

## 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;  
I knew where thrived in yonder glen,  
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—  
Oh, I was very learned then—  
But that was very long ago!

I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where checker-berries could be found;  
I knew the rushes near the mill  
Where pickers lay that weighed a pound!  
I knew the wood—the very tree—  
Where lived the poaching, saucy crew,  
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;  
I'd wish to be a boy again,  
But that was very long ago.

Show it's folly to complain  
Of whatever 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!

—EUGENE FIELD.

## LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

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

She surrendered her face to be kissed; and then, carried away on the wings of fancy, turned 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 rusticate; 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 lack of interest. "Just guess!"

"A pound," ventured Jack.

The light of triumph blazed in Lucy's eyes. "Much cheaper," she said, "only seventeen and sixpence. Think of that, Jack! Isn't it delightful? Why, I can hear the 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 disappearing.

"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.

"Silly boy!" said Lucy, yet she could not 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.



The best and safest way to keep Baby's skin healthy is to use only

## BABY'S OWN SOAP

Pure, Dainty, Delicate.  
Beware of Imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

"That," whispered Lucy, "has been my secret, Jack, we're going to spend the summer 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.

"Won't you trust me?" asked Lucy hesitatingly.

"With my life," he replied.

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

"Just think, dear," she said joyously, "how delightful the freedom will be! No prying eyes, no domestic troubles. We shall be able to do exactly as we please."

"Are you sure you can stand the strain?" 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."

Jack still demurred; but he was careful to produce the impression that anxiety for 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 summer."

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, upon which glasses, a taster, and a syphon of soda water were neatly arranged. She laid it down with unnecessary ostentation, and gave a little sigh. But Jack was far away in the realms of fancy; her entrance and her sigh were unheeded.

"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 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."

Lucy gasped, but she took a step towards 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 mortal man could resist.

"Come, Lucy," he pleaded, "let's go out into the moonlight."

They stood looking over the landscape, hand in hand.

"Are you happy, dear?"

Her eyes looked into his, and he was intoxicated.

"I've never been happier in my life," he said. "And, Jack," she drew very close to him, and he felt her sigh contentedly, "do you believe in such a thing as love in a cottage?"

A light broke in upon him. He laughed in soft harmony with the surroundings, and his arm drew her closer still.

"I believe in love anywhere," he murmured, "provided the right woman and the right man are together. Tell me, Lucy, was it to convince me of the error of my views that you brought me here?"

"Of course," she laughed. "Do you remember? I vowed then and there to make you recant."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. "I own myself an ass, a blockhead, a—anything you like. And I recant abjectly."

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 laughs) 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.

They Should be Rugged and Sturdy, Full of Life and Ready for Work, Play or Study—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 come up to this standard. They take no part in the manly games all healthy boys indulge in; they are stoop-shouldered, dull and listless; they complain of frequent headaches, and their appetite is variable. Sometimes parents say, "Oh, they'll outgrow it." But they won't—it's 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' Pink 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 my family have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pills and I consider these pills 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, incipient 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 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.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

Money on good real estate mortgage security, on reasonable rates of interest, may be obtained at application to the undersigned at his office opposite the Carleton Hotel.

LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock.

## LETTERS ARE POURING IN

From all quarters, asking for Catalogue and information relative to

## FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Have you written yet? If not, why not? Address **W. J. OSBORNE, FREDERICTON, N. B.**

**Dr. McCahey's Condition Blood Tablets.** For building up sick, weak and run down horses and cattle. They prevent and cure shock and the loss, the result of bad blood. They are the strongest blood purifying medicine in the world for horses and cattle. One to three packages will kill all the worms in a horse, leaving the animal in a healthy, saleable condition. Price, 2 and 50c. Dr. McCahey's Kidney and Cough Powders, 50c.

Dr. McCahey's Hoarse Cure for broken winded horses, the only medicine in the world that will cure the hoarse. Price, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per bottle. The Dr. McCahey Medicine Co., Kemptville, Ont., Canada.

For sale by Garden Bros.

## The 'Favorite' Churn.

100  
Just Arrived  
from factory.



This Churn has both foot and lever drive, improved bolted trunions, steel roller bearings. It is built of very best selected English oak. Works so easy a child can operate it. It is the best Churn made and has a larger sale than all other churns combined.

Sold only by us and our regular agents.

## Balmain Bros.

March 4, 1903.

We Are Making  
The Best Line of Carriages

On the market this year. New designs in Single and Double Vehicles, either Iron or Rubber Tires, Ball Bearing Axles, and all other devices to produce and Easy Running, Easy Riding Carriage.

Look at our lines before you buy.

## THE WOODSTOCK CARRIAGE CO.

Main Street, South Side of Bridge.

When you are going to  
purchase a Binder,

Buy the Latest Improved which is the

## McCormick, 1903 Binder.

It is easy to handle and easy on your team. One pair of horses will handle a McCormick 1903 Binder without the least exertion. For sale by

## W. F. Dibblee & Son,

Woodstock and Centreville.

Also by the different agents over Carleton County.

## LIVERY AND HACK STABLE

H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props

Outfits for commercial travellers. Coaches in attendance at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates.

First-Class Hearses in connection.

Emerald Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

W. S. SAUNDERS,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Also, representing first-class Life, Fire and Accident Co's. All business promptly and satisfactorily executed.

Butter Paper, printed and unprinted in one and two pound wrappers, at this office

Try Campbell's Groceries. He keeps nothing but a First-Class Article.