

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

A TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

Queerest ol' feller, I reckon,
Any one ever did see;
Never did worry a secon'
'Bout things that wuz worry ter me.

Tell him that cotton wuz fallin'
Prices jest cut with a knife,
Never would hear him a-squallin'—
He'd whistle, an' say: "Well, that's life!"

Bank might go broke with his money—
Leave him a wreck in the strife;
He'd shore find a side that wuz sunny—
He'd whistle, an' say: "Well, that's life!"

An' when, at the last, he wuz lyin'
At the end o' the toil an' the strife,
An' the preacher says: "Ol' man, you're dyin'."
He'd whistle, an' say: "Well, that's life!"

NINETTE'S SACRIFICE.

By Charlotte Laurence.

Pretty Ninette skipped daintily along the shore, her bright curls tossing with the breeze, and the gaily colored kerchief, which should have confined them, swinging in her hand.

She was happy as the birds, and her heart sung for joy, for was she not on her way to the dear artist's studio, where she spent the happiest hours of the day? Was she not helping to make the beautiful picture which he said was to bring him fame and happiness? And as she thought her steps grew slower, and the bright, beautiful past rose up before her like a wonderful panorama, each view more entrancing than the preceding one; her memory went back to that early summer's day, when he had come upon her as she sat mending her father's nets on the shore, and had asked her to sit for him each day, while he had put her picture on canvas with a genius that almost frightened the simple maiden.

Happy days! in which she had learned to love him for his gentle words, his bonny smile and a song and a story with which he had beguiled the hours in which she strove with all her soul to embody his meaning, with an earnestness that pleased while it surprised him. Ah! but it was her signor, and he had chosen her from all the girls on the shore, and the picture was hers as well as his, and she gloried in its perfection; half child, half woman, as she was, she did not understand what it was that made the sun so bright, the sea so joyous and life so altogether delightful.

Today she entered the studio with eyes shining like stars, the soft color coming and going in her cheeks, the dewy lips arched like Cupid's bow, tremulous with excitement, and it was no wonder that his artist soul revelled in her beauty.

When the day's work was over he called her to him and showed her the picture, which was approaching completion.

"We shall soon have it done, my dear, and then we will send it away to the big city, where there will be none so beautiful as my little fisher girl; only a few more days, and our work is over."

He drew her close to him and pressed a kiss on her innocent lips; which to him was but an expression of thankfulness to the child who had helped him win the fame he felt sure was within his grasp; but to her, it was the awakening of a soul, and he, cold-blooded northerner as he was, did not understand how soon womanhood with all its joys and sorrows comes to maidens under a southern sun.

She silently left the room and thoughtfully pursued her way to her home. Her few simple duties over, she crept to her bed, still with this new secret warning her heart and opening out a new vista of happiness in her life.

Mother she had none; her father, a rough uncouth fisherman, was seldom at home except to sleep off a drunken orgie; it was so strange that so lovely a flower could have sprung up from such a parent; but it was said that the mother had been of gentle birth, had married the handsome, rollicking, dare-devil, and broken her heart when she came to realize his utter worthlessness.

Some time in the night Ninette was awakened from a deep sleep by hearing voices outside the hut, and soon distinguished her father's and those of some of his cronies. As she listened she grew cold as with a sudden chill, as she heard them plan to waylay and rob some one, and she held her breath to catch the name. Ah! Heaven, could it be that she heard aright! "The picture fellow," they said, "he has plenty of money, and jewels worth taking." She must save him, who had caressed her so fondly, her dear friend, for even to herself she scarcely dared call him by any fonder name yet. She would listen to all their plans and perhaps she could warn him.

"He will be coming along the cliff road from the chateau that holds his sweetheart," said her father's voice; "they will think he fell over," he added, with a fiendish chuckle. "Hist," said another, "the girl may wake."

She could hear no more for they moved away; but the iron had entered her soul, and jealousy had made a woman of the girl of yesterday. "Over the cliff to see his sweetheart," then she could never be anything to him. Then all her passionate nature rose in

revolt; no one else should have his love, she thought; they might throw him from the cliff, she would have the remembrance of that kiss of yesterday and after he was dead she would go, too, and find her lover in the cruel waves where they had flung him, and he should be hers in death.

She covered her head in the bedclothes and shivered and wept until morning; then with the bright sun came better thoughts, and she remembered the grand picture that was to go out into the world—she must save him or it would not be finished. She would go along the cliff road at evening and warn him of his danger, so alternating between love and jealousy, she spent all the day, and when the sun sank behind the hills, she was on her way over the rocks and up onto the cliff, where she could hide herself and watch for his appearance.

It grew dark and the moon was hidden behind black clouds; a storm was coming up, still she did not stir; the thunder rolled and lightning lit up the heavens with fitful flashes. Perhaps he would not return to-night, and she prayed he might not, although it was agony to picture to herself the lady at the chateau pleading with him not to go out into the night. Hark! that was his voice surely, singing softly to himself, and in one of the flashes she saw coming from the chateau road the form of him she loved; in the swift moment she exulted that he had left his lady in spite of pleading; but the feeling was brief, for from the other direction she heard voices and realized that the evil deed planned in darkness the night before would be executed unless she could prevent it. Nearer and nearer they came until they are nearly opposite her hiding place.

Holy Mother! What can she do! There is no time to warn him, as he comes jauntily on his doom, and she sees like a flash his mangled form on the rocks below to be washed out with the cruel waves in the morning; then the picture rises before her in all its divine beauty, her brain is bursting with excitement. Unknowingly she rushes out of her concealment and the rufians seeing the form in the darkness, think their victim is in their power. In her frenzy she had gone too far; one false step, and she falls over the cliff; a lightning flash lit up the sky and there was one shriek as of a lost soul as she went over the edge. The men turn and flee for dear life, thinking in their superstitious fear that evil spirits are pursuing them. In an instant all was over, and unable to find the cause of the disturbance, the artist kept on his way home. The next morning the village rang with excitement, for the frightened men had told all, and the body of the girl was found in the surf.

The maiden had sacrificed her life for her friend, and although he never realized that his thoughtless kiss had cost her her life, he undertook the simple burial and placed a white cross at her head, and he and his beautiful wife make yearly pilgrimages to the little grave of her who gave her life for his.

THE OLD SYSTEM GONE.

Better and Easier Work Done by Diamond Dyes.

The dyeing of cotton rags for the making of carpets, mats and rugs was for a long time a tedious, difficult and unsatisfactory operation owing to the crude and old fashioned dyesuffs that home dyers were obliged to use.

Of late years all this has been changed for the advantage and benefit of every home. Science has given the world the Diamond Dyes that have brought joy and comfort to millions of housewives.

The makers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes prepare special cotton colors such as Fast pink, Fast Orange, Fast Purple, Fast Garnet, Fast Navy Blue, Fast Crimson, Fast Seal Brown, Fast Yellow, Fast Scarlet, Fast Cardinal, Fast Black and other colors that are unfading in washing, and fast in rain or sun. No other dyes in the world can give such wonderful results on cotton goods, and no others but the Diamond Dyes are fully guaranteed.

They Are Earnest and Sincere.

A Savannah correspondent of a Boston religious paper describes the method of worship among some of the colored churches in the south which are never wanting in zeal and display a pious observance of the precept that "the letter killeth." Thus, in giving out one of the noblest canticles in the hymnal, the preacher makes it read, "God moves in a mischievous way." A later line is made to read, "Judge not the Lord by feeble saints," instead of "sense," and similar lapses are frequent in the service.

On Communion Sunday at one of the churches the collection came in slowly in pennies and nickels, and after it was counted, the pastor said: "We have got to raise \$5 mo., an' I tell ye now ye won't get a mite o' sacrament till ye've raised it."

But with the improvement of education among them, a better class of preachers is coming into the colored churches, some of them of notable gifts and powers, and capable of conducting the ritual with as much precision and decorum as any of their white brethren.

Beware of Cocaine.

Thos. Heys, Analytical Chemist, Toronto, says:—"I have made an examination of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure for Cocaine and any of its compounds from samples purchased in the open market, and find none present." Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is a cure—not a drug. Price 25 cents, blower included.

THE COOL

And chilly airs of autumn are striking us, and you will be wanting a new fall dress soon. We have just received a large consignment of **Ladies' Heavy Dress Goods in Plain and Mixed Wool.** These are the Very Newest things on the market, and the prices are away down. **Fancy Braids, Boloras, and Expensive Trimmings of all kinds, including Flouncing Silks.**

TO ARRIVE:

Several cases of **Ladies' Jackets in the Newest Shades and Patterns.** These goods are made in Germany and are such as are sure to meet with the approval of every woman who likes beautiful things to wear.

These new goods will positively be sold only to cover cost.

G. W. VANWART, KING ST.

WOODSTOCK.

A Clinching Statement.

A Cure That Was Permanent.

The Medicine Used Was Paine's Celery Compound.

Day after day home and foreign cures are heralded as the result of using this or that medicine. It is safe to assert that many of the letters are bogus, and others will hardly bear the light of investigation.

The cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound, and noted in the press of the country, have all the ring of genuineness and honesty about them, and the original letter can be seen at any time by an interested public.

It has also been proven in numberless instances that the cures made by Paine's Celery Compound are permanent. Another letter has just been received, this time from Mr. P. J. Kilbride, Postmaster, Inverness, P. E. I., testifying to the permanency of his cure. His case was one of the most serious and critical ever given to the public, and his complete cure astonished his many friends and the residents of his town.

Mr. Kilbride says: "Over three years ago I gave you a testimonial for Paine's Celery Compound after it had cured me."

"To-day I am in splendid condition, and have not been sick a single day since I used the famous Paine's Celery Compound."

"I certainly owe my present health and strength to your medicine, and I am fully convinced it saved me from a condition bordering on insanity. I can now sleep and eat well, and I thank God for Paine's Celery Compound and the great change."

"I have received and answered 250 letters since my testimonial was published. These letters come from all over Canada and the United States. It has been a pleasure answering these letters from sufferers, and I trust my recommendation of Paine's Celery Compound will help suffering humanity."

Exercise For Laying Hens.

Do not forget that your fowls need exercise. It is easier to kill off a flock of good fowls than to make them work all day for their grub. To feed them is all right at any other season, but at this season they ought to be at work, unless in the case of hens sitting or raising a brood of young ones. If the fowls are to be fed, the grain should be thrown into a pen where the hens will have to scratch for it.—Dakota Field and Farm.

A HEALED HERALD.

Thinks Rheumatism is Born of the Lower Regions, but Proclaims South American Rheumatic Cure a Heaven-Sent Dealer.

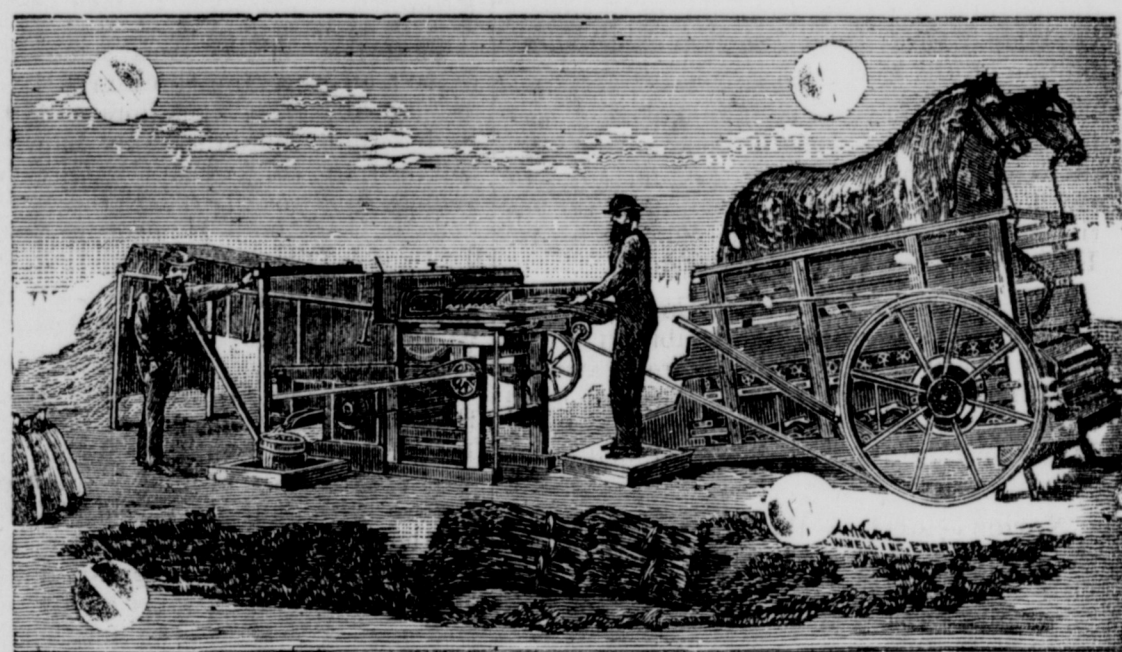
Henry Humphreys, East London, sends his unsolicited testimony: "I was seized with painful rheumatism in my left foot. I could not rest with it day or night, the pain was so intense. I tried many remedies, but they had no more effect on me than water on a duck's back. I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed the directions closely and in a very short time this wonderful remedy effected a complete cure, and there has not been the slightest hint of a return of the disease. It is a sure remedy and I delight to herald the goodness all over the land."—For Sale by Garden Bros.

Keep Your Wheel in Order.

The wheel should be overhauled and cleaned thoroughly once a day. This will prevent unhappy breaks in the road ten miles from anywhere. A good supply of cloths, water and a sponge, a brush, some oil and gasoline are all that is necessary. Tires should be brushed, wiped with a wet sponge and search made for punctures. Any cuts should be filled with rubber solution. Oil the spokes of the wheel, inspect the fastening of the chain, rub it with gasoline and lubricate it sparingly. If very precise, one can polish the plating and nickel with a chamois skin.

Richmond Fire Hall.

Toronto, 26th Feb., 1897.
Dear Sirs.—Constipation for years has been my chief ailment; it seemed to come oftener in spite of all I could do. However, some time ago I was told to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I have done, with the result of what appears now to be a perfect cure.—Truly yours, J. HARRIS.



1867.

1897.

AFTER 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE

We have completed and under construction the best lot of **THRESHERS** in the Dominion of Canada. Parties who contemplate purchasing this season had better leave us their orders as early as possible. We find the average cost of keeping twelve machines in repair (including teeth) for seven years, has been under \$3.00 each per year. With the present prices for oats, farmers' cannot afford to purchase inferior Threshers that will cost \$50 or \$60 a year to keep in repair. The best are the cheapest, and that is the kind we make.

We also keep in stock in addition to our No. A1, No. 10 and No. 6 **CAST PLOWS**, the Justly Celebrated **STEEL PLOW** No. 21, that took the medal in Chicago in 1893. This is proving itself to be "THE PLOW" for this county. Come and see it.

In connection with our already complete line of **CYL. PARLOR**, and numerous patterns of **COOK STOVES**, we are introducing a new Cook Stove, the "HONOR BRIGHT." We would like your opinion of it.

Don't forget that this is the proper time to procure a **FURNACE**. We have them in stock.

SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.

Woodstock, N. B.

PORTER & GIBSON, HIGH CLASS TAILORS

Importers of the Latest English and Scotch Novelties.

Bicycling & Sporting Costumes a Specialty.

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Fruit & Canned Goods

Bananas Always Fresh, Pears and Peaches Daily Imported, Wild Fruits in Season.

Canned Beans, Pumpkins, Peas, Strawberries, Apples, Tomatoes, Corn, Peaches, also, Fish and Meats.

All Groceries Fresh and at low prices for cash. Biscuits from the Queen Biscuit Company, of St. John, Just Received.

C. M. SHERWOOD & BRO.