THE DISPATCH.

They say that "war is hell," the "great accursed," The sin impossible to be forgiven— Yet I can look beyond it at its worst, And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form Under the war's red rain, I deem it true That He who made the earthquake and the storm Porchance makes battle, too!

The life He loves is not the life of span Abbreviated by each passing breath, It is the true humanity of Man, Victorious over death.

The long exceptance of the upward gaze, Sense ineradicable of things afar, Fair hope of finding after many days The bright and morning Star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried, Transfigured into beauty on war's verge, Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside

The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need Have won a firey and unequal fray, -No infantry has ever done such deed Since Albuera's day;

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell Have grasped the higher lessons that endure, -The gallsnt Private learns to practice well

His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made A mighty music solemnly, what time The oratorio of the cannonade Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark, The crimson death, the dread uncering aim, This is all that whizzes through the dark, The just-recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day, The duty done that brings no nations thanks, The Ama Nesciri^{*} of some grim and grey A Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commweal to guard, The patient strength that is too proud to press, The duty done for duty, now reward, The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned. Taking their path of duty high and higher, What do we deem that they, too may have learned In that baptismal fire?

Now that the only end beneath the sun Is to make every sea a trading lake, And all our splendid English history one

Voluminous mistake.

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week -Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's

The wind of battle breathing on their cheek Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers-not like those whose race is run-Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar, Them no reveille and no morning gun Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face Of those who lived, and into it instead Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race, Sweet commune with the dead.

And thought beyond their thoughts the Spirit lent, And manly tears made mist upon their eyes, And to them came a great presentiment Of high self-sacrifice.

On looking back we found the men with the pitchforks were between us and the bull. We rode back to them and they began to drive the animal up the road. After slow progress for about half a mile we enquired "How far is this brute going?" To which the men replied, "His home is about three miles from here, but this fellow has a roving commission and may go to Woodstock."

We made several unsuccessful attempts to pass the creature but he always faced us and bellowing loudly lowered his horns in such a menacing way that we were not willing to dispute his claim to a monoply of the Queen's highway. The situation was getting serious, but at length to our relief he took another jumping fit and went over the road fence into an apple orchard, a proceeding which probab ly afforded greater satisfaction to us than to the farmers, The way was once more clear and we were soon enjoying our supper at the Elmwood hotel.

After disposing of this to our satisfaction we again mounted our wheels and proceeded six miles over a very hilly road to Smith's in Lower Prince William, where we passed the night. My bed was an old four poster, so high that I fairly had to vault into it. Slept all right however, got up bright and early, shook the feathers out of my neck and dressed. We had a regular country breakfast-porridge, pancakes, cream, etc., the charge for bed and breakfast thirty cents.

From Lower Prince William we had a tiresome ride of nine miles over a very hilly road, the dust was simple terrible. The Barony Flats afforded a welcome relief for the next three miles. Soon after we arrived at the wonderful gorge at the mouth of the Pokiok. The rocky walls on either side are barely twenty-five feet apart but seventy feet in height and accurately perpendicular, and within this canon the water makes a series of leaps and boils and foams. It was such a beautiful and fascinating spot that we were reluctant to leave it.

As we were travelling leisurely we stopped for dinner at the trim little village of Meductic at the mouth of Eel River and arrived at Woodstock early in the afternoon. Here I separated from my companions who returned a few days later to St. John.

After a few days, spent very pleasantly with relatives, I was visited by an old friend, a most enthusiastic cyclist, whom I shall in this story designate as George. We arranged a trip to Grand Fall which was aiterwards extended to Lake Temiscouata.



Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurher, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."



Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.

slightly built as a rule than the English. Everywhere we stopped we got a most

hospitable welcome, and all along the road people would stop their work to look at us and call out "Bon Jour," sometimes we would do the "Bon Jouring," and then we always got as a reply "Good Day." This we did not take as a compliment to our Parisian accent. Occasionally we passed little girls who looked very dainty tripping along with their dancing yellow hair. Although, as a rule, the Acadians are dark, many of their children have fair hair. Now and then we would come across some old gentleman taking his ease on his verandah with his shoes snd stockings off. In this country most people instead of putting slippers on when their out door work is done sit in their bare teet in the summer evenings; this is economical and convenient.

Once or twice we passed a rude shrine erected by the way side. There was usually a cross of wood with a place in front for kneeling and in a niche above the figure of the Virgin; the whole enclosed by a neat picket fence. The most elaborate one that we saw was a representation of a bleeding heart and a cross made of brass surrounded by a handsome railing.

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Thus, as the heaven's many colored flames At sunset are but dust in rich disguise, The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames God's pictures in the skies.

-The Archbishop of Armagh in The London Times, The heading of a remarkable chapter in the "De Imitatione Christi."

A Cycling Trip to Temiseouata.

BY W. O. RAYMOND, JR. ST. JOHN.

One fine July morning three St. John boys left the Indiantown wharf for Fredericton in the steamer Victoria. On our arrival at Fredericton, about three in the afternoon, we mounted our wheels and took the road for Woodstock. The day was pertect for riding, the road was good, and in an hour and a half we reached the Elmwood hotel in Upper Kirgsclear 16 miles from Fredericton. Here we were given a good supper for the modest sum of twenty-five cents. Our only adventure thus far occurred just before we reached the hotel. We heard shouts as we were rid. ing quietly alone and two farmers armed with pitchforks suddenly appeared in the neighborhood pasture in hot pursuit of a big black bull. A moment later his lordship came flying over the fence in the prettiest fashion and turned towards us. Not being particularly desirous fof cultivating his acquaintance we turned our wheels as he approsched and retired in good order but in lively fashion.

Leaving Woodstock at 10 o'clock on the morning of the twenty-second of July we proceeded via Lakeville and Centreville through what is perhaps the finest farming region in the province. The road was good though somewhat hilly. Our first day's riding was notable for accidents to our wheels, the only ones, however, that we encountered on our tour. The most serious of these was the bursting of the valve on my front wheel and a bad puncture in my companion's tire. These disasters necessitated our proceeding to East Florsneeville for repairs. We had an experience in the use of our pumps in the course of the day that we were not likely soon to forget. From East Florenceville we had a fine level road to Andover where we arrived about nine o'clock in the evening. We got to Grand Falls the next day in time tor dinner. The road from Audover was very hilly and as we were constantly climbing our progress was slow. We spent the early part of the afternoon viewing the falls. My friend persuaded me to ride on to Edmundston. He said he wished to see the people and improve his French accent. I had no particular desire to see the people and had no French accent worth improving, but at last agreed to accompany him for the sake of the trip.

Below Grand Falls the English element predominates but above it the French, so that we seemed in riding towards Edmundston to be suddenly transported into another country. As we whirled along over a smooth and level road we met many of the French inhabitants. They seemed darker and more

To be Continued. HEART STAGGERS.

Here's Confession of Intense Heart suffering and Weakness That Made Life One Long Dreadful Nightmare-Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was the Saving Agent.

Mr. Thomas Cooke, 260 Johnston St., Kingston, writes this of himself and how Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart helped him: "I have used in all six bottles of this great heart remedy and it has completely cured me of heart weakness, from which I suffered severely for years. Prior to using it the slightest exertion or excitement would produce severe palpitation and nervous de-pression. To-day I am as strong as ever, and without one symptom of Heart disease. For Sale by Garden Bros.

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when the blood is thin and watery, the nerves, are actually starved and nervous exhaustion and prostration soon follow, Feed the nerves with Dr A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and you will impart to them the new life and vigor of perfect health. Face cut and fac-simile signature of Dr A w Chase on every box of the genuine.

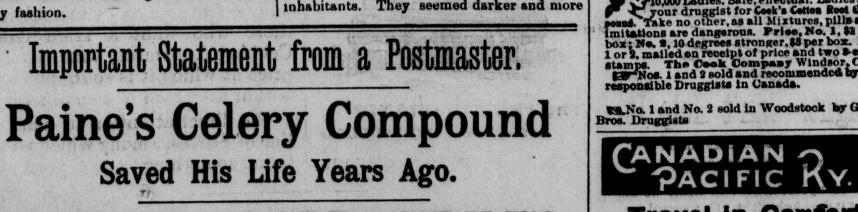
Some men get up in the world only as high as the elevator runs.

A girl always thinks her first beau is perfection personified.

Travel in Comfort

-ON THE-

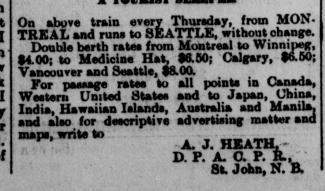
A TOURIST SLEEPER



HAS NOT BEEN ILL A SINGLE DAY SINCE HE WAS CURED.

If there are doubters who in the past have says: questioned the efficacy of Paine's Celery Comquestioned the efficacy of Paine's Celery Com-pound in saving life, they must, after careful-ly reading Mr. Kilbride's second letter, come to the conclusion that the great medicine is worthy of closer thought and attention than they were disposed to give it weeks or

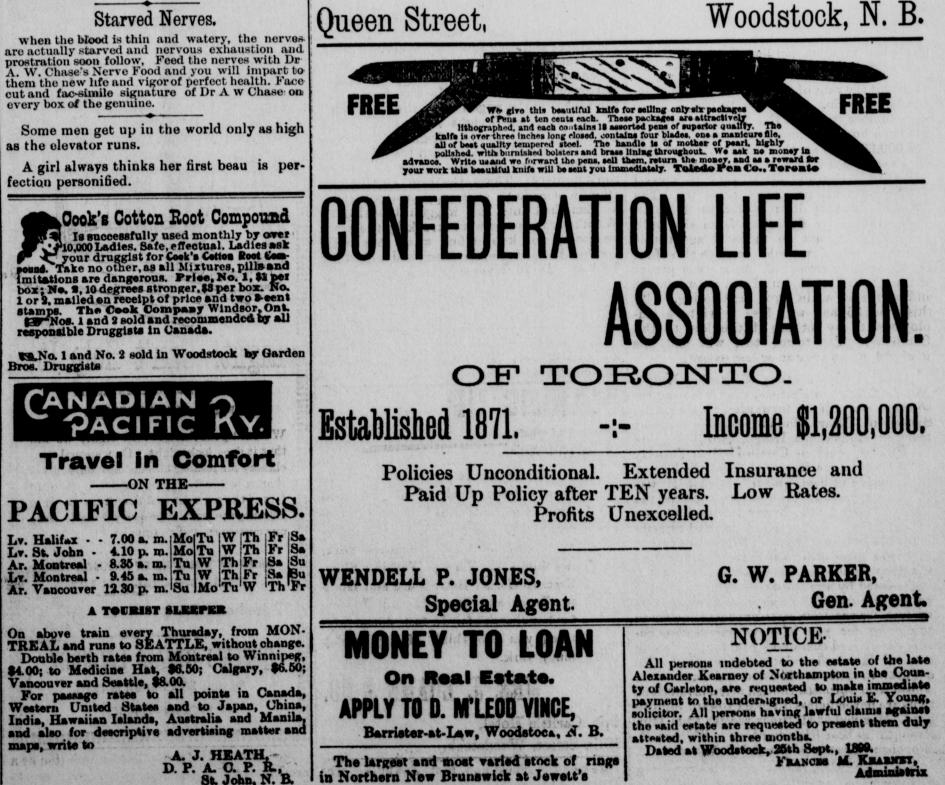
"Nearly six years ago Paine's Celery Com-pound cured me—in fact, saved my life. At this time I am still feeling well and have not been ill a single day since I used your famous Compound. I truly owe my present health and strength to Paine's Celery Compound; it they were disposed to give it weeks or months ago. Mr. P. J. Kilbride, postmaster of Inver-ness, P. E. I., is no idle theorist of specula-tor, neither has his important testimony been unduly obtained. This second letter, vouch-ing for a permanent and lasting cure, is al-lowed to be made public for the advantage and weal of thousands of sufforers who are anxiously looking for new life and freedom from the power of disease. Mr. Kilbride and strength to Paine's Celery Compound; it saved me from insanity and the grave. I shall never forget the awful state I was in before I used your grand life restorer. Now I can sleep and eat well, for which I thank God and your wondrous curing medicine. I have anewered over two hundred and fifty



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