

March.

(J. H. T. in Boston Advertiser.)

Across the broad expanse of marsh
The snow still keeps its even white;
Strong bands of frost in dim relief
Hold all the creeks and ditches tight;
The beach is piled with jagged blocks
Of riven ice and frozen foam;
The world looks fast in winter, but
It's light when I reach home.

Beneath the bridge, the current glides
A smooth, slow current, black and drear;
The weathered piles that bear the wharf,
Deep cased in ice stand cold and clear.
Why rimmed, the Islands shine afar,
With sea gulls on chill journeys roam;
A winter landscape greets me, but
It's light when I reach home.

Praise God for light, the naked trees
Are bare as in the months gone by.
But there's a difference in their look
Against the gleam of March's sky—
My heart is o'ward the time of spring
Foreloved within the days to come;
The world still looks in winter, but
It's light when I reach home.

GRANDMOTHER'S LARK.

Grandma Deering stood at the parlor window with a brave smile on her face, waving her hand valiantly while they all drove off. "They all" were her son, John Deering his wife Emmeline and their 4 children. They were going to the state fair at Miller's Grove. They had not asked grandma to go, not even whether she wanted to go but they had said laughingly as they packed themselves and the big lunch basket into the carriage. "It's lucky grandma isn't going, because there wouldn't be room in the democrat."

During the weeks that the air and the conversation had been so full of "fair" grandma would not admit even to herself that she wanted to go, but somehow those words, "It's luck grandma isn't going," struck a chord that vibrated strangely.

When the last little fluttering handkerchief had disappeared around the corner, grandma turned from the window with a sigh. The whole long day was before her. She looked about the cosy parlor in which were many things brought from her own housekeeping in the old-fashioned place where she had reared her children. There was her husband's picture, oil-painted, in an oval gilt frame and under it the wreath which had lain on his coffin. Emmeline had had the wreath waxed and mounted for her mother-in-law. There was her husband's solid mahogany easy chair which Emmeline had cushioned with that bright colored velvet. It had been hard so hard to break up that old home and the wisdom of doing it was not clear for grandma even now. To be sure she was all alone Jennie and Laura were married and living in a distant state, and John and Emmeline did not care to live in the old house.

Yes, she was all alone but still she was strong, strong enough at least to look out for herself and to do her own work in her own leisurely fashion. She had never been a rusher like Emmeline. But John and Emmeline said she got tired; or rather Emmeline said so, and John agreed. But what if she did get tired? Didn't she have all the time she wanted to rest? Vain questioning and useless logic when Emmeline had made up her mind.

Grandma came to John's and brought some of her things, but she never could tell whether it was pain or pleasure she felt at seeing them there in that new style parlor. It was like Emmeline's brisk conscientiousness to put them here to show that John's mother was welcome to the best. Yes, Emmeline meant to be real kind, only, — There was a sudden loud knocking at the back of the house. Grandma stood transfixed. The knock was repeated.

It most seems as if it was a warning to me for being so unthankful for all my mercies," she murmured nervously. I wonder who it can be. Everybody knows it's day, and they're all gone.

"Hi, hi, hi! Hi, hi, hi!"
Grandma Deering almost doubted her own ears, but she hurried to the back door. "Is that you, Bob?" she inquired cautiously.

Reassuring response came in a boy's hearty imperative, "Course it is. Open the door quick."

When this was done a sturdy figure in a golf rig took a flying jump and landed in the middle of the kitchen making the empty kettle on the cold stove hop with surprise and causing Emmeline's row of bright tins standing primly on the dresser, to slide down with simultaneous protest.

"Bob, Bob," laughed grandma, as she ran to set up the covers, "you stop your capers. What did you come back for?"

"You!" The lad took two strides nearer the dresser, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and watched to see the effect of this piece of news.

The effect it had was to twist grandma about in a hurry, to set a stare of incredulity in her brown eyes, and dash quite a pretty shade of pink into her cheeks. "Me? Me?" "You!" beamed the young fellow, in supreme enjoyment of the scene.

"Me?" Grandma repeated the word wonderingly, with a vague feeling that this must be one of Bob's jokes. The steady gray eyes looked honest, though.

"Yes, you, you, you! You wanted to go to the fair. I saw it in your eyes when we

all drove off, and I just said to myself, 'She shan't stay there alone, all day, not if I know it,' so I came back for you."

The pink flush deepened into crimson. "I didn't mean that anybody should know. I'd—I'd just as lief stay home. What will your mother say?"

"O, she won't say anything, I just told them that I'd got to go back to the house for something and they needn't wait, because I'd go on the electric." Bob took his hands out of his pockets and straightened his broad shoulders with the air of a capitalist. He hadn't been bell boy in the big hotel all summer for nothing.

"And was I what you came back for?" Grandma put the question tremulously. It was all so strange, so very strange.

"You see" the big boy was twirling his plaid cap by the button now and looking decidedly shy. It wasn't so very easy for a fellow to come to the point and reveal himself, after all. "You see, there was an awfully nice old lady—I mean a lady at the hotel this summer, and she somehow made me think of you—only she was different, somehow. She had a grandson, too, about my age, and they were great chums. They used to go off together on some lark or other every day. She always wore a short skirt and a shirt waist, except when she went down to dinner, and she went out in all kinds of weather, just like the girls. I heard some of the ladies talking about her, out on the piazza one day, and they said she was a school teacher and that she was educating that grandson. My, but he thought a heap of her!"

Bob stopped and looked bashfully at his grandmother. She was sitting with her hands clasped on the kitchen table, looking at the boy and drinking in every word he said. Her brown eyes were shining with a new light.

"And did that grandmother have white hair?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, she did, but it wasn't curly like yours," nodded Bobby.

"And she was wrinkled?"

"Some. As much as you. I guess. You aren't hardly wrinkled any." Bob made a brave attempt to look his grandmother squarely in the eye when he said that.

"Anyhow, she wasn't as pretty as you only she seemed—more—more—well, used to things, you know." Then Bob gave over trying to make this meek little home-keeping body understand the difference between herself and that other most modern of grandmas, and asked, anxiously, "Do you suppose you could be ready for that half-past nine electric?"

Grandma rose confidently, but suddenly her enthusiasm failed. "But the money, Bob," she said humbly. "I haven't any."

"Well, I have, returned the boy promptly, I haven't been working all summer for nothing. I guess a fellow with seventy-five dollars in his inside pocket, so to speak, can afford a quarter or so to take his grandmother to the fair. Now hustle."

The assurance that the money was forthcoming, and Bob's assumption of masculine gruffness, made grandma laugh. She scuttled across the kitchen as gleefully as if her last birthday had not ticked off "sixty nine." Upstairs—shall I tell it? O, yes, I ought as well—upstairs, she looked at herself in the glass for as much as two minutes. Then she pulled the wavy white hair down around her temples and ears in soft full curves, observed that there was pink in her cheeks, and yes, red in the lips that smiled at the glass and noted that her figure was slender. Why she was as slender as Flossie, her granddaughter and about her size. Would she dare? "and of the living." Bob Deering took his teeth out of a huge slice of gingerbread to make the exclamation, and wistled shrilly.

The girl in the blue golf skirt and pink shirt waist with the becoming black velvet stock, put her blue and white straw outing hat the least bit to one side and laughed, "Do I look nice?"

"Nice!" I should say you did!" The reply was prompt, and the steady eyes did not belie the words.

"And—and—do I look as young as that other grandmother?"

"I should say you did! Younger! Why, you don't look a day over 16!"

Grandma Deering laughed aloud. Why how many times had she laughed aloud during the last half hour? "Now, Bob, that's altogether too much," she declared, "But do you know, I feel young. Why, it wouldn't surprise me one bit to hear somebody say, 'There's Debby Haskell going to the fair with Bob Deering.' Then she added wistfully, "You look just the same as he used to when we went to school together."

Bob gave his grandmother a queer look. He had learned several things since he jumped out of the carriage a few minutes before. One was that hearts stay young, if the bodies do grow old.

"Are we walking to fast for you?" he asked, kindly, as they hurried down street.

"No, oh, no, not a bit," responded grandma, radiant but breathless. I didn't know—I never thought of such a thing as me ever enjoying anything again, except my victuals."

She was walking along as lightly as a girl, in her short skirt. The soft September air falling upon her face the sight of the fields

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MARCH 30, 1904.



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period.

"TO YOUNG WOMEN:—I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds."

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."—Miss Agnes Miller, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill. —\$5000 Perfect if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention.

and the trees and the bright blue sky, the sense of freedom and adventure, filled her with a sort of ecstasy. "I'm ever so much obliged to you, Bob," she said, shyly, looking up.

He looked down, caught the exultation of her mood, and nodded his head, confidently. "I knew you were the girl for a lark, hi, hi, hi! Wait a minute!" Bob ran to head off the electric car that was whizzing along the highway at right angles.

The motorman and conductor, yes, and all the passengers smiled at the pair who clambered abroad. It was a nice smile, too. Perhaps they did not know all the story, but they could not see that there was a boy whose heart was in the right place. All the world loves a loving heart.

Such a gay, laughing, chattering crowd! How they did push and rush, to be sure! At the entrance to the grounds grandma Deering slipped a timid hand around Bob's arm. It had been so long, so very long, since she had been out of Emmeline's grim parlor except to Sunday morning meeting, that she was frightened. But Bob put a strong, friendly hand over hers, and said kindly, "Now don't be afraid, grandma. I'll take care of you, I guess I know just where to find the folks."

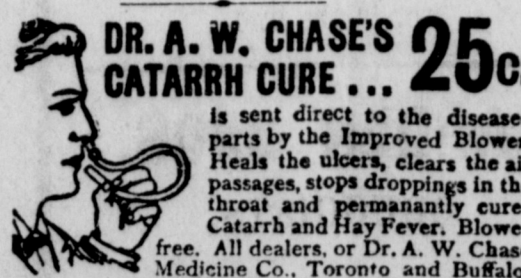
Across the grounds where the people from "Dover way" were wont to gather, the Deerings, just arrived were folding the carriage dusters and disposing of their lunch baskets. One of the 5-year old twins was the first to see the pair slowly saunter along.

"Mamma! mamma!" she exclaimed "There's Bob and somebody with him. Somebody that looks like Flossie."

Flossie turned quickly, stared at the person who looked like her, and shrieked. "Why it's grandma!"

Then there was a rush. And if grandma Deering had been having any doubts about her welcome, she was speedily relieved of them. After explanations and a relay of cookies, the children bore their grandmother off to see the sights. Although she had visited many fairs in her life, she was sure that she saw more funny things and more curious things that day than she ever seen before. She had almost forgotten that gypsy camps, shooting galleries, militia bands, dancing bears, abnormal vegetables prize cattle were objects of such breathless interests. She was glad to see things through the eager eyes of the little children who took her so joyously into their happiness and she caught their hands with a closeness that surprised them, but which meant to her that she would keep in their lives for whatever of love and sympathy and helpfulness she could give and get.

It was a very tired but thoroughly happy grandma, whom Bob helped into the democrat at that night, and it is quite certain that he heard, although he never pretended to, a whispered voice, which said, "I'm ever so much obliged to you, Bob. It was a lovely lark!"



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Don't talk of your profession being crowded every profession is crowded. Make room for yourself, young man!

What did God give you elbows for if not to do some shoving? "The Chameleon."

Washing Machines.



Judging from the very number of Washing Machines we have sold during the last year, we know that of the many useful mechanical helps that contribute to the comfort and happiness of the well-appointed modern home, the washing machine is by no means the least important, and if it could not be readily replaced, would be one of the last of such aids to be parted with. Any Washing Machine is preferable, tenfold, to the washboard.

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A genius is a man who refuses to believe in the impossibilities of other people.—Selected.

A safe way to judge a man is to ascertain just what friends he doesn't make.—"Aphorisms."

A man once married a rich, ugly woman, and explained that beauty was psychological.—"The Cynic's Posy."

Knowledge consists in having a clerk who can find the thing.—G. F. Monkshood.

There are moods and places in which to be good seems of the easiest; to err, a thing well-nigh impossible.—"The long Night."

The Californian boy I love because he is devoid of fear, carries himself like a man and has a heart as big as his boots.—Rudyard Kipling.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage,
Favoritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

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