

## THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

APRIL 7, 1897.

## WHEN?

When the heart in its anguish stops beating;  
When the clock tolls out 2 in the gloom;  
When the soul, all unhealed, shrinks from meet-  
ing  
The monsters which stalk through the room;

When the door, by invisible fingers,  
Moves slowly towards you and creaks;  
When you summon what courage still lingers  
And challenge and nobody speaks;

When the blood-curdling tales of your childhood  
Renew your belief in a ghost,  
In the giant that haunted the wildwood,  
And the pirates that pillaged the coast;

When the wrong that you've done to your fellows,  
With a glimpse of hell's tortures and pains,  
Like a blast from some icy cold bellows  
Near freezes your blood in its veins;

When the beads stand like plums on your fore-  
head,  
And you tremble for what you may see;  
When phantoms, all slimy and horrid,  
Grin mockingly at you in glee;

Then it's time to hide under the curtain  
That flaps in the horrible breeze,  
And to make up your mind, one thing certain,  
You can't sup on lobster and cheese.

—Chicago Dispatch.

A HORSELESS CARRIAGE  
EPISODE.

Aunt Jerusha had never seen nor heard of the above, so she flung up the window and popped out her head with the grace and spring of a mechanical toy.

"Lawks! Mercy sakes! Wal, I never in all my life! If that don't beat the Dutch!"

Aunt Jerusha's vis-a-vis at the table near the window she had so unceremoniously flung up was a handsome young man, an artist, in fact, who had come to Seedville to sketch. He took no trouble to explain himself to the villagers, but dropped as simply as possible into the simplicity of its life.

"Mrs. Spearmin't," he said mildly, "if you will close that window my buckwheats and sausage will be much warmer."

"Oh, but sakes alive!" she responded, "do look quick and never mind your buckwheats! Ain't that the curiosest thing you ever did see in all your born days—and there ain't the shadder of a horse to it!"

Vilas Stanfield grew interested. He tore himself from his buckwheat cakes and projected his head from the window, staring down the narrow by-street on which Aunt Jerusha lived with the true Seedville stare.

"Caesar's ghost!"

"What! Be it a ghost?" asked Aunt Jerusha, yanking in her head and looking keenly at him, as if one or the other of them might be going crazy.

"I might have known that no one but Miss Waterloo would have ventured into this region with an automobile tilbury! That bridge will never hold her!" And seizing his hat he rushed out of the house and down the narrow elm-shaded street after the horseless carriage.

"Whatever has struck that man?" cried Aunt Jerusha, bringing down the window with a bang, now the show was out of sight. "What did he call it? Waterloo was it? Wait till I tell Susan Sparrerhawk I've seen a Waterloo," and she hurried with this Wellingtonian or Napoleonic piece of news.

The news affected the Sparrerhawks as it had Aunt Jerusha. They drew up the window and ejected their heads, with no satisfactory result. Sam caught up his hat and rushed down the street after Mr. Vilas Stanfield, who sprang along in the wake of the automobile tilbury at a college-acquired gait.

It was a very choice vehicle, enameled in dark-green and upholstered in russet leather. In the middle of the seat, dressed in dark-green and russet to match the tilbury, was a very young woman manoeuvring the motor as if her only desire was to keep her turning at the top of its speed.

Vilas Stanfield could not overtake it. He called; he flung pebbles at it; he whistled. It splashed through the puddles and bumped over the inequalities of the village by-road as if nothing would be allowed to stop it. In a moment it would be upon a bridge, a crumbling bit of antique architecture that Seedville had clung to as a footway long after they knew it was unable to hold even the doctor's chaise. Recent heavy rains had now all but washed away its supports. The automobile tilbury was as surely headed for an accident as any whirling express with a boulder on the tracks. He turned while and whistled again; this time the tune he and she had sung in duet, as with this same horseless tilbury they had rolled along the broad roads in south-west England.

She still whistled on. He put his fingers to his lips and increased the strength of the whistle. She stopped, the wheels of her carriage on the very edge of the decrepid bridge, turning white, too, but not because of the danger.

"Mr. Stanfield," she said, severely, as he came up, "may I ask what this means?"

"Certainly," he said, touching his hat. "You can't cross that bridge. It's not safe even for foot passengers. I saw you from my boarding-house window and I came to tell you."

"Very kind, I'm sure," she said, with a little toss of her russet feathers, "but I've no wish to have you save my life a second time. We had enough of that melodrama at Bude,"

and she put her hands on the motor handles again.

He sprang forward, his eyes blazing. "I'm in earnest, Miss Waterloo. You must not cross that bridge unless you want to be drowned."

"I'm in earnest, too. I shall cross that bridge and I won't have you save my life. The obligation of having you save it at Bude is enough."

"Very well," he replied, in a hard, crisp tone. "I won't save it, then; but here comes a man whom I know." "Sam," he called, "show this lady how to get across by the other bridge," and resuming his hat he walked rapidly back to the village.

"It's nonsense!" cried Miss Waterloo as soon as Vilas Stanfield was out of sight. "Of course I can go over that bridge. I have crossed two this morning that were quite as bad."

"To tell the truth, now," said Sam slowly "he's about right. I wouldn't drive our cow over this bridge since the last rain. Why, it ate the mortar right out 'tween the stones. I'll show you the way 'round by the other one."

"I haven't time," she said, glancing down at the tiny watch chateleine at her jacket lapel. "I've lost over five minutes now, and I'm racing and must get back to Steepleton as fast as I can." And once more taking the motor, she shot across the bridge almost to the other side, when there was a waver, a crash, a collapse, and Miss Waterloo and her tilbury automobile disappeared with the bridge.

"I swan!" exclaimed Sam. "I swan!" and flinging off his coat he managed to pick and scramble his way across the stream to her rescue.

"That's right," he called, cheerfully; "just sit quiet and I'll give you a pull onto dry land. The thing wouldn't make such a bad boat if it hadn't wheels and had sides and would float," and he gave the tilbury a strong twitch toward shore as she gathered herself together and tottered to her feet.

"Don't do that," she cried. "I'm killed as it is, and it shakes so."

"The young feller knowed, didn't he," said Sam, discontinuing his jerks upon the carriage.

"Oh, yes; I suppose so. Where did he live? Please take me to his place right away. I have no other friends anywhere about here, and my arm hurts awfully," and in spite of her set lips she began to weep.

"Don't cry," said Sam, sympathetically. There's nuf water in this here little stream sence the rain anyhow. Hold on a minnit and I'll fish you out as fine as a new fiddle," and seizing a plank he extended it to her from the edge of the bank, and pulled, tugged, splashed and dipped her out with it.

"Your queer buggy, or whatever it be, 'll have to wait there till I get some of the boys to give me a lift with it. Can you walk?" and he eyed his charge anxiously. "Cause if you can I'll gallant you to Aunt Jerusha's."

"Aunt Jerusha's?"

"Yes, that's where he stops; it's just next door to us and 'twas her that came trottin' in and told us 'bout you scuddin' by like all possessed an no hosses. So I grabbed my hat and came runnin' up to see the show, but I didn't plan for no such grand one as this. How you gettin' on? Can you walk?"

"I will try to," she said, stepping off very slowly and catching his arm for support. "You don't mind allowing me your arm for a little way?"

"Oh, no; that is—" and he coughed violently as he stiffly projected his elbow. "I've gallanted girls before."

They made an odd pair for the village road. She, a draggled, dripping tailor-gowned girl; he, a cherry-checked Seedville swain, wriggling with surplus attempts to be gallant and to nobly do his duty, yet growing still more cherry-checked and wigglesome as they came within reach of the village windows.

"There be Aunt Jerusha's right over there," he said. "She'll give you campfire or catnip, or whatever 't is you want. I'll haf to go back and git my coat; seems I forgot it," and dropping her from his arm he vanished around the barn, leaving her deserted opposite the brass knocker on Mrs. Spearmin't's side door.

Miss Waterloo slowly crossed the by-street to the side door, and, much dazed with the shock, pain and embarrassment of her condition, she raised the knocker and let it fall with a tap that brought Mrs. Spearmin't to the door as if she had been waiting for it.

"Aunt Jerusha," said Miss Waterloo, for want of a more formal name, "is—does—Mr. Vilas Stanfield live here?"

"He do at present, but he's just gone up and banged hisself into what he calls his study."

"May I see him a moment?—that is, I think you'll have to take me in. I've had an accident; I fell through the bridge and—"

"Land er Goshen! You don't say so! Wal, now; come right in this minit. I'm awful glad to see you, and so'll he be, no doubt. Hurt, did you say? Poor thing, and your all sorter damp. I'll lend you my wrapper while you dry off. Mebbe I'd better git a doctor!"

"If somebody would send a telegram for me," said Miss Waterloo, "I would—"

"Wait, p'rhaps Mr. Stanfield will! He's an awful nice young man, an' as handsome as a picter," and, shoving an old-fashioned rocker toward Miss Waterloo, Mrs. Spearmin't rushed upstairs to the studio.

"Mr. Stanfield!"  
No answer.  
"Mr. Vilas Stanfield!"  
No answer.  
"Be you asleep?"  
"No."

"Wal, there's be'n an accident to the Waterloo an' she's downstairs wantin' you to telegram."

The studio door flew open. Vilas was past Mrs. Spearmin't and down the stairs three steps at a time, but he did not telegraph. He got the automobile tilbury from the water; he sopped it up and rubbed it down till it looked as well as when it left the manufacturer. Then, because Miss Waterloo's arm was out of order, he got into the horseless carriage beside her and took her to her home. Later he took her to his home.

THE KING OF  
MAN-KILLERS.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Baffled the World's Most Eminent Medical Authorities until

## DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Came to the Rescue and Delivery of Man-kind Stopping Forever the Deadly Assaults of Life's Most Insidious Foe.

Men are dropping from the ranks everywhere. Cut down in the flower of youth or the fruitage of manhood by that ruthless destroyer—Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

Only a few days ago Sir Hercules Robinson, the doughty Governor of Cape Colony was forced to resign that post because of encroaching Bright's Disease.

Hardly had his successor been appointed when the wires brought tidings of the death of William P. St. John, a New York banker, and remembered by everyone as the treasurer of the National Democratic party during the latest national campaign. Bright's Disease carried him off.

It has killed many better men than most of us. So has Diabetes, its twin curse. Yet there is one cure (and only one), that never fails in cases of Diabetes and Bright's Disease. Let these testimonials bear witness:

MR. FRED. CARSTENS, Palmerston, Ont., says:—"After many years suffering with Bright's Disease, I am a new man, cured by using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

MR. F. X. GROULX, Ottawa, Ont., says:—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have been a godsend to me as they have cured me of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys."

S. G. MOORE, King St., London, Ont., says:—"After taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am as well as ever in my life, despairing of recovery from Bright's Disease."

MR. CHAS. T. BYE, Garryowen P. O., Ont., says:—"For the past three years have suffered of Diabetes, but noticing cures published I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills which have perfectly cured me."

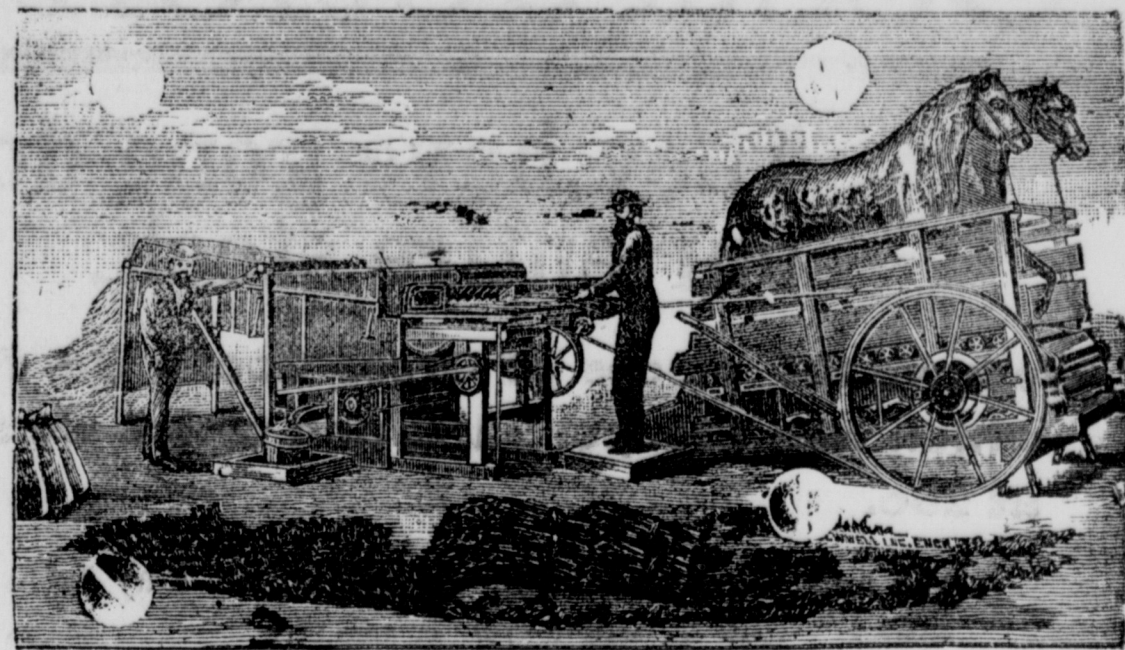
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are for sale by druggists everywhere, and by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. Price 50 cents a box.

## Of The Stone Age.

The Central Australian aborigine is the living representative of a stone age, who still fashions his spear heads and knives from flint or sandstone, and performs the most daring surgical operations with them. His origin and history are lost in the gloomy mists of the past. He had no written records and few oral traditions. In appearance he is a naked hirsute savage, with a type of features occasionally pronouncedly Jewish. He is by nature lighthearted, merry and prone to laughter, a splendid mimic, supple-jointed, with an unerring hand that works in perfect unison with his eye, which is as keen as that of an eagle. He has never been known to wash. He has no private ownership of land, except as regards that which is not over-carefully concealed about his own person. He cultivates nothing, but lives entirely on the spoils of the chase, and although the thermometer frequently ranges from 15 degrees to 120 degrees Fahrenheit in twenty-four hours, and his country is teeming with furred game, he makes no use of the skin for clothing, but goes about during the day and sleeps in the open at night perfectly nude. He builds no permanent habitation, and usually camps where night or fatigue overtakes him. Above all he is absolutely untamable. You may clothe and care for him for years, when suddenly the demon of unrest takes possession; he throws off all his clothing and plunges into the trackless depths of his native bush, at once reverting to his old and hideous customs, and when sated, after months of privation, he will return again to clothing and civilization, only to repeat the performance later on.

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

## What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895.

Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:  
Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.  
Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.

Scotch Settlement.  
Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:  
Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.  
Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:  
DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.  
Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:  
Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.  
Yours respectfully, DAVID DELUCRY.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

SMALL & FISHER CO. Lt'd,  
Woodstock, N. B.Overshoes,  
Gum Rubbers,  
Larrigans,  
Moccasins.

Our winter stock did not move out quite as rapidly as we expected, and we must sell it in order to make room for Spring Stock. We can give you cold weather goods at prices that you can scarcely see without a microscope. We can't give these goods away, of course, but will do the next thing to it.

## J. FRED. DICKINSON,

Corner of Main and Connell Streets.

## You Have to Live

In your house; what's the matter with making it a home? I can show you a larger and more varied stock of Parlor Furniture than any dealer in town, and I have more arriving. If you want Furniture for a Bedroom, Sitting Room, Smoking Room or Kitchen, I can give it to you. I have everything you could possibly want.

## That Picture

That has been fading out and gathering dust for some time will be a total wreck in a short time if you don't send it to me to be framed. I have a stock of beautiful Picture Mouldings. Come in and pick.

MARCY.

CONNELL STREET.

## Books and Fancy Goods

## At Everett's Bookstore!

Books, Bibles, Annuals, Toy Books, Toys, Dolls, Ornaments, Cups and Saucers, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Work Boxes, Jewell Boxes. Come and see what you can get for little cash.

W. H. EVERETT.

## Killed by a Falling Tree.

Wm. Lynds of Maple Ridge, this county, met with an accident in the woods on Wednesday last, which will prove fatal. He was chopping logs and the limb of a falling tree struck him upon the head, knocking him unconscious. He remained in that condition for half an hour, when he began to realize his condition. Two or three hours afterwards, however, he relapsed into unconsciousness, and he was still in that state yesterday afternoon. Dr. Owens, who is in attendance, has no hope of recovery. Lynds is about 30 years of age, and was recently married to a daughter of John Barlow of Maple Ridge.

## Climbing Up for a Kiss.

Roses in the green garden,  
But never a rose like this;  
Little bit of a fellow  
Climbing up for a kiss!

What knows he of sorrow!  
Life is a dream of bliss;  
Little bit of a fellow  
Climbing up for a kiss!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. S. T. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Fertilizer SAVED MY LIFE." I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used. For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75cts. For Sale by Garden Bros.