

THE LOVING LEAVES.

Brown is the hill where the maples grow—
So brown, so calm, so cold and so dry.
But the loving leaves creep snug and close,
And warm the feet of my dear old hill.

And they don't forget the violet's small,
Shivering and cold in the damp and wet;
They cover them up in blankets brown,
Whispering, "Darlings, we love you yet."

Down in the hollow amid the ferns,
Their billowy wraps they wreath and roll;
And they spread a carpet rich and warm,
To keep the snow from the mouse's hole.

And the lady-slipper—so shy and weak—
They wrap a mantle about her throat;
And the maiden-hair—they cover her deep,
And furnish the moss with an overcoat.
—The Kean.

AN ELECTION IN 1842.

Graphic Description of That Which Took Place at Belleville.

The members of the Women's Canadian Historical Association are performing a laudable work in presenting in pamphlet form, the transactions of the society. The fourth of these little books has just been issued. It contains among other things very interesting papers, one on "Some Elections and the Battle of Hastings," by Mrs. Agnes Chamberlain. The author gives a graphic description of an election in Belleville in 1842.

"The whole town," says Mrs. Chamberlain, "was in a state of fermentation. People hitherto life-long friends cut each other on the street. Doctors were written to by many of their oldest patients to send in their bills. I know in one case two children questioned the butcher and baker, when they called for orders, as to whom they voted for, and when they answered, 'The Reform candidate,' these youthful partisans told them not to come to that house again, as they did not deal with rebels."

The election commenced on Monday morning, and went on without unusual incident for some hours. It was then noticed that as one party had voted they tried to prevent the other party from getting to the hustings, and that nearly all carried canes or sticks of some kind. The returning officer hearing threats, ordered that every man who came up to vote must first give up his stick. This they seemed to do willingly enough. The sticks were piled at the back of the hustings.

The following day this went on till nearly the close of the poll, when a man who had been obliged to give up his stick saw another with a pistol. Upon accusing him of having it, the man ran to one of the booths, and leaning over the counter, dropped it behind a barrel. In one moment the crowd were upon him and down went the booth. The man fell, and his head, in a very short time, was like a red nightcap. Sticks and "handy billies" (a stone or piece of lead in the top of a stocking), were flying about the heads of the crowd. The man would have been killed (he was an Orangeman) if it had not been for the arrival of an unexpected rescuer.

A shout of "Hold there!" and the Catholic priest leaped into the midst of the melee, a good stout shillalah in his hand. Placing a foot on each side of the wounded man, he twisted his stick in a manner that suggested Donnybrook Fair, and called to his own people "to touch the man if they dare." When they became a little calmer he had the man carried into his own kitchen (which adjoined the church), and had his wound dressed. We were told, later on, that he had nine men brought in and cared for. In the meantime when the row began, every man who had been obliged to give up his stick made a rush to the hustings to regain it, the result being that the hastily-constructed building came down like a house built of cards.

The riot ended only when a company of British regulars arrived, and the Riot Act was read. The officers in command were Captain Crutchley, afterwards a general, and Watkin Wynne, afterwards Sir Watkin Wynne, who was killed in the Crimea while attempting to give a drink of water to a wounded Russian.

Intelligence in Plants.

Mr. Grant Allen, in a book of his charming studies entitled, "Flash-lights on Nature," says: "People who have never had occasion to observe plants closely often fall into the error of regarding them as practically dead—dead, that is to say, in the sense of never doing or contriving anything active. They know, of course, that herbs or trees grow and increase, that they flower and fruit, that they put forth green leaves in the spring, and lose them in the autumn. But they picture this as taking place without the knowledge or co-operation of the plant itself—they think of it as done 'for' the tree or shrub rather than 'by' it. Those, however, who have kept a close watch upon living green things in their native condition have generally learned by slow degrees to take quite a different view of plant, morals and plant economy. They begin to find out in the course of their observations that the life of a herb is pretty much as the life of an animal in almost everything save one small particular. The plant, as a rule, is rooted to a single spot; the animal, as a rule, is free and locomotive.

Again, everybody who has studied plants in a broad spirit is well aware that each act of the plant's is just as truly purposive, as full of practical import, as any act of an animal's."

Those who pray most for each other will generally do most for each other.

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And other good brands of brand new up-to-date, well tailored Suits, for stout men, slim men, young men, youths', boys, and for little gents. Every size male can be fitted here. Our stock of good brands of

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No trouble to show our new goods. Investigate our prices and quality.
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WHY THE JUROR HELD OUT.

The Secret That Was Imparted to an English Chief Justice.

The most remarkable case of a jury "standing out" against what seemed irrefutable testimony, and all through the resolution of one man, occurred before Chief Justice Dyer many years ago. He presided at a murder trial in which everything went against the prisoner, who on his part could only say that on his going to work in the morning he had found the murdered man dying and tried to help him, whereby he had become covered with blood, but when the man presently died he had come away and said nothing about it because he was known to have had a quarrel with the deceased and feared he might get into trouble. The hay-fork with which the man had been murdered had the prisoner's name on it. In other respects his guilt appeared to be clearly established, and the chief justice was convinced of it, but the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

This was Chief Justice Dyer's case, and he put some very searching questions to the high sheriff. The cause of the acquittal, said the official, was undoubtedly the foreman, a farmer of excellent character, esteemed by all his neighbors and very unlikely to be obstinate or vexatious. "Then," said the judge, "I must see this foreman, for an explanation of the matter I will have." The foreman came, and after extracting from his Lordship a promise of secrecy proved at once that the prisoner had been rightly acquitted. "For," he said, "it was I myself who killed the man."

It had been no murder, for the other had attacked him with the hay-fork, and—as he showed—severely injured him, but in the struggle to get possession of the weapon he had the misfortune to give the man a fatal wound. He had no fears as to his being found guilty of murder; but, the assizes being just over, his farm and affairs would have been ruined by a confession, through lying in jail so long, so he suffered matters to take their course. He was horrified to find one of his own servants accused of the murder. He supported his wife and children while in jail, managed to be placed on the jury and elected foreman. He added that if he had failed in this he would certainly have confessed to his own share in the business, and the judge believed him.

Every year for fifteen years the judge made inquiries as to the foreman's existence, and at last hap-

ping to survive him, he considered himself free to tell the story.—London News.

Their Only Trouble.

James Abbott MacNeill Whistler was a man who lived to see the full development of the myth about himself. His name is linked with endless good stories, many of them, of course, apocryphal, but nearly all worth the telling. Here is one of them:

When the artist was requested to paint a portrait of Carlyle for one of the leading cities in Scotland a deputation of citizens called to confer with him with regard to the work. They first asked him how much he wanted for it. "A thousand guineas," he replied promptly. "That's a brave price, Mr. Whistler," said the spokesman, with great earnestness, "a brave price for a modern picture. For the colors in your modern pictures don't keep the colors like your ancient pictures, mon. The colors in your modern pictures fade—they fade, mon, they fade." Whistler looked at the group for a moment, then he shook his head sadly and replied: "No, my dear sir, you are mistaken; the colors in the modern pictures don't fade, and therein lies their damnation."

London Chronicle's New Editor.

Robert Donald, the new editor of The London Daily Chronicle, is another of the Scotsmen who have made their mark in Fleet street. Born forty-two years ago, he early entered journalism, and gradually worked his way south, halting at Edinburgh—where he was a reporter on the same paper as Mr. William Archer, the dramatic critic—and at Northampton. Apart from his extensive London experience, he has also done journalistic work in Paris and New York. He will be no stranger in The Daily Chronicle office, as some years ago he acted as news editor of that journal. Mr. Donald is tall, with flowing black hair and luxuriant moustache, and is a tireless worker. Probably he knows more of the Municipal Government of London than any man not a councillor, as a glance at "The London Manual," of which he is editor, will amply bear out.

Native White Stock.

The mortality in the colored population of the United States is nearly double that of the white population. Native white stock has the advantage of foreign white stock at most ages above infancy.

Nell—Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack, of the hockey team. Belle—What does it say? Nell—It says: Nose broken. How do you prefer it set.—Greek or Roman.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It is an antiseptic and unequalled as a quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by all druggists.

Could scarcely get up or down without help.

Had a severe pain in the small of the back.

Was treated in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, but not cured.

Kidney trouble was the trouble.

Doan's
Kidney Pills

Cured Mr. George Graves, Pitts Ferry, Ont., of a very bad case of kidney trouble.

He tells about the cure in the following words: "I cannot recommend Doan's Kidney Pills too highly. I never took anything that did me so much good. I had a severe pain in the small of my back and could scarcely get up or down without help. I could hardly urinate, but when I did the pain was terrible. I was in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, last winter and when I came out I was some better but not cured. It was then I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. Since taking them I have been completely cured and have not had any trouble with my kidneys since."

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Including Old Mines Sydney and other high grades.

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Legislative Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next session of the General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick for an Act to incorporate The Citizens' Telephone Company, with power to erect, maintain and operate a general telephone system in the Counties of Charlotte, York, Carleton and Saint John.
Jan. 20—dtwks

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Appetite

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