

IN HIS KINGDOM.

A soul set free came trembling through the night—  
And stood, all naked, in the judgment light.  
“Alas,” she cried, “so pressed with life was I,  
No space I found to teach me how to die.  
“Unshriven I came; I was so full of care  
No time had I for penance or for prayer.  
“I dwell where men were in such evil case,  
Their woeful eyes still held me to my place.  
“Nor did I heed my garments’ fret and stain,  
If so I might a little ease their pain.  
“And scarce any thought from haunting care  
could stay  
To say at noon, ‘Ah, Lord, another day.’  
“But flying still, and followed hard by fear,  
I loved and loathed, and waked to find me here.”  
Then round the naked soul the judgment light  
Grew, like a lily’s bloom, to garments of white;  
And a new dawn of rapture and surprise  
Shone through the doubt and sorrow of her eyes,  
As a voice whispered: “Since thou didst not fear  
To drink my cup on earth, come share it here.”  
and gazing on a face, unknown till now,  
She cried, exulting: “Master, it is Thou.”  
—New York Independent.

HE HAD PITY.

Jabez Wilson, whose 52 years of life had been passed in single blessedness, had little in common with the rest of the world.  
His faults were many and his virtues few. His two redeeming points—call them virtues if you will—were generosity verging on weakness in individual cases and a love for music.  
Late one night he came out of St. James’ Hall, buttoned his coat up round his neck, divined his hand into his pockets and made for home. On his way he entered a cafe and took a cup of coffee.  
As he sipped the beverage his ear, ever on the alert for music, caught the sounds of a voice which was at once rich and melodious.  
Jabez listened attentively for five minutes, during which time the song continued with short intervals of silence. At length it stopped altogether. Jabez asking the waiter attending to fetch in the person singing.  
The waiter returned in less than a minute, ushering in a man of a distinctly Italian cast of countenance, whom he introduced as Luigi the bottle washer.  
“Well, my man, you have an extremely fine voice. Did you know that? With due care and rigid training there ought to be both fame and fortune in it. You would like to be something better than a bottle washer all your life, eh, my man?”  
Luigi, in a wondering sort of way, nodded.  
“That’s right, that’s right my man. Here is my card. Come and see me tomorrow at my house at 6.30. I want to have a serious talk with you. Can you come?”  
“Yes, sir—that is, no, sir. Not tomorrow. I work till 11 every night during the week.”  
“Oh, oh! such is the irony of fate,” muttered Jabez. “Can you come on Sunday?”  
“Yes, sir, I will come.”  
True to his word, Luigi, clothed in his Sunday garments, found himself in Mr. Wilson’s drawing-room the following Sunday evening.  
“Luigi, you have a most charming voice. It is, at present, in what I may term an embryo form. The foundation is there, in all its strength, and a couple of years’ careful training will place you without a doubt as one of the topmost brachnes of the vocal tree.  
“You must make a point of cultivating your voice on every possible occasion, Luigi. Avoid those articles of food which I shall give you a list of, that your vocal chords may retain the sweetness, strength and fullness that now mark them.  
“Your clothes, too, are unsuited to the pupil of a vocal professor. You must fit yourself out like a gentleman, Luigi. You must exercise care, and take a pride in your personal appearance—in short, be in every respect worthy of your profession.”  
As Luigi’s profession was that of bottle washer at an Italian restaurant, he naturally failed to see how he could well give further evidence of his occupation than by the suit in which he appeared before this strange gentleman. And he said so.  
“Dear me; of course I must explain to you, Luigi, what I propose to do. I am too hasty. First and foremost, do you like music?”  
“Am I not an Italian,” was the modest reply.  
“Grand. A most fitting answer. Now we will come to business. Would you like to give up your present menial occupation and become, first, the pupil of a musician, and then a master of the art you excel in?”  
“That is beyond my hopes, sir. I have no money.”  
Jabez Wilson threw up his hands.  
“That’s all right. I will see to that little matter. Give me the assurance that you will put your whole heart into the work I have cut out for you, and will do your best. I ask for nothing more.”  
A few days later Luigi left his situation and became the protegee of Mr. Wilson. To see that Luigi was grateful would be to put the feeling he evinced toward his benefactor in very mild terms. He could find no way of expressing his gratitude beyond making himself as perfect in his art as it became possible for him to do.  
“Luigi,” said Mr. Wilson one day, “I am delighted to tell you that it is now beyond the capabilities of English masters to teach you further. It remains for the masters of your native land to instil into you that little required to take you to Naples, where we will spend the next year or two.”  
For the first time since their odd acquaintance Luigi failed to hail an announcement for his benefit with any sign of pleasure or satisfaction. He looked gloomy and hesitated to speak.  
“You have always been extremely kind and good to me, Mr. Wilson. I cannot by any possible means express my gratitude. But the suggestion you have made, although entirely for my good, fills me with pain. I

cannot leave England, because—because I am going to get married.”  
The dickens you are!” roared the infuriated bachelor, mad with rage. “This, sir, is the way in which you show your gratitude. You Italian dog, you scoundrel—you—”  
He stopped short. What an idiot he was. Luigi was only flesh and blood, and young blood at that.  
“Luigi,” he began, after the silence of the moment, “is this girl of yours a suitable partner to accompany you on your upward career through life? You will stand at the head of your art, and you will move in the highest circles of European society.”  
“She, whatever her post in life now, may be ill-suited to grace the drawing-room of the aristocracy, or to sit by your side in the carriage that draws you to your mansion.”  
“You love her now—She is everything to you. Time may be, however, when you may be led to make odious comparisons between her simplicity and the winning faces of beautiful women.”  
“My kind benefactor, that is impossible. I shall always love Maggie as much as I do now.”  
Jabez Wilson sighed. It was a sad blow to his vanity and to his peace of mind.  
“Think it over, lad,” he began.  
“When the first pangs of grief at parting are passed, you will forget about your lowly girl in the whirlwind of your fame, and she will soon put you from her. Come to me tomorrow and let me know what you intend doing.”  
The next day Mr. Wilson received a visit from Maggie. She came in tears to beg his consent, his heart was touched at the sight of a woman in sorrow, and reviling himself for a cold-blooded monster, he told her, in an outburst of generosity to go and marry Luigi as many times as she liked.  
After a twelvemonth spent in Italy Luigi became perfect. His first appearance in public was made as Gerado, and, as he retreated behind the curtain that night, old Jabez Wilson waited to press his hands and tell him that his dream was at last realized.  
Jabez Wilson walked out of his solicitor’s office penniless. The bank of which he was principal shareholder had failed, and this, in conjunction with a few minor disasters, had robbed him of every penny he possessed.  
He had never in his life done a stroke of work, and was not even capable of a clerical position.  
The apartments he had occupied were given up; the club was never again to see him or hear what had become of him; the fine old wines in his cellar fetched sufficient to pay his long standing rent, with surplus for a few weeks—that was all.  
From his scanty store he drew a penny every day to search the papers for news of Luigi’s success. He could not bring himself to write to him and to tell him everything. It was pleasant enough to know that the man whom he had dragged from obscurity should at that moment be making Europe vibrate with the splendor of his voice.  
One night, as he crouched over the fire in the doss house he frequented, reading the paper, a short paragraph at the foot of a column caught his eye.  
“Early yesterday morning the body of a woman was found in the Grand canal at Venice. She is said to be the wife of Sig. Luigi, the well-known singer, with whom she is supposed to have led a wretched life. There are no marks of violence on the body, and the authorities have passed a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane.”  
Jabez Wilson’s forecast had been realized only too fully, and the broken hearted man cried like a child.  
A week later he stood outside the doss house with exactly a penny in his pocket.  
He stood wondering what he should do, when his musical instincts, which had been crushed and lain dormant for so long, arose within him. He hurried along the street, entered a shop and purchased a tin whistle with his one remaining copper.  
An hour later as he walked slowly along the middle of the road, his threadbare coat buttoned up around his neck, an old battered hat pressed tightly down over the straggling gray hair that blew in the cold wind, and his dry lips pressed tight against the whistle, he was playing “Home, Sweet Home”—that was all he knew.  
In front of a resplendent hotel he stood and played with one foot on the pavement. A tall black-bearded gentleman, evidently a foreigner, wrapped in a priceless fur coat, came down the steps of the hotel, in company with a beautiful woman, in the full glare of the lamp.  
Instinctively the instrument fell from the lips of the player, as he muttered, half aloud: “Luigi!”  
The Italian peered into the pale, pinched, upturned face.  
“So you have come to this, eh?” he asked in a whisper, lest his companion should hear, at the same time drawing half a crown from his pocket, “my unfortunate friend.”  
He turned abruptly, half ashamed when the woman by him told him to come away from the beggar.  
“I come, Mirand.” Then as she took his arm and he handed her in a brougham, “I have pity for these poor musicians.”—Pearson’s Weekly.

How to Save Money.

The following which appears in a contemporary is worthy of the attention of railroad men:  
Every young man should be in debt. Not in debt to his tailor, or his landlady, or for a bar bill, for that class of obligation does more harm than good, even if he does pay within a reasonable time. It is well, though, to be encumbered by some real estate mortgage, or obligated for such liability as building association shares and endowment insurance; not a burden which is going to become a drain to make life a drudge and a call for every spare penny, but one which will have a tendency to select his pleasures rather than drift into them for want of any other object in life.  
Many young men do not see much to gain by saving a few dollars each month from their salaries, and they fall into the habit of

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letting it all go. A small partial payment investment in real estate, entered into at 21 years upon a basis of \$10 per month, with the natural additions he would make having once become interested, will amount to a very snug little equity by the time he is 40. The same will prove true from an investment in endowment insurance or in building association shares.  
A man usually determines at 40 whether his life is a business success or failure. If a success, the little accumulation taught him how to shut off foolish expenditures has probably been the secret of success. If a failure, the fact that he has a snug little sum in cash, or its equivalent, will be found a very pleasing reflection. The payments all come during what may be termed his best producing years, and are rarely a hardship. The mistake is frequently made of going in too deep, particularly in real estate. Anxiety to make a fortune quick instead of accomplishing a competence has ruined many careers which under the plan of gradual accumulation would have been both successful and brilliant. A heavy load means both physical and mental strain. No man can afford to shut off his pleasures and recreation altogether. He needs both the society of women and the companionship of men, as well as a class of recreation which will keep his mental faculties clean and active. No one can afford to starve the mind and heart to feed the pocket. Every life needs laughter as much as the rose needs the sun, and every life needs some responsibility, some restriction. The man with an investment, no matter how small, sails under control, he with none merely drifts. Good luck may drift him into harbor, but the chances are against it.—Railway Review.

C. Donnelly, prop. of the popular and well-known Windsor Hotel, Allison, Ont., was troubled for years with Itching Piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McGarvey, Allison, Every man, to use Chase’s Ointment, which he did, was cured, has had no return of them and highly recommends this Ointment as a sovereign cure for Piles.

The use of the telephone on the Australian sheep ranches is becoming common. It is employed on the Clark ranch, where all the sheep and shepherds are watched and handled telephonically by means of six stations, all communicating with a central point, from which come weather signals, orders, etc.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

Consumption, LaGrippe, Pnaemonia, and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shiloh’s Cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

Bicycles have seriously affected the sale of pianos in England.

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A London restaurant serves its food on electrically heated plates.

THE ILLS OF WOMEN.

Constipation, causes more than half the ills of women. Karl’s Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Constipation. Sold by Garden Bros.

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All Recommend it.

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Municipality of Carleton.

THE ELECTION OF

County Councillors

will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT.

R. K. JONES, Sec.-Treas.

Sept. 23, 1895.

See!

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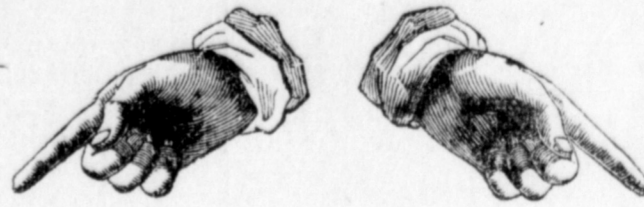
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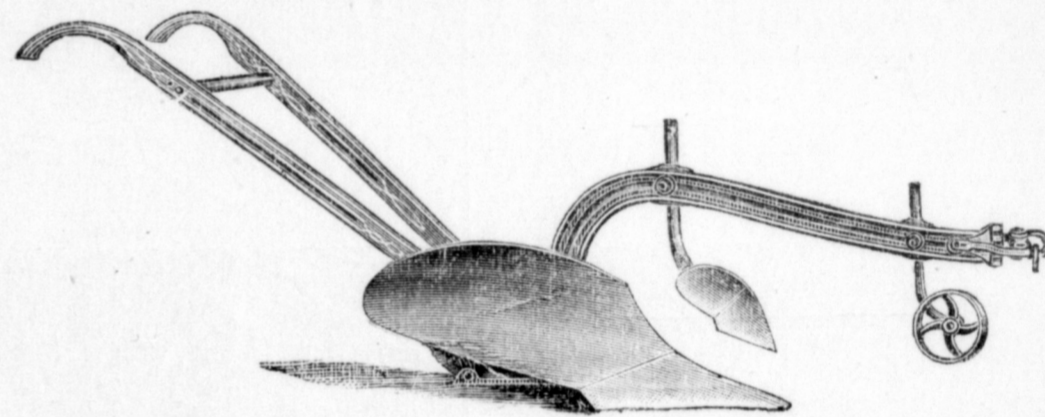
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The way a number of people did who put off ordering a Crown Mower until the 10th July and found them all sold.

Thanking those of our customers who obtained their Crowns, for their patronage, we wish to call their attention, as well as those who got left, to the fact that we have only 24 Little Giant Threshers for sale this season, and that if they wish to purchase, it is advisable that their orders be placed as soon as possible. The reputation our threshers have attained has placed them so far above all competitors that they have become the Standard Threshers of the Maritime Provinces, and it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe the numerous points wherein they excel. They are well known to thresh fast, save grain, and clean it in first-class shape. We guarantee them to be the most durable machines in the market, costing less than \$5.00 per year for repairs. Send at once for descriptive circular and order form to

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