mr. Hartsell. "I thought you'd like to see this film before Graham puts it on next week. Wait for the rest."

"Is there more?" was the reply, accompanied by a gasp of horror.

"Lots," said Dick tersely. "You must have been making a night of it."

In succession, half a dozen other pictures were shown, in most of which Mr. Hartsell's double appeared. As the last picture flickered and vanished from the screen, the lawyer turned to the manager.

"If you run these pictures, I'll have you prosecuted," he cried. Graham smiled, but it was Dick who spoke.

"That would be a splendid advertisement," he reminded. "Just the way to invite attention to your good time."

"It was not my good time," protested Hartsell, with emphasis.

"How many people do you suppose would believe that statement?" said Dick, as his smile broadened. "Your very emphasis would lend color to the belief that it was you."

"What can I do?" asked Hartsell hopelessly, as the truth of the remark impressed itself upon him.

"You might buy them," suggested Dick. "I own the only negative and the only positive made."

"Name your price," spluttered the lawyer. "It's nothing short of blackmail, but I suppose it is better to submit."

"I'm glad to see that you take a sensible view of the matter," said Dick. "I don't mind admitting that I posed for the pictures myself. I'm rather good at amateur acting and I studied for a week. They will cost your consent to Rhoda's marriage."

"I shall use that explanation when you show the pictures," said Mr. Hartsell as he turned away. "You have overreached yourself and have provided me with a defense."

"If you do I shall say that I am merely doing it to shield my father-in-law to be," said Dick. "Then everyone will believe that I am nobly taking the blame for your indiscretions. You know they will."

Unfortunately for his peace of mind, Mr. Hartsell did know that Dick's explanation would find credence, but he was not yet willing to give in. Dick forced an issue.

"Take another look at them," he urged. "They might help convince you that even at the price, they are cheap. That one in the opium den, for instance, where you choke over the smoke from your pipe."

Howard Hartsell raised his hand.

"Come home to dinner and fix it up with Rhoda," he said weakly. "It's compounding a felony, but—"

Dick smiled as he took from the operator the two tin cases containing the films.

"It beats the gun method," he whispered to himself.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Safe Medicine for Children.

In buying a cough medicine for children, never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is always sure to follow. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, and whooping cough, and there is no better medicine in the world for these diseases. It is not only a certain cure for croup, but, when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Whooping cough is not dangerous when this remedy is given as directed. It contains no opium or other harmful drugs, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by all dealers.

Predicts end of World in 1908.

J. Spangler, the forecaster and horoscope, sees the events in the world for 1908 darkly. Mr. Spangler claims credit for predicting

the Baltimore fire, the San Francisco earthquake and the McKinley assassination.

The following is his latest bulletin: The End of the World. This world will come to an end in winter, in the end of the month of December, on a Sunday, in the year 1908. Heaven and earth will pass away. Nineteen hundred and eight will be a year of trouble such as was never known before. Nation shall rise against nation. Kingdom shall rise against kingdom. There shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes.

Rivers will dry up.
The fish of the sea will die.
The sea will boil up with a great noise.
The cities of the nations will fall.
Mountains will not be found.
Islands will pass away.
The city of Boston will sink.
New York will go up in smoke.
People will flee to the mountains.
The land will dry up to get ready for fire.
The crops will fail and prosperity will be cut off.

The banks will keep on failing. This cannot be stopped.

Roosevelt will get rid of his money.

The treasury will go dry.

People will carry their money in their pockets and hide it in their houses.

Families will steal it from one another. This is the gold that is piled up for the last days. This gold will rust in your pockets. It will give you more trouble than good.

Labor organizations will come under one head and rule the land.

There will be great wrath among the people. Hatred, killing one another, hanging themselves, and children will rise against their parents, two against three and three against two, mother-in-law against daughter-in-law.

All plagues that are written in the Bible will be brought forth. The land will be full of ice, frogs, crickets and locusts. Whosoever will be stung of these locusts will die.

There shall be signs in the sun, in the moon and the stars.

In the end of time the sun will be black and the land will be in darkness. The moon will be as blood, the stars will fall, and the heavens will be shaken. The coming summer and fall the elect, the Saints, will be gathered together. "For unto Jesus shall the gathering be." The bride is getting ready to meet Jesus, the Bridegroom, and he will be changed in the twinkling of an eye and meet the Lord in the air.

Not Always Upright.

A certain judge, while passing through the scene of the recent Irish riots, had a large stone thrown at his head, but as he happened to be in a stooping position at the time, it passed over him. "You see," said he, addressing his friends afterwards, "how fortunate it is that upon occasions I am not an upright judge!"

WILL KISSING BE PROHIBITED

The Osculatory Process Denounced by Scientists as Extremely Dangerous—How the Danger Can be Removed.

A keen discussion is being carried on by some of the best scientists as to the danger and "crime" of kissing, led by Dr. Somers, Health Officer of Atlantic City, and Dr. Nalpas, of the Medical Faculty of Paris. They charge the kiss with spreading grippe, scarlet fever, measles, mumps, whooping cough, typhoid fever, diphtheria, erysipelas, meningitis, tuberculosis, and many infectious skin diseases. They suggest legislation on the subject, and the posting of notices in railway stations, street cars and other public places, but they say it would be useless to post them on verandahs, in cosy corners, porches, shady nooks, or moonlit lawns. They also propose compulsory legislation for methods of disinfection of the mouth and purifying the breath, especially with a view to the protection of the innocent babies who are particularly subject to infection. The greatest and most effective purifier and germ destroyer known to medical science for the mouth, throat and breath, as well as for the blood, stomach and lungs, is Psychine, that triumph of the medical world that is attracting almost universal attention because of the wonderful results attending its use. One of its recent triumphs is told as a matter of experience in the following brief statement: Dr. Slocum Co.

I am sending you photo and testimonial here-with for your great remedy PSYCHINE. Your remedies did wonders for me. I was about 25 or 30 years of age when I took PSYCHINE. The doctors had given me up as an incurable consumptive. My lungs and every organ of the body were terribly diseased and wasted. Friends and neighbors thought I'd never get better. But PSYCHINE saved me. My lungs have never bothered me since, and Psychine is a permanent cure.

MRS. LIZZIE GARSIDE,

519 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Psychine, pronounced Si-keen, is admitted to be the most wonderful of all disease and germ-destroying agencies. For building up the run-down system and curing all forms of stomach troubles and diseases of the chest, throat and lungs or head, it is simply unapproachable. It is a reliable home treatment. For sale at all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

BOVRIL creates appetite

BOVRIL added to any dish gives it the delightful odor of roasting beef.

Makes your mouth water—puts your appetite on edge.

Its rich, beefy flavor, starts the gastric juices flowing, helping the digestive organs extract more nutrition from the food you eat.

BOVRIL is not a mere extract. It contains in concentrated form all the essence, substance and flavor of prime beef.

When tired out, try a little BOVRIL in a cup of boiling water, with a soda biscuit. 'Twill refresh and strengthen you.

All good cooks keep BOVRIL always on hand. There's not a day passes that it cannot help make some dish more palatable—more nourishing.

All good grocers sell BOVRIL.



Moir's Chocolates

A Young Lady's Sweet Tooth

will take a decided liking to Moir's chocolates.

The Chocolate coating is marvellously smooth, and so fine that no grain is discernible. It is richer, more delicious, more acceptable to the refined palate than ordinary chocolate coating.

So many exquisite flavors in each box that it will keep one guessing to think of what the center of the next chocolate will contain.

Surprise your lady friend this evening with a box of Moir's.

MOIR'S, Limited
Halifax, N.S.

A New Year's Ideal.

"To be good and to do good; to forget self and to remember others; to face forward and to look upward; to plant roses and to break the thorns; to smooth another's path and to reflect the light of heaven upon it; to see stars through every cloud and to keep a smile behind every tear; to push the ideal farther on and to press life towards it; to make your own friends and to keep them; to be as pure as the sun's ray and to see God; to illustrate fidelity and to be the soul of sincerity; to know thyself and to welcome the light; to be sweet in disposition and to be holy in purpose; to make character the good of life and heaven its destiny; to love the good and to hate the evil; to sweeten the cup with a drop of penitence and to feel the joy of forgiveness; to know the Christ and to help others to know him. This is life."—Courtland Myers.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$3.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

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Call on

P. R. SEMPLE

—FOR A—

WINNIPEG

HEATER

THE GREAT WOOD SAVER

East Florenceville,

NOTICE.
MAYOR

AND

Town Councillors.

For the Town of Woodstock will be held on

MONDAY

the 20th Day of January next

At the following places:

POLLING PLACES FOR DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A to L, both inclusive, who reside in District Number One, comprising Kings and Queens Wards, shall vote at or near the Council Chamber in the Town Hall (up stairs.)

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter from M to Z, both inclusive, who reside in said District Number One, shall vote at or near the office of the Town Marshal in the Town Hall (down stairs.)

POLLING PLACES FOR DISTRICT NUMBER TWO.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A to L, both inclusive, residing in District Number Two, which comprises Wellington Ward, shall vote at or near the Brunswick Hotel.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from M to Z, both inclusive, residing in said District Number two, shall vote at or near William Karnes.

NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES, FOR MAYOR AND COUNCILLORS.

Nominations of candidates for Mayor and Councillors shall be filed with the Town Clerk at the Council Chamber in the said Town of Woodstock between the hours of ten of the clock in the forenoon and the hour of twelve of the clock noon, of THURSDAY the SIXTEENTH day of JANUARY next. Blank nomination papers can be had on application at the office of the Town Clerk.

Dated this nineteenth day of December, A. D., 1907.

J. C. HARTLEY,
Town Clerk

THE BEST
PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

Connell Street, Woodstock

Englishman (on Atlantic liner)—Well, old chap, we'll soon be engaged with those blasted Yankee custom inspectors.

American—You bet! And remember, old man, that the United States expects every man to pay his duty!—Puck.