

THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots o' music in 'em—the hymns of long ago,
An' when some grey-haired brother sings the ones
I used to know
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days
gone by—
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a
wishful eye!"

There's lots o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet
hymns of old—
With visions bright of lands of light, and shining
streets of gold;
And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where Mem'ry,
dreaming stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral
strands."

They seem to sing forever, of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white
in all the ways;
And I want to hear their music from the old-
time meetin's rise
Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the
skies."

We never needed singin' books in them old days
—we knew
The words—the tunes of every one the dear old
hymn-book through!
We didn't have no trumpets then—no organs
built for show:
We only sang to praise the Lord "From whom
all blessings flow."

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time
shall come—
Before the light has left me, and my singing lips
are dumb,
If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass without a
—
"To anan's fair and happy land, where my
possessions lie!"

CALLERS.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

Fletcher's usual hour of arrival for talk is
9.30 p. m.—with a leaning towards 10—and
when he came in today at the same hour a. m.
one was naturally alarmed.

"Nothing wrong, I assure you, and I am
always up an hour before this. Would you
simply allow me to write at your side-table
till luncheon, and I'll tell you my sad case
afterwards?"

"It was callers drove me forth this morn-
ing to seek a home, and my conviction from
a long experience is that calling is an epi-
demic like measles. When the bell rings
three times before ten, I know that it is to
be a forenoon of gayety—an extempore re-
ception."

"Of course, any right-minded clergyman is
glad to see his own people whenever they
want to come except Saturday, because help-
ing them is a part of his work, and because
they are his friends."

"It's the other people, whom one never
saw before, and who have no claim, that worry
me. Ought one to be courteous and patient
and waste time on them? They hardly ever
go near merchants, they never trouble law-
yers; we are their chosen prey. And we
really have some work to do."

"No, I don't refer to beggars just now—
I'll tell you some things about those gentry
that might interest you another day—for
they are kept, as a rule, at the door. I mean
respectable vagrants, that can't be bundled
to the door."

For instance, take book canvassers, they
have cards and are fairly dressed, but I know
one of the tribe as he crosses the threshold
by his abnormal stoutness, just like a barrel
on two thin legs.

"Specimen volumes, don't you understand;
he is simply lined with them. I've seen a
man produce Gibbon's 'Fall' from his waist-
coat, and the 'History of the Jews,' with
photographs of the Holy Land, from his side
pockets, while I stood paralyzed; and if I had
not recovered he was going to show 'Picture-

esque Siberia,' which he had up his back. Be-
sides other standard works that I could detect
in squares over his person. If you discharged
a revolver into his body he would never have
felt a single bullet, he was so cased in books."

"Why, one of those characters will enter
my study with the appearance of sixteen
stone, and in five minutes be a mere skeleton.
It's like sleight of hand, and is amusing at
first, but grows wearisome with repetition."

"Yes, once I did buy, for I was writing
against time and could not resist. It was
'Holiday Homes, or the Watering-Places of
the British Isles,' and it came in vols., one a
month, and I began to be afraid that work
would never end. In fact, I refused to pay
for any more, but the publishers sent me a
copy of the form I had signed, and threatened
an action in the county court. Guess the
number of places you can go in August be-
ginning with S. Well, I won't, then, if you
object to instruction."

"Get rid of the awful thing? You may be
sure I did my best, but 'Holiday Homes' is
not easily shaken off—it comes to stay. Two
bazaars returned it—carriage unpaid—and
the second-hand dealers would not touch it.
They used to export serial books, with
illustrations, to Madagascar or Zanzibar—I
forget which—but the spread of civilization
has killed the trade."

"If you had ever attempted to burn a
book, you would never have made that
suggestion. Unless one is prepared to give
an evening to a volume and to smell of burnt
paper for a week, he had better not choose
that way of ridding his library."

"Yes, I tried that, too, but the gentleman
who cleared the ashpit returned my first de-
posit partially cleansed, and demanded sal-
vage; he also declined to allow other volumes
to be contributed, on the ground—not reason-
able—that they were useless for agricul-
tural purposes."

"There are men who would have presented
the 'Homes' as a marriage present, or sent
them with a cordial note to an 'Institute,'
but my wretched sense of humor, if it does
no other good, keeps me from such deeds of
slame."

"Do you know, Fletcher, I think that I
saw that book on your shelves—light
blue."

"And gold—handsome cloth binding—
octavo; quite true, and it has a soothing
effect on one's friends. Beavan was browsing
along among my books one evening, mutter-
ing to himself, 'first edition,' 'piece of nice
binding,' 'very pretty Montaigne,' when he
exclaimed, 'Good gracious!' and then I
knew he had lighted upon the 'Homes.' He
sat down quietly, and became so thoughtful
that I am sure he was laying the keel of a
story."

"My attitude to this missionary of litera-
ture is not cordial, but it is affection to the
feeling with which I regard an insurance
agent. "Yes, said Fletcher with emphasis,
"the most unabashed, impervious, invincible
man that enters my study is the representa-
tive of a life office."

"You see, he is not a shabby-genteel per-
son whom you can hustle out of the door; he
is well dressed, and well mannered, and
most agreeable—some are quite charming, in
fact. He comes in quite pleasantly, and in
two minutes you are deep in conversation
about his cousin, who is a great book-buyer
and a capital fellow. Then he pulls himself
up, and explains that he has something to
put before you that he is sure will interest
you."

"She Carries Her Heart on Her Sleeve"

What a boon to many a man or woman if this were literally so—How many spirits are broken
because this particular organ is shackled by disease—and yet how many times has Dr.
Agnew's Cure for the Heart brushed against the grim reaper and robbed him of his victim.

Diseases of the heart are by far the most treacherous of ailments which afflict humanity—ruthless
to old and young alike—not insidious but violent, for when the heart fails the whole system
suffers violence. Discussing causes here will not console the suffering one. The one great yearn
of the heart-sickened patient is how to get relief and a
cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stands pre-
eminently to-day as the star of hope to sufferers from
heart trouble, and so far past the experimental period
that thousands to-day proclaim, in no uncertain sound,
the belief that were it not for this great remedy they
would have long ago passed into the great beyond.

Most eminent doctors, whom heart cases have baffled, have
tested Dr. Agnew's claims, and to-day they prescribe it in
their practice as the quickest and safest heart remedy known
to medical science. What are the symptoms? Palpitation, flut-
tering, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, swelling
of feet and ankles, pain in the left side, chilly sensations, fainting
spells, uneasiness in sleeping, dropsical tendency and as many
more indications that the heart is deranged. Dr. Agnew's
Cure for the Heart is a heart specific; and no case too acute
to find relief from it inside of thirty minutes—a powerful cure.

Mrs. Jno. Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., after having been treated
by eminent physicians for heart disease of five years' standing, was dis-
charged from the hospital as a hopeless incurable. She suffered from
acute pain and palpitation, her feet and ankles swollen, and there was
every tendency to the dropsical form of heart disease, but the lady pro-
cured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart as she declared, as a last hope.
One dose relieved her of a very acute spasm in less than thirty minutes,
and three bottles cured her—not a symptom of the trouble remaining.

CONDUCTOR WILLIAM C. LUCAS, of the N. & W.R.R., and living at
Hagarstown, Md., suffered for years with acute valvular form of heart
disease—cost him many a "lay off" from his daily duties on the road,
and he spent a small fortune in remedies and treating with heart
specialists in promise of a cure, and all ended in disappointment, until a good friend, who had been
comforted almost immediately. He continued its use until a few bottles were taken, and to-day he is well and
strong, and says, "Tell all heart sufferers that I can highly recommend this great remedy."

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT cures eczema, salt rheum, scald head and all itching skin diseases;
cures piles in three to five nights. 35 cents.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER relieves cold in the head or hay fever in ten minutes—will
cure most stubborn and long standing catarrh cases quickly and permanently.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver—clear the
skin. 40 doses. 50 cents.

FOR SALE BY GARDEN BROS.

MRS. GEO. SMALL, MT. FOREST, ONT.,

Considers Laxa-Liver Pills the
best remedy for Biliousness.

One after another is coming forward
and speaking a word in favor of the new
family medicine—Laxa-Liver Pills.

Mrs. Geo. Small, Sligo Road, Mount
Forest, after giving these pills a thorough
trial, thus expresses herself:—"Laxa-
Liver Pills are the best remedy I ever
took for biliousness; and as a general
family cathartic, they are far superior to
anything in the market for that purpose."
Laxa-Liver Pills are mild in action,
harmless in effect, and do not weaken the
system.

They act promptly on the Liver, tone
up the digestive organs, remove un-
healthy accumulations and cut short the
progress of disease. Price 25c.

Dr. Wood's cures the severest
Norway Pine coughs and colds of
Syrup. young or old quicker
than any other re-
medy. Price 25c.

"That should be the signal, Fletcher; I
would close the interview at that point with-
out a scruple. You are too plastic by far,
and . . . good-natured."

"Very good. Now what would say? Just
tell me."

"That you did not want to insure, just as
you would refuse to buy a box of matches." The
agent would preach a sermon on the
advantages of life insurance, social, economi-
cal, and moral, lasting for half an hour. One
hinted to me that the necessity of paying the
annual premium was a check on men, and
often kept them straight. They have this
address by heart, and can't always readjust
it to a parson."

"Yes, I am insured, but that only whets
their arguments, for they proceed to show
that although your company is most respect-
able, it is just the particular one you ought
not to have insured in, while their's was
simply organized to meet your case. He
then produces a bundle of statistical tables,
and the result is an impression on your mind
that one can insure his life in as many ways
as he can take his degree at a modern uni-
versity, which is, according to the last cal-
culation, 643."

"Do? Had it not been for a certain weapon
of defense which I invented, and which
never failed me till last week, I calculate that
my policies now would run up to £120,000,
for on the last two days of the week I am
quite helpless."

"Oh, I used to 'hank them at once for
their thoughtfulness, and express my willing-
ness in other circumstances to have insured
for at least £2,000, and then explain that
owing to my state of health—appearances
are deceptive—no high-class office would ac-
cept me, and for this, as a truthful man, I
rested on my big illness."

"Certainly, most successful; in fact, this
always closed the interview till last week,
when an exceedingly agreeable man said that
it was a matter of secondary importance to
him whether I passed or not, if I only made
a proposal, and he promised to be back in a
short time with a doctor. That is the only
day that I have visited six hours on end, and
one can't be always doing that."

"And poets!" At the thought of them
Fletcher was mightily refreshed. "There is
one simply lives in my garden. I reconnoit-
er like a Red Indian before approaching the
gate, and once climbed the back wall when I
could wait no longer for sheer weariness."

"No, I never jest; the place simply swarms
with poets—sometimes most unexpected
people, stout, elderly females with sonnets
on their deceased poodles—but chiefly young
men. One with his hair on end and no neck-
tie has tried me almost to desperation."

"He has written an interminable poem on
Hell in a series of pass-books, and reads it
in a loud voice, pacing the room like a caged
lion, and emphasizing the more pronounced
passages with a stick on my table."

"When he is much carried I ask him how
it is at present with lard—he is clerk in a
provision store—and he sits down and ex-
pounds the rascality of operators. The effect
of this sedative lasts for five minutes, and
then he plunges again into what he calls the
"blazing, lurid eternities."

"He regards prose as work for apprentices
but has condescended on a philosophical ro-
mance which involves so much dramatic ex-
position with the stick that I have had to fall
back on the state of bacon in the middle of
the plot."

"Recently he was lamenting that in this
great city there were so few burning souls
to appreciate a poet's work, and I was moved
with pity. The Theosophists were holding a
conversation last night to meet a leading
mahatma—or some other distinguished per-
son—and it seemed the merest kindness to
mention the fact, and to suggest his attend-
ing. He asked whether they would like one
or two cantos on the "Invisibilities." I said
it was for such themes the Theosophists lived
and he left in great spirits, with the whole
Inferno in his pocket and the stick in his
hand. Whether the mahatma was present
or not, it pleased me to think that my poet
was, and that he read at least one canto
concerning the "Invisibilities, before they called
him to order."

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Gen. Agent.

Notice Of Sale.

To Harvey Kennedy of the Parish of Richmond
in the County of Carleton and Province of
New Brunswick, Farmer, and Rhoda Jane
Kennedy, his wife, and all others whom it
may concern.

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Pub-
lic Auction in front of the office of D. McLeod
Vince, Barrister-at-Law, on King Street in the
Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carle-
ton, on THURSDAY the SIXTEENTH DAY
OF MARCH next at ten o'clock in the forenoon,
the following lands and premises namely:—All
that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying
and being in the Parish of Richmond in the
County of Carleton and Province of New Brun-
swick and bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning
at a post standing on the North eastern corner of
the grant to Thomas Griffin in Maxwell, thence
running East fifty-nine chains thence North Six-
teen chains and eighty links to meet the South
line of lot number twenty-three West fifty-four
chains along said line to a post standing on the
East side of the American Boundary line and
thence along the said last mentioned Boundary
line South fifteen degrees, West seventeen chains
and fifty links to the place of beginning, contain-
ing ninety-three acres more or less, distinguished
as lot number nineteen being same land conveyed
by Andrew Kirkpatrick by Deed to one Robert
Saunders on or about the Twenty-first day of
March A. D. 1871 and conveyed to said Rhoda
Jane Kennedy by her father, Robert Saunders,
about the Twenty-seventh day of June A. D. 1882.
The above sale will be held under and by virtue
of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Inden-
ture of Mortgage bearing date the seventeenth
day of April A. D. 1889, and made between the
said Harvey Kennedy and said Rhoda Jane
Kennedy his wife, of the one part, and the under-
signed Alfred H. Henderson of Philadelphia in
the State of Pennsylvania one of the United
States of America, Dentist, of the other part,
which said Mortgage is Registered in the Office
of the Registrar of Deeds for the said County of
Carleton, in Book K Number Three of Record on
pages 539, 540 and 541, default having been made
in the payment of monies thereby secured.
Dated this thirteenth day of February A. D.
1899.

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CHURCH WORK.

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tifully situated on the St. John river four miles be-
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and possession given the first of April. Apply to
JOHN D. KETCHUM on the premises or at the Dis-
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—OR—

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Don't put off. Delays are
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Roads are good now,
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Give us a call.

A. Henderson.

Queen Street.

Feb. 1st, 1899.

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ready 1st of May. All orders promptly at-
tended to

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G. P. PARKER, PRACTICAL PAINTER,

North End Richmond Street,
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