

## A FRANK PROMISE.

There was a young lady named Julia,  
Who said, "My dear boy, I won't Julia;  
I'll marry you, sure,  
For my love's sweet and pure,  
I'll marry you, dear, and I'll Julia."  
—Town Topics.

THE ABSURD STORY  
OF P'TITE LOUISE.

The five brothers lived with Louise. Pontiac, and Medallion, came to know them first through having sold them, at an auction, a sale of an adjoining farm. He had been invited to their home, intimacy had grown, and afterwards, having a severe illness, he had been taken into the household and kept there until he was well again. The night of his arrival Louise, the sister, stood with a brother on either hand—Octave and Florian—and received him with a courtesy more stately than usual, an expression of the reserve and modesty of her single state. This maidenly dignity was at all times shielded by her five brothers, who treated her with a constant and reverential courtesy. There was something signally suggestive in their homage, and Medallion concluded at last that it was paid not only to the sister but to something that gave her great importance in their eyes.

He puzzled long and finally decided that Louise had a romance. There was something in the way they said "P'tite Louise," in the way they avoided all gossip regarding marriages and marriage feasting, in the way P'tite Louise's opinion was accepted instantly as final, with triumphant and satisfied nods on the part of all brothers, and with whispers of "How clever!"—"How adorable!"—"Such beauty!"

P'tite Louise affected never to hear these remarks, but looked complacently straight before her, stirring the spoon in the bread and butter. She was quite aware of the adoration in which she was held, and she gracefully accepted the fact that she was an object of interest.

Medallion had not the heart to laugh at the homage of the brothers, nor at the outlandish sister, for though she was angular and sallow and thin, and her hands were large and red, there was a something deep in her eyes, a curious quality in her carriage which commanded respect. She had ruled these brothers, had been worshipped by them for nearly half a century, and the romance had kept alive and produced a grotesque sort of truth and beauty in the admiring "P'tite Louise," an affectionate name for her greatness, like the "Little Corporal" for Napoleon. She was not little, either, but about the middle height, and her hair was well streaked with gray.

Her manner towards Medallion was not marked by any affection. She was friendly in a kind impersonal way, much as a nurse cares for a patient, and she never relaxed a sort of old-fashioned courtesy, which might have been trying in such close quarters were it not for the real simplicity of the life and the spirit and lightness of their race. One night Florian—there were Florian, Octave and Felix and Isidore and Emile—the eldest drew her aside from the others, and they walked together by the river. Florian's air suggested confidence and mystery, and soon, with a voice of hushed suggestion, he told Medallion the romance of P'tite Louise. And each of the brothers at different times during the next two weeks did the same, differing scarcely at all in details or choice of phrase or meaning, and not at all in general facts and essentials. But each, as he ended, had a different exclamation.

"Voilà! so sad, so wonderful! She keeps the ring—dear P'tite Louise!" said Florian the eldest.

"Alors! she gives him a legacy in her will!—sweet P'tite Louise!" said Octave.

"Mas! the Governor and the Cardinal admire her—P'tite Louise!" said Felix, nodding confidently at Medallion.

"Bien! you should see the linen and the petticoats!" said Isidore, the humorous one of the family. "He was great—she was an angel—P'tite Louise jol!"

"Attends! what love! what history? what passion!—the perfect P'tite Louise!" cried Emile, the youngest, the most sentimental. "Ah, Molière!" he added, as if calling on the master to rise and sing the glories of this daughter of romance. Isidore's tale was after this fashion:

"I ver' well remember the first of it, and the last of it—who can tell? He was an actor—ah, so droll, that. Tall, ver' smart, and he play in theatre at Montreal. It is in the winter. P'tite Louise visit Montreal. She walk past the theatre and as she go by she slip on the snow and fall. Out from a door with a jump come M'sieu Hadrian, and pick her up. And when he see the pretty face of P'tite Louise his eyes go all fire, and he clasp her hand to his breast.

"Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!" he say, "we must meet again!"

"She thank him and hurry away quick. Next day she is skating, and she try to do the dance of the Blue Fox upon the ice. While she do it, some one come up swift, and catch her hand, and say, 'Mademoiselle, let's do it together'—like dat. It take her breath away. It is M'sieu Hadrian. He not seem like the other men she know, but he have a sharp look, he is smooth in the face and he smile kind like a woman. P'tite Louise, she give him her hand, and they run away, and every one stop to look. It is a grand sight. He laugh and his teeth shine, and the ladies say things of him, and he tell P'tite Louise that she look ver' fine and walk like a queen. I am there that day and I see all, and I think it damn good. I say 'That P'tite Louise, she beat them all—I am only twelve years old then. When he leave he give her two seats for the theatre, and we go. By gosh, that is a grand thing—that play, and M'sieu Hadrian, he is a prince; and when he say to his minister, 'But, no, my lord, I will marry out of my state, and where my heart go, not as the state wills,' he look down at P'tite Louise, and she got all red, and some of the women look at her, and there is a whisper all around.

"Nex' day he come to the house where we stay, but the cure come also pretty soon and tell her she must go home. And so we come out home. Well, what do you think? Nex'

day M'sieu Hadrian come, too, and we have damn good time—Florian, Octave, Felix, Emile, they all go sit and say: 'Parfaite-ment! 'Ci, ci!' to him all the time. Holy, what fine stories he tell! And he talk about P'tite Louise, and his eyes get wet, and Emile say his prayers to him—by gosh, yes I think. Well, at last, what you guess? M'sieu he come and come, and at last one day he say that he leave Montreal and go to New York, where he get a good place in a big theatre; his time in Montreal is finish. So he speak to Florian and say he want to marry P'tite Louise, and he say, of course, that he is not marry and he have money. But he is a Protestant, and the cure at first ver' mad, by gosh! But at last when he give a hundred dollars to the church, the cure says yes. All happy that way for while. P'tite Louise, she get ready quick—holy, what fine things had she, and it is all to be done in a week, while the theatre in New York wait for M'sieu. And he sit there with us, and play on the fiddle, and sing songs, and act plays, and help Florian in the barn, and Octave to mend the fence, and the cure to fix the grapevines on his wall. And he show me and Emile how to play sword sticks; and he pick flowers and fetch them to P'tite Louise and show her how to make an omelette and a salad like the chief of the Louis Quinze Hotel, so he say.

By gosh, what a good time we have, but first one then another, he get a sob in his throat when he think that P'tite Louise go to leave us, and the more we try the more we are damn fools. And that P'tite Louise, she kiss every one and say to M'sieu Hadrian, 'Charles, I love you, but I cannot go.' He laugh at her and say: 'Voilà, we will take them all with us.' That night a thing happen. The cure come and he look ver' mad, and he frown, and he say to M'sieu Hadrian before us all: 'M'sieu, you are married!'

"By gosh, that P'tite Louise get pale like snow, and we all stand round her close and say to her quick: 'Courage, P'tite Louise, M'sieu Hadrian then look at the priest and said: 'No M'sieu; I was married ten years ago; my wife drink and go wrong and I get divorce; I am free like the wind.'

"You are not free," the cure say quick, 'once married, married till death. The Church cannot marry you again, and I command Louise to give you up.'

"P'tite Louise stand like stone. M'sieu turn to her. 'What shall it be, Louise?' he say. 'You will come with me?'

"Kiss me, Charles," she say, 'and tell me good-by till—I will be free.'

"He look like a madman. 'Kiss me once, Charles,' she say, 'and let me go.'

"And he come to her and kiss her on the lips once, and he say, 'Louise, come with me. I will never give you up.'

"She drew back to Florian. 'Good-by, Charles,' she say. 'I will wait as long as you will. Mother of God, how hard it is to do right!' she say, and then she turn and leave the room.

"M'sieu Hadrian, he gave a long sigh. It was my one chance, he say. 'Now the devil take it all.' Then he nod and say to the cure: 'Well thrash this out at Judgement Day, M'sieu. I'll meet you there—you and the woman that spoiled me.'

"He turned to Florian and the rest of us and shake hands, and say, 'Take care of Louise. Thank you. Good-by.' Then he start towards the door and stumble, for he look sick. 'Give me a drink,' he say, and begin to cough a little—a queer sort of rattle. Florian give him a big drink, and he toss it off. 'Thank you,' he say, and start again, and we see him walk away over the hill ver' slow, and he never come back! But every year there comes from New York a box of flowers, and every year P'tite Louise send him a 'Merci, Charles, mille fois. Dieu te garde.' It is so every year for twenty-five year."

"Where is he now?" asked Medallion. Isidore shook his head, then lifted his eyes religiously. "Waiting for Judgement Day and P'tite Louise," he answered.

"Dead!" cried Medallion. "How long?"

"Twenty years."

"But the flowers—the flowers?"

"He left word for them to be sent just the same. The daughter, the child of the other woman, send them."

Medallion took off his hat reverently as if a soul were passing out of the world, but it was only P'tite Louise going out into the garden.

"She thinks him living?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, we have no heart to tell her. And then he wish it so. And the flowers kep' coming."

"Why did he wish it so?"

Isidore mused a while. "Who can tell? Perhaps a whim. He was a great actor—ah, yes, sublime!" he said.

Medallion did not reply, but walked slowly down to where P'tite Louise was picking berries. His hat was off still.

"Let me help you, mademoiselle," he said softly. And henceforth he was as foolish as her brothers.—Gilbert Parker.

For variety and low prices in brushes and toilet articles go

H. Paxton Bairds's.

Strawberries.

Strawberry plants can be set out in the fall of the year from the young runners of this season, but they cannot be depended upon for producing a crop next spring. The advantage of making the bed in August or September is that the work can be done better than when the hurry of spring operations may retard the transplanting which should be done early.

IT SAVES LIVES EVERY DAY.

Thousands of cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds and Croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

Blackberries and Raspberries.

After the blackberry and raspberry canes have ceased bearing it will be better for the new canes if the old ones are cut out and burnt. Such work is usually done during the winter, but it may be done sooner if preferred, so as to destroy many insects that can be exterminated now easier than in winter.

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

## CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—one pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: 'I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night sleep; they cured me.'

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

DR. CHASE'S

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PURIFY  
YOUR BLOOD  
BACK-ACHE

KIDNEY-LIVER

BACK-ACHE  
CURE  
25  
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PILLS

## WOMAN'S NEED

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, unsuspected, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes pro-lapsus, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent, pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and STAY well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health. It cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence by those of delicate constitution.

One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

For purifying the Blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

THE  
GREATEST  
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known.The  
GEO. S. PARKER  
FOUNTAIN  
PEN.

Best of all FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, which will be mailed FREE. Orders filled promptly. Address L. E. ALEXANDER Box No. 6, Hartland, N. B.

## Watch the Toads.

While you are away this summer go out any evening after a rain to the nearest electric light—and these are scattered now in so many country places that it will be easy to find, even in a small town—and watch the cleverness of those apparently stupid, blinking creatures, the toads. They have learned since electric lights have been introduced, that their strong glare attracts great numbers of little insects, gnats, flies and various flying bugs. These are soon dazzled by the brilliant flame and fly recklessly into it, when they are burned and fall to the ground. In the circle of the light below, on the ground, sits Master Toad, with his mouth open, and catches his supper without having to hunt for it. The other evening, in a little park in a suburban town, 14 toads were counted, perfectly motionless save for the occasional snap of their mouths, which told of frequent trapping of the foolish flies.—New York Times.

For curative effects, one bottle Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other name.

## Long-Lived Norwegians.

Norway is a very small country, and the sayings and doings of its people, do not get into newspaper type very often, but the Norwegians nevertheless have a claim upon celebrity due to the fact that the average length of life is greater than in any other country in Europe. Recent statistics show that for males the average is forty-eight years and three months, for females it is fifty-one years and three months.

It is a valuable commentary on this that the mortality in Norway is 17 per cent. less than in the centre or west of Europe, this being due to the fact that a far smaller number of infants die there than in any other country.

What foreign country does a fat man put you in mind of? Why, Greece, of course.

K. D. C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

## Notice of Sale.

To Sydney Hagerman, Judson Hagerman, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the first day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and made between Sydney Hagerman, Alice A. Hagerman, his wife, and Judson Hagerman then of the Parish of Brighton, in the county of Carleton, of the one part, and Ann Connell, executrix, and Charles P. Connell and William M. Connell, surviving executors of the last will and testament of Charles Connell, of the other part, and registered in the office of the Registry of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton in Book A, No. 3, on pages 21, 22 and 23, of said Carleton Co Records, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Town Hall, in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton on MONDAY, the TWENTY-SIXTH DAY of AUGUST NEXT, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises described as follows, that is to say, Being that certain piece or parcel of land in the Parish of Brighton aforesaid being all that part of lot number seven granted to John Hanning on the north side of the Main Becaguic stream and west of the Coldstream, beginning four rods west of the west bank of the Coldstream and running northerly and parallel with the said Coldstream along its various course until it strikes the north line of the grant of John Hanning at a point four rods west of the Coldstream aforesaid, thence North eighty six degrees and thirty minutes west or along the said north line of number seven to the north west corner of said grant to John Hanning, thence south three degrees and thirty minutes west or along the west line of number seven seventy eight chains or to the Becaguic stream, thence up stream to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and seventy four acres more or less excepting a small piece of land at the head of the mill pond being a part of number eight as surveyed by H. M. G. Gardin, being same land conveyed to said Sydney Hagerman and Judson Hagerman by Richard Maxted by Indenture of deed bearing date the 31st day of August A. D. 1882. Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances and privileges to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1895.

LEWIS P. FISHER,

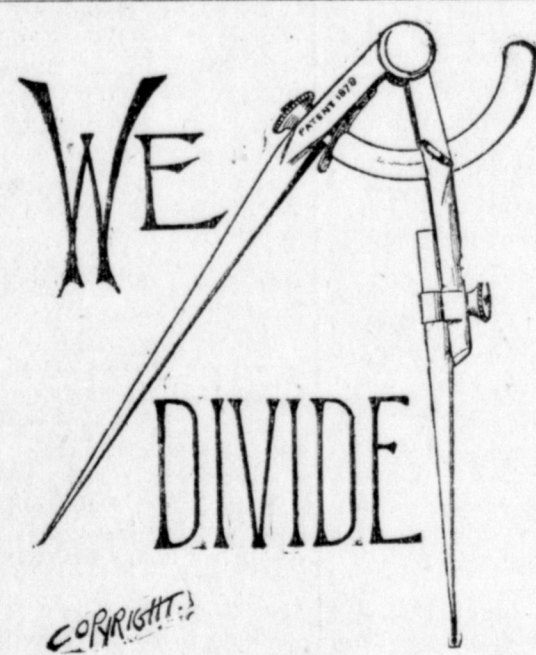
Assignee of Mortgagees.

## Bicycles Repaired

—BY—

R. WOTTRICH,

OPPOSITE WILBUR HOUSE, Woodstock, N. B.



WE DIVIDE PROFITS

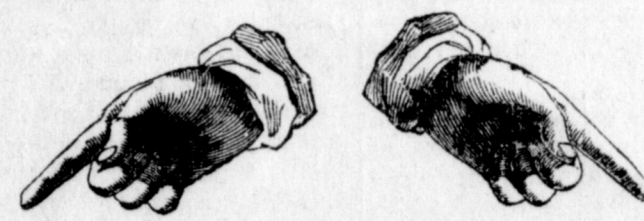
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We don't want all. Take your Share. Compass your ends with our compasses. We have the Finest Assortment of **Carpenters' Tools** ever offered for sale here. Prices on these goods have gone down 50% in the last few years.

We have a few **Refrigerators** left which we are selling at **COST. \$10** will buy a good one. Call and see them.

We have just received another lot of **Hammocks** which we are selling cheap. Come early and get one before they are gone.

W. F. Dibblee &amp; Son.



Only 24! Don't Get Left!

The way a number of people did who put off ordering a Crown Mower until the 10th July and found them all sold.

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

SMALL & FISHER CO.  
Woodstock, N. B.

A preponderance of belly usually keeps the pompous man from falling over backwards.

If you want a favor, the stranger outside the gates will grant it much sooner than a relative.

If God had intended the human stomach for whiskey he would have lined it with asbestos.

Some men are so stingy they take very long breaths to keep from wearing out their lungs.

The man who can preach a \$10,000 sermon on a \$1,000 salary is as sure of heaven as if he was already there.

When a man faces a court and pleads not guilty, nearly all the lawyers present believe that he is lying.