

## THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

JULY 21, 1897.

## AS WE BUILD.

The masons were building the granite wall  
Round the beautiful church on the green;  
They hammered and chiselled the stones inch by  
inch,  
And laid them with mortar between.

They made the foundations both strong and deep,  
And levelled with plummet and line;  
And carefully wrought that no flaw might appear  
To sully the perfect design.

And when the last beautiful crowning stones  
Were laid, and the work was done,  
Complete and strong and perfect stood,  
A lesson for everyone.

A lesson of daily human life:  
We build, though we may not see,  
For Time and Eternity, day by day,  
The character that shall be.

Each little word, or thought, or deed  
Is equipped by the chisel we wield;  
Each loving plan for another's good  
Is wrought in the life we build.

If honor and truth are the tendrils which hold  
The purpose when life is new;  
And Conscience and Faith on the granite have set  
Their seals of a life pure and true;

On the years, as they roll with their changes,  
Will bring  
A manhood both fearless and strong;  
The power and the will to stand fast for the right,  
And firmly to stand against wrong.

And the sure reward of a faithful life,  
The Great Master Builder will own,  
When, our tasks "well done," to us shall be given  
The victor's fadeless crown.

—Good House.

## FORGIVEN.

Dark was beginning to fall, and as I looked  
round over the long level of marsh land  
that surrounded us and saw no sign of any of  
our party I felt the first thrill of a not un-  
pleasant uneasiness. I glanced at my com-  
panion. She was walking quite contentedly  
by my side, apparently secure in the assump-  
tion that I knew my way. As a matter of  
fact, I had the gravest doubt about it and  
there seemed no possibility of making sure.  
For miles on either hand the marshes  
stretched to the low horizon. The dry tracks  
were few and ill defined and already a light  
white mist was rising over the numerous  
straight waterways. I looked at Miss Pascoe  
again and my uneasiness gave place to a kind  
of expectant pleasure. Even supposing we  
were lost, there was no actual danger, and  
the great sense of solitude that hung about  
us gave me a feeling of possession that was  
keenly delightful. Miss Pascoe, unconscious  
of any doubtful cogitations, still walked on  
as though her feet were upon a familiar road,  
and indeed, as far as I could judge, we were  
making in the right direction. To have  
stopped would have been like a confession of  
incompetence on my part, and this to an un-  
avowed lover was out of the question, at any  
rate until circumstances unquestionably had  
me at a disadvantage. So we went on, and  
the twilight deepened, and the mist trailed  
in denser wisps across the shivering reed  
beds.

Suddenly she turned to me.

"What a queer place this would be to get  
lost in," she said.

I think the possibility of such a thing had  
not occurred to her at all. She threw out the  
remark merely as a contribution to a flagging  
conversation.

"Yes," I said, "but you're not afraid, are  
you?"

"Oh, no, not at all! Of course you know the  
way, and that makes all the difference."

"Of course it does," I answered, with a  
glimmering sense of shame.

"How far are we from home now?" she  
asked, after a pause, in which the darkness  
had perceptibly increased.

"Three miles, I dare say," I said at a blind  
hazard.

"That's nothing," she said. "I thought  
we must be quite four."

"Are you sure you're not tired," I asked.  
"Wouldn't you like to rest?" But she per-  
sisted in walking on at that swinging pace of  
hers.

"Even if I wanted to rest there's nothing  
to rest on," she said.

"I'm sure I could find a fence somewhere,"  
I said.

"I don't believe you could," she said, "but  
I'm not going to let you try. I'd much rather  
get home."

We walked on silently for another five  
minutes, and then Miss Pascoe stopped and  
listened, leaning forward slightly, with her  
hair blowing about her face.

"Is that the sea?" she asked.

It was the sea, unmistakably, the slow  
roll mingled with the rustle of the wind over  
the rushes. And then it became quite ob-  
vious to me that I had woefully gone astray,  
for the sea was before us instead of almost at  
our backs.

"It must be the sea," I said, after a show  
of hard listening.

"But it shouldn't be there," she said.

"Why not?" I answered rather feebly in  
order to gain time. "It always has been  
there, I suppose."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "You know  
what I mean. We must have got on the  
wrong path. Mr. Thirlmere," she cried,  
"how could you have been so careless?"

"My dear Miss Pascoe," I said "if I have  
made a mistake, I am very sorry."

"And you said all along that you knew the

way," she pouted, trying to shoot condem-  
nation from her eyes at me in the darkness.

"You see," I said, "I got my directions  
from your brother—from Jim—and he's often  
so very inaccurate, isn't he?"

"Absurdly inaccurate," she admitted.  
"If I'd known you were relying upon Jim,  
I wouldn't have come at all."

"And then I should have missed the most  
delightful walk I ever had."

She turned away from me a little, with a  
petulant movement of the shoulders that  
pleased me mightily.

"I wish we had Jim here," she said with  
pretty fierceness.

"I don't," I said.

"Then, perhaps you'll be good enough to  
find the right path. We can't stay here."

"There don't seem to be any convenience  
for camping out," I said. "Will you stay  
here for a moment while I explore to the  
right?" I may get up to my knees in the  
marsh. You will be safer here."

"Don't be long, will you?" she said.

"Oh, no!" I said cheerfully. "I shall find  
the path in no time."

I started off, carefully exploring the ground  
before me with my stick as I went.

There was no sign of a path, and I began to  
be seriously alarmed for Miss Pascoe's com-  
fort. On consideration I came to the con-  
clusion that I had made rather an ass of  
myself. Another hundred yards and still no  
path. I paused and looked back. I could  
see a slight dark figure moving toward me  
very carefully and slowly.

"Is that you?" I said.

Miss Pascoe's voice answered: "Yes. I'd  
rather come with you, if you don't mind.  
When you left me, I felt so lonely that I was  
almost afraid."

"I am more sorry than I can tell you," I  
said, "to have got you into just an awkward  
fix. Pick your way very carefully. Ah!"  
She stepped with one foot into a patch of  
wet moss.

"Take my hand," I said. "It is quite  
firm where I am standing. Will you ever  
forgive me for this?" She took my out-  
stretched hand and I guided her to safety.  
But because the danger might be renewed at  
any moment I still retained my hold of her  
slim fingers, and we went forward together  
in that pleasant, companionable way.

"Don't talk to me about forgiveness until  
you have found the path and made restitu-  
tion," she said. My fingers tightened upon  
hers instinctively, partly because it was so  
pleasant to have them resting so unreserved-  
ly in my hand and partly because her voice  
was very low and without any hint of disap-  
approval in it.

"For myself," I said, "I cannot pretend  
to be sorry for this adventure. For your  
sake, of course, I am, but it has been so  
pleasant to have you to myself for so long  
that when we hit upon the path I shall be  
almost in despair."

"We haven't hit upon it yet," she said.  
The ground under our feet seemed quite firm  
by this time. The moon was just rising,  
swimming upward through the low lying vapor  
in a wide luminous circle of misty silver.  
Right above us a star or two blinked.

"I suppose," I said, striking a match to  
look at my watch, "that the second dinner  
bell has rung by this time. In another hour  
there will be a hue and a cry after us." I  
was sorry for this a moment later, because in  
order to strike my match I had had to relin-  
quish her hand. We had both paused and  
read the face of the watch together in the  
flickering light. Then it was blown out by a  
gust of wind, and darkness succeeded. I  
possessed myself of her hand again.

"Well," she said, "shall we go on?"

"If you like," I said.

"I suppose we ought to," she said.

"It would be rather fun to let them find  
us here, wouldn't it?" I said. "Think how  
pretty the lanterns would look, coming glint-  
ing over the marshes."

"But they might miss us," she said, turn-  
ing her face quickly toward me. I saw the  
gleam of her eyes and the oval shadows of  
her face and all at once I realized that there  
was only one thing I could do at that precise  
moment in my life. I stooped down and  
kissed her.

"Forgive me for that as well, if you can,"  
I said. "It means that I love you. I sup-  
pose now I have trespassed beyond all hope?"

For a moment she was quite still, and I  
cursed myself for such blind precipitation, but  
the circumstances and the time and place  
had all forced me to this inevitable result.

"You think," she said, after this pause,  
"that you may as well pile up all your  
offences at once and be forgiven or condemn-  
ed on all counts at one time?"

"Precisely," I said. "I am entirely in  
your hands."

"I will forgive you," she said very sweet-  
ly, "when you have found the path."

"It's a bargain, then," I said. I took a  
step forward and brought my foot sharply  
against something white that stood a few  
inches above the ground.

"Why," I cried, bending to examine it,  
"this must be the broken post that Jim told  
me to look out for. What a close observer  
your brother is! This is the path that leads  
straight for home."

## Purgatorial Pills.

The druggist would hardly  
smile if you asked for "purga-  
torial pills." There are many  
of them. But he would prob-  
ably recommend a pill that did  
not gripe; a sugar-coated pill,  
gentle in action, and sure in  
effect. What are they called?

..Ayer's Cathartic Pills..

"You knew it all the time," she said re-  
proachfully.

"No," I said. "I assure you that I had  
no idea of it. We shall be in just as the  
rescue party is preparing to set out." I  
turned to her and held out my hands. "I  
claim your forgiveness," I said.

And she forgave me.—Black and White.

## Old Foggy and Short-Sighted Merchants.

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes re-  
ceive letter orders every day from country  
places for Diamond Dyes. Ladies say their  
village store-keeper has been talked into  
buying one of the very inferior makes put up  
to outwardly imitate the world-famed Dia-  
mond Dyes. They have tried these dyes,  
and the result was failure and loss of goods.

These country storekeepers (many of them)  
will not put in a stock of Diamond Dyes un-  
til they get rid of their poor goods. This  
means loss of trade to the short-sighted deal-  
er. Diamond Dyes are certainly the favorite  
in country, town and city, and all live mer-  
chants sell them.

Any lady in the country who cannot ob-  
tain Diamond Dyes from her dealer can write  
to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, for  
the color required, stating whether it is to  
dye wool, cotton or silk, and the dyes will be  
sent by mail.

## Our Wheat in Australia.

Recent importations of American and  
Canadian wheats have led to some discussion  
as to the wisdom of cultivating at least one  
of the varieties lately introduced. Experi-  
ence shows that the large red wheats are most  
acceptable when used judiciously to blend  
with the softer kinds of grain; the imported  
red wheats do not compare favorably with  
better kinds of Australian grain in appear-  
ance, being smaller in grain and darker in  
color; but it has nevertheless been found  
that these imported varieties have a distinct  
value, whether considered from the stand-  
point of the miller or the farmer. The Cana-  
dian red wheats do not yield so large a per-  
centage of flour as is desired from the purple  
straw and other Australian varieties; but it  
is rich in gluten, one of the characteristics of  
which is the readiness with which, while it is  
being made into bread, it absorbs the water.  
Hence the employment by the baker of flour  
containing the requisite percentage of this  
grain is said to be more profitable to him  
than the use of ordinary varieties of Austral-  
ian wheats. So satisfactory have been the  
results to the millers using the red wheat  
that the price of it has been systematically  
higher throughout the season than the best  
Australian wheat, and on this ground alone  
its introduction is well worth attempting.  
Messrs. Brunton & Co., the well-known  
millers of Melbourne and Sydney, report  
favorably of the variety which is grown on  
the black soil plains of Manitoba and North  
Dakota. The climate is cold there and the  
wheat is from three to four months under  
the snow, but they are of the opinion that it  
could be successfully cultivated on some of  
our high lands whereon black soil is to be  
found. Messrs. Brunton & Co. have during  
the last few days been forwarding sample  
packages for experimental purposes to their  
agents in the following districts to be dis-  
tributed amongst the farmers who would  
take a practical interest in the experiment:  
Albury, Wagga, Junee, Coolamon, Temora,  
Berrigan, Warimatta, Young, Munde, Tam-  
worth, Inverell, and the Hawesbury.  
Samples have also been sent to the Depart-  
ment of Agriculture, New South Wales, who  
are of the opinion that Canadian red wheat  
and Duluth wheat are well suited to the  
colder districts of the colony such as New  
England and Monaro. Another character-  
istic of this wheat is said to be that it is rust  
resisting.

## BEAUTY AND HEALTH TO FAIR WOMEN

Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., Once  
the Victim of Nervousness and General Debil-  
ity, Takes on the Health of Early Years.

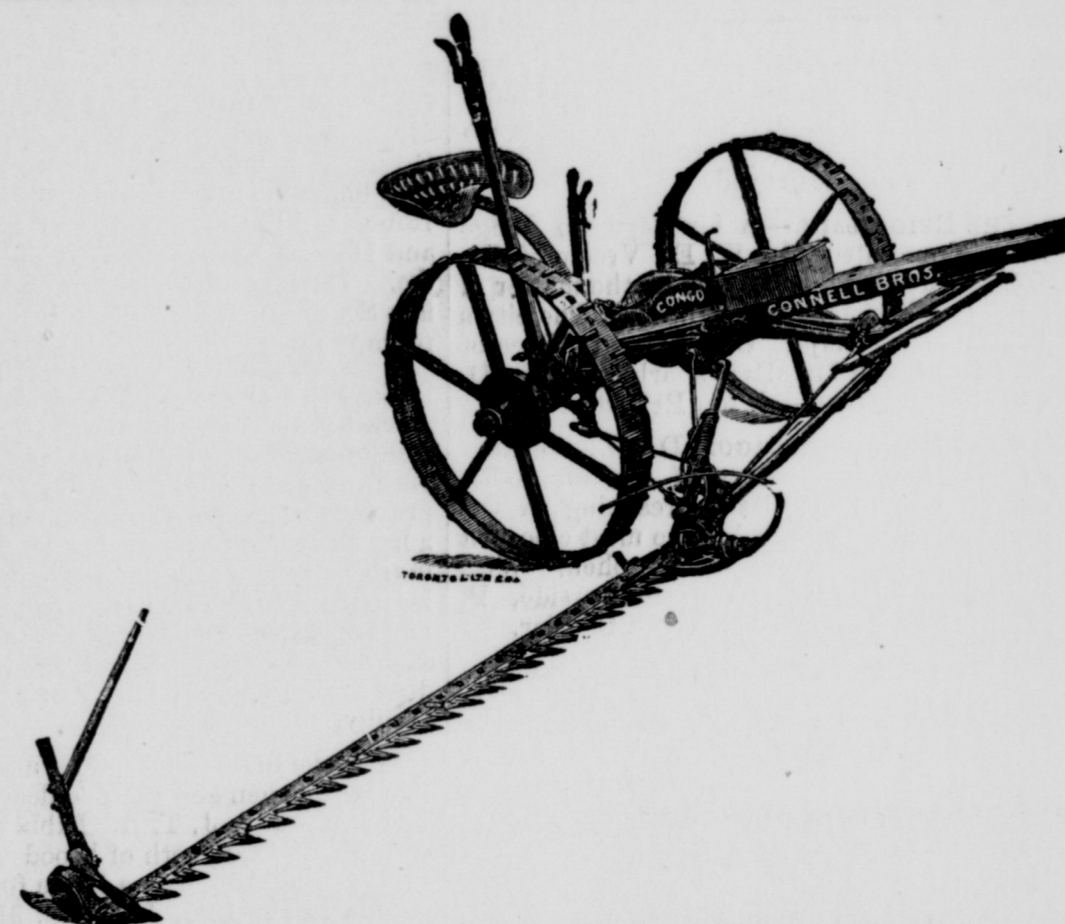
Some remedies are nothing more than a  
temporary stimulant, and the reaction aggra-  
vates the disease. Where the system has be-  
come run down, and nervous debility in its  
worst forms have shown themselves, South  
African Nerveine will cure. It strikes at the  
nerves centres and builds up the system by  
removing the real cause of trouble. Miss  
Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., a lady  
well known in the Maritime Provinces, suf-  
fered terribly from indigestion and nervous-  
ness, and her case seemed incurable. She  
accepted South African Nerveine without  
hope that it was any, different to other reme-  
dies, but her words are, "I had taken only  
one bottle when my system began to take on  
the health of earlier years, and after taking  
three bottles I was completely cured." Sold  
by Garden Bros.

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that we have the Best Fertilizer in the market. V  
sell by the bag, bbl. or ton, prices according to qual-  
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