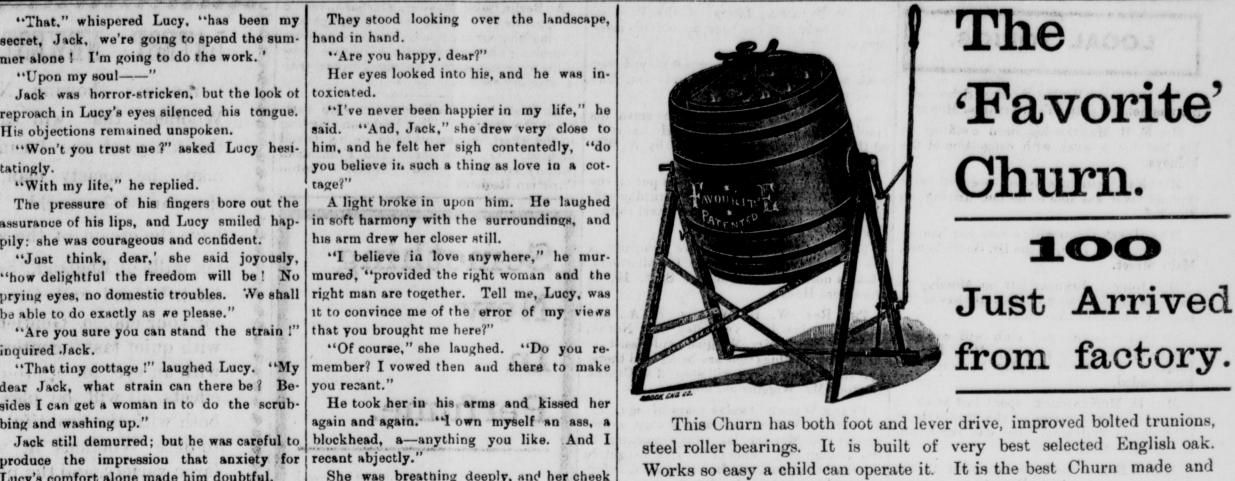
### THE DISPATCH



COTTAGE. LOVE IN

-- EUGENE FIELD.

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came And nested in our orchard trees; For every flower I had a name— My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;

What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe

I knew the spot upon the hill Where checker-berries could be found; I knew the rushes near the mill Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound! I knew the wood—the very tree— Where lived the poaching, saucy crow, And all the woods and crows knew me— But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth, I tread the old familiar spot, Only to learn this solemn truth : I have forgotten, am forgot. Yet here's this youngster at my knee Knows all the things I used to know;

Whow it's folly to complain Of whatsoe'er the Fates decree; Yet were not wishes all in vain, I'd tell you what my wish should be: I'd wish to be a boy again, Back with the friends I used to know; For I was, oh! so happy then— But that was very long ago!

I'd wish to be a boy again, But that was very long ago.

But that was very long ago !

I knew where thrived in yonder glen,

Oh, I was very learned then-

But that was very long ago !

"I've found the very thing !" exclaimed Lucy Young, as her busband entered the breakfast room.

She surrendered her face to be kissed; and then, carried away on the wings of fancy, wrined to the newspaper again.

"Listen to this, Jack ! 'To be let furnished, a charmingly situated cottage on the cliffs near Barcombe. Splendid views, bracing air, sea, and country. Six rooms. Enclosed garden. Rent-, Now what do you think the rent is ?"

Jack shook his head sadly. He was getting accustomed to these "gems" of great price. Moreover he was puzzled. He could not account for his wife's sudden desire to resticate; and it never occurred to him that it dated from the day he had made some slighting remarks concerning love in a cottage.

"It's ridiculously cheap !" Lucy's voice rang petulantly; she did not approve of his leek of interest. "Just guess !

"A pound," ventured .....

mer alone ! I'm going to do the work." "Upon my soul-Jack was horror-stricken, but the look of reproach in Lucy's eyes silenced his tongue. His objections remained unspoken.

tatingly.

The pressure of his fingers bore out the assurance of his lips, and Lucy smiled happily: she was courageous and confident.

'how delightful the freedom will be ! No prying eyes, no domestic troubles. We shall be able to do exactly as we please."

inquired Jack.

"That tiny cottage !" laughed Lucy. "My dear Jack, what strain can there be? Besides I can get a woman in to do the scrubbing and washing up."

Lucy's comfort alone made him doubtful. 'I'm afraid you'll find it rather a tie. The

cooking and all that, you know," he urged. But Lucy scoffed at the idea. "We'll have cold things," she said. "Cold things are much nicer than hot in the sum-

mer." To Jack's masculine mind it occurred that cold things required cooking some time or other. But he said nothing (the mere male cannot fathom such depths), and submitted himself to the inevitable with a determination to make the best of things as they came. The cottage was idyllic: beautifully situated

and daintily furnished. "Behold" exclaimed Lucy-they were

standing arm-in-arm in the fragrant twilight, the hush of night was settling over everything. "Behold, my lord, our Arcadian Palace! Isn't it simply beautiful, Jack."

He acquiesced; and they entered their palace, laughing like two happy children. They had been in possession for five hours.

Jack settled down to his pipe, and Lucy mysteriously disappeared from the room. In a few minutes she returned, carrying a tray,

She was breathing deeply, and her cheek was against his.

"Would you like to go back to town tomorrow?"

"Not for months," he declared. "Lucy, you're a witch. We'll get a woman in every day, and you and I will ramble to our hearts content."

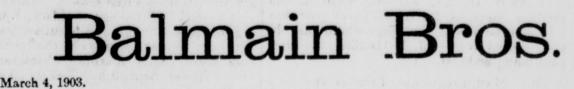
She laughed (it is well for the man who hears the woman he adores laugh as she laughed) as they entered their palace once more; and Jack drank confusion to those who doubted the charm of love in a cottage.

BOYS OF TO-DAY

#### WILL BE THE MEN OF THE FUTURE.

--Keep Them Healthy.

Growing boys should always be healthy and rugged. Ready for play, ready for study, and ready at any time for a hearty meal. This condition denotes good health but there are entirely too many who do not upon which glasses, a tantalus, and a suphon come up to this standard. They take no put of soda water were nextly agranged. She win the manky games all heakhy boys indulge The light of triumph blazed in Lucy's eyes. laid it down with unnecessary ostentation, in; they are stoop-shouldered, dull and list-"Much cheaper," she said, "only seven- and gave a little sigh. But Jack was far and their appetite is variable. Sometimes parents say, "Oh, they'll outgrow it." But they won't-its the blood that's out of condition, and instead of getting better they get worse. What boys of this class require to make them bright, active and strong, is a tonic, something that will build up the blood and make the nerves strong. There is no medicine that can do this as quickly and as effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Mary Compton, of Merriton, Ont., tells what these pills did for her sixteen year old son. She says: "About two years ago my son Samuel began to decline in health. He grew very pale and thin and at times experienced serious weak spells, coupled with a tired, worn out feeling, and as the weeks went by he grew worse. This alarmed me, for my husband had died of what the doctors called pernicious anaemia, and I feared my son was going the same way. I had often read that Dr. Williams' Ping Pills would cure anaemia, and decided that he should try them. A couple of boxes made a decided improvement in his condition, and by the time he had taken half a dozen boxes his health was better than it had been for some years previous. His weight had increased, his listlessness had disappeared, and he was blessed with a good appetite. I may add that other members of



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teen and sixpence. Think of that, Jack ! away in the realms of fancy; her entrance Isn't it delightful? Why, I can hear the and ber sigh were unheeded.

swish of the waves on the shore-it's such a grand, rocky coast there-and the rustle of the leaves. . . . Oh, Jack, I'm just dying to be off. London's getting so hot. When shall we start. Won't you take it !"

She laid the paper beside her plate and watched his rather bored expression disapprovingly.

"I think it would be wiser to see the place first," he said. "If you're awfully keen, Lucy, I'll run down on Friday. Remember, I don't think you'll like the life a bit."

He helped himself to bacon and eggs (they were cooked to perfection), and began his breakfast, quite unconscious of the reproachful eyes that were fixed upon him.

"Jack," said Lucy at last, "I'm afraid you misunderstand me. You think I've no soul above dress and small-talk. But, indeed, I am possessed by a passionate love of the beautiful--"

Jack smiled and tapped his chest; "I should be wanting in self-respect if I doubted that," he explained.

repress a smile. "I mean the beautiful in nature. I've been dreaming of this Arcadian summer for weeks-now you won't disappoint me ?"

She rose and came to his side. Her arm stole around his neck, her breath played on his cheek, and the perfume of her garments bewitched him. John Young, the stern man of business, was lost. The cottage was taken by telegram, and all the preparations for their Arcadian summer were completed within a week.

But how about servants ?" asked Jack. "They were starting in a luggage laden cab, and retreat was impossible.

at

11



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"Is there anything else you may want, sir?"

she inquired. Her voice sounded strange; it was distressed and eager.

"I don't think so," replied Jack.

She moved the table nearer, and hesitated. "Are you sure there is nothing else you may want, sir?"

Her tone compelled him to turn; when he beheld the vision before him he broke into a happy laugh. Lucy had donned cap and apron, and stood modestly beside the table. Her eyes were lowered, but the corners of her mouth twitched.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and laughed again. "There is nothing you may want, sir?" repeated Lucy.

Jack sat up and looked at her in frank admiration.

"I don't think so," he said. "Thank you, sir."

Lucy moved slowly towards the door, and gave a backward glance as she went.

"Stay!" he called. "I . . . You're "Silly boy !" said Lucy, yet she could not an uncommonly pretty little maid. Yes . . . I think there is something I want."

Lucy had stopped, in obedience to his call. and a horrified expression came into her eyes. "I think, Mary Jane," he continued, unabashed by her look, "you may as well come

and sit on my knee." him

I don't understand you, sir," she demurred, and gave him one swift glance, in which he read a challenge.

"Let me demonstrate."

He sprang from his chair, and caught her in his arms before she could escape. She struggled cleverly, but in the end she was overcome, and sank panting on his knee.

How dare you, sir," she reproved. "Remember your place . . . . If you don't stop, Jack . . . "

The terrible consequences of his persistence were not put into words-for the very good reason that Lucy's lips were otherwise engaged.

"Jack," she said, sternly, "I am afraid your conduct is what is called strong presumptive evidence of a mis-spent youth." He laughed: "I think you seem fairly at home in your present position," he said.

"You are my husband," she said, indignantly. "But I shall go away at once if you say such nasty things."

"And you are my wife, I believe," he replied.

She laughed, and nestled closer; "I believe so," she whispered. "Isn't it sad for-

"You?" he suggested. Her answer was an embrace which no

the best of all medicines.' Poor and watery blood is the cause of nearly all diseases, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood, both enriching it and increasing the quantity, that they cure such troubles as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, heart troubles, inciplent consumption and the various ailments that afflict so many women. These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine or will be sent post paid Lucy gasped, but she took a step towards at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2 50 by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If you value your health never allow a dealer to persuade you to take something else.

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