THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

MAY 5, 1897.

JIM.

When Jim, the hired man, first came He never had a word to say, 'Cept jest to answer to his name He'd sleep all night, and work all day, And eat his meals, and go and come 'Most like as if he's deef and dumb.

I didn't care. Why, no! Of course, Sometimes pa'd send me down the farm To tell him to hitch up the horse, Or help us get the bees to swarm But not a word he'd say—not he! He wouldn't even look at me.

Well by and bye that made me mad.
As tall, and clever built, and trim, Nice teeth and hair—oh, not half bad To look at, and I looked at him Considerable, first and last, And jest as temptin' as I da'st.

I used to ourl my hair at night, And dress and fix up every day: He never cared a single mite-He'd always stare the other way. And pet the dog, or stroke the cow, Or coax the cat-oh, he knew how

Course, other fellows came around, Much better dressed and not so shy; The cared enough, but I was bound I'd make him care, or I'd know why.

And so I picked on Sammy Snow,

And, glory, how I flirted—oh!

We used to set nights, Sam and me,
Out on the porch. One night Jim passed,
A-goin' in to bed. Says he,
"Folkses, good-night." And jest as fast,
'Fore I could think, he stopped, like that,
And kissed me on the mouth, right flat!

Well, Sam he took his hat and flew Of in a rage—at me, not Jim.

And me? Good lands! What could I do? I d'it care a snap for him. ut Jim! If he'd 'a' slapped my face I wouldn't felt a worse disgrace.

I cried, and then I said, "Who cares?" And then I cried again. But when I went indoors, there, on the starir, That Jim was watin'. Then, oh, then-Luck 'twas dark-I'd think that he Would never get through kissen' me.

And so, as soon as my folks knew, They-sent him packing? I gees not! Why, there he sets, in front of you, Readin' his paper. Yes that's what! Father, I've been tellin' her Just how you didn't court me, sir!
--Madeline S, Bridges, in The Woman's Home

Thousands on the Favorite.

tolerably good one. But I no longer claim me. the turf as my profession, or whatever you | Caressing and talking, I remained by his another, and he was at her neck. Now the track this story hangs.

-a mere boy at the time-though my experience among men had made me seemingly older than I really was. I was pretty well acquainted with the ways of the world so far as comes within the opportunity of one most. ly associated with horsemen and horses, with their attendant surroundings.

Though but a jockey-a creature to be kicked and ill-treated generally-I was not unlike many others of the human kind. I cherished the feelings of revenge and for months, yes, years, lived but to gratify it. The person upon whom I longed to wreak my vengeance was the man for whom I had ridden ever since I knew how. I had waited for the opportunity for-I can scarcely remember how long-ever since one day when I had a brother, a brother that I loved possibly as well as others who aspired to a higher niche on the social, yes, even the moral scale.

Willie, little Will, that's what I always called him, though the others said, "Little Bill." I used to think I was more like a father to him than a brother. He was so small, and I used to think he oughtn't to have peen a jockey like me. I taught him to ride, how to handle his horses on the track just as well as any of us-yes, better, for when he money or what not were freely offered and was in the saddle they would, it seemed, strain every rerve just to please him. You see, even the horses loved him.

He was such a quiet little fellow, and so sort of affecionate, they couldn't help it. And I reckon that's one reason why I was kinder to him than I would have been had he been ing of handkerchiefs, followed by a shout a rough fellow like me. When I think about Willie, as we were in those days, I always feel sad how proud we used to feel of each other when either had won'a great race, and how every month we'd get together in our places from the judges with jockeys sitting little loft and fix up our money to send home to mother and little sister-that's one reason we were jockeys.

Then the promises and resolutions we'd make about keeping away from bad company till we got home; how we'd resolve to be honest always to our employer, and not let anybody's movey come between us and our the start was made. duty to him; how we used to put the horses together, until they all knew us and understood our voices almost as we did ourselves.

But that was all changed-changed in a moment of passion by the man we had served so faithfully; the man for whom we had won laurels and fortune, whose confidence had never been broken or betrayed, and whose commands had never been disregard- ard men?

One day Willie lost a race—one that Mr. Wharton, our employer, had set his heart on winning. He had almost won it, when his efforts would be required. horse stumbled and went down. Mr. Whar- The time had come at last, in an instant cludes that it is impossible to cure an adult ton was furious. All in a passion, he ran to where the two lay in a heap, and, as Willie wind, just keeping her white nose in front of the others that came thundering on by her others that came the other other others that came the other others that came the other other oth

with his heavy whip. The blow and the shock of the fall was too much for him, and it wasnt many hours before he passed away, to find his home among the white steeds of heaven. He never recognized any of us, and passed away just like he was going to sleep. I was to be avenged.

At last the time had come. Ever since that awful day I had remained with an old employe, awaiting the day I should be able

to avenge the slaying of my little jockey brother. The opportunity had arrived, and for a long waiting I was none the less determined,

It was the last day of the great racing season at-, and the closing day was the greatest of all, the interest of the whole season being centered upon it. It was to be the climax of the sporting season, and between its suns fortunes would be won and

Randall, the horse that I was to ride, I knew was the favorite, and on his victory heavy odds were offered. On every tongue were praises of his beauty and swiftness, and on every hand he was heralded the victor. knew all this, and was satisfied, for I knew that we would do our best-Randall and I.

"Bob," said Mr. Wharton, calling me aside on the morning of the race, "Randall must not win. I have my fortune against him. If he wins I am ruined-completely. Now remember."

"All right, sir; I'll remember," I said, with a strange feeling of excitement passing through me.

This was the opportunity I had waited and longed for. I would win-I would repay him for his cruelty. Eagerly I ran to the box where Randall, who was to carry me to victory and vengeance, was locked. He was truly a noble animal, almost human intelligence beamed from his flashing eyes. Often had I ridden him, and often had he responded willingly to my urging. Would he fail me this time? No, it couldn't be, with such lithe, sinewy limbs, such a deep-set, powerful chest, and withal such intelligence, he could not fail. As I gently caressed him the noble creature seemed to understand that he was all in all to me then. His playful little neigh of recognition was a better assurance than

are of a mind to call it, and of my leaving the | side until the grooms appeared to equip him for the track. I was loth to let him go even It was a good many years ago that I left it then, for there was no telling what might be employed to make sure that he would not win; there was twenty times more money on his losing than would buy two of his breed.

> It was time to mount. All about the stables was confusion. Horsemen were gathered in groups talking earnestly on the probabilities of the race, some referring to tables to see just how much they had ventured on their favorites. Grooms were hurrying hither and thither with blankets on their arms and pails in their hands; a small army of jockeys engaged in an animated criticism of their followers who were to ride the great race, while patron of book-maker, more excited than the rest, would rush up for an instant to enquire Little Willie say as he looks down from his occasionally some devotee of the turf, and after the condition of his favorite. Another snowy perch above? Another outburst, then asked about the rider, while others with a stillness as if of death. I saw no more, asked about the rider, while others with a knowing wink, enquired if everything was

impatient at every turn. Nothing was thought of, or talked of, but the great race, and the merits and demerits of the horses and riders. Ladies had their favorites, with ready pin money to back them. Neighborly wagers of freely taken. Even the little urchins that fought each other for places around the rails hazarded their little cash on the red cap or the buff jacket.

Suddenly there was a moment of silent expectation, then a waving of hats and flutterthat echoed again and again through the neighboring fields and woods. The horses appeared upon the track; down the stretch they came toward the stand to receive their as gracefully and as firmly as though a part of the animals themselves. Another thunder of applause as the announcements were made. Thirteen horses to start, and every one of them as swift as the winds, the perfection of breed and training, their long, sinewy bodies fairly quivering with excitement. No wonder that the vast throng held its breath when

Randall was on every tongue. Thousands of pounds were behind him, and as he pranced and quivered under me I thought again and again: "The time has come; will he be equal to it?" I tried to be cool and collected, but who could at such a moment and in such a place, astride of such a noble animal, and with thousands of eyes and minds bent upon him, who, with all these, could remain in-sensible to the thrill that prevaded animals

My hand shook a little and my voice trembled somewhat, as I stroked the horse's neck and endeavored to soothe him till the signal was given. I knew well that all bis



AND FOR WEAK PEOPLE.

At all Druggists. Price 60 cents per Box, or 3 for \$1.50. Sent by Mail on receipt of price. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.

side. For a few seconds I was almost dizzy with excitement, not knowing exactly where I was nor what the chance.

On we flew, the very earth trembling and resounding beneath the mighty strides of the now thoroughly aroused horses. Gradually Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock: became less confused, though my excitement grew more and more intense. I was still a little behind as we rushed down the back stretch, then inch by inch Randall advanced to the flanks of the grey mare on the left, around the next pole with no change, every horse panting and steaming with the effort. No whip or spur touched my beauty's sides; he was but little used to either, and from me he had never received any urging but a stroke on the neck with my open hand or a few words of encouragement.

"Steady, boy; steady now," as we neared the home stretch. I had been watching my opportunity, and now, as we rushed down to the front of the stand, I dexterously dropped that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 behind a few paces, and, wheeling Randall and earned about \$500 with her. across the fleeing flanks of the five or six that Yours truly, G. W. had kept the leading pace, placed him at the pole a length behind the superb sorrel, Lady Rose, who had kept her lead all the way

The race had but fairly begun; the last half was to tell the tale. As we passed the flag not a shout came from the thousands of throats. Fortunes and honors hung on the result, and probably lives-who knew?

Again we were nearing the back stretch, and still Randall was behind. Would he fail? No; it could not be. Bending low in the saddle. I gently patted his vein-covered

"Now, Randall now!" Instantly the intelligent animal responded I was a jockey, and they used to tell me, a any other that he would do his uttermost for polerably good one. But I no longer claim of recognition was a better assurance than any other that he would do his uttermost for gained the side of the sorrel. Another and breath of his red nostrils hissed, and struggled with the breath from hers. Another leap and his head was in the light. Then again I

> "Faster, Randall, faster!" As if understanding the very thoughts that burned my brain, he redoubled his efforts. Never a spur, never a cut of a whip, but only a few earnest words and a few light taps on the steaming neck. I turned in my saddle, and saw the flaming nostrils of the grey and

> the sorrel. "Faster, Randall, faster!" Now we were clearly in the lead. Randall's tail is fluttering in the face of his pursuer. The flag is only a few yards off. Will he fail? no, for the race is ours.

But what will John Wharton say-yes, what will he say? What will the people say? Ah, I know what they will say! I hear it already, as a burst of enthusiasm that wakes the echoes of heaven comes to me as we rush heard no more, felt no more. All is blank. What had happened? Had we lost, or was it the sympathy of the happy for the unfortu-The multitude in the stand were getting nate that made the silence? I did not know; I could not understand.

When I regained consciousness I was in bed, with a long row of others on either side. There was a painful numbness in my arm and leg, or the place where those limbs should have been.

It was a hospital. The doctors told me how I came there. John Wharton was standing close to the railing when we passed the post-Randall and I-on that great day. We had won; he had lost. With a bound and an oath he sprang at Randall's head. That frightened him and caused him to fall. In an instant the other horses were upon us, trampling us beneath their iron feet.

I was picked up more dead than alive— and this empty sleeve and that crutch tell you why I am no longer a jockey. And that was my revenge.

GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

At the present time, when there is so much substituting and deception practiced by some dealers whose life-object is large profits, it is absolutely necessary to say to the ladies, "Get what you ask for."

Unscrupulous dealers are using every effort to sell inferior and adulterated dyes whenever the Diamond Dyes are asked for. To avoid fraud and deception, the ladies will please see that the name "Diamond

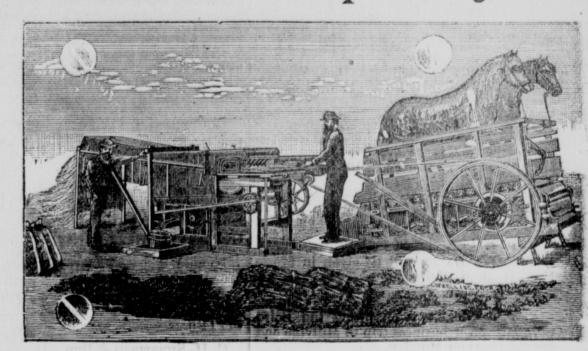
Dyes" is on every packet they buy.

Bear in mind that inferior dyes ruin your goods; therefore they are a source of loss, trouble and annoyance.

Diamond Dyes are all warranted, are more than twice the strength of the common dyes, and sold for the same price-ten cents.

The English Anti-Tobacco League, after an existence of twenty-six years, during which period 323,844 books and pamphlets and 1,000,000 leaflets, all setting forth the evils of tobacco, have been distributed, is forced to admit that the use of tobacco is increasing, and the vice-president of the league con-

What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York

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 lie as being first class. did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

WM. GRAHAM. Yours truly,

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

Small & Fisher, Woodstock: Dear Sirs, -I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sawing Machine is the best

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 satisfsction. 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 pub-

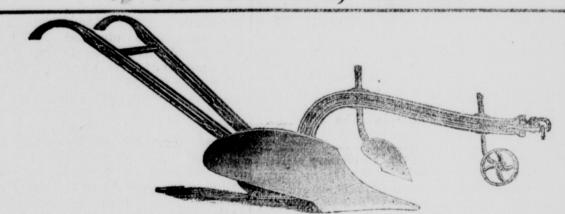
DAVID WHITNEY. Yours truly, North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896. Small & Fisher, Woodstock.

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.



Steel Plows

Harrows

SPRING TOOTH HARROWS TEETH, Double Ribbed Frame

PRICE \$9.00.

Connell Bros.

Cheapest and Best.

-Comes a Demand for-

Light Overcoats, Medium Weight Suits, Fancy Vests, Etc.

Now we can fit you out in all these from the cheapest to the most expensive in a First-Class Fit. The Most Stylish Looking Garment, and the workmanship guaranteed.

Fine Trousers a Specialty. NOTICE We will remove our place of business to Opera House Block on or about 1st April.

PORTER & CIBSON, QUEEN ST.