

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

SEPTEMBER 8, 1897.

HER REWARD.

Frances Ekin Allison, in the Interior. A throng of women who had served the Lord Waited before heaven's gate for their reward, Each shining soul had her fair record brought, Of glorious service for the Master wrought. One gentle one, whose life was full and long, With her great pen had slain a giant wrong. With starving children this one's life was spent; To nameless outcasts, hope that presence lent. For dwarfed and stunted souls these labored well, And left love's blessings in the prison cell. For poor humanity, sin-cursed and lost, They gave their lives, and counted not the cost. Oh, they were bright and beautiful to see! Earth's fame had crowned them ere their souls were free. But one was there who, lone and trembling, stood Among this throng of women great and good, To whom the recording angel, speaking, said, "What doest thou here among the blessed dead, Bearing no record? Hast thou nothing done On earth where these their crowns of glory won?" To whom she weeping said, "Let me return To that dear earth for which I sorely yearn; The hearts that loved me all my service got; Not any service for the Lord I wrought. Life was too short for me; when Death had come I had but made on earth a happy home." "Ah! sayest thou so, thou well-beloved and blest! Daughter of heaven, go in among the rest. The hearts that loved the thou shalt have again; None may return, but thou shalt lose thy pain. For thou shalt breath in heaven thy native air, And in its glorious mansions great and fair, To thee familiar all its joys shall come; Heaven is what thou hast left, a happy home;"

"FISHING."

My line had been down for half an hour without indicating the presence of the smallest fish, and I was considering the advisability of weighing anchor and trying my luck a hundred yards or so further out, where the majority of the fishing fleet lay. I looked at my watch, and decided on remaining "five minutes longer, to give the fish a chance." Deep-sea fishing at Brodrick during the previous few weeks had been of the most cheering description, and at last I had been tempted to join the throng who wrought nightly havoc among the whiting in the bay. While the five minutes ticked away, I was watching a boat coming out in my direction. It was rowed by a man in a blazer, and in the stern sat a girl in a grey jacket, with a little cap to match. As they neared my anchorage a feeble nibble, several times repeated, caused me to draw up my line, when a two-ounce whiting, jerking its poor little life away at my feet, rewarded my patience. I heard the girl say, "Oh, Jim, look—he's caught one." Her companion glanced round, took a few more brisk strokes, and finally splashed in his anchor within ten yards of me. By the time their boat was made fast I could have touched it with my oar. I am not selfish, but I must confess that this annoyed me. It was simply poaching; and had the girl not been pretty, I should certainly have shifted my own position, that being the dignified protest under such circumstances. But before my neighbors had got comfortable settled, I had a couple of bites in rapid succession. "Two of 'em this time," thought I. . . No; both bates gone!" I rebaited and let the line out again. I was much disturbed by the conversation along side. He called her "Girlie," which I thought was foolish. Then I noticed her left hand, and her foolishness was accounted for by the unmistakable newness of a ring thereon—a plain ring of the modern heavy make. Doubtless it is better to have such things of increased strength in these days. He was sitting opposite her in the stern preparing the lines for use. "Oh Jim, here's a horrid old fish that some-one has left in the boat. Away, you nasty thing," she said, taking it gingerly by the tail and dropping it overboard. Jim's "hold on!" came a second too late. "I say, Girlie, that was a herring for bait; the man said it was even better than mussels. Why on earth did you throw it away?" She professed penitence in baby fashion, at the same time, however, expressing her conviction that no nice-minded fish would be attracted by such a lure. Jim, who was now engaged in baiting both lines, murmured that it was all right, and that it did not matter at all. "I don't know how you can touch these ugly mussel things," she cooed. "I couldn't—no, not if it were to catch a great, beautiful salmon. Do you think we might get a salmon, Jim?" "No, I'm afraid not," he laughed, struggling with the unruly tongue of a mussel. "Now, here's your line, and you can begin at once." "But what am I to do, dear?"—very nicely and humbly—"you know I have never fished before." "Oh yes, I think you have—once. You caught me, Pet." The "Pet" saved him. He let out her line for her, and, quite un-

necessarily, their heads were touching during the operation.

It was disgusting, and had I not just then secured my second fish—a smaller one than the first—I should undoubtedly have removed to another spot.

He soon had his own lines at the bottom, and, contrary to my expectation—for I thought he was in some degree a sportsman—their talk continued.

"What happens when a fish comes, Jim?"

"Why, you feel it of course."

"But what must I do? . . . Oh, dear, I'm sure there's something there now—it's so heavy. Quick, Jim do help me!"

He reached over, gave her line a gentle up and down motion, appeared to calculate deeply, and then assured her that the heaviness was solely due to the sinker.

"How silly I am!" She sighed. Am I not awfully, silly, Jim?" (I wish she had asked me.)

"Ye . . . es. I mean no. But you see, when a fish comes, you just wait a tick, and then you—Ha! here's one. No! Yes! and it's a big one."

It really was. But there was no reason for her to cry "how clever of you," and to look over at me with a distinct demand for approbation in her excited eyes.

And when the whiting went bounding about the bottom of the boat, she emitted screams of fear mingled with delight, and allowed the slack of her line to run out at its own sweet will. I had always been sure that a woman could never learn to fish—at least in water.

"I say, Girlie," said the husband, "you'd better pull in and see if your baits are all there."

She drew in the cord at a furious speed till suddenly the weight came to the surface. A tremendous spluttering took place, whereat she loosened her hold and shrieked for aid.

"I declare you've got one!" he exclaimed, when the line had been drawn up for a second time, "and a beauty, too. Yes, yes, I'll take him off for you," as she hysterically declined to lay a finger on her catch. Meanwhile, my line had never quivered. Of course, deep-sea fishing requires no skill; it is all pure luck—pure luck.

During the next half hour they totalled over a dozen; she hooked two at a time once, but the excitement manifested was quite uncalled for. They were quite busy catching—though never for an instant did they cease speaking—until the bait was exhausted. I rejoiced that now I would be left to myself. But the man, having rolled up the lines, ensconced himself beside the girl, and proceeded leisurely to fill his pipe.

"I think we have enough for breakfast," he remarked, "so we'll just sit here and enjoy ourselves."

Then he turned round to me—"I say, I hope we haven't taken away your fish, but you can have some of these if you like. It isn't much fun sitting there doing nothing is it?"

Confounded impudence! But I returned as cheerfully as I could—"Oh, no thanks; don't mind me; I had about four dozen in the early part of the evening, but I sent them ashore with another boat."

It was a flimsy falsehood, but I cannot bear charity, especially when accompanied by such an unmerited hint.

I knew they wanted to be alone. The sea was perfectly calm, the air almost sultry, and the dusk was creeping slowly over us. They were sitting close together in the stern; and apparently he had lost the use of one of his hands, for it became necessary for her to hold the box while he struck a match. Moreover, they began to converse in whispers, for which I was thankful enough, being tired to extremity of their foolish talk. At the same time I had the uncomfortable feeling that they were speaking about me. I could easily imagine the man being guilty of the grossest impertinence after his late remark.

I pulled up my line several times to examine the baits, but found them in every case to be most disappointingly intact—the fish, no doubt, having been scared by the tomfoolery of the young people. A craving for a cigar came upon me, but, on selecting one from my case, I discovered I was without matches. The aroma of my neighbor's pipe was wafted to my nostrils, but heaven forbid that I should beg matches of him. It grew darker, and two yachts in the bay swung up their lights; the few shops on shore became illuminated; the fishing boats began to creep landwards. A porpoise rose hissing close to us, and the girl of course screamed. And then—well, then he kissed her!

I wound up my line, hauled in the anchor, and got out the oars. "Good night," called the man as I moved away; and I imagined I heard the girl giggle. I had been quite mistaken in thinking her pretty. On the way I returned my two fish to their element, too late to allow of their revival, I fear.

"No luck tonight, sir," said Currie, as I stepped ashore.

"I was not fishing," I retorted. His eye was counting the baits.

"Ah, I gave them to some folks out there who had run short. Good evening."

Had I stayed longer I should only have told more lies.

I had an appointment at the hotel, which I



Strong Points ABOUT B. B. B.

- 1. Its Purity.
- 2. Its Thousands of Cures.
- 3. Its Economy. 1c. a dose.

B. B. B. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all the impurities from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore, and

CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.



hastened to keep ere walking homewards. It would be shortly after 10 o'clock when I made my way up the glen. The night would have been perfect had there not been a corn-crake in every second field. Why corn-crakes are allowed to exist has always puzzled me, and I was considering a plan for their extinction, when I heard voices that I felt I knew. Up the avenue a couple walked slowly in front of me, and as I gained upon them I observed that the man's right arm was about the girl's waist, in his left hand he held a string, at the end of which a bunch of fish trailed through the dust. They were laughing and talking, and, as I hurried past them, the man was saying, "Wasn't it a rare evening, Girlie?"—J. J. Bell, in Scots Pictorial.

THE GRIM REAPER Swoops down on young and old alike. The promising buds are nipped off almost as certainly as the fading blossom. Dr Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stayed death's hands more times than you will count. Relieves in 30 minutes. Over 40 cases of sudden deaths from heart disease were noted in the daily papers in Canada during the past ten days. It seems incredible and proves the uncertainty of life where there is a tendency to heart weakness. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a never failing remedy for heart disease. It acts like magic. Never fails to give relief in seemingly hopeless attacks in 30 minutes, and to cure permanently.

What He Expected. The captain of one of the big schooners that bring ice from the Kennebec to Washington tells a story of an Irishman he shipped. Pat wanted to get from Washington to Norfolk and had no money. His story excited the shipmaster, who finally agreed to let him work his passage, says the Post of that city.

Pat was willing, but densely ignorant of all things maritime, and had no sea duty until the vessel was sailing down Chesapeake Bay with a fair wind and plenty of searoom. The captain then told Pat to take a turn at lookout forward, and instructed him to promptly report anything he might see. It was a clear night, and soon after the lookout took his position he sang out:

"Ah, captain!"

"Well, Pat."

"There's something out here foreinst the boat."

"What is it," said the captain to test Pat's seafaring knowledge, the lights of an approaching steamer being visible.

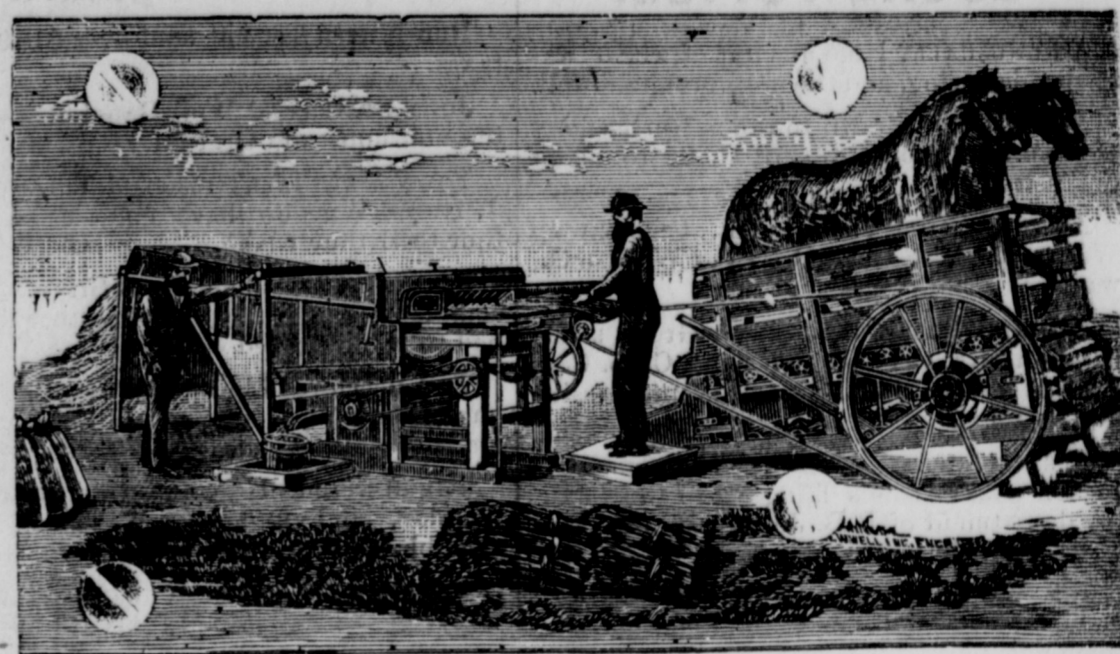
"I raly couldn't say for shure, sur," says Pat, "but I sushpect its a drug store. There's a red and a grane light."

DIZZINESS AND WEAK EYESIGHT—HOW TO CURE THEM.

Mrs. J. Dell, Chapman, Ont., says: "For two years I could never go to sleep before two or three o'clock in the morning. I suffered much from vertigo and dim eyesight. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have removed the dizziness, restored my heart to healthy action, strengthened my eyesight, and I can truly say they are a blessing to any one suffering as I did."

Treatment for the Hands. To be one's own manicure is not at all a difficult matter, and requires only practice and a certain deftness. As a matter of first importance, it is necessary that the hands should be kept soft and the skin pliant. To do this the easiest way is to rub them well in cucumber cream at night, and to wear a comfortable pair of large gloves. The hands then in the morning should be washed with almond meal of fine quality, or a bag of fine oatmeal. The nails should be polished every day to keep them bright, and ten minutes is ample time to devote to this process. All acids, except, perhaps, lemon juice, should be avoided, as they will probably do more harm than good, it being necessary to use all strong acids with the greatest care. Attractive hands are easily kept if one is systematic about it, and it must be confessed that no greater personal attraction can a lady possess than beautiful, well-kept hands. Even if they are not beautiful, if they are perfectly cared for they cannot fail to be attractive. Pointed nails are not considered as elegant as those more moderate in shape.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood; curing dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, rheumatism, scrofula, and removing all impurities of the blood, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. As an invigorator and tonic B. B. B. is an unequalled medicine.



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. 11, 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. Ltd.

Woodstock, N. B.

THE WOODSTOCK WOODWORKING COMPANY LIMITED.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

- Church Pews, Doors,
- School Desks, Windows,
- Sheathing, Mouldings,
- Shop Fronts, Flooring,

And every variety of Finish for Houses and Churches.

Window and Door Screens, INCREASED FACILITIES.

SHINGLES AND CLAPBOARDS FOR SALE.

VERY LOW

We are selling Fruit Jars very low. Why? Because we have a large stock of the following sizes: Pints, Quarts and Half Gallons.

Our stock of Groceries is complete, and we make a special effort to get the best Goods, so that we can guarantee them.

Give us a call and we will give you good value.

NOBLE & TRAFTON,

63 Main Street.

Telephone 42-2.

School Books

Are now in order. My stock is now complete. Slates, Pencils, Paper, Scribblers. Everything scholars need. Finest lines of Stationery. All the Latest and Best Novels.

New Canadian History for use in schools.

W. H. EVERETT, Woodstock.

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.