

WHEN THE FARM BOY GROWS UP BE
A MAN.

What Sometimes Happen then.

The Sun has heard from Tommy Hope again. Tommy is now worrying himself over what is going to happen when he grows to be a man and wants to get married. He says:

What takes away my breath the quickest is when I think of the time when I'll want to get married. There'll be a commotion in our house then. Everything is real quiet now, but when that time comes, then Liz will show up her spiteful nature, ma will bring into action her fault-findingness, Dicky will assume the position of first vice-president, and pa will be influenced by the whole caboodle of them. Won't there be a time. I'm glad I'll be there. I know just how it will be by the other families around here. I'm looking forward to the time. We are like a nest of birds now, but when I get married it will be like a bumble bee coming into the nest. There'll be some loud fluttering, and pecking. You see, pa and me are working awful hard trying to pay the mortgage off of our place, and I guess in about 4 or 5 more years we'll do it. Now, it's like this: If I ask pa to pay me for working for him same as he would a hired boy, he'll say he can't afford it. Then if I ask him to let me go and work for our neighbor, he says he can't spare me. Of course I'm getting older every day, and I could earn more and more as the years go by. But if I stay at home and work and give pa the benefit of my work, he'll put it on that mortgage, and the whole thing will be his, and if I should tell him he ought to "pony up" for my work and not pocket the whole thing himself, he'll say:

"Tommy, Tommy, it will all be yours when I'm through with it."

But, say, I'm prouder today of my boot-jack and umbrella—because they are mine—than I am of pa's whole farm. But of course he'll tell it will all be mine. I'll be pacified, and everything will be all right—all right until I get married.

Just let me picture that beautiful scene. I'll go up into heaven and get an angel for my wife, and I'll bring her down here. Of course it will take my folks by surprise. But now, if I only knew enough to take my wife, that I had brought down from heaven, and move seventeen hundred miles away (not quite so far might do), all would be well. We could then visit each other, the fatted calves would be killed, and they'd all think what a nice wife Tommy had, while my wife would congratulate herself on marrying a man with such a nice family behind him, and everything would be lovely—if we didn't stay too long at each other's places when we went on visits. But I'll never know enough to go seventeen hundred miles away. No, I'll take my wife right straight to my old home-nest, and we'll ask pa for his blessing. Pa won't be used to giving blessings, and he is very honest, so he'll just lay his wrinkled old hand (it will be wrinkled and a little tremble then,) on our heads and he'll say, "May the Lord have mercy on your souls," and we'll hope the Lord will be merciful, and maybe for one very little instant we'll be sorry we went so far as to get married. But human nature is very strong in young married folks and we'll soon get over thinking that.

Then straightway forthwith ma and Liz and Dicky and pa begin to fault my angel wife. Yes, they'll fault her; they'll peck her all to pieces. Oh, my angel wife; how foolish of you to go in that same nest with your husband's people. I fear, my girl, you'll stay just long enough to learn to hate instead of love, and they in return will learn to hate instead of love, and for all the rest of your lives, how pleasant it will be. But that's the way that everybody else does, and we must do it too, of course. Now, as soon as

they all get to hate each other thoroughly, why then that beautiful scene is at an end, the honeymoon ceases, and the novelty of being married suddenly becomes a thing of the past. With the average farm boy and girl around here it takes about two weeks, but if the girl isn't very talky, it lasts longer, and if she is, about three days ends the whole thing, beautiful scene, honeymoon, novelty and all to a sudden and everlasting halt.

Of course, I'll speak to pa about my prospects, and he'll look about him. I cannot say whether he will build me a little house alongside thy barn or give me two or three rooms in my old home or take himself and the remainder of his family to town. These methods have all been indulged in, and have nearly all ended alike.

"A very small cottage one family will do; But I never saw a house that was large enough for two."

I think that "house" means farm, too. When pa sees I'm not satisfied, he'll keep sayin' to me all the time:

"It will all be yours, Tommy, when I am through."

Would it not be better for my father to give me out and out what I want to build my home, that which I have truly earned? Would it not be better than saying, "It will all be yours when I'm through with it?" Yes, Tommy "all yours." But there'll be so many things that I'll want. Maybe it will be a new house or a new barn, or maybe further on in life, when one of my boys will want an education; then, oh, will the time ever come when I'll wish my dear old father dead? No, no; a thousand times no. But then, only yesterday did I hear Ralph Smith say "he believed the Lord had forgotten his father." Ralph is counted a good boy, and his father a good man. But no; the time will never come to me. Pa will still keep telling me that I shall have what I have earned, and the farm besides (for he has his life insured for Dicky and Liz.) Yes, it will all be mine, but can I believe him? Can I trust him? Will he stand firm and true to what he says? When his business is all straightened up will there be no bitter disappointment? Will the time ever come when I'll have to leave my old home? There are four forsaken home-steads right around my home, and they are all the birthplaces of farmer boys. Oh, how disappointed were those boys when lawyers stepped in and finished up the business, and the homes, too. And when I will see his old eyesight failing, and his once strong arm grow weak with age, his tottering knees swaying, his old body bent, when I see all this, can I think that his mind, once so strong and clear, is going to stay "steady up" through it all? And because he has not paid me what he owes, when he is laid to rest out there in our family plot, all alone in that lonesome place, will I ever, oh, will I ever, bid my children to never mention his dear old name? Heaven forbid.—Sun, Toronto.

Grand for Diarrhoea.

"I have been using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past 6 years and consider it a grand remedy for diarrhoea, and it is especially good for children cutting teeth."

Mrs. Henry C. Thede, Port Elgin, Ont.

"An Acadian Easter."

Any man who would undertake to write of the poets of Canada must give a good place to Mr. Francis Sherman. And it must be no mean pleasure to us in New Brunswick to remember that Mr. Sherman was born in Fredericton. The first pages of the Atlantic Monthly for April are graced with a new poem from Mr. Sherman, called "An Acadian Easter." The poem tells the story of the blockade of Lady La Tour by Seigneur d'Aulnay Charnisay at the fort at the mouth of the St. John River in 1645: the capitulation of Lady La Tour and her death of grief

Don't Chide the
Children.

Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. It is suffering from a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering and misery.

DOAN'S
KIDNEY PILLS

strengthen the kidneys and bladder, then all trouble is at an end.

Mrs. E. Kidner, a London, Ont., mother, living at 429 Grey St., says:

"My little daughter, six years old, has had weak kidneys since birth. Last February I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Strou's drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I gladly make this statement because of the benefit my child has received from this medicine."

at Charnisay's refusal to respect the terms of the truce. The story is told in alternate pieces of monologue and narrative. The half prayer half soliloquy of Lady La Tour on Good Friday, two days before the surrender, fairly illustrates Mr. Sherman's power to see into the woman's heart and it illustrates as well his power to make music:—

"Surely, O Christ, upon this day
Thou wilt have pity, even on me!
Hold thou the hands of Charnisay,
Or bid them clasp, remembering thee."

"O Christ, thou knowest what it is
To strive with mighty evil men;
Lean down from thy high cross, and kiss
My arms till they grow strong again."

"(As on that day I drove him back
Into Port Royal with his dead!
Our cannon made the snow drifts black,
But there, I deem, the waves were red.)"

"Yea, keep me, Christ, until La Tour
(Oh, the old days in old Rochelle!)
Cometh to end this coward's war
And send his soul straightway to hell."

Through the poem there are references to nature that appeal strongly to one who has seen spring open in this northern region of ours.

"O golden France,
Long lost and nigh forgotten! do they know
Who walk to-day between your palaces
The gladness that we know when April comes
Into the solitude of this our north,
And the snows vanish as her flying feet
Are heard upon the hill? There organs, now,
Do they sound unto heaven a pious strain
Than these great pines? Hark how this wind
Booms through
Their topmost branches, come from the deep sea!
And how old Fundy sends its roaring tides
High up against the rocks."

Mr. Sherman has never struck so good a vein as in "An Acadian Easter," and people who love poetry will look forward with pleasant anticipation to something else from him in the same vein.

A Good Test.

If you have backache and there are brick dust deposits found in the urine after it stands for 24 hours you can be sure the kidneys are deranged. To effect a prompt and positive cure and prevent Bright's disease, suffering and death, use Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the world's greatest kidney cure.

The adulteration of garbage was tried in Bridgeport, Conn., by some garbage contractors, who are accused of having treated the refuse they had to remove with water, and with marble dust in order to make it weigh heavier.

I had a very sore foot through having a nail run in it, and was unable to walk. I started applying Haygard's Yellow Oil and in a short time the soreness was gone and I was soon able to walk again.

David McLellan, Pelee Island North, Ont.

The country around Ladysmith, on the Orange Free State border, is flat till it reaches the foothills of the mountain range; and there is little cover on the veldt, the scrub, indeed, being of the scantiest.

Of all the women of the present day and generation there is probable none who has had a more crowded or a more interesting and romantic career than the Princess Salm-Salm of Conn, Germany. She was Miss Agnes Le Clerq Joy, a Vermont girl, and she has many relatives throughout the United States. At the age of 15 1-2 years she married Prince Felix Constantine Alexander John Nepomucene Salm-Salm, who came to the United States as a soldier of fortune and in the civil war rose to the rank of brigadier-general. Princess Salm-Salm took part in three wars. In the civil war she followed the fortunes of battle with her husband, and the governor of Illinois commissioned her a captain of volunteers and she received a captain's pay. She was wounded during the war. Afterwards her husband fought with Maximilian in Mexico, and she was with him. Her deafness today is due to a wound she received in that conflict. In 1868 the prince and his wife went to Germany and the prince was killed before Metz. The princess was wounded at Amiens. She has written a book of her experiences and she has travelled all over the world. Her present visit in this

country is for the raising a fund of \$30,000 for an ambulance corps to accompany the Boer army in the field. She bears with her a certificate from professors in Bonn testifying to her skill as a nurse. The princess recently described how she was able to maintain her youthfulness after all her hard experiences. "I must be doing something all the time," she said. "I sleep only three or four hours in the twenty-four; never slept more since I can remember, but I sleep like the dead when I do sleep. When I awake I take a cold bath every morning and then begin on my letters." She is enthusiastic in her championship of the Boer cause.

It is claimed that 100,000 Italian labourers, skilled and unskilled, find employment in Switzerland, 90 per cent. of whom come into the country in the spring and return in the fall.

The Japanese House of Representatives has passed a bill to prohibit boys under 20 years from smoking.

The annual production of jute fabrics in Germany now amounts to \$11,900,000 in value.

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.

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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.

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Woodstock, N. B.

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Is the place to get a scientific examination made of your eyes FREE.

I correct any case of myopia, hyperopia, or if astigmatism, have the lenses ground to correct it also.

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CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

In effect October 2nd, 1899.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jc. M St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John and East, Bangor, Portland, Boston.

8.35 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook M Junction, Presque Isle, etc.

11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

1.55 P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M etc., via Gibson Branch.

3.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M intermediate points.

4.18 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East, Vancorbo, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and there with IMPERIAL LIMITED for all points West, Northwest, and on the Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

8.05 P MIXED—Week days—for Debec June M tion and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.40 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam Junction.

11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, etc.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

1.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.

4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.

7.47 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath and intermediate points.

9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, Portland, St. Stephen, etc.

WHAT MEN IN HIGH PLACES SAY.

Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Educationalists, and Politicians Join Forces as One Man,

And put the Great Seal of Their Approval on Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder as the reatest of Healers.

Personal Experience Is the best evidence, and a man's Own Signature Seals His Faith. Hundreds of Canada's Most Illustrious Sons Are Its Heartiest Endorsers.

Perhaps no ailment to which flesh is heir

brings men down to a more common level than catarrh and catarrhal affections. When it is rated that ninety in every hundred are subject in a lesser or greater degree to the ravages of this universal disease, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, must naturally come within its grasp. And it is not to be wondered at that such a galaxy of Canada's best men as have done so are willing, having themselves been sufferers, to "let their light shine" that others may be warned of the

malady, and herald to the world the efficacy, the quick relief, the absolute cure they have proven to be in so splendid a compound as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Thus it is considered no breach of etiquette on the part of the professional men, no indignity on the "bench," nothing unpardonable on the part of the lawmaker, and no discredit on the pulpit, to say the good honest things that many of these men in high places have attested to over their own signatures.

Here are a few names of prominent Canadians who have used and are believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder:—The Right Reverend Dr. Sweatman, Lord Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Lantry, of the Anglican Church; Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of The Canadian Methodist Magazine; Rev. A. R. Chambers, Toronto; Rev. William Galbraith, Toronto; Hon. George Taylor, George H. McDonnell, M. P., Dr. Godbout, M. P., Robert Beith, M. P., Hon. David Mills, M. P., H. Cargill, M. P., James H. Metcalfe, M. P., and a hundred more as prominent

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