TO BICYCLISTS BENDING FORWARD.

Oh, youth, who bending forward, rides apace, With melancholy stamped upon your face,
Pursuing pleasure with a frenzied eye,
Yet mocked by her, however fast you fly,
Are you aware how horrible you look?
No guy invented for a picture book
Was ever a more painful sight than thou,
Lord of the bent back and the anxious brow.

Oh, sit up straight and try to wear a smile? Be less intent to pile up mile on mile, Enjoy the prospect as you glide along, The trees, the sunshine, and the robin's song. To us who view you scorching day by day, Bent on your bar in such an awkward way, You are the homliest thing on earth, my lad, Oh, sit up straight and make the landscape glad

LOVE IS CRUEL.

He walked re-tlessly up and down the corridor. Occasi nally he stopped to look out of a window, but mechanically, without seeing anything definitely. The street lamps impressed themselves on his retina only as blurs of light. The passers-by were vague shadows. He was so full of his own thoughts, all come back to you; but, I saw sometimes, of his own anxieties, that he was for the time unconscious of things external. He consulted his watch. How slowly the minutes went! Surely it must now be over! Back and forth he strode, with knit brows and clenched hands, his footsteps soundless on the deep large of the was not quite as much to you as it was to me; but men can't help that I suppose. They do not love as we do—they cannot spare—The child, of course. The child might have made up—perhaps—if I were to live; but I am dying—I feel it—and, anyhow, it was you I loved, not the child. I did not want it at all except for your solutions. he strode, with knit brows and clenched of voices from within, directions as and commands given. Then came interve of silence. Muffled noises and soft movements fell on the ear. He resumed his walk. Suddenly he started as if electrified. He had heard the feeble wail of an infant.

"Good God!" he said, "it is over!" but he dared not move nor enter the room. His heart throbbed with unaccustomed violence. Presently the door opened, and the doctor came out. He looked pale and worried.

"How is she?" asked John Marsden, moistening his dry lips as he spoke.

"It's a troublesome case," said the doctor, briefly.

"And—and the child?"
"The child is all right."

"May I see her?" "Not yet, please. I will send for you. Meantime, we shall probably want some more chloroform. Can you find a messenger at

once?" "I will go myself." The doctor scribbled a few lines in his note-book, tore out the leaf, and John Marsen, hastily snatching his hat as he passed

ough the hall, disappeared into the night.

Lean all the way to the chemist's and back. The aoctor was still in the corridor waiting for his return. Through the half-open door behind him came a low moaning.

Marsden shuddered and turned away, his face convulsed by a spasm. The doctor entered and closed the door softly. Slowly, slowly, the minutes wore on. At last the doctor reappeared and beckoned fo him. "She wants to see you."

"Oh, let me pass!" "Wait a moment. I must speak with you

first-not here." Marsden mechanically led the way to the dining-room, entered, raised the gas, then turned and faced the other man. One hand he rested on the table.

There was a moment's pause, as if the doctor did not know how to begin. A pulse beat heavily in Marsden's ears.

"She is very ill, Mr. Marsden."

"I knew that." "Be a man. I feel for you-upon my soul I do! but I fear there is very little hope. Be prepared for the worst."

"I will not agitate her."

"Here, drink this"—and the doctor poured out a glass of brandy. Marsden swallowed it and held himself more erect.

"Are you sure you feel able for it? otherwise you had better not go in."

"Of course I feel able!" said Marsden impatiently. "Let us lose no more time."
They entered the room above, treading

softly, Nuala Marsden lay on her bed, pretty as a picture. Her eyes were bright with fever; a vivid spot of color burned on each cheek. Her dark curly hair framed her piteous small face. By the fire the nurse was occupied with the baby. At the foot of the bed, stood the family doctor, watching the patient. As Marsden entered he looked up and advanced a step, as if in warning. "Is it safe?" he said in a low voice to his

colleague. The famous specialist pursed his lips and shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing matters much now," he replied softly. "She may as well have her wish."

"Will you go, please?" said the patient distinctly. "I want to speak to my husband John Marsden stepped quickly to his wife's side and fell on his knees. She smiled, and tried to raise her limp white hand that lay outside the clothes. He took it timidly, as if afraid of hurting her, and covered it with kisses. A sob rose in his throat and choked

him. Nuala though feverish was quite conscious. Her mind was in that excited state that borders on delirium without touching it. She felt inclined to chatter on and on, saying all that occurred to her, as if that would relieve the pressure of surging thoughts. Unnatural activity of the brain, clearness of vision, a vivid comprehension of all she saw and felt, senses quickened almost to pain characterized her condition. The agony was over. She was dying without much suffering. To horrible strain and rending pangs that shook life on its throne, peace of body had succeeded. She hardly knew that she had a body. It felt numb. She was all mind, all perception, all intellect, and she wanted to speak in a torrent to pour out her ideas, her specula-tions, to her husband. Only her head, it seemed to John and her eager eyes were still alive. To this last stronghold vitality had

retreated. "John," she said with a wan smile, "it has killed me. I felt it would. Aren't you sorry No dear!" as she saw his shoulders heave; "don't grieve. I am happy enough. At least I don't mind as much as I fancied I should.

The pain is nearly gone now, but I am so tired, so tired. I only want to rest, and sleep, and never never wake; but I can't just yet. I am thinking of so many things I went through all my life as I lie here—before I met you and since. Every little incident that met you and since. Every little incident that I had forgotten years ago. Fancy! I remembered Dicky, my grief over Dicky—I told you about Dicky, my pet canary that died—poor, pretty Dicky!—and poor me! I am so young to die, John—don't you think it is a pity? Oh, it is a pity! I am so sorry for myself, but in a queer, vague way—I can't quite explain—as if it were someone else. It seems so hard to be punished just because we had a little joy—to be punished like this. we had a little joy—to be punished like this.
Why did you let me? You knew—Greater love than this no woman hath, that she love than this no woman hath, that she love than the shape of a paper knife. glad it's not you, though—I should hate you placed by a servant before this intelligent to die - I should hate you to suffer; and yet -you love me. Don't you love me, John?"
"Before God, I do!"

"But not as you used. Not quite as you used. Oh, yes, tonight you do; but that is because I am so ill. You are sorry—it has it was not quite as much to you as it was to makes me say things whether I will or not. You know I never cared much to marry not as other girls seem to. Though I didn't realize it, it always frightened me a little; and, if I flirted just for fun, I did not wish it to go deep. And then you came, and you were different from anyone else, and you compelled me somehow—dominated me somehow—and you wanted it, and then I wanted it too. To me it was like a dream—a beautiful dream. But you had loved before, and I had not-and you knew-how it would end. I suppose it must be like that. You see--I cannot out it well-a woman gives a man love; a man gives a woman experience. But for me love was a bigger thing than for you, and—oh, John, dear, do not think me un-kind!—I do not really mean it; it is only because I am so ill-and queer-and the thoughts come-and something makes me say them. I kept wondering, lying here, if you were worth it—worth dying for, and all that—a love that lasts so short a time, you And the lines about the moon came into my head, and I said them over and overyou remember—that it looks on many brooks, but the brook sees but one moon; and it seems somehow as if to men all women were -and-and 'taking' but a woman like me sees in the world only one man, and so it isn't fair on us, is it, if we can't change too. And then, if we meet the man he has the joy -oh! and we have the joy too; but--we have the suffering—and—and—of course, not everyone is worth it. We pay dear, dear—

SHILOH'S CURE, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains 25 drops only 25c. Children love it. Sold by all druggists.

Her voice trailed away.—Sketch.

An Election Affray.

Columbus, Ohio, August 22.—A curbstone discussion of the coinage question here led to a shooting, which may result fatally. Joseph Rath, a retired manufacturer, and advocate of free coinage, engaged In a warm argument with Horace Weyman, an Englishman. They "You will not agitate her? Any excitment Weyman came back he fired three shots at him one striking to the shots at splintering the bone. As Weyman is an old man the injury is a serious one. Weyman is a cousin of the English novelist, Stanley Weyman.

> The client complained that his lawyer said 'You can talk freely with me," and then sent him a bill.

Woman Man and

In the County has more than a passing interest in this Ad. It will save you

Ask your neighbor about the BOY'S SUIT purchased of us during the month of July. We intend continuing this

During August,

Adding the whole stock of Men's Wear, embracing:

3-Button Cut Away Dress Suits,

4-Button Sacks \$10, your choice for \$8, 4-Button Sacks \$8, your choice for \$6.50,

And so on right through the lot. Shirts, Hosiery, Neckwear, Hats, Caps, Etc. Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Etc.

If you have not bought your

it will pay you to inspect our stock of cloths during this month, as

SWEEPING DISCOUNTS Will be allowed for Cash.

R. B. JONES,

A Useful Elephant.

A few years ago, when Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India, the Rajah of Holkar paid should give her life—What am I saying? This he brought as a present to the Viceroy. Love and Death. Oh! this puzzles me. I'm A table bearing some illustrated papers was beast, who immediately seized them with his trunk, cut them most deftly with his tusks, and then handed them to the Viceroy .-- St. Louis Mirror.

> Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and if neglected, baldness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best pre-

> The home-made shirt is hardly a work of art, but it is often "hung on the line."



An Agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by Mail. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per package. Samples free. KO NO The Favorite ICOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

HUGHES & THOMPSON, PLUMBERS

For sale by Garden Bros.

We carry all kinds of

Bath Tubs and Closets.

Copper Boilers, Basins, Marble Slabs, Sinks,

sizes, Pumps of all kinds, Hydraulic Rams. All work promptly attended to.

QUEEN STREET,

Next door to Press Office, Woodstock, N. B.

Men's Long Boots,

- Heavy Boots,
- Light Boots,
- Heav Shoes,
- Slippers.

Button Boots.

Laced Boots.

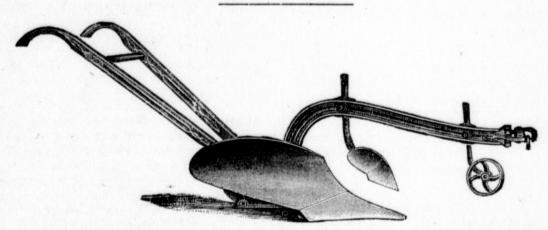
Children's Boots & Shoes

All Sizes, Qualities and Styles of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

BAILEY BROS. JAMES HAYDEN, Woodstock

The Most Powerful Heater Made

Free from Smoke. Economical in Fuel.



SYRACUSE STEEL PLOW!

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

We sold 120 of these Plows last season, and they are promuch alike—so long just as they were pretty Lead and Iron Pipe of all kinds and of all nounced the BEST PLOW ever used in the county

We have on hand and are manufacturing a full line of

hilled Plows.

Including our Celebrated No. 1.

Connell Bros.,

Woodstock, N. B. Main Street,

WANTED.

Birch, Ash, Pine, **Butternut** and Spruce Planks and Boards.

I will pay cash,

Grass Seed, Clover Seed. Summer Prints, Groceries of All Kinds. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

A quantity of Apple Trees for sale Cheap.

W. R. WRIGHT, UPPER WOODSTOCK.

Duck in a Thunder Shower

Isn't one half as astonished, dismayed, and startled as are our customers who endeavor to size up our.....

Boots & Shoes.

They can't understand for a moment how we can sell such elegant appearing, dressy-looking shoes for so little money. The prices do not begin to cover their worth, but they are yours at low figures this season.

I will sell at COST till 15th September.

J. FRED. DICKINSON.