

TO DOROTHY.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That wait for small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad;
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas thou ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me the most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And toddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youth are rovers, I assure thee, miss),
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, my playmate of my closing day,
The late treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay,
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

THE SEPARATION DEED.

"It is unusual, I believe," he said, "before dissolving partnership, to take accounts. Let us see what we each brought into the firm."

"You begin," she answered.
"I brought fair ability, energy, ambition, a decent position, means of comfortable life, and an unblemished name; everyone said I wasn't a bad sort, and, more than all, I brought deep, true, passionate love."

Said the woman, "I brought beauty"—her statement was splendidly true—"youth, physical purity—to which you do not lay claim." He bowed. "Perhaps little else, for it was generous of you to marry the daughter of an undischarged bankrupt."

"What have we got out of our marriage?" continued the husband. "Let me speak. Of course the honeymoon was a failure; poets and novelists—he spoke bitterly—"tell wicked, ridiculous lies about honeymoons; they never are wholly happy—unless, perhaps, when it's the wife's second honeymoon. After that, three months' exquisite contentment, ending in a year of gradually increasing misery."

"Of course, the honeymoon was a failure," she answered. "The next three months were happy, the following four not bad, the subsequent three indifferent, and the year was intolerable. You got more out of the business than I, for you put more in. Alas! I had not the beautiful mad love as capital, and yet—"

"And yet," interrupted the man, misunderstanding, "you have wasted that capital, and the beautiful mad love has gone; and I who once would have died for you, more than that would have lived disgracefully for you—I do not believe in the 'loved I not honor more'—am content to dissolve partnership, willing that we should part as friends."

"Content? Willing?" she asked. "Tell me, what you regret most?"

"I regret my bankruptcy," he said. "I thought a splendid, inexhaustible fund of love. I look back to moments of happiness beyond description, and now I am insolvent in love. After all, I believe," he continued, with a pleasant, manly smile, "I believe it is 'better to have love and lost,' even if it be the love and not the sweetheart that one has lost. Do you regret nothing? What clings in your mind?"

She shook her head.
"Come, you should tell me? There, on the table near you, is the deed of dissolution, the separation deed—it hasn't even been engrossed on parchment, but is printed on paper; at the end are two seals. We execute the dissolution deed by putting your fingers on the seals; the partnership was executed with our lips. In a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hawkins, the lawyer, will be here to witness the execution. Tell me?"

She shook her head again—her splendid head, regular in feature, delightful in complexion, crowned with gorgeous auburn hair, illumined by deep, large, violet eyes.

"You regret nothing?"
"With a sigh she answered, 'I regret that you have cast your pearls before me. I regret that I have misprized and lost your love, that I gave you little in return. I regret that my very inability to return your love truly has irritated me by making me feel your debtor; that feeling of irritation has helped to make you miserable and me miserable too.'"

"I did not use the word regret quite in that sense," he answered.

"I mean, is there nothing that you look back to of happiness that yet lives in your memory?"

She put down the fan that had fluttered in her tented hands, and, with half a smile, half a frown, answered, "There was one thing, one regret, that I regret."

He rose, and walked up and down the room, the daintily furnished room, everything in which was a note in a dead love-song. "A year ago, almost to the day, certainly to tomorrow, we were at Etaples, you recollect."

"It was for economy I went, because it was ridiculously cheap and very pretty, and I hated Boulogne."

"I remember how we wandered about; how, alas! we quarrelled in the lovely pine woods—or to be true, I quarrelled, and you suffered—"

"My dear," he interrupted, "I was greatly to blame."

"Hush! you must not interrupt. Then, one day, we took a boat, a clumsy boat, and sailed out, despite the warnings of the fishermen. I didn't care, you didn't care what happened; we had quarrelled—or rather, I, at lunch, said harsh things."

"My dear," he interrupted, "there were

faults on both sides; they rendered life intolerable and love impossible, but—"

"Hush! We rowed out; you had the sculls and I steered; at least I lay in the stern and splashed the waves with my hands—the hands you used to kiss so often."

She paused, and looked at the hands—firm, plump and white, and decked with lovely rings of curious workmanship. He, too, looked at them and sighed. She sighed.

"But out we went. Then the skies became dark, the water darkened too, and grew rough, and you tried to turn; we were far, far away from shore; you must have been looking at me instead of the land, or you would have seen that we were floating fast in a current. With an effort, you brought the boat round and pulled for safety. Oh you looked splendid. Your thin jersey showed the lines of your strong, supple face, flushed and firm, fascinating me."

The man smiled, half scornfully.
"You pulled hard, and I don't think I was frightened. I didn't care what happened. Then the rotten oar cracked, and you bound it round with our handkerchiefs; but it still was weak, so you tore off a long strip of my petticoat to bind it with, and we drifted drifted out. When at last you tried again, it snapped and the blade fell into the sea. You put your arm round my waist, and said, 'Don't be afraid, dear wife!' I knew we were drifting out to open sea, storm and death and was aware that you knew it. 'Don't be afraid, little wife' you said, and suddenly put your arm round my neck."

"I remember."
"Yes, I know; let me go on; You brought my face to yours, and laid your lips on mine. Oh, that kiss—that kiss! It still stings on my lips. In it I felt the depth of your love; I felt that I loved you—felt that we were man and wife, and the only beings alive on land or sea. That kiss is what I regret, that kiss, the one moment of rapture in my life."

She paused.
"I remember."
"Why did that foolish steamer save us? I could have died there, happy in your arms—quite happy."

"Quite happy?"
"Yes, quite. To think that we quarrelled within a week—at least, I did—and things went worse than ever afterwards! What are we women made of? The old song is wrong—we are made of gall, and worm-wood and marble. To think that we are here, and that paper lies there! You've acted very handsomely, allowing me more than half your income, and letting me keep the flat."

"Do you think I could live in it after you have gone?" he answered, with a break in his voice. "There is nothing in it that does not speak of you—it's a graveyard of memories."

She looked at him over her fan and saw tears in his eyes. Then she rose and walked across the room.

"Herbert," she said, in a timid voice, after a long pause, "it is four o'clock; he'll be here in five minutes to see the deed executed."

The man bowed his head and hid his face in his hands.

She took out her handkerchief—a ridiculous bit of lace and lawn—and touched her eyes.

"Herbert, tomorrow is just a year after that day; the night train starts at 8 o'clock. If we went to Etaples, we might find—might find—that kiss again."

He jumped up, tears in his eyes and a smile on his lips. "You mean to say—" He caught her in his arms and pressed his lips long and passionately on her mouth.

"I don't think we really need go to Etaples," she said, with a smile, after a long pause, "but it will be a pleasant little—little honeymoon."

He rang the bell, told the servant to tell Mr. Hawkins that no one was at home, and she bade the girl pack her things instantly. When the girl left the room, they both took hold of the deed, and slowly, gravely tore it into two pieces.

"It is a new way," he observed, "of executing deeds of separation."—By Edward F. Spence, in Sketch.

"A Thousand Thanks."

Rev. M. E. Siple, of Whitevale, Ont., writes, July 24th, 1894:—"I had suffered indescribable torture for two years or more, that is at times, from dyspepsia. Fearful pain and load in stomach, pain between shoulders, and sensation as of being pulled right in two, in small of back. I dieted, used patent medicines, and different doctors' medicines, all to no use. Your K. D. C., third dose, completely relieved me, and four bottles, I believe have cured me. A thousand thanks, I can study, preach, and do my work now with energy and satisfaction, as of yore."

Clara Winterbloom—There is only enough to about half fill this truck. What shall I do, fill it with papers? Mrs. Winterbloom—No; let your father pack it.—Brooklyn Life.

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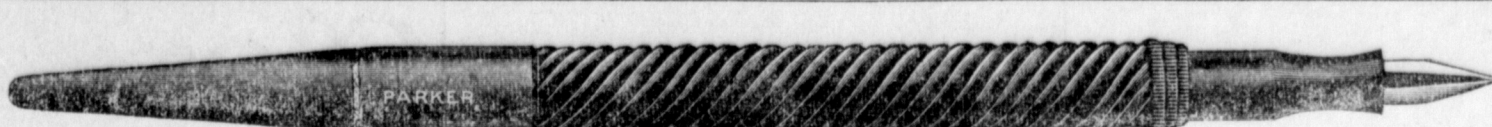
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"What's the matter with that horse?" said the animal's owner at the race track. "He's fast asleep," replied the stable boy. "Well, leave him that way. It's the only time he is ever fast."—Washington Star.

Pills Do Not Cure.

Pills do not cure Constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels. Sold by Garden Bros.

Mrs. Keene—Mason. Mr. Keene—What dear? Mrs. Keene—The next time we go to the opera buy your friend a seat alongside of us, so you won't have to run out to see him between the acts.—Boston Courier.

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Miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

Bass—But how do you know that was Benedict's wife that sat beside him in the train? Bass—Why, didn't you notice that he addressed all his conversation to the lady in the next seat?—Boston Transcript.

A Baby's Life Saved.

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. Sold by Garden Bros.

Fond Father—I hardly know what business to put my son in. I know practically nothing about his ability. Friend—Take him for a sea voyage. That will show what there is in him.—Philadelphia Record.

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of October next,**

At Five o'clock in the Afternoon, for the purchase of \$10,000 of Debentures of said town, redeemable in twenty years, in denominations to suit purchasers, with interest at the rate of 4% per annum payable semi-annually. Said debentures will be issued under the authority of the "Town of Woodstock Sewerage Act, 1886."

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
By order of Town Council,
G. W. VANWART,
JAS. CARE,
ARTHUR G. BAILEY, Finance Committee.
Woodstock, N. B., Sept. 5th, 1895.

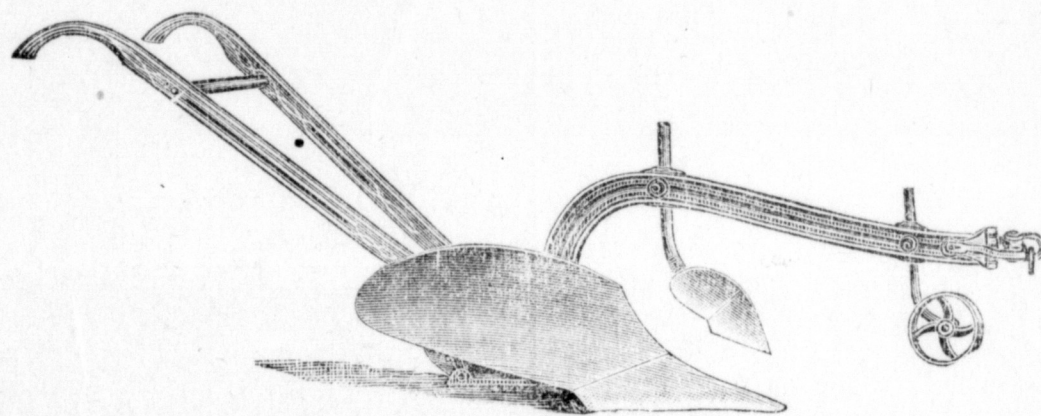
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Thanking those of our customers who obtained their Crowns, for their patronage, we wish to call their attention, as well as those who got left, to the fact that we have only 24 Little Giant Threshers for sale this season, and that if they wish to purchase, it is advisable that their orders be placed as soon as possible. The reputation our threshers have attained has placed them so far above all competitors that they have become the Standard Threshers of the Maritime Provinces, and it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe the numerous points wherein they excel. They are well known to thresh fast, save grain, and clean it in first-class shape. We guarantee them to be the most durable machines in the market, costing less than \$5.00 per year for repairs. Send at once for descriptive circular and order form to

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