

**THE TOSS OF  
A GAMBLER'S COIN.**

I resolved a hundred times not to call at Merivale's to say "good-by," but I went. On the road I decided that on no account to be left alone with Violet, but I was. The folly of the most foolish man is no match for Providence!

"Why have you not congratulated me upon my legacy, Mr. Durham?" she asked, abruptly, when I had finished admiring the improvements in the conservatory.

I plucked a couple of withered leaves abstractedly.

"Upon my word, Miss Violet, I confessed, 'I am afraid that I didn't feel so pleased as I should have done at your good fortune.'

She looked swiftly at me and I tried to appear interested in the palms.

"I cannot imagine you being zealous of another's good luck. I—I am sorry," she said sadly.

"I didn't mean that, quite, Miss Violet," I explained hastily, "though I expressed myself clumsily, as usual.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "you might like to say what you did mean? Come, I will give you a full minute to put it in your best English."

"No reflection is necessary," I answered gravely. "I mean that your wealth had taken you into another sphere, out of that in which we were friendly." I was selfish enough to be sorry to see you go.

I ground my heel on the tiled floor and pulled off a leaf.

"I suppose," she murmured, as if she were speaking to herself, "that is meant for a compliment. It may also be taken for an insult."

"Insult?"

"Is it not an insult to suppose that because I have become rich, I should look down upon—upon old friends?" Her voice trembled.

"My dear Miss Violet," I cried. "I never supposed such a thing; never dreamed it for a moment. It was only that—that—"

I stopped abruptly. There was nothing to say but the one thing not to be sad.

"Cannot you say what you do mean?" she demanded with a touch of her old impetuous manner.

I gripped the flower stand, on which my hand was resting, savagely.

"No," I answered. "I cannot!" I looked hungrily at her, as she stood leaning against the rustic work with a lucky red rose just touching her lips, "I wish to heaven," I added bitterly, "that I could!"

She met my eyes fearlessly, though the pink color flushed over her cheeks.

"So," she said, meaningly, "do I."

But I was doggedly silent and she sighed.

"There are some things," I remarked, feebly after a painful interval, "which are better left unsaid."

She shook her head.

"There are some things," she protested, "which demand an explanation; some acts which seem so unkind—such a breach of friendship."

Her voice faltered and she turned her head away.

"I can only ask your charity," I said hoarsely.

"Such things she continued, "rankle in one's mind, make one morbid and miserable, if they are not explained."

"Such things as my stopping away from here since you came into your unexpected fortune?"

She nodded.

"And you demand an explanation?"

She nodded again.

"Even when I tell you the explanation is best avoided?"

"Yes, she answered "I do."

"Then," said I, sadly, "I can only say one thing, Violet. It is because I love you."

She hung her head silently and trembled.

"I love you," I repeated, "so much that I can only—go away."

She lifted up her face, with the tears streaming down her cheeks and held out her hands.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, "can't you see?"

I groaned aloud. "My poor little girl!" I cried, "I was afraid. It cannot be."

She dried her eyes.

"You are talking nonsense," she began, brightly. "If you love me—"

"I do."

"Of course you do, you silly fellow. Do you think I couldn't see? And if I—if I can put up with you—why that settles the question."

She laughed uncomfortably, watching me out of the corners of her eyes.

"My dear, it doesn't."

She stamped her foot angrily.

"Violet there is only one honorable thing that I can do—only one way in which I can preserve my self-respect and act as a man. That way—I spoke firmly—"is my going away, as I am going."

"You are not!" She caught hold of my coat, but I gently removed her hand.

"By everything I hold sacred, Violet, I am. Any man who was worth his salt would do the same."

She knew by the sound of my voice that I meant it and the color left her cheeks.

"Harry," she said piteously, "did you really mean what you said—about liking me?"

"Every word."

"I—I mean it—too."

I lifted her hand and kissed it.

"It cannot be, dear."

"You care for what people would think more than you care for me?"

"I care for what I know is right and honorable."

There was a long silence.

Do you remember a conversation we had coming home from Eastlake's tennis party," she asked, suddenly, "about modern chivalry?"

"Yes; but I scarcely see—"

"You said it was giving everyone a chance—even your worst and most despicable enemy. Do you remember?"

"I remember," I admitted.

"If such a one was at your mercy, you said, you must not slay him without giving him an opportunity to fight for his life. If fighting were impossible, you must give him a chance in some way; you would let it rest upon the fall of a coin. You remember?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering; I remember."

"Then," she said, with a keen ring in her voice, "I ask—nay, I demand—the same privilege."

"The case is quite different, Violet," I protested.

But I could not avoid a fierce desire to one wild hazard for happiness.

"It is in no way different. On one side my happiness; on the other your foolish idea of honor, which you place above my happiness."

"I cannot," I groaned.

"You must," she insisted. "You cannot

refuse me what you would grant the meanest of your foes."

She produced a penny from her little purse.

"You will not be so cruel and unjust as to refuse me this?"

"It is not right."

"I say it is."

"Then we disagree."

"Therefore a judge is needed—the impartial coin!"

She laughed feverishly. I could not bear to hear her.

"Very well," I said, wildly. "But let me be honest with you, Violet. At the bottom of my heart I despise myself for giving way, and know it is because I want you and not because it is right. You will abide by the result!"

"Yes, yes! and you will? Promise!"

"I promise."

"Freely and unreservedly?"

"Freely and unreservedly."

"You must toss for it," she cried excitedly, putting the coin in my hand. "Quick, quick."

"I spun it up, and she cried swiftly."

"Head!"

It fell to the floor and rolled over and over until at last it rested just underneath the stands, but still in view—head uppermost.

Violet burst into a passion of tears, and I clasped her frantically in my arms and kissed her again and again.

"You will never, never, speak of leaving me any more," she sobbed.

And I held her yet closer and whispered that now I never would, if I could break my promise.

"I would never have kept mine to let you go," she said defiantly.

"Hullo, you two! Whatever have you been doing all the time?" said her brother, coming in later.

"Oh!—playing pitch and toss," said I lightly.

"Vi is a dangerous person to gamble with, let me warn you," he observed laughing.

"She has a wonderful coin, which I picked up at a bar, with two heads!"

"You're not cross with me?" she pleaded, holding tightly to my arm, as we walked in behind him.

Cross with her!

**MR. CHARLES SHAW.**

Tells Shogomoc People About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There is a Constantly Increasing Demand For them, Showing That They Cure all Kidney Diseases, and that People Know It.

Shogomoc, N. B. Mar. 27.—Any person who desires to ascertain the estimation in which the people of this district hold Dodd's Kidney Pills, can easily do so by asking Mr. Charles Shaw, one of our most enterprising business men.

Mr. Shaw has been in business here for years, and his store is the largest and most up-to-date in the place. He is never without a full stock of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are in constant and ever-increasing demand.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the very best selling article we carry," Mr. Shaw states: "There is a steady and constantly-increasing demand for them. I have good reason to know that there are very few households in this district, in which Dodd's Kidney Pills are not kept, and relied upon as the only cure for all forms of Kidney Complaint. It is a fact that would be folly to deny, that the most gratifying success has followed their use in every instance. In fact, every case of Kidney Disease in this district, for which Dodd's Kidney Pills have been used, has been cured, completely and permanently."

"As a general tonic and blood purifier, Dodd's Kidney Pills are in use throughout this entire district, and have never been known to fail in any case."

"Hundreds of my customers and acquaintances have been made strong, hearty, vigorous, by the use of this grand medicine."

It is a fact, proven hundreds of thousands of times, by experience, that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure and unfailing cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Heart Disease, Urinary Troubles, Female Weakness and all other Kidney Diseases.

**Her Silence Explained.**

A young lady from the country was suing her ex-sweetheart for breach of promise, and the lawyers were, as usual, making all sorts of inquisitive inquiries.

"You say," remarked one, "that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, with a hectic flush.

"How close?"

"Close enough so's one cheer was all the settin' room we needed."

"And you say he put his arm around you?"

"No, I didn't."

"What did you say, then?"

"I said he put both arms round me."

"Then what?"

"He hugged me."

"Very hard?"

"Yes, he did; so hard that I came purty near hollerin' out."

"Why didn't you holler?"

"Cause."

"That's no reason. Be explicit, please. Because why?"

"Cause I was afreered he'd stop."—Exchange.

Mrs. Joseph Langtry, Brockville, Ont., Says: "I have used Dr. Low's Worm Syrup and I can say that it has done my children good. It never fails to act promptly." Price 25c.

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Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.

I have often maintained that fiction may be much more instructive than real history.

To store our memories with a sense of injuries is to fill that chest with rusty iron, which was made for refined gold.

All one's life is a music if one touches the notes rightly and in tune. But there must be no hurry.—John Ruskin.

Good deeds lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny, amidst the melancholy wastes of ocean.

**Saved the Baby.** "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken ill with Diarrhoea very badly. My sister advised Fowler's Strawberry. I got a bottle and it stopped the trouble at once." Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont.

Invalid: "Oh, doctor, I'm afraid I'm pretty well at death's door." Doctor: "Don't you worry my dear sir, we'll pull you through."

"Is the razor sharp?" said the barber. "Comparatively so," said the victim. "It has an edge that would be splendid on a carving knife."

**Baby Eczema and Scald Head.**

Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

"The war will have one blessed result anyway," "Well?" "The war of thirty-seven years ago will never be spoken of again, as the late war."

Dreams, in general, take their rise from those incidents which have occurred during the day.—Herodotus.

Stubbornness is as much opposed to happiness and prosperity as it is to intellectual advancement.

**FARM FOR SALE**

The undersigned now offers for sale, his farm, located in the pleasant village of Jacksonville, about four miles from the town of Woodstock, 1/2 mile from superior school, store, post office and four churches. House, two story, well built and finished throughout, also barns and outbuildings in good repair. This farm contains 140 acres, divided into two parts, one 50 acres on main road, the other, containing 90 acres on cross road, within 40 rods of front place. These will be sold separately or together to suit purchaser. Also some farming implements. This farm will be sold at a bargain. Terms easy. WM. PAYSON.

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**COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.**

**SKIN-DEEP BEAUTY!**



"Handsome is that handsome does," is the old theoretical adage, but after all it's the skin-deep beauty that's attractive. It would take a big lot of handsome doing to compensate for a skin that is diseased and whose appearance is distasteful to all who see it, and the torment of the patient whose daily burden it is to bear it about. DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT is a wonderful cure for all sorts of Skin Diseases—itching, burning, stinging sensations which are accompaniments—tetter, salt rheum, scald head, ring worm, eczema, itch, ulcers, erysipelas, liver spots, and all eruptions of the skin—one application allays the irritation, and perseverance in its use results in a speedy cure. For blind, bleeding, itching, and ulcerating piles it's a magical

balm; one application gives comfort and relief in a instant, and in from three to five nights the trouble disappears. Price, 35 cts.

A London lady had eczema for years so badly, her face and neck were so disfigured she went into a life of seclusion, and the stinging pain of it was so intense that, to use her own words, she "went next thing to mad." She tried many ointments, salves and washes—was treated by specialists on skin diseases without getting any lasting benefit. She bought a box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment—one application gave her comfort, and to-day, after using three boxes her skin is as clear and pink as a baby's.

**DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART**—Relieves smothering, palpitation and fluttering. A regular lifesaver in cases of organic heart troubles.

**DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER**—Relieves cold in the head in 10 minutes. Cures hay fever and catarrh.

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