

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES.

The lips I might have tasted, rosy ripe as any cherry,
How they pair off by the dozens when my memory goes back
Across the current of the years aboard of Fancy's ferry,
Which shuns the shores of What-We-Have and touches What-We-Lack.
The girl I took to singin'-school one night, who vowed she'd never
Before walked with a feller 'bout her mother bein' by.
I reckon that her temptin' mouth will haunt my dreams forever,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve to try!

I recollect another girl, as chipper as a robin,
Who rode beside me in a sleigh one night through snow an' sleet,
An' both my hands I kept in use a guidin' good ol' Dobbin—
One didn't need them any more'n a chicken needs four feet.
Too scared was I to hold her in, or warm her cheek with kisses,—
I know, now, she expected it, for once I heard her sigh,—
Today I'd like to kick myself for those neglected blisses,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve to try.

Never kissed Rebecca, she was sober as a Quaker,
I never kissed Alvira, though I took her home one night,
That city cousin of the Smiths, a Miss Myrtilla Baker,
Though scores of opportunities slipped by me, left an' right.
It makes me hate myself today when I on Fancy's ferry
Have crossed the current of the years to older days gone by,
I think of all the lips I've missed, ripe-ripened as topmost cherry,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve to try.
—ROY FARRELL GREENE, in September Lippincott's.

The Bachelor's Photographs.

There is certain to be some sort of complication about the bachelor tea or supper, whatever precautions one may take to put it through without difficulty. Now it is the question of photographs.

"I don't mind them," said one girl, who was a little bit older and therefore a little bit more liberal than her companions, "even if they are signed. You can't expect a man to take the pictures off his walls just because he has asked a few girls into tea. If he had to do it we would get fewer invitations to bachelor parties than we do at present.

"I'll confess that it did jar me a bit the first time I went to a man's room and saw on the mantel a picture of a person whose name I knew perfectly well. I had seen her on the stage, too, in just about as little costume as she had in the photograph.

"But it seemed so terribly personal with her name and a dedication on the picture. It read 'To Eddie, from Nina, with love and good-night.' I didn't know what good-night on a photograph meant, but I didn't like the expression."

Then the liberal-minded woman rested for a minute while her scrupulous friend gave her opinion on the subject.

"Yet you say that you'd have an experience like that just for the pleasure of going to tea or supper in a bachelor's rooms. It is entirely unnecessary anyhow."

"I know a man who always takes down these pictures whenever he expects anybody, and he's not a milkop, either. He has lots of them. But he believes it a mark of respect to the women he entertains to put them out of the way. Some other men think it is funny, and that it shows what devils they are to keep those things on view."

"I wonder what would have happened to you," remarked the woman with the larger point of view, "if you had sat opposite a picture that stared at me from a table the other evening all the time I was eating dinner."

"Four of us were dining in a chap's room, with his married sister as chaperon. On a table just opposite the place where I sat at table was a photograph of an actress, and on it were the words: 'To dear old Brownie, in loving memory of the good old summer time.' Wouldn't that have startled you?"

"It would have been very ridiculous for me to have said anything about it. There was his sister, and he would not have done anything indelicate in her presence. Of course I had to look at the picture. But I ignored its existence entirely."

"But I wouldn't go back to that man's room again," was the answer from the other side of the argument. "Or if I did I would tell him to put the picture away. I did that once to a man."

"He had a picture of a horrid thing out of 'Floradora.' I told him he oughtn't to keep that picture out when I was around, especially as it had a dedication on it that showed he knew the girl very well."

"What if I do?" he asked.

"Why, she's a horrid, fast thing," I said, and then, like a fool, I added, just to crush him, "I know all about her."

"That's more than I do," he replied. "But if you are able to understand all her wickedness, I can't see that it will do you much harm to look at her photograph for a few minutes."

"Stung? Well, I should think I was. But wasn't it cheeky of him to say such a thing? Did I ever go back to his room? Of course not, after such an insult. Besides, I never was asked again."

A scientist has discovered that hens lay eggs in the day time because at night they are roosters.

Ready for Flore.

A Yorkshireman undertook for a wager made in a tavern to eat a whole turkey and three pounds of sausages.

The turkey was cooked and set before him. Slowly but relentlessly he got through it. Then the sausages; and here the excitement began. Surely he would break down at the second pound. Surely, surely—but no; gallantly, stolidly, on he went, bite, bite, bite—the audience holding their breath—till the platter was clean.

He received his money, took a glass of beer, and then, accompanied by a friend, set out for home. There was a strained silence between the two, till they were within the victor's house, and then he opened his lips and spoke.

"Say, Tom, don't say owt to ma missus about t' turkey."

"For why, Jack?"

"Happen she won't gie me ma sooper."

A Word to Teachers.

The following circular letter is being addressed to the school teachers of New Brunswick.

HOPEWELL HILL, N. B., August 12th 1903.

Dear Friend:—It is generally conceded that you are engaged in one of the noblest callings open to men and women; in fact, many consider it the noblest. It is equally well known that the members of our profession are shamefully illpaid for the services rendered. So small is the remuneration of Teachers that most of them, finding it impossible to live and meet the demands made upon them, are driven out of the profession. It is high time that we take steps to remedy this state of affairs.

The N. B. Teachers' Union was formed a few months ago, and has met with great success. It already includes nearly every Teacher in Albert, the County of its birth; a goodly number in Sunbury (none that have been canvassed in that County refusing to join); and has secured a footing in York, Westmorland, Queens, Kings and St. John Counties.

We now appeal to the Teachers in general to fall into line with us in an effort to give our profession the standing it deserves. We would urge them to make this a live question at their County Institutes, and that the members of each Institute at its next session elect a delegate to meet our executive at some central point, within the next twelve months, to arrange a salary schedule for the whole province or the counties represented, and to transact such other business as will be found necessary to complete the organization. We respectfully request that notice of the action of the Institutes and the names of the delegates elected be forwarded to our Secretary-Treasurer.

In the meantime we would further urge that all Teachers who believe in the principles of our Union sign our present agreement, as below, and forward their names and membership fee of twenty-five cents to the Secretary-Treasurer. You will notice that the first section of the agreement applies to the whole province, and that the second refers to Albert County only. The salary schedule (which we recognize as temporary and very imperfect) has been based on the lowest possible figures, so that it might not prove an obstacle to any in joining. What we desire most is to get the profession, as a whole, united in a demand for better remuneration. The demand needs only to be general to be granted.

Teachers, outside of Albert County, wishing to bind themselves to the below salary schedule, will please cross out the words "in Albert County," and place their initials in the margin opposite.

In "Poor" Districts, the extra Government grant is considered a part of salary from Trustees.

Yours fraternally,

R. ERNEST ESTABROOKS, President,

Harvey, A. Co., N. B.

HENRY HARVEY STUART, Sec'y-Treas.,

Hopewell Hill, N. B.

AGREEMENT.

We, the undersigned Teachers of New Brunswick, hereby form ourselves into an Association for mutual benefit and the furtherance of education in general, and pledge ourselves:

First.—Not to underbid any other Teacher in salary.

Second.—Not to accept from any Board of School Trustees, in Albert County, a salary lower than the following:—

For 1st Class Males, \$275 per year.
For 2nd Class Males, \$200 per year.
For 3rd Class Males, \$150 per year.
For 1st Class Females, \$150 per year.
For 2nd Class Females, \$130 per year.
For 3rd Class Females \$115 per year.

An All-Round Invention.

The Arizona Kicker man is no more shifty in contriving to make ends meet by side line enterprise than is the versatile editor of our esteemed contemporary, the Hardeman (Tenn.) Free Press. "Ye editor" thus explains one of his resources:

"We have been at work on a preparation that we hope will turn out all right. It has been a dull time in a dry town and we have to become an inventor to keep from going



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crazy. We have invented a combination salad dressing and hair tonic which lays over anything that ever came down the pike. It will cure baldness, and it's a delicious dressing for tomatoes, lettuce, and cold meats. Besides that, it is a good shoe polish and will remove grease spots from old clothes, and is the best tooth wash we ever seen. Our fortune air made."—[Atlanta Constitution.

THE "ROUND ROBIN."

No One Knows Origin of the Strange Term.

A "round robin" is one of those documents of which the name is familiar to most people, but which uncommonly few have ever seen or signed. Every one knows that the thing which bears so singular a name is a communication—letter, remonstrance, warning or the like—the signatures to which are written around the circumference of the circle which incloses the body of the epistle, or radiating therefrom like the spokes of a wheel from a hub, so that the responsibility of signing is equally shared. No one signatory can be accused of being either the first or the last to sign, of being the leader or the whipper in.

The most famous example on record probably is the remonstrance which was sent to Dr. Johnson in connection with his epitaph on Oliver Goldsmith. The doctor had prepared an epitaph in Latin, but some of his friends, who had also been friends of Goldsmith, took exception to it on two grounds, the first being that it did not quite do justice to the author of the "Traveler" as a writer, and particularly as a poet, and the second that it should be written in English. The party of friends were gathered around Sir Joshua Reynolds' hospitable if somewhat ill served table, and though they found themselves in general agreement on these two points, no one had the courage to be willing to "bell the cat," or, in other words, to take the lead in tackling the formidable Johnson on these two rather delicate matters. "At last," says Sir William Forbes, "it was hinted that there could be no way so good as that of a round robin, as the sailors call it, which they make use of when they enter a conspiracy so as not to let it be known who puts his name first or last to the paper."

The idea was at once accepted, the address to Dr. Johnson prepared and all signed it in the form proposed. This very interesting paper is still extant and is preserved among other valuable manuscripts in the library of Haigh Hall, near Wigan, the seat of the Earl of Crawford. It begins, "We, the circumscribers," and the signatures, written around the circle which encloses the address include those of Gibbon, Burke, Joseph Warton, Sheridan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Colman and a half a dozen others which nowadays are but little known. Johnson took the remonstrance in good part, but as to not writing the epitaph in Latin, declared that he never would consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster abbey with an English inscription! The whole story is eminently characteristic both of Johnson and his times.

No one has yet been able to give a satisfactory explanation of the strange term "round robin."

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