

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

APRIL 14, 1897.

The Origin of the Easter Lilies.

Within the rich man's garden  
Full many a flower was seen,  
With crowns of gold and crimson  
On cups of emerald green.

They brought the dead king thither,  
And every flower in bloom,  
Bowed down its head in sorrow  
About the Saviour's tomb.

But see! the white-winged angels  
Have rolled the stone away,  
And 'mid the flowers only  
The white grave cements lay.

Next day they sought to find them;  
Lo! rising where they fell,  
Like the white hand of an angel,  
Waved there—a lily's bell.

So pure, so white and spotless,  
It pointed in the air,  
As if to tell new comers  
That He had risen there.

Born of His white robes fallen,  
Like white leaves folded up,  
The found a scepter gold and small  
Within each fragrant cup.

And so amid the blossoms  
Of the rich man's fragrant bowers  
Was born the Easter lily—  
The angel of the flowers  
—Ethel Halton, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

BRYAN OLIVER'S FATE

Everybody in Oxford was surprised when Bryan Oliver, the most distinguished fellow and tutor of his college—the erudite Greek scholar, the confirmed celibate—married a girl half his age and gave up his stately oak-paneled rooms at St. Mark's and his life of freedom and leisure for domestic cares in a brand-new villa near the parks.

Cecile, his wife, was one of those fair, delicate, piquant little creatures who seem to have a magic influence over certain "grave and reverend seigniors." For a brief time she reversed the whole current of Bryan Oliver's existence. She made him forswear most of his cherished opinions, and changed every one of his points of view. Heaven and hell meant to him only her presence or her absence, and he was ready to sell his soul to possess her.

She was one of the numerous daughters of a poor country vicar. She was quite uncultivated, and Bryan thought her ignorance one of her greatest charms. He was ever ready with a sneer for "blue-stockings," and enjoyed ridiculing what he called the "female undergraduates" of Somerville and Lady Margaret halls. When Cecile made some time-honored blunder, some inquiry as to "who was the author of Shakespeare?" Bryan was in ecstasies. She was "his dear, foolish little darling" in those days.

As for Cecile, she had married him in a flutter of gratified vanity, amazed that a distinguished college don should have chosen her from out of the whole world. She had soon grown to love him, as she would have loved any man who had made her his wife. But as the time went on she began to wonder why she saw less and less of him; why he had begun to spend more of his evenings in his study, leaving her to sit alone, in her pretty drawing-room; why, when she saw him, he had now always a book in his hand, sometimes even at meal times. She missed her brothers and sisters, all the noise and fun of that untidy family in the Cornish parsonage; they were very poor—they had hardly enough to eat; but—ah, how light-hearted they used to be!

"Bryan, do put down your book and talk to me," she said one winter's evening, in the half-petulant, half-coaxing way he used to find so charming. "I can't imagine what pleasure you find in always pouring over those musty old books."

At first he smiled; but when she repeated her complaint a week or two later his face grew dark and he muttered: "Foolish child! don't talk about what you don't understand."

One cold and rainy January afternoon Cecile was feeling especially weary and depressed. No one came near her—not even a caller—and her husband was in college. She wandered aimlessly about the house, looking from the windows on to a dreary sodden garden, with leafless, dripping trees, and a dull, muddy, almost deserted road beyond. Finally she sat down upon the hearth-rug before the drawing-room fire in an attitude of utter desolation. The loneliness of her life weighed down this girl of 20 with an intolerable burden. She envied her servants, whose cheery tones and subdued laughter reached her from the kitchen; they, at least were companions to each other.

Tears rolled down Cecile's cheeks as she thought of her husband.

"Why—oh, why did he marry me and take me away from my home to leave me all alone like this? I know I am no companion for him; I have never been taught anything; but then, why does he always sneer at well-educated girls, who could understand the books he is so learned in? Why does he like me to know nothing yet despise me because I am too ignorant to have any ideas in common with him?"

Presently she heard the front door open. Bryan Oliver entered, and having taken off his great-coat and set down his dripping umbrella, he crossed the hall to his study, where he shut himself in as usual. Cecile sprang

up with a sudden thought. She would try once more to bring back the old days, when they were so happy together; and then, though she felt shivering and aching strangely in every limb she ran upstairs and arrayed herself in a pretty frock he used to admire when they were first married—something pale blue and shimmering; with a pearl necklace, one of his early gifts to her, round her slender throat. Her eyes and cheeks were feverishly bright when she gave herself a final look in the glass, and "glad to find herself so fair," she hurried downstairs. Finding tea awaiting her in the drawing room, she poured out a cup, and then, taking this and a plate of an especial kind of cake which her husband fancied, she went into the study.

Bryan Oliver was sitting in his armchair beside the fire, reading by the light of a lamp on a table near him. His back was turned toward the door as his wife entered. She did not speak but setting down the teacup and plate on the table she came behind him and with a touch of her old coquetry she waved her hand playfully in the air, so that its shadow fell upon the book and darkened the page he was reading.

Cecile had come at an unlucky moment. Everything had gone wrong at the college that day. There had been trouble with the undergraduates and the president had been more than usually snappish and sarcastic in the common room. The weather was atrocious and Bryan had been tormented by neuralgia. So that when the shadow of Cecile's little hand fell upon his book and interrupted his reading it was like the last unbearable straw.

He pushed his chair violently aside and dashed his book down upon the table. "Leave me alone, can't you, you fool of a woman? I was a worse fool to have married you!" he growled. Then he took up the book again and turned his back upon Cecile, who, after standing quite still for a moment, went out of the room without another word.

It was a relief to Bryan when he found he was to dine alone that evening; possibly he might have felt a slight touch of shame in his wife's presence. "Mistress has a bad cold and has gone to bed, sir," so the maid informed him. He gave a grunt of assent and pored over his book the whole dinner time.

So absorbed was he in his college work that Bryan had not seen Cecile all day, or even thought about her, when on returning home the following evening he found to his surprise, a doctor's brougham at the door and encountered the doctor himself in the hall.

"Mrs. Oliver sent for me this afternoon. I regret to say it is an undoubted case of influenza and her temperature is decidedly high. She must be kept perfectly quiet and if she is no better in the morning it will be well to engage a trained nurse."

"Certainly. Just as you think best." He smiled a little contemptuously when the doctor had departed. It was the first year the mysterious plague had visited us and Bryan knew only the "influenza colds" of our childhood.

"Wily fellows, these doctors! How they try to flatter women by magnifying their trifling ailments! Well, if Cecile is to be kept so quiet, I had better not go and see her at present. I hate sick rooms and all that kind of thing."

So he sullenly retreated to his study and later on felt himself ill-used because his wife was not at dinner as usual. He missed seeing her at the head of his table, even though it bored him to talk to her.

But he never saw her there again. Before morning she was unconscious in a burning fever and before the week had ended Cecile had atoned for the one tremendous blunder of her short life and had gone to the world where there is no marrying or giving in marriage.

For a time Bryan was stunned, incapable of realizing that she was dead. When the horrors of those first days were passed—the darkened rooms, the strange, stealthy men in black he met about the house, the wreaths of white flowers, the letters of condolence pouring in by every post, the father-in-law in his shabby coat, who wept and wrung the widower's hand and uttered threadbare commonplace—when Bryan was left alone at last, he went back one evening to his books as usual.

"Thank heaven!" he thought. "I have my study to myself again."

Nevertheless, he felt strained and shaken and there was an aching in the region of his heart, as if from an actual physical wound. At first his brain seemed numbed but after a time he grew interested in what he was reading; his pipe soothed him, his arm chair was comfortable, and he began to forget the whole outer world.

Then, all at once, a darkness fell upon his book, as if a hand had come between it and the lamp!—he saw a shadow of slender fingers quivering upon the open page!

In awful terror he sprang to his feet and flung down the book. Remembrance pierced him with an anguish like the dividing asunder of soul and body. "Cecile, my darling, come back to me!" he cried, wildly stretching out his empty arms. All his old passion for her leaped to life again and tortured him with vain cravings and regrets.

From that time onward, whenever he thought to forget her in his work—then the haunting hand darkened the page he was reading and the shadowy fingers seemed to flicker over the page and to beckon him away.

One lonely night his agony seemed to have become beyond his power of endurance. He had given up trying to study; he sat with his head bowed down and his fingers clinched his hair. The words of a song Cecile used to sing in her thin treble voice kept sounding in his ears. She seemed to be outside his study door, vainly praying to be allowed to come to him.

"No light had we, for that we do repent; And knowing this, the master will relent. Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now."

Muttering the words to himself: "Too late, too late!" he went out into the night, feeling that anything was better than remaining in the house where Cecile had lived and loved him and where he had repused her.

The floods were out in the low-lying Oxford fields; great wastes of icy water gleamed dimly beneath a pallid moon. He turned away from the city with its dark towers and spires and glimmering lights and wandered on into desolate country; the words still ringing mournfully in his ears: "Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now!"

He came at last to a clear, still pool, reflecting the moonlight sky. As he stood looking down into the water he saw once more the shadowy girlish hand beckoning him—beckoning him down into the dark depths below.

They found his body two days afterwards, when the flood subsided. No one will ever know for certain how Bryan Oliver met his death; but the coroner's jury gave him the benefit of the doubt and returned a verdict of "accidental death."

LET'S LIVE LONGER!

Why Die a Lingering Death of Direful Diabetes?

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE IT.

Other Medicines Never Touch It. — But Dodd's Pills Infinitely Cure.—Expelling Poison and Pain.—Preserving Sugar and Strength.—Don't Die; Get Well.

Who would not live longer if he could? More men shorten their lives by indulgence in food and drink than ever die from starvation. Health can be maintained by eating and drinking just what is good for us, no less.

But most of us don't do that. In health the body expels what it doesn't require, and retains what it needs. In disease either the body doesn't expel the poison or it does not retain what it is needed to nourish it. In the disease called DIABETES the kidneys expel sugar. Its presence can be detected in the urine. The body needs sugar. In DIABETES the sufferer dies a lingering death.

Until recently DIABETES was supposed to be incurable. The science of to-day says that DIABETES may be cured. The kidneys may be restored to healthy action. Sugar may be retained in the system. Instead of filtering out the good that is in the food the kidneys may be made to filter out the poison.

With Poison goes Pain. With Sugar stays Strength. DIABETES disappears like magic before DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Other medicines never touch it. That's the difference. If you have DIABETES get cured quickly. Don't bother with medicines that do not cure. Many will stand up to be counted among those who have been cured of DIABETES by taking DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. Fred Stokes, Barrie, Ont., says:—"I have been promptly restored to health by a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Diabetes had reduced my weight forty-five pounds, which I have regained."

Mr. D. Roblin, Bandmaster, Allandale, Ont., says:—"Could for years get no relief for Diabetes which it seemed would end my days. Six bottles of Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured me."

Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., says:—"For ten years a victim of Diabetes. Suffered fearfully, especially in passing water. My cure has resulted from taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

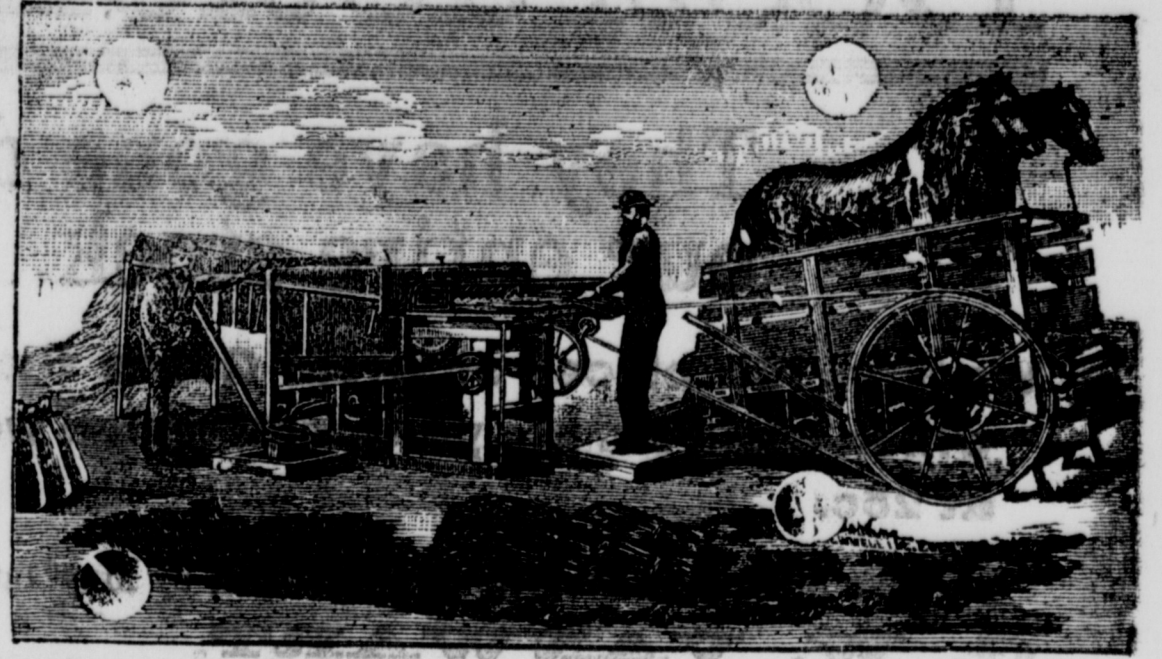
Mr. James K. Nesbitt, county constable, Stayner, Ont., says:—"Becoming aware of the fact that I was a victim of Diabetes, I resorted to Dodd's Kidney Pills. I commenced to get well with the first box and am perfectly cured."

Golden Rule Proverbs. Live selfishly, live little. Great duties teach great faith. Sovereignty is proved by service. Despair is the child of anticipation. The only expression of love is duty. There can be no peace without purity. The purposeless life is a headless arrow.

The crown of love is given to him whose back has been bent beneath the cross of sacrifice.

The Life of Dr. Chase. As a compiler of Chase's Recipe Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his works on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation. His last great medicine, in the form of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is having the large public patronage that his Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure are having. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially adapted for all Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles.

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, 1895. 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

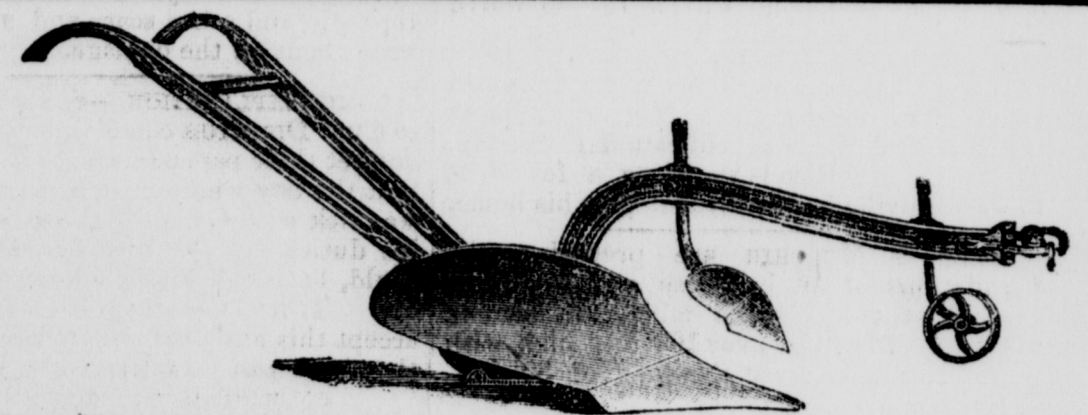
SMALL & FISHER CO. Lt'd, Woodstock, N. B.

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.



Steel Plows

—AND—

Harrows

—AT—

Connell Bros.

Cheapest and Best.

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.