

A Cycling Trip to Temiscouata.

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

After we had covered two or three miles of our journey I began to feel a little proud of the fact that I was sticking to my wheel so well. But pride has a fall and so had I. In the very midst of my self-congratulation, a lightning flash enabled me to see my friend's wheel, which just then took a sudden swerve to one side of the road. The next minute I struck what he had struck—a rut which upset my bicycle and threw me over its head in a twinkling. I turned a neat somersault, and then found myself rolling over and over, down a sort of embankment. Not knowing whether this might not be the bank of the river I became rather scared, and clutched at everything I saw in order to arrest my progress. The only effect of this was to bring stones, rocks and pebbles clattering with me. At last, to my great relief, I reached the bottom, which was not the river but a field of grass. Then only did the comical side of the situation strike me, and I lay back in the grass and laughed, wondering at the same time what had become of my comrade. Suddenly I heard what seemed to be an echo to my laugh, a few feet in front. I looked, and there was George; he had accompanied me down.

Once we met in the darkness a Frenchman driving his team of oxen. "How many miles to Edmundston?" we inquired. "Je ne comprends pas," was the answer. "Combien de milles a l'Edmundston?" we repeated. "Je ne comprends pas," was again the reply. We turned away in disgust. We learned later that had we said "Petit Sault" (Little Falls), he would have understood very well, as that is the name always given to Edmundston by the country people of the vicinity.

We passed one other man during the night, and asked him the way to the ferry by which we intended to cross to Edmundston. He gave us a regular Irishman's direction, telling us to ride till we came to the biggest hill between here and there, and then to inquire at a little house on the right hand side of the road. Well, by and by we did go up a big hill, and there sure enough was a white house just beyond it. With a "Hurrah, here we are," we dismounted and knocked at the door. An old lady appeared and my friend asked her if she could tell us where to find the ferry. Yes, she could. "Then how far is it from here, please?"

"Only three miles."
"Merci, bien! Only three miles!"

Tired out as we were with riding on such a night and on such a road it seemed as if the woman might just as well have said twenty. However, there was nothing to do but persevere, and on we went, though how we ever splashed and tumbled along to the door of the ferryman's hut I cannot remember. The one thing I do recall was that George would speak nothing but French, and I could hear him muttering away under his breath, "tres difficile, tres difficile!" As for me I thought best not to express my feelings. At length then, as all things have an end, after nearly battering the ferryman's door down to get him out of bed, we got safely on board the ferry and started across the river.

The ferry boat was one of those lazy arrangements called a wire ferry, in which the current does all the work. So silently and gently do they move that we were some distance across before I noticed that the boat had left the shore. It must have been a queer sight; the lightning playing around; the twinkling lights of Edmundston in the distance; the boat gliding along in silence, broken only by the wash of the water against the sides; on the deck the motionless figures of the ferryman, and the two tourists completely covered with mud, with their wheels even more bespattered. At last we reached the farther side, and having paid the ferryman walked as quickly as possible to the nearest hotel, engaged beds for the night, and slept the sleep of the weary if not of the just.

The next day being Sunday we remained at Edmundston. Our landlord informed us that there was an English service in the town adding, "I must go to my church, you can go to your church or not as you please." Not wishing to be beaten by a Frenchman we went to our church.

The town of Edmundston was very like the village we had passed through, only that things were on a larger scale. What impressed us most was the fluency with which the people spoke both French and English. To see a man at the dinner table carry on a conversation with his right hand neighbor in English and his left hand neighbor in French strikes one at first sight as odd, but it is what is to be seen all the time here.

Monday morning saw us not riding homewards, as we had intended, but still continuing towards the north. The truth was that at Edmundston we had heard such glowing accounts of the beauty of Lake Temiscouata that we could not return without having seen it. Nor did we regret our determination for this part of our trip was most enjoyable. The road we wheeled along was one which might well delight the heart of cyclist. Constructed years ago by the British government

for military purposes, it is as firm and smooth as any pavement and as level as a barn floor, having but one hill worthy of the name, during the whole of the distance between Edmundston and Temiscouata. The scenery too was magnificent; the road running right along the bank of the winding Madawaska.

Naturally we did some fast riding along a road like this and would have reached our destination in the course of about a couple of hours had we not been delayed by the dogs with which the country fairly swarms. These were the one drawback to the situation. Had they come singly we would not have minded, but instead of that no sooner did one start yelping and chasing after us than a dozen others would arrive leaping and barking from all the farmhouses in the neighborhood. I think both our tempers were roused a little by the attacks of these snapping curs; and when one of them catching hold of George's leg bit him quite severely before he could shake him off, it did not tend to improve matters. For the next five minutes he could do nothing but rub his leg and regret that he had left his revolver in Fredericton; "If I could only have shot that brute through the head!" he would keep saying to himself.

Shortly after this we met a French farmer driving along in a cart behind which trotted a large dog about the size of a mastiff. The instant the animal caught sight of us he made a fierce dash for George and in spite of the old man's frantic cries of "chien! chien!" he ran right between the wheels of his bicycle, and the next moment bicycle, dog and George went headlong into the ditch. When the latter emerged he did not say a word but picking up the biggest stone at hand let fly at the dog. It struck the brute fairly on the head knocking him right off his legs. "Bon! Bon!" cried the Frenchman in the cart clapping his hands. After this we filled our pockets with stones and woe betide the unhappy dog that dared approach.

At last we passed beyond the realm of dogs, and during the last nine or ten miles of our journey were left to enjoy in peace the beauty of the scenery. Presently we came in sight of the lake, which, lying far beneath the level of the road and surrounded by high hills on the farther side gives one the impression that he is riding not over ordinary level country but upon some sort of high table land. The loveliness of the view is unsurpassed. Soon, however, we came down to the level of the lake and having skirted its shores for six miles at last arrived at our destination—the little village of Notre Dame du Lac.

W. O. RAYMOND, JR.

WAR TERRORS

Pale Into Insignificance to the Man who is Tormented with Piles—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Will Cure Them.

Of all flesh ailments the most distressing is piles, blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerating and the remedy that will give the quickest relief and the surest cure is Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It holds a phenomenal record as a certain pile cure, and the words "relieved like magic," have been heralded round the globe, and are but the voices of the nations telling of its curative powers. It cures all skin diseases, eczema, salt rheum, scald head, etc. Sold by Garden Bros.

Fire Ink For The Red Man.

The Indian policeman who came with the witnesses to the grand jury Monday said that it would be a long fall and a late freeze up. He declined to say how he knew this, but seemed positive.

A civilized Indian who came down yesterday said that the reservation Indians are acquiring a taste for Jamaica ginger. "The stories around the reservations," he said, "all handle ginger as a legal drug, and the Indians have discovered that it is as fiery a beverage as a cheap whiskey. A teaspoonful will cause choking and coughing for several minutes in a throat unaccustomed to swallowing the powerful stuff. Red ink is another favourite beverage of the Indians, since the federal authorities have begun to exercise stricter supervision over their copper-skinned wards. It is the ordinary red ink which a bookkeeper uses in his balance sheets and which book stores sell for writing purposes. The ink drinker of cultivated tastes will buy bottles by the half dozen and swallow the contents with relish. Essences, which white people use for puddings, are swallowed in quantity by the Indians, and have been used in that way for years. Wood alcohol, accounted poison in most parts of the country, is consumed in considerable quantities diluted with water."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Itching Piles.

False modesty causes many people to endure in silence the greatest misery imaginable from itching piles. One application of Dr. W. A. Chase's Ointment will soothe and ease the itching, one box will completely cure the worst case of blind, itching, bleeding or protruding piles. You have no risk to run for Dr. W. A. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles.

For Health and Beauty.

Sir Thomas Sawyer, an English lecturer and writer, gives the following rules for long life:

1. Sleep eight hours in each twentyfour.
2. Sleep on your right side, with the window open.
3. Place the bed away from the wall.
4. Take a bath the temperature of the body daily.

Bakers' Bad Backs.



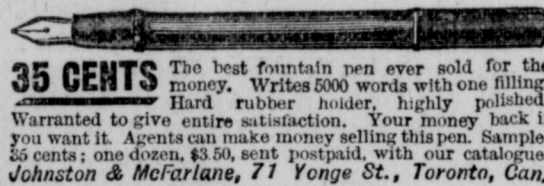
We little know the toil and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated work-rooms is hard on the system, gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the Kidneys to cure the back. **DOAN'S Kidney Pills** cure all kinds of Bad Backs by restoring the Kidneys to healthy action. Mr. Walter Buchanan, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says: "For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from acute pains across the small of my back, pain in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility. From the first few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to improve, and I have continued until I am to-day a well man. I have not got a pain or ache about me. My head is clear; the urinary difficulties all gone; my sleep is refreshing and my health is better now than for years."

5. Take exercise before breakfast.
 6. Eat but little meat well cooked.
 7. Do not drink milk, for adults.
 8. Eat much grain food.
 9. Avoid intoxicants.
 10. Live as much as possible in the country.
 11. Vary your occupations.
 12. Limit your ambitions.
- No rules can be given that will apply to every one: Experience and knowledge of one's self must be the guide in applying these results.

LIFE'S SPRING IS POISONED

If the Kidneys do Not Carry off its Blood Impurities—South American Kidney Cure Keeps These Organs Healthy—Prevents Diabetes—Bright's Disease and Bladder Difficulties.

Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys for the removal of its impurities—every three minutes—night and day—while life lasts. The kidneys are the filter—and it stands to reason that if the filter is out of order the impure matter in the blood goes to every part of the body at every heart beat. When the first indications of kidney disorder present themselves, resort at once to South American Kidney Cure—the tried, tested and proved specific for Bright's disease, diabetes and bladder complications. It never fails. Sold by Garden Bros.



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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



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Ar. Vancouver 12.30 p. m. Su Mo Tu W Th Fr

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Net Surplus	"	45,917.33	"	474,029.08
Insurance in force	"	1,874,830.00	"	20,595,708.00

A policy in the North American is a safe and remunerative investment because the Company's financial position is unexcelled.

L. GOLDMAN, Secretary. **WM. McCABE,** Managing Director.
HUGH S. WRIGHT, District Manager, Woodstock.

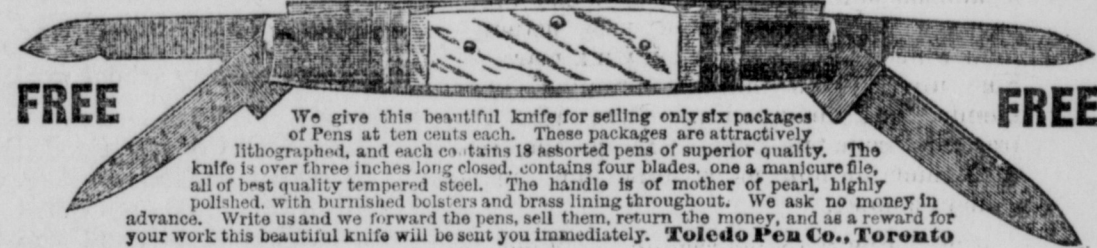
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OF TORONTO.

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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 V, 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 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 of in anywise appertaining thereto. Dated this Eleventh day of November A. D. 1899. **JOHN CONNOR,** Mortgagee.

HARTLEY & CARVELL, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

Charles Parker, PAINTER, Etc., Etc.

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