

THE CYCLER'S ENEMY.

The Devil looked up from his books one night,
(Oh-ho, oh-ho, for the burning coal!)
And he cursed the cinders blue and white,
(Oh-ho, oh-ho, for the burning coal!)
"Down with heft of my hoof and heel,"
Quoth he, "on the stealthy steeds of steel,
Which carry the whole of the world awheel!"
(Oh-ho, for the Devil's dole!)

"I dreamed," quoth he, "when the tilt began,
(Oh-ho, oh-ho, for the saintly sneer?)
To mesh a woman for every man;
(Oh-ho, oh-ho, for the damsel's dear!)"
For I thought when the churches gaped apace
With riders a-spin in reel and grace,
My Hell would grow to a populous place!
(Oh-ho, oh-ho, for the Devil's tear!)

"But, fool that I was! Their souls so lean,
(Oh-ho, oh-ho, for the outer age!)
Have fattened on the world of green,
(Oh-ho, oh-ho, for the life's new page!)"
Their hearts are swept with a sweeter prayer
For the smell of the meadows fresh and fair,
I forgot God live in the open air!
(Oh-ho, for the Devil's rage!)

ANTHONY HOPE'S.

CHARMING BRIDE.

The author of that most stirring and charmingly improbable romance, "The Prisoner of Zenda," is going to marry a young woman who personifies the heroine of his story.

Anthony Hope is engaged to Miss Evelyn Millard, a young and beautiful actress, who created the roll of the Princess Flavia in the dramatization of "The Prisoner of Zenda" in London.

Miss Millard was a great favorite with the public, but a greater one evidently with Anthony Hope, who had exceptional opportunities for appreciating her.

Night after night he sat at the play and watched her until the actress and the heroine of his imagination became to him identical. The Princess Flavia of his story, "the lady with the pale face and glorious hair," was surely before him in the flesh. Footlights and audience faded away, and he felt that he was in Ruritania, in the presence of his beautiful Princess, who loved so well and so truly, but who sadly placed her duty to her country above her love.

Afterward he returned to the world of reality, but with no sense of disappointment. He was able to congratulate himself on the fact that he was more fortunately situated than his friend Rudor Rassendyll. No reasons of state interposed themselves between him and the lady who fulfilled the romantic ideal. An acquaintance followed, which more than ever satisfied Mr. Hope that the Princess Flavia had come to life. Miss Millard, on her side, was not less favorably inclined toward the original creator of that heroine, and also of her own fame as an actress. So an engagement has taken place and will be followed, it is understood, very shortly by marriage.

No one who has read "The Prisoner of Zenda" can have failed to notice the extraordinary amount of feeling which Anthony Hope has put into the drawing of the Princess he set out with much earnestness to give us as fine and noble a woman as he could possibly create.

One of the charms of this bewildering book is the sudden transition from scenes of fantastic peril and mortal combat to those in which the sweet and dignified Princess appears.

Miss Millard is a very handsome young woman. She is tall and stately, has regular features and dark hair of a red shade. Her face has a serious and almost sad expression.

But if we wish to have the most artistic and sympathetic description possible of her we must turn to "The Prisoner of Zenda." We now know on authority which it would be foolish to question that what is said about the Princess Flavia is applicable to Miss Millard.

The first time that Rudolf Rassendyll saw the Princess Flavia was when he impersonated the king at his coronation in Streisau. "Two faces only stood out side by side before my eyes—the face of a girl, pale and lovely, surmounted by a crown on the glorious Elphberg hair (for in a woman it is glorious) and the face of a man whose full-blooded red cheeks, black hair, and dark eyes told me that at last I was in the presence of my brother, Black Michael."

It will be recalled that Rudolf was forced by his impersonation of the king to make love to the latter's cousin, the Princess Flavia. She had never loved the King to whom she was to be betrothed, but fell deeply in love with Rudolf as soon as she met him, although she believed him to be the King. The two men were almost identical in personal appearance, but there was a difference which a woman could feel.

When the King had been saved from the consequences of his folly, and Rudolf was about to restore him to his throne, and had made known his own identity, he said farewell to Flavia in this scene.

"She made me sit on a sofa and put her hand on my forehead."

"How hot your head is!" she said, sinking on her knees beside me. Then she laid her head against me, and I heard her murmur "My darling, how hot your head is!"

"Somehow love gives even to a dull man the knowledge of his lover's heart. I had come to humble myself and pray pardon for my presumption. But what I said now was: 'I love you with all my heart and soul!'"

"For what troubled and shamed her? Not her love for me, but the fear that I had counterfeited the lover as I had acted the King, and taken her kisses with a smothered smile."

"With all my life and heart!" said I, as she clung to me. "Always, from the first moment I saw you in the cathedral! There

has been but one woman in this world to me—and there will be no other. But God forgive me the wrong I've done you!"

"They made you do it!" she said quickly, and she added raising her head, and looking in my eyes: "It might have made no difference if I'd known it. It was always you, never the King!" and she raised herself and kissed me.

"I meant to tell you," said I. "I was going to on the night of the ball in Streisau, when Spat interrupted me. After that I couldn't—I couldn't risk losing you before—before—I must! My darling, for you I nearly left the King to die."

"I know, I know. What are we to do now, Rudolf?"

"I put my arm around her and held her up while I said:

"I am going away tonight."

"Ah, me, no!" she cried. "Not tonight!"

"I must go tonight before more people have seen me. And how would you have me stay, sweetheart, except—"

"If I could come with you!" she whispered very low.

"My God!" said I roughly; don't do that!" and I thrust her a little back from me.

"Why not? I love you. You are as good a gentleman as the King."

"Then I was false to all that I should have held by. For I caught her in my arms and prayed her, in words that I will not write, to come with me, daring all Ruritania to take her from me. And for a while she listened with wondering, dazzled eyes. But as her eyes looked on me I grew ashamed, and my voice died away in broken murmurs, and at last I was silent."

"She drew herself from me and stood against the wall, while I sat on the edge of the sofa, trembling every limb, knowing what I had done—loathing it, obstinate not to undo it. So we rested for a long time."

"I am mad!" I said sullenly.

"I love you madness, dear," she answered.

"Her face was away from me, but I caught the sparks of a tear upon her cheek. I clutched the sofa with my hand and held myself there."

"Is love the only thing?" she asked, in low, sweet tones that seemed to bring a calm even to my wrung heart. "If love were the only thing I could follow you—in rage, if need be—to the world's end; for you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! But is love the only thing?"

"I made her no answer. It gives me shame now to think that I would not help her."

"She came near me and laid her hand on my shoulder. I put my hand up and held hers."

"I know people write and talk, as if it were. Perhaps, for some. Fate lets it be. Ah, if I were one of them! But if love had been the only thing, you would have let the King die in his cell."

"I kissed her hand."

"Honor blinds a woman, too, Rudolf. My honor lies in being true to my country and my house. I don't know why God has let me love you; but I know that I must stay!"

The last words of "The Prisoner of Zenda" are: "Shall I see her face again—the pale face and the glorious hair? Of that I know nothing; Fate has no hint, my heart no presentiment. I do not know. In this world, perhaps—nay, it is likely—never. And can it be that somewhere, in a manner whereof our flesh-bound minds have no apprehension, she and I will be together again, with nothing to forbid our love? That I I know not, nor wiser heads than mine. But if it be never—if I can never hold sweet converse again with her, or look upon her face, or know from her love, why, then, this side the grave, I will live as becomes the man she loves; and for the other side I must pray a dreamless sleep."

If we may measure the happiness of Mr. Anthony Hope by the sorrow of Rudolf, it must be very great.

Mr. Natanael Mortenson, a well-known citizen of Ishpeming, Mich., and editor Superior Posten, who, for a long time, suffered from the most excruciating pains of rheumatism, was cured eight years ago by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, having never felt a twinge of it since.

The Times.

It is not the intention of The World because it party, or rather the party that it is most in accord with, happens to be out of power to cry blue ruin. When there are evidences that times are improving, when the prospects are more hopeful, it will say so, whether Liberal or Conservative is at the helm. It believes it is in the power of a government to materially aid in the development and progress of a country, but it does not believe that good or bad times are at the absolute disposal of any set of men. It rather wishes they were, for then there cannot be a doubt that times would always be good. And there are most hopeful indications now. It is impossible to believe that the Laurier government will take any decisive steps towards undoing the good that its predecessors have wrought by adopting the National Policy, and therefore, the people putting patriotism before party have resolved to make the best of the situation and to put their trust in the future. Immediately after the elections it looked as if public confidence had been entirely destroyed, but the volume of business now being done makes it apparent that hope has succeeded to temporary doubt. During July there was universal complaint of the lightness of travel and of the paucity of business at the watering places. Now everything is lovely, and all are as busy as busy can be. —Toronto World (Ind. Con).

On the morning after the interesting event the small boy of 7 was observed hunting about the garden with the bacon chopper under his arm.

"Why, what are you going to do, Freddy?" asked the new nurse.

"Goin' to cut down the gooseberry bush ma finds all zese babies under; it's gettin' chestnuts!"

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His Own Victim.

BERLIN, Aug. 12.—Herr Lilienthal, engineer, who for many years has been experimenting in the building of flying machines, met with an accident yesterday that resulted in his death. He started with one of his machines to fly from a hill top at Rhinow, near Berlin. The apparatus worked all right for a few minutes, and Lilienthal flew quite a distance, when suddenly the machine got out of order, and man and machine fell to the ground. Lilienthal was so badly hurt he died in a hospital.



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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition has been presented under "The Dominion Controverted Elections Act," against Newton Ramsay Colter, Esquire, as a candidate for election as member of the Parliament of Canada for the Electoral District of Carleton in the Province of New Brunswick.

Dated at Woodstock, N. B., the Tenth day of August, A. D., 1896.

W. D. BALLOCH, Returning Officer.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition has been presented under "The Dominion Controverted Elections Act," against the return of Frederick Harding Hale, Esquire, as member of the Parliament of Canada, Electoral District of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick.

Dated at Woodstock, N. B., the Tenth day of August, A. D., 1896.

W. D. BALLOCH, Returning Officer.

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