

## A Cycling Trip to Temiscouata.

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

We went up the river from Grand Falls on the American side, as we were told the road was rather better. At the international boundary we dismounted and read the inscription on the iron post and embraced the opportunity of standing astride the boundary with one foot on British and one on American soil.

We were making fine progress on this road and enjoying ourselves to the full when a heavy shower came on. It was near tea-time so we decided to stop at one of the houses. When we came to the door my companion addressed the old man in English. The old fellow shook his head.

"Try him in French," I urged.

"No, no," said my friend, "I don't want him to think I know it at all."

"Well if you don't we won't get any supper."

"Yes, we will somehow or other."

The old gentleman brought us in and probably would have introduced us to his large family had such a thing been possible. Conversation languished. My companion looked vacantly about him; as for me I couldn't look more vacant than I felt. After a while I said to George "I've been to a good many tea parties but never to such as this. I wish there was somebody who could understand a word I said." At this a girl in one corner of the room looked up with a twinkle in her eye and addressed us in perfect English. We sat down to tea and George was soon engaged in an animated conversation with the girl who could speak English. Meanwhile the old lady kept glancing at him in a suspicious and uneasy way. Suddenly she fired this question at him like a cannon shot, "Parlez vous Francais?" George was caught off his guard and glanced at her intelligently. "Vous parlez Francais!" she cried triumphantly. Then followed a perfect volley accompanied by the shaking of a fist and much gesticulation. What the old lady said was something to this effect, "Sir, you must not speak English to my daughter, I do not understand you. How do I know what dreadful things you may be saying to her? I cannot allow it; speak French Sir."

I saw the girl laugh and blush. George who was nearly dying with suppressed laughter, tried to look like an inspired idiot during this tirade. He afterwards blamed himself for not being quick enough to ask the girl what her mother was saying.

Soon afterwards we resumed our journey and pedalled along very pleasantly for four or five miles. The rain had ceased, but, as it soon appeared, only for a time, and as we approached the little village of Van Buren, the sky which had constantly been growing darker, became black with clouds; rain fell in large drops, and the thunder muttered in the distance. Not liking the look of the weather we made up our minds to spend the night in the village. The suspicious glances that people gave our wheels, however, made us feel a little uneasy as they were of Canadian make and we were not versed in the customs laws. The accommodation was also not particularly inviting so that we found ourselves in a quandary whether it would be better to remain where we were or to ride on and brave the storm. We discussed this question for nearly half an hour, and as the weather did not grow worse but moderated a little, we decided to proceed.

We had not ridden many miles before we wished ourselves back in Van Buren. The rain came down, not in drops but in sheets. The thunder crashed, and the lightning flashed, and all thought of reaching Edmundston that night was for the time being at an end. We made a quick bolt for the nearest shelter—a large farm house by the side of the road. None of the people here could speak English, so George was again forced to air his French, which he did in a most creditable way, stringing it off like a native, and being readily understood. They told us to take our wheels to the stable and then to come in. Why our bicycles had to go to the stable is more than I can explain—unless they regarded them as something in the nature of a horse; which opinion was strengthened, when, on telling them how far we had come on our iron steeds, they exclaimed that the bicycle was "un bon cheval," "un tres bon cheval."

We stayed at this house for over two hours. The people seemed very shy at first, but George, with his French, kept the conversation going and they gradually thawed out and at last became quite friendly. We induced the old gentleman of the house to give us a couple of French songs, which he sang with a great deal of vigor in a high tenor voice.

About ten o'clock, as the storm had passed away and the family we were staying with had evidently no desire, nor, as far as I could see, any place to keep us for the night, we bade them good-bye, took our wheels, and prepared to ride the remaining eight miles to Edmundston. As the rain had not fallen for any length of time, we thought the roads would be in fairly good condition, but in this we were woefully mistaken.

It was what one calls in the country a "pokey dark night," so dark that we could hardly make out the wheels we rode upon. Now and then, however, the scenery was illumined by the flashing of the distant lightning, which away on the opposite side of the river kept darting to and fro among the mountains, resting upon their summits and crowning them with fire. The sight was a very fine one but we had very small leisure to admire the beauties of nature, having trouble enough to take care of ourselves. Scarcely, indeed, had we gone more than a hundred yards when we perceived that our journey was not to be an easy one. A sudden *plash, splash*, and the slipping of our tires informed us that there was a little mud around after all. Hardly had I realized this fact when I was startled by a sudden shout from George who was riding along in front, "Look out! I'm off." "Look out yourself! I can't stop," I answered. There was a crash which promptly transferred me from the saddle into the ditch. Finding there was no damage to anything but our clothes we remounted, George observing philosophically, "Well we may as well get wet first as last." In a few minutes my companion's wheel went over once more and we narrowly escaped another collision. "O misery! we can't ride through this stuff," said George, "we'll have to walk the rest of the way." So we tried the walking but my bicycle shoes were low and loose and were continually being sucked off by the mud, and a quarter of a mile of this kind of travelling was enough for me. "Good gracious, George, if Edmundston is eight miles away we won't get there till Christmas at this rate. Let's jump on and ride and take our chances of a smash up." He agreed, and on we started, but my! it was hard work, and harder on my companion than myself, for his tires being much narrower slipped twice as easily as mine. Besides, as the more experienced rider, he had to lead the way and I learned from the sound of his wheels to prepare for what was coming. *Whish, swish*, "more of that beastly mud ahead," I would say to myself, *Whush, plush*, "its pretty heavy." *Drip, drop, drop, drip*, "now he's going through a puddle"—*Splash*, an exclamation. "What is the matter?" I would ask, "O! I'm cooling off in this confounded pond."

(To be Continued.)

## A PUBLIC PIT-FALL.

## Shubenacadie Man has a Dangerous Experience.

Fooled by an Imitation of Dodd's Kidney Pills—Took two boxes of the spurious remedy—Found out his mistake in time.

SHUBENACADIE, Nov. 27.—Alfred Miller, of this town, narrates an account of a dangerous experience of his own, which is liable to occur to anyone who doesn't keep the sharpest kind of a look out. The pit full into which he fell lies gaping open to be stumbled into by the public at large.

It is a well-known fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured those formerly incurable maladies, Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are likewise famous for curing Rheumatism. They have a marvellous reputation for curing Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Disorders, Female Complaints and Blood Diseases. That anyone could be deceived into taking another preparation for Dodd's Kidney Pills is on first sight incomprehensible, in view of the reputation they enjoy.

This reputation, however, is just the point. Unscrupulous imitators trace on that reputation to push their own nostrums on the public. Read what Mr. Alfred Miller, of Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, writes about his experience with imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Having been troubled with a weak back and suffering this long while with severe pains occasioned by some kidney trouble, I purchased two boxes of a pill similar in name to Dodd's. I had determined to get some Dodd's Kidney Pills, but when I asked for Dodd's I was persuaded to take this other remedy. I used them with absolutely no effect. I was about to give up in disgust when it struck me I'd better try the genuine article. I then got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, refusing to take any others, and that first box cured me completely. So far the pain has not returned."

## THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Circumstances in Which He Left a House Empty-Handed.

"I stopped one night, on the way to the house I was going to," said the retired burglar, at a little house on the road that I thought I could clean out in a minute, and make whatever I got there just so much clean gain. This house stood close to the road, though this was in a country neighborhood, and it looked sort of unkept; I don't mean slack, or uncared for, but as though there wasn't anybody to keep it up as it ought to be; walks swept and all that, but things bodily more or less out of repair.

"When I got inside and saw how poor they really were, I must say it made one feel kind o' mean and ashamed to think I'd come in at all; and it didn't take me long to wake up and come to myself and make up my mind that there wasn't anything there that I wanted but then I thought I'd go up stairs and take a look around there. This wasn't with a view to carrying anything off; I think it was just the professional instinct that led me

## The Crow of Croup.

It strikes terror to a mother's heart to have her child wake up at night with a croupy cough.

Child can scarcely speak, can hardly breathe—seems to be choking.

There is no time for delay—apply hot poultices to the throat and upper part of the chest, and give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup—nothing like it for giving prompt relief—will save a child when nothing else will.

Mrs. Wm. Young, Frome, Ont., says: "One year ago our little boy had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs and croup, which left a bad wheeze in his chest."

"We were advised to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which we did, and it cured him completely."

"Now we always keep this remedy in the house, as it excels all others for the severest kinds of coughs or colds."



**Laxa-Liver Pills** are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliaryness and Sick Headache. Do not gripe or sicken.

to inspect the premises, to look around you know. I went on up the stairs, anyway—narrow stairs, with just the simplest sort of a railing along up the sides. There was a light coming from somewhere, out onto the stairway, and when I got up high enough to see I could see where it came from through a door partly open in a room at the front of the house.

"When I got up to where I could look through the crack of that door inside the room, I saw in there, sitting in a chair holding a candle in her hand, a woman, fast asleep. She'd come up from downstairs I don't know when, it might have been an hour, it might have been two hours before, but not longer, judging by the candle, completely tired out, and she'd set down in this chair for just a minute to rest herself and gone to sleep. Seeing her accounted easy for the looks of the place. Tidy—she must have it so; that was her nature. Lacking repairs—there wasn't any man about to make 'em; now I remembered there wasn't any man's hat or coat, or anything hanging around downstairs: husband dead maybe, or gone somewhere, or something, anyhow she was there alone, as far as the work was concerned—there was children, I saw their traps downstairs—and it was a tremendous task for her, more'n she could do, and often stacking up against it all day long and half the night she'd creep up here finally to go to bed, and set down, to rest herself just a minute, and go right to sleep.

"She was sitting here to-night back in the chair, head dropped forward, and holding the candle on her lap. The candlestick was tipped a little as she held it loosely and so the candle leaned a little to one side and the grease had all run down on that side and made a bunch over the rim around the top of the socket, and there was a rat standing with his hind feet on the bottom of the candlestick and his forefeet up against the bench, eating the tallow.

"Well, say; when I come to see that woman sitting there like that it was easy for me to make up my mind, if I'd had any doubt about it before, which I hadn't and I just made noise enough to scare that rat away and then I slid out."

## BAD HEART—DIZZY HEAD.

Life was a Living Death, but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieved in Thirty Minutes.

"I was so troubled with heart disease that I could not stand on a chair without growing dizzy. Going up stairs, or being suddenly startled, brought on violent palpitation and suffocation. Had pains about the heart. Tried many remedies and physicians without relief. I took two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and, although two years ago, I have not felt the slightest return of the trouble. I think it the greatest of remedies." Mrs. W. R. Collyer, 32 Pacific avenue, Toronto.—Sold by Garden Bros.

35 CENTS

The best fountain pen ever sold for the money. Writes 2000 words with one filling. Hard rubber holder, highly polished. Warranted to give entire satisfaction. Your money back if you want it. Agents can make money selling this pen. Sample, 25 cents; one dozen, \$3.50, sent postpaid, with our catalogue. Johnston & McFarlane, 77 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Travel in Comfort

—ON THE—

## PACIFIC EXPRESS.

Lv. Halifax - 7.00 a. m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sa  
Lv. St. John - 4.10 p. m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sa  
Ar. Montreal - 8.35 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su  
Lv. Montreal - 9.45 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su  
Ar. Vancouver 12.30 p. m. Su Mo Tu W Th Fr

## A TOURIST SLEEPER

On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change. Double berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$6.50; Calgary, \$6.50; Vancouver and Seattle, \$8.00.

For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to

A. J. HEATH,  
D. P. A. C. P. R.,  
St. John, N. B.

## Not made in Huge Lots!

In Haste, Slighted in Workmanship, Painting and Upholstering.

## This is not the way We make our Waggon.

Each Carriage is carefully made by skilled workmen, out of the best material, painted and trimmed in the best manner, and will outlast three factory carriages.

LOOK AT OUR CORNINGS AND ROAD WAGGONS.

## The Woodstock Carriage Co.

Main Street, at the Bridge.

## WRITE YOUR BUSINESS LETTERS

on good Letter or Note Paper with your name, business and address tastefully printed on it.

## Enclose Your Business Letters

in good Envelopes with your address printed in the corner. We can sell you this printed stationery about as cheaply as you can buy it unprinted.

## Parchment Butter Paper

is a specialty with us. We can give it to you in large size 24x36 inches, for tub linings or, in printed or unprinted wrappers for one or two pound prints. This paper is the very best on the market and we buy it in such quantities that we can sell it as cheaply as any office in the province.

## THE DISPATCH,

Queen Street,

Woodstock, N. B.



## NOTICE OF SALE.

To George E. Phillips of the Parish of Northampton in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Lina E. Phillips, 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 Eighteenth day of March in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety Eight, and recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book Y, Number 3, on pages 171 and 172, and made between the said George E. Phillips and Lina E. Phillips, his wife of the one part, and the undersigned John Connor of the town of Woodstock aforesaid, Grocer, of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment of the interest due thereon, be sold at PUBLIC 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 THURSDAY the FOURTEENTH 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 in the Parish of Northampton aforesaid, containing Two Hundred Acres more or less, and known and distinguished in the Grant from the Crown as lot Number fifty three (53) in the said Parish of Northampton, and also known as the lot of land formerly owned and occupied by Edwin O. Bulmer and Charity Bulmer his wife, and being same land as deeded to the said Sidney Bulmer by Edwin O. Bulmer by Deed registered in Book B, Number three of Carleton County Records, on pages 333 and 334, the fifth day of November A. D. 1883, and being same lands conveyed by said Sidney Bulmer and Charity A. Bulmer to said George E. Phillips, by Deed Registered in the Carleton County Records in Book V, Number three on pages 454 and 455."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining. Dated this Eleventh day of November A. D. 1899.

JOHN CONNOR,  
Mortgagee.

HARTLEY & CARVELL,  
Solicitors for Mortgagee.

## MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,

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

## NOTICE

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Alexander Kearney of Northampton in the County of Carleton, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, or Louis E. Young, solicitor. All persons having lawful claims against the said estate are requested to present them duly attested, within three months.

Dated at Woodstock, 25th Sept., 1899.

FRANCES M. KEARNEY,  
Administratrix

## Ups and Downs.

He sallied out one pleasant eve  
To call on the fair young miss,  
And when he reached her residence,  
like this!

like the steps

Ran up

Her papa met him at the door,  
He did not see the miss,  
He'll not go back there any more,  
For

as

went

up

like

—Baltimore American.