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The Maiden's Sacrifice.

In the sweet days of summer, five hundred years ago, Where the broad Oangondy swept on in might below, On rushed the ceaseless torrent which down the Grand Falls bore, Over the steep, with sudden leap, full eighty feet or more.

There on the bank above it an Indian town arose, Where dwelt the warlike Melicites; the Mohawks were their foes; These red-skinned sons of slaughter had joined in in many a fray, With savage ire and carnage dire, shaming the light of day.

But, buried was the hatchet, they went to war no more; The little children gambolled around each wig-wam door. Around this savage village were maize fields, waving green, 'Mid such sweet peace, you scarce would guess, that war had ever been.

Sakotis and his daughter, the dark-eyed Malabean, Sailed up the Oangondy, beyond the, "Quisibus stream." And there, upon an island, they rested for the day, Their hearts were light, the world was bright, and nature's face was gay.

But, like a clap of thunder, when the heaven are calm and clear, The war-whoop of the Mowhawks fell on their startled ear, And a sharp flint-tipped arrow pierced old Sakotis' breast; E'er Malabean could run to him, her father was at rest.

And, bounding through the thicket, on rushed a savage crowd Of Mohawks, in their war paint, with war-whoops fierce and loud, And e'er the orphaned maiden had time to turn and fly They bound her fast, all hope was past, except the hope to die.

There, by her slaughtered father, the weary hours she passed Till the sun went down, and the lofty trees, a gloomy shadow cast, Thinking of home and kindred, of the friends she could not warn, The murderers night and gory sight would greet the battle morn.

But one who knew her language said, "as soon as the sun goes down You bark canoe shall guide us on to your father's town Do this, your life is spared you, then wed a Mohawk brave: Refuse, your doom is torture, or worse—to be a slave."

Then said she "I will guide you and wed a Mohawk brave Though you have slain my father, I need not be a slave; The stream is swift and broken, you well might go astray, Keep your canoes together and I will lead the way."

Just as the gloom of darkness, spread over hill and vale, Down the broad Oangondy, the Mohawk fleet set sail, Three Hundred Mohawk warriors chanting a martial song, Their paddles gleam along the stream, as swift they speed along.

In four long lines together, each to the next, held fast, The maiden in the centre, the great canoe fleet passed, And he, who knew her language, a line of silver drew, As he went to the forward paddle, in the maiden's birch canoe.

The song was done and silence fell upon every tongue Of the warriors, old and grizzled and the braves, untought and young; Hate filled each swarthy bosom, nearing the thrice-doomed town; Flow on oh mighty river and bear the foemen down.

But little cared the Mohawks, the wind might wail or sigh, The moon might hide her glory, and clouds obscure the sky; With thoughts intent on slaughter, with thoughts on carnage fed, They toiled, and still before them, the strong-armed maiden sped.

And now the Indian village, lies but a mile below, A sound, like muffled thunder, seems on their ears, to grow, "What's that?" 'Tis but a torrent the Indian maiden cried, "It joins the Oangondy which here flows deep and wide."

"Speed on a little further, the town is now hard by, Your toils are nearly over, and night still veils the sky"; The town is wrapped in slumber; but ere the dawn of light What stalwart men shall perish? what warriors die tonight?

But louder still and louder, the sounds like thunder grew As down the rapid river, the swift flotilla flew. On either shore, the foam-wreathes, shone like a line of snow, But all in front was darkness, 'twas Death that lay below.

Then, with a shout of triumph, the Indian maiden cried, "Listen! ye Mohawk warriors that sail on Death's dark tide Never shall earth grave hide you or wife weep o'er your clay; Come to your doom, ye Mohawks and I will lead the way!"

There, sweeping with her paddle, one potent stroke, the last, Down the falls her bark is borne, the dreadful brink is passed, And down the whole three hundred, in quick succession go Into the dark abyss of Death, full eighty feet below.

And many a day thereafter, beyond the torrents roar, The swarthy Mohawk dead are found, upon the river's shore, But on brave Malabean's dead face, no human eyes were set, She lies in the torrents dark embrace; the river claims her yet.

The waters of five hundred years have flowed above her grave, But daring deeds will never die, while human hearts are brave, Her tribe still tells her story, and round their council fires Bless her who died, in the raging tide, to rescue all their sires.

"Light" Reading,
It is interesting to find a familiar theme considered from a new point of view; it is more interesting to find that there is a new point of view from which to consider the

ever-discussed tragedy of "Hamlet." In East Hently the other day two women met on the threshold of the village library. She who was going in noticed the book, which her neighbor, who was coming out, was carrying, and remarked, "I didn't know, Mrs. Binns, that you were a reader of Shakespeare."

Mrs. Binns looked apologetic. "Well, Mis' Brown," said she, "I ain't given to wasting time on light literature, generally speaking; I really ain't. With a family the size o' mine, I'm too busy. But doctor's been telling me I got to lie down every day after dinner if I don't want to go all to pieces an' give him another case of nervous prostration; and gooduss knows I can't afford to do that. He said to take a nap, but I told him that I couldn't; it ain't in me. I'm as wide-awake body as there is stirring from sunup to sundown, an' I couldn't go to sleep, not if I held my eyes shut by main force. "So then he said, 'Take a book, lie down and take a book and don't pick out anything solid or edifying, but take the lightest thing you can get hold of, and put your feet up, and pillows to your back, and if it ain't as good as a nap, why it's the next best thing."

"Well, it certainly does seem as if there couldn't be anything lighter or less edifying than plays. I don't know what my mother'd say to me. She disapproved of play-acting an' shows stronger than anybody I ever knew. I remember I used to feel it quite a grievance that she wouldn't let me go to the circus when I was a girl. But some real good people feel different nowadays; and under doctor's orders.—

"That's why I took out a play; and of course I've heard tell of Shakespeare as the play-writer, and I asked Letty to ask at the high school which was his best play, and she said 'Hamlet.' Well, I can't say I fancied the glance I had in the library before bringing it away with me. But I don't suppose hasty judgements are good for much, so I took it, after all. Perhaps it'll turn out more entertaining than it looks to be. Anyway, I'm goin' home to mind doctor's orders right away,—light literature, six pillers and a sofa,—and if I don't improve under 'em it ain't my fault. Well, I'm glad to hear you found it so interesting. Land, you are enthusiastic! Well, maybe I shall, but I don't hardly think so. Good morning!"

Letter From The Meductic Meat Co.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Owing to the trade that is on between the town of Woodstock and the Meductic Meat Company, I feel I owe it to the citizens of the town to say something as to the history and prospects of our business.

All through my life I have noticed that a large percentage of the merchandise used by our people is imported from some place outside of New Brunswick, while at our very door we had the raw material, or the facilities to produce it in abundance, only lacking skilled labor and enterprise on the part of some one to manufacture it into the finished product as required for our use. In a provision store we find American pork, beef, ham and bacon, and Yankee pails and tubs as they are called. Our waggon wheels are imported from the United States and Western Canada. But while the raw material was so easily obtained the skilled labor was much more difficult to get, and it was only after repeated visits to the great manufacturing centres that we were enabled to obtain skilled foremen and machinery to manufacture the articles we intended to make. And while it has only been a few years since our business had a beginning we have to some extent stopped this importation, and in a small degree entered into the export trade, as at least \$2292.70 worth of our goods found a market outside of New Brunswick last season, \$158.62 worth of which went to West Indies, and our business has already outgrown its present situation; and it was while speaking of the additions we had to make to our factory this season to one of the town councillors, that he suggested that we move our business to Woodstock. This we could not see our way clear to do, on account of the valuable plant we would have to abandon. Your city fathers then referred to an act, which was passed by the Legislature a few years ago, offering certain concessions and aid to industries that would establish in Woodstock, and after consideration we concluded to move our business to Woodstock, and make the intended additions to our factories there, providing the town extended to us the benefits of the act referred to, which would partly reimburse our loss in abandoning our present situation, for in making the move we would have to abandon our present factories, warehouses, retail store, tenement houses, a plentiful and cheap supply of wood suitable for our cooperage and wheel factory, an abundant supply of pure, free water, and here we are practically free from taxes compared to what we would be in a town.

We would give for the sake of comparison the amount of taxes paid by persons connected with our business, the amount paid for labor, and the amount paid for raw material in the years:—

	1894	1898	1902
Taxes.....	\$ 21 45	\$ 49 83	\$ 108 31
Labor.....	1,165 00	3,150 00	7,147 86
Raw material....	3,162 00	11,016 35	19,511 88

There has been a steady increase each year and under proper conditions this increase should continue, and in building now it will be necessary to make some provision for the future.

If the town accepts our proposition we will move our plant there as soon as we can secure a proper location. If on the other hand the town concludes "the game is not worth the candle" we will say to our customers, that we will continue business at the old stand where their valued orders will at all times receive our very best attention.
A. W. HAY.



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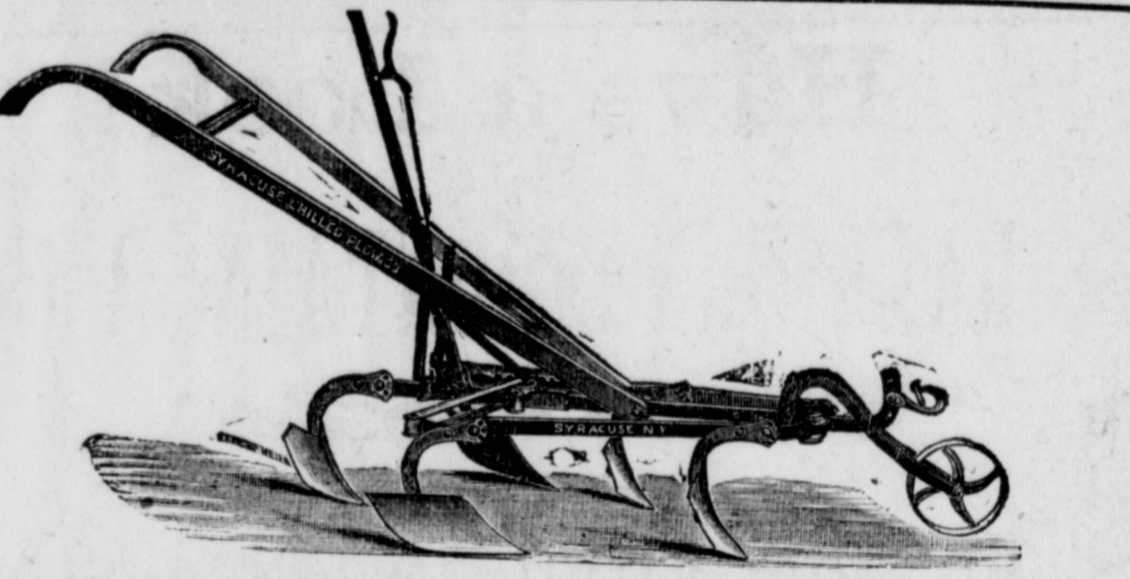
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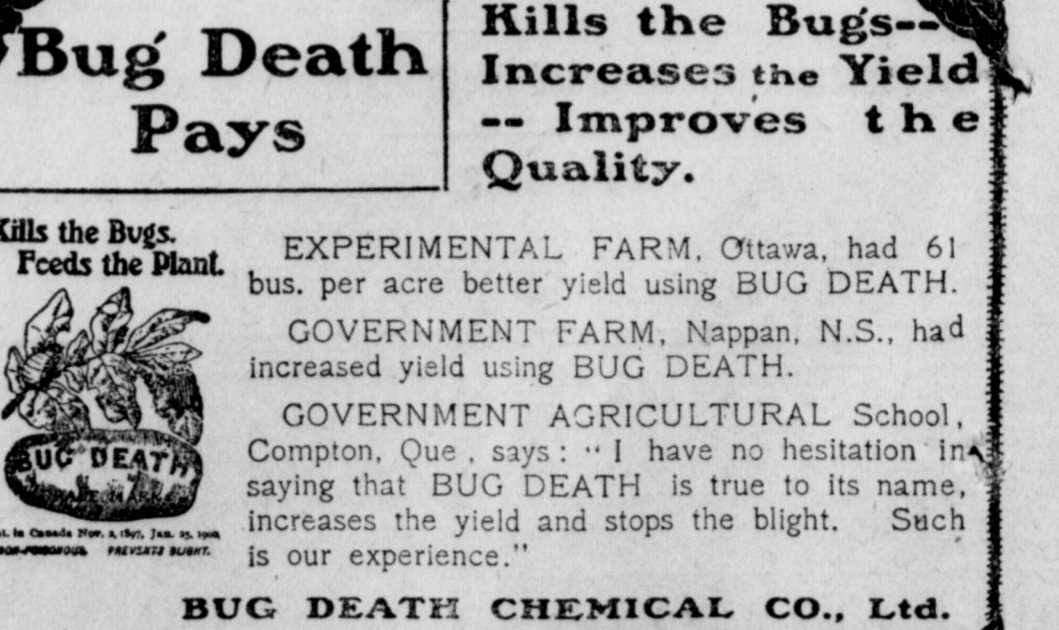
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NOTICE.
The assessment roll of the town of Woodstock for the year 1903 has been placed in my hands for collection. A discount of 5 per cent will be made on all taxes paid before and including the 15th day of July next. An execution will issue for all unpaid taxes within ten days thereafter.
By order of the town council.
H. W. BOURNE,
Town Treasurer.
Woodstock, June 8, 1903.

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