

THE VAMPIRE.

These verses were suggested by the painting by Philip Burne-Jones, "I intended," said Mr. Burne-Jones, "to paint one of those women who work the ruin, who drain the life blood of a man, and Mr. Kipling's verses just hit the idea."

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care);
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the tears we waste and the years we waste,
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it was not the least what the lady meant);
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I),
Which she might have seen when she threw him
aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived, but the most of him died
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a red-hot brand;
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

—Rudyard Kipling.

The Pride of The Steel.

J. William Breslin, in Black and White.

[CONTINUED.]

When he awoke it was to a painful consciousness. His head ached and rang, and he burned with a consuming thirst. He lay quiet for a space to collect his scattered wits, then, opening his eyes, he found himself lying wrapped in a cloak on a bench running along one side of an almost empty room. The moon had broken through the blackness of the night, and cast a misty, fitful light into the chamber through a small iron-barred window set high in the wall. At first he thought he was alone, but as his eyes became accustomed to the uncertain light he discerned the bent figure of a woman seated near him, and slowly the events of the night came back to him as he recognized the lady whose cause he had so lucklessly championed. "A poor guest room," he muttered, "after such a mighty fine supper."

The lady overheard him, and came quickly to his side.
"Thank heaven you are better, Captain Halloran!"

"Faith, madame, I do; but it might have sent me better quarters. Might I ask you to pass that jug on the table, for I smell liquor, and would like to be better acquainted."

He took a long draught from the vessel, she remarking, as he applied himself to it for the second time:—

"I fear we are bestowed in even less safe lodgings than those of the Aigle Vert."

"Well, madame, if fortune has given us such doubtful lodgings, I must thank it for a charming companion."

"Gallant and reckless as ever but I fear you do not recognize the gravity of our situation."

"I realize mighty little but sore bones at the present moment, but—" and he stopped

short and stared at his clothes. His gay uniform was gone and in its stead he wore a not very reputable assortment of tawdry finery. "Madame, I begin to realize mischief. In what tangle have I got mixed?"

"I dread, Captain Halloran, I have involved you in my own distress, and I owe you at least an explanation."

"The story is short, but it may interest you, as rumour has more than once coupled your name with that of one of the actors, the Comte d'Estrelles. He is a daring intriguer who holds his hand for no man, and is presently suspected to be concerned in the death of a gentleman who was deep in the confidence of the Regent Duc d'Orleans. This gentleman held papers relating to certain delicate matters involving many personages of the highest rank, and it was of the utmost importance that they should not fall into the hands of an outsider. Fortunately the gentleman had confided them to the care of a kinsman, presently with his regiment at one of the frontier fortresses, from whom I was commissioned to receive them. Certain of them were destroyed and the remainder concealed in a secure hiding place in my carriage. I was returning to Paris when I was waylaid on the road. My servant and escort must have been cowed by numbers, for almost before I was aware of the attack they had fled. I was then taken, not uncourtously, to the inn, and told that I should be allowed to resume my journey at daybreak. The ostensible object of the attack was plunder, and this I believed until the arrival of the second party, among whom I recognized one of d'Estrelles' servants. I was hurried to another chamber, and a girl was sent, apparently to attend upon me, but really to ascertain if I had the papers concealed about my person. I allowed her to go about her vile work, feigning to be unaware of her object, and flattering myself that, finding their search fruitless, they would allow me to continue my journey and believe me, Captain Halloran, no small part of my pleasure was that I might be of assistance to you, but my hopes were rudely dispelled. I was blindfolded and placed in some rude vehicle, which brought me here. D'Estrelles, I am convinced, is the instigator of the outrage, and is determined to obtain the papers for some object known only to himself. Why you are detained I cannot conceive."

"D'Estrelles himself is the explanation," replied Thady. "There is a long score between us to settle."

He paced up and down the room or stood watching the bright moon rising through the flying clouds, while the lady waited impatiently for some opinion or proposal, but his first words startled her by their unexpectedness.

"Madame," he said: "I regret I do not know in whose company I have the honour to be."

She looked fixedly at him, as if debating the answer, but with a quick resolve, leaned her hand lightly on his arm and whispered a name in his ear. He in turn was startled, for the name was borne by one of the greatest ladies of the court, and if it were she who stood beside him the matter must have been urgent which brought her by such wild ways and weather so far from Paris.

"Oh, sir, believe me!" she cried, reading doubt in his silence. "I have trusted you—trust me."

"Madame," he said, bending to kiss her hand, "I am your most devoted servant, and

mother's medicine.

What distress and anguish come to the mother when her little one wakes up at night with a nasty croupy cough. Wise mothers always keep on hand a bottle of **Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.** It's so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness are such that the cough is checked before anything serious develops.

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need I remind you that some few hours ago I pledged myself as such?"

She smiled, relieved. "Gallant to a fault," adding, a little mischievously, "to a woman for a woman's sake."

"In spite of a woman," he answered, gravely, and abruptly changed the direction of the conversation. "I fear our friends are asleep or drunk," and picking up one of the stools he hammered vigorously at the door. There was no reply, though he broke the stool in his onslaught.

"There is no one there or they would not have put up with that row. They put faith in their bolts and bars, and with good reason, too." With the assistance of the table he contrived to reach the window, from which he examined the surroundings of the house with all the closeness possible in the uncertain light. "The house," he explained to his companion, "is hidden among trees, but I believe I know its whereabouts, as I can see some hills which to my certain knowledge lie south-east of the great road. The window is no great height from the ground, and your escape is of the easiest."

"But surely we go together," she exclaimed, in surprise, "or if one goes, it must be you. But those bars!"

"Madame," replied Thady, "fortune has settled the matter without consulting us. You alone can go. The man that made that window must have remembered he'd want some day to keep Thady Halloran in. As for the bars," gripping one and wrenching it from its place, "they are not meant for a prison," and the others were pulled from their hold in rapid succession. "Now the way is open."

Quietly assuming the consent of his companion, he rapidly explained the precautions she must observe to find her way to the high road. After, she would trust to the chance of meeting some traveller or military patrol who would lead her to a place of safety. "And madam," he concluded, "in Mons are some men of Nugent's who might like to help a comrade."

"Captain Halloran," she cried indignantly at the doubt implied in his reminder that she had left him behind, "you have but a poor opinion of a woman, though you wear a knot of cherry colored ribbon on your sword. I know the story, and now as penance you can add this moral to it:—Judge a woman by her actions and not by her words."

He replied not at all to her irrelevant digression, but courteously insisted upon immediate flight; and, waiting till the moon was overcast and the house in shadow, her escape was easily and rapidly effected.

Left alone, he threw himself down on the bench for he felt faint and light-headed after his exertions; and the words "judge a woman, by her actions" rang coupled in his thoughts with remembrance of other words of more bitter savour. But to what end did he gall himself with old pains? So resolutely dismissing all thought, he wrapped himself in his cloak, turned on his side and went to sleep. When he opened his eyes it was broad day. He felt refreshed, and save for the stiffness of his wounded arm, well and vigorous. A ravenous appetite reminded him that he had cleared away some food from the table and forgotten it in the excitement of his companion's escape. He now turned to it and did it ample justice, washing it down with a draught of the wine which, much as he despised it, he was disappointed to find nearly exhausted. He strode up and down the room to keep his blood from stagnation, and swinging one of the iron bars in his hand, thought it was much too short to be of use as a weapon.

The hours passed wearily, without sign of his gaoler's return, till by the sun he knew it was past midday, and a vague suspicion was growing up within him that the lady had deserted him to his fate, when he heard the tramping of horses and the jingling of arms and accoutrements.

(To be Concluded.)

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., writes: "I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two bottles of Milburn's Rheumatism Pills. They are a splendid remedy. Price 50c., all druggists."

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Notice Of Sale.

To Charles H. Melville, of Peel, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and all others whom it may in anywise concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Twenty-seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book S, No. Three, on pages 663 and 670, and made between the said Charles H. Melville of the one part, and John Fisher of Woodstock, in the County and Province aforesaid, and Williamson Fisher of the same place, executors of the last will and testament of John Fisher, late of said Woodstock, deceased, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Auction in front of the law office of Hartley & Carvell, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, and Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the Nineteenth day of December next, at the hour of Eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:

"All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying in the Parish of Peel, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the western bank or shore of Cold Stream at the north east angle of Lot number nine granted to John Foster, thence running by the magnet west sixty-six chains, thence north thirty-six chains, thence east by a rectangular distance of thirteen chains, thence east ninety-one chains or to the western bank or shore of Cold Stream aforesaid, and thence along the same following the various courses thereof in a south westerly direction to the place of beginning, containing ninety-two acres more or less and distinguished as lot Letter B, western side of Cold Stream, and granted by the Crown to one Thomas Burlock on the third day of December, A. D. 1883, and numbered 21885, and by said Thomas Burlock conveyed to the said Charles H. Melville by Indenture dated the thirtieth day of this present month of June." Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated this Fifth Day of November, A. D. 1895.

J. H. FISHER,
W. FISHER,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of John Fisher, late of Woodstock, deceased, Mortgagees,
HARTLEY & CARVELL,
Solicitors for Mortgagees.

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APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

Notice of Sale.

To Alonzo Cronkhite of the parish of Wicklow, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Mary J., his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Two, and recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book Z, Number 2, on pages 132, 133 and 134, and made between the said Alonzo Cronkhite and Mary J., his wife, of the one part; and George Leonard Cronkhite, of the same place, of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Hartley & Carvell in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the twenty-third day of January next, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—

"All that farm of land situate and being in the above said Parish of Wicklow, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the North Easterly angle of Lot Number Sixteen in the fifth tier, granted to Samuel H. Cronkhite, thence running by the magnet of the year 1882 West, sixty-seven chains along the Northern line of said grant to the Northwesterly angle thereof; thence North fifteen chains; thence East sixty-seven chains, and thence South fifteen chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as the Southern two-thirds of lot number fifteen in the fifth tier; and being the same land granted by the Crown to the aforesaid George Leonard Cronkhite, Esq., by grant dated the 3rd day of April A. D. 1869, and registered in Fredericton the fourth day of said month under number 9588, and by the said Geo. L. Cronkhite and wife, conveyed to the first said Alonzo Cronkhite at the date of these presents."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining. Dated this twelfth day of October A. D. 1895.

HARTLEY & CARVELL,
Solicitors for Mortgagees.

G. L. CRONKHITE,
Mortgagee.

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