

## THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN."

(Dedicated to the memory of the late W. Hallett-Phillips by Rudyard Kipling.)

MINGAN RIVER, May 26th.—Antoine sham-med sick when C— came up this week, waiting for L—, and intends to take him farther along the North Shore, where they are running by millions.

MEDICINE HAT, June 18th.—Billy White says he is not going to guide any more fools who can't shoot, and wants to know if H— comes out this summer. He has some new ground marked.

CAMP BUNGI via Aston July 1st.—Brockett has snaffled the best tracker in the M— gullies and gone on. He is trying for the Pamyos, I hear.

SOUTHAMPTON, May 6th.—As my young gentleman has just put her in commission for a cruise in northern parts and am going with him, am unable to accept any engagement in home waters this summer. Respectfully, etc.

MACASSAR, Feb. 19th.—You will not get any men from that village if De V— has been before you. The head man is his blood-brother and is taught to know rival collectors. Even the boys will not collect, and it is impossible to get skins.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened: now the Hunting-winds are loose—

Now the smokes of spring go up to clear the brain—

Now the young men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues—

Now the Red Gods make their medicine again! Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild goose cry? Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here,  
On the other side the world he's over due,  
Send the road is clear before you when the old spring fret comes o'er you  
And the Red Gods call for you!

So for one the wet sail arching through the rain-bow round the bow,

And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust:

And for one the lakeside vigil where the bull-moose leads the cow,

And for one the mule train coughing in the dust.  
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night? Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and know delight.

Let him go—go—etc.

I.

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that rushing stream

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end; And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend? Is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,

To a silent smoky Indian that we know— To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the star-light on our faces,

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go—etc.

II.

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are quick and short,

Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-loggers ride? Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port

On a coast you've lost the chart of overside? Is there that I am going with an extra hand to bail her—

Just one single long-shore loafer that I know, He can take his chance of drowning while I sail and sail and sail her,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go.

He must go—etc.

III.

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo? Do you know the dripping silence of the orchid-scented glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through? Is there that I am going with my camphor, net and boxes

To a gentle yellow pirate that I know— To my little waiting Omurs, to the palms and flying foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go.

He must go—etc.

IV.

Do you know the worlds white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift

Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change? Do you know the long day's patience, belly down on frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range? Is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,

With a trusty nimble tracker that I know, I have sworn an oath to keep it on the horns of Oris Poli.

And the Red Gods call me out and I must go.

He must go—etc.

V.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—

Pleasant smokes are yet 'twixt trail and trail the choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies,

Now our young men go to dance before the Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to the shrine,

Velvet-footed who shall guide them to their goal? Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spear and sign—

Lonely mountain in the northland, misty sweat-bath neath the line—

And for each a man that knows his naked soul!

VI

White or yellow, black or copper he is waiting, as a lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing or the surf-boat brings the river—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . . Quick, ah leave the camp-kit over!

For the Red Gods make their medicine again! And we go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world wire over due! Send the road is clear before you when the old spring fret comes o'er you,

And the Red God calls for you.

—Scribners, Dec. 1897.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

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## Western Farm Methods.

"The farmhand's finish is in plain sight," said a man who had just returned from the Western States, in an interview with the N. Y. Sun. "And the farm horse is headed down the same pike: In their stead is coming the little choo-choo engine of the traction type.

"Out in the prairie region the tendency is all toward big farms. The agricultural unit out there has been the quarter section, or 160 acres.

"Few of the farmers are satisfied now with such a small bunch of land, and they are reaching out at all times for more. Wheat and corn have been topping the market at such prices that nearly every fellow is crazy to go into raising them on a big scale. And they have the money and the intelligence to do it and do it profitably.

"Right here is where invention comes in. On the ordinary farm, where two or three men with the same number of teams of horses can do all the work, it isn't really necessary to call on the machine man for artificial aid, but when the farming is done on a big scale it pays better to buy a traction engine. These are not the ordinary big clumsy attachments to threshing outfits, but compactly built little fellows, with gasoline as the motive power.

"With them there is no need of getting out at unreasonable hours in the morning to feed and water a lot of animals. Five minutes' work fills the tank and makes the machine ready to do your plowing, harrowing, or cultivating.

"The first cost of these engines is pretty steep from \$1,000 up, but it costs less to run them than it does to feed horses, and they never get balky. They last longer than the average workhorse, and they do ten times as much work in a day.

"Out in Nebraska I ran across a fellow with a gang plow, five in a row, hitched to one of these little engines, and it was steadily moving across the hundred-acre field and tearing up the sod at a lively rate. This same man told me that when it came to harrowing he tacked on two or three big ones, and did the job in a fourth of the former time.

"Potatoes are planted and dug up with these engines. In planting a large dropper is used, and in digging them a special kind of plow is employed.

"When it comes time in the fall to thresh the engine is coupled to a separator and the job is done in short order. If it is necessary during the winter to grind feed for the cattle it is the work of but a few minutes to fire it up and start the mill. When grain is to be hauled to market several farm wagons are attached and the procession moves off.

"There is scarcely a thing about farm work that these machines will not do, and they are growing more popular every year. The average farmer thought the acme of comfort and perfection had been reached in the sulky plough and the riding cultivator, which saved him many weary steps, and it has not been without considerable trouble that he has been induced to take up the traction engine. "Hundreds of these are now being manufactured and sold every year. The company sends an agent out to show the farmer how to run the affair and how to employ it in various labor-saving ways. It doesn't take long to learn this, and the cost of keeping one running is only a few cents an hour.

"Sixty-cent wheat and fifty-cent corn are making Western farmers, where thirty bushels of wheat and sixty of corn is an average yield, independently rich. A hundred acres of wheat is an ordinary field, and this alone is enough to net a good income on the investment.

"A bunch of cattle will pay the expenses, and his other crops are velvet. The result has been to run up the price of land.

"Tracts that sold for \$25 two years ago bring \$40 and \$45, and \$30 land of past years is easily marketable at \$50 and \$60. The life is much easier, the work is not nearly so hard, nor the hours so long.

"This has had the good effect of making the farmers' sons more content with life on the farm, and many of them go down to the State Agricultural schools and take a course in scientific agriculture, returning better farmers and better citizens.

"The rural free mail delivery, with its facilities for keeping in touch with the life of the outside world, and the bicycle as a substitute for the carriage, or also helping in the work of popularizing agriculture."

## Family Quarrels

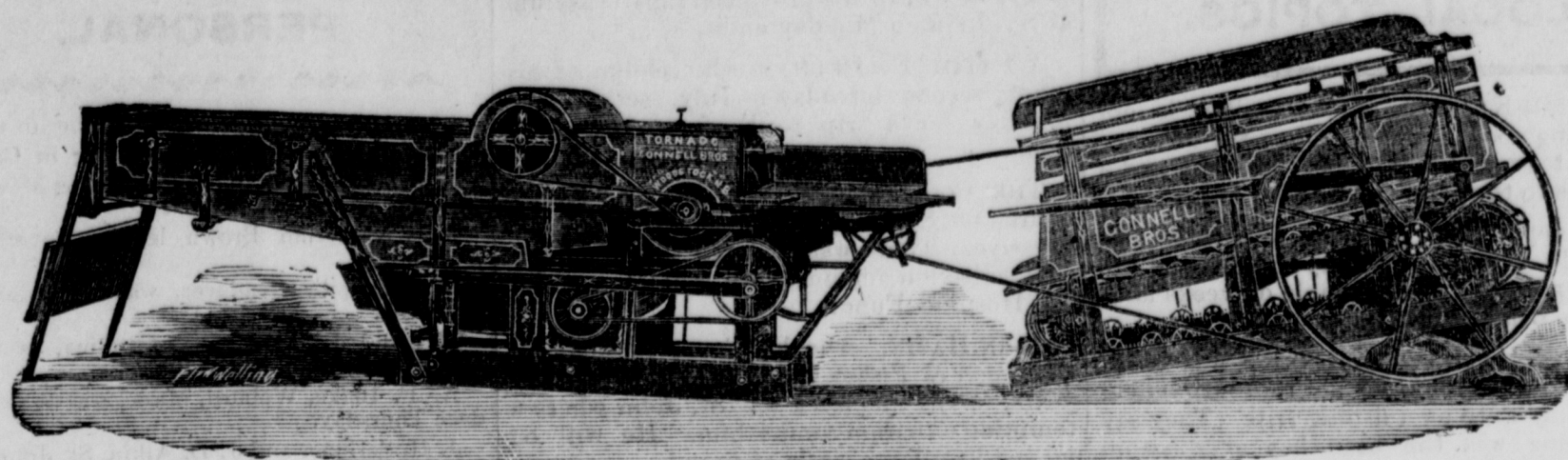
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## The Seaside Lock-Picker.

At the great watering-place where I live, said a seaside lock-picker, I am kept so busy that I often pick as many as a couple of score of locks in one day, for I have a regular connection with the chief hotels and boarding-houses, and directly a visitor finds that he has lost the key of his portmanteau or box, or that the thing will not open, I am sent for.

Often enough you would think that the receptacle to be opened contained the results of some awful crime by the way in which the

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owners watch me at work, bidding me begone directly I have got the thing open. But the mystery is generally nothing more, as a quick glance shows me, than the presence of hair-dyes, complexion washes, and the like, or, in some cases, the fact that the box has been crammed with cooked meat, bread, and so on, by economical folks who bring even their own food to the seaside. But I have opened ladies' jewel and dressing-cases that the owners or their servants have told me contained gems to the value of £20,000. The servants of the present Duchess of Devonshire once brought me a casket, the contents of which far exceeded the sum named in value, and less fuss was made about it than I have seen over a trunk containing a few pots of jam and packets of tea and sugar.

I have seen some genuine mysteries. Once in the case of a foreigner, I was struck by the way in which the man watched me at work, and I got a glimpse of certain metal plates in his Saratoga trunk. I gave information to the police, and I was almost the means of bringing about the capture of one of the cleverest Russian rouble note forgers in Europe; the man, however, got away from Newhaven soon after I had opened his trunk. In another case an American staying at a great hotel required my services on a lock. As though suddenly struck by something, he said: "By the way, could you make me a key from a wax impression?" I asked him to show me the impression, and he produced a cardboard box full of wax, upon the latter being the impression of what I, as an expert, knew instantly was the master key of a strong room. "It will be a well-paid job," he said, as he handed me the box.

I took the box and showed it and the impression to the police. Two days after the American was arrested in London on a separate charge, but the impression was found to be that of the key of the safe of a fashionable West-end hotel.

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