

THE TOYS.

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And mov'd and spoke in quiet, grown up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkindness;
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet,
And I, with a moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own,
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells.
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, rang'd there with
careful art
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God and wept and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing these in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We make our joys,
How weakly understood
The great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."
—Coventry Patmore in Church Standard.

The Story of Truthful James.

Solomon once said in his haste, that all men were liars, and since that time many men have said the same thing to many other men, much of the time to their own regret and the remainder of the time to that of the other fellow. It all depended on the size of the individuals concerned.

At Alexandria Bay last June there were assembled a great variety of types of human nature. Among these there was one, a hoary-headed veteran of much experience and eloquence, who had been heard on all sorts of subjects in the meetings as far back as the memory of man runneth. Among the other memorable qualities of this well equipped veteran is an uncompromising honesty of conviction, much piety, and a deep and sincere love for the vertical plane car coupler. There was also another there, a man admired by all for an exaggeration of attractive qualities and all around good fellowship coupled with a story telling ability, compared to which the monks of old were as untutored children. Another prominent trait of this man is that of instantaneous adaptability to any situation or emergency that can possibly arise, all the way from piloting a steamboat through intricate and unknown waters, to playing a base tuber in a short handed country band.

At the Crossman House on a Sunday morning last June the venerable and pious member met him whom we must call in contradistinction, the wicked supply man, in the office of this excellent hostelry. After the customary polite salutations, together with certain stock comments on the weather, the good man said to the wicked man, "James, are you going to church this morning?" to which the wicked man replied, "No, I am tired out today and I think I will go to my room and write some letters." "I don't believe anything of the kind" said the good man. "I believe that you are going fishing." "No," said James, "I am going to my room and rest." The two then departed, but as James turned to the elevator a friend stepped up and said to him, "James, a friend of your's wants to speak to you up in my room. Will you come up?" "Be there in a minute," said he, and so there he went. Now it is well known that this same James will do anything for a friend, and as he considers everybody a friend, it often occurs that James is kept busy, and a number of those whom he had served, on this occasion determined to make a little showing of their appreciation of what he had done for them.

It is well known that James is fond of fishing, and goes as often as he can, although his truthful nature ever permits him to tell lies even about his catch. When he went to this room he found there a half dozen good friends who after a few preliminaries brought forth a handsome fishing rod and presented it to James. With some remarks appropriate to the occasion, James though much surprised and moved to tears, accepted the gift, and after stammering a few broken sentences of thanks between his blushes, once more started for his room with the new fishing rod under his arm. At a turn in the corridor he again met his aged and pious friend, who bent on him the stern glance of broken faith, coupled with the triumphant look of one who had caught the deceiver red-handed. "James," he thundered, "I thought you told me you were not going fishing." "I am not," said James, "I am on my way to my room." "Yes," said the good man with a sneer, "with a fish rod under your arm. That is too thin. No as you have deceived me I insist that you go to the church where I am going." "Where is that," asked James. The good man told him and James replied that he would come there a little later to prove his good faith. "Well," said the veteran, "I shall ask you what the text was when I return," and went his way. Now, as we have before said, James has never been known to fail in an emergency, and on this occasion he did not want to attend church. So after he reached his room he sat himself down to think. Reaching for the push button in his room he pressed it and the call boy did the rest. James put him through a sort of civil service examination as to his piety and especially his memory. "Now," says he, "you go to that church and learn what the text is and report." So the boy departed and was soon back with the text, which was I John, IV. 5. James, after a fruitless search among about a thousand railway supply men finally discovered a bible

in the grip of a railway purchasing agent who chanced to be attending the convention, and soon committed the text to memory. Thoroughly primed, he now awaited the return of the good brother from the sanctuary. About 15 minutes after the church was dismissed he went down stairs and out the back door of the hotel, going by a devious way to the front entrance, which he entered as bold as a lion, repeating the text over and over to himself so as not to forget it, and with a look of conscious rectitude on his honest countenance walked into the office. His good friend was there talking with a group, and when he saw him he at once said, "James, did you go to church?" "Certainly," said James looking him straight in the eye. "I will believe it if you repeat to me the entire text," said he. At this, James with an open air which only a truly honest man can assume, at once promptly replied, "The minister preached an excellent discourse from the text I John IV. 5. 'They are of the world; therefore they speak of the world and the world heareth them.' It seemed to me Mr. A—that this was a singularly appropriate text for this crowd. Don't you think so?" "Yes," said he, "it was, and I shall have to testify that you have kept your word and was present at church although I looked everywhere for you and did not see you, but alas! my old eyes do not serve me as well as they used to." "Next time," said James, "I hope you will believe me." "I shall," said his friend, "always." Truthful James then walked moderately away with a smile that was both childlike and bland on his honest face, until he had turned a corner and assured himself that no one was in sight, when he proceeded to execute a war dance such as is used to this day by the Penobscot Indians when they desire to express their joy at their triumph over the device of an adversary to entangle them.—Railway Review.

2 Neglects and the Result.

Neglect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrh. Neglect nasal catarrh and you will surely induce pulmonary diseases or catarrh of the stomach with its disgusting attendants, foul breath, hawking, spitting, blowing, &c. Stop it all by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box cures.

Scientific Probabilities.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—Prof. Alex. Graham Bell, the inventor, who has been in France and Belgium, returned to this city yesterday on the steamship La Bourgogne. To a Times reporter Prof. Bell last night talked of the rumor that he was engaged in the construction of a flying machine. "That is not exactly correct," he said; "while I am greatly interested in flying machines, and have been making some experiments, I am not constructing any aerial machine. I am merely working up tables which will be of use to future inventors. I believe that the idea of a flying machine is practicable, but that balloons and butterfly wings must be discarded. I started on my experiment with the idea of having a machine of greater specific gravity than the air. I believe that is the only correct principle. I have experimented with a French design made of metal, and of simple construction. I have also been much interested while in France by a machine called the helicoptes, invented by M. Trouve, made of iron and metal, and which screws up into the air. I have not done anything further with the radiophone. It is just as perfect as the telephone, but it is impracticable at long distances, because of the rotation of the earth. I think, however, that it might be used to great advantage in testing the fluctuations of electric light. The development of horseless carriages, electric railroads, etc., has led me to think what is to become of the horse. Man has invented the bicycle to increase his powers of propulsion, and, while I do not say that a horse could ride a bicycle, I am confident that a machine could be built whereby the horse could be taken off the ground and still used as a motor power. With a proper system of gearing, great speed could be obtained. I have recently invented a machine for use in fishermen's dories on the banks of Newfoundland. The fishermen are frequently cut off from their vessels by fog, and lose their lives as frequently by lack of drinking water as by exposure. The invention consists of a glass cylinder, or bottle, through the neck of which is a rubber tube containing a smaller rubber tube. The glass is surmounted and a brass cylinder, acting as a bellows through the rise and fall of the waves, pumps the atmosphere into the surmounted bottle. There it becomes condensed, and a supply of fresh drinking water is always to be obtained."

Consumption Can be Cured

by the use of Shiloh's Cure. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. Sold by Garden Bros.

A Great Man Dead.

Pro. Louis Pasteur the great French bacteriologist died at St. Cloud, near Paris on Saturday. He will be remembered as the discoverer of the inoculating treatment for hydrophobia.

"Farming."

A monthly magazine called "Farming" has come to this office. It is published in Toronto by the Bryant Press. It is neatly gotten up, contains illustrations, capital articles on the various branches pertaining to agriculture, and the annual subscription is only \$1.00. In the September number appears an article by David Stewart of Upper Kent, on "How to get the Best Results from Farm Poultry," which we produce elsewhere.

A Caution! A Warning!

If, on blowing the nose in the morning, lumps and flakes are discharged colored with blood, especially on one side, lose no time in applying a remedy. Catarrh of the very worst kind has become seated, the walls are sore and full of small ulcers, and if not soon cured will be hard to cure and eradicate. "A stitch in time saves nine." Use Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Flames and currents of very hot air are good conductors of electricity. An electrified body placed near a flame soon loses its charge.

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The Fastest Boat in the World.

We have now more information as to that latest wonder in machine achievement, the torpedo boat Sokol, built in England for the Russians by Yarrow. She is 190 feet long by 18 feet 6 inches beam, with twin screws. Less than 4,000 horse power turned the screws at the mean rate 405.15 times per minute in a three hour run, which put after the Sokol's name a mean speed of 29.762 knots. Aluminum and the alloys of bronze were in her construction. In one mile the Sokol reached a speed of thirty two miles, or a little short of thirty-seven land miles per hour, the highest ever obtained from any vessel.

For the moment, supremacy of this sort belongs to Russia; but there are boats with a guarantee for thirty knots, building for the British government, in the expectation that, like their predecessors, they will go a knot or so beyond that figure.

To the Electors of Carleton County.

GENTLEMEN—On the 16th of October next you will be called upon to elect three men to represent this county in the Local Legislature of New Brunswick.

I have been requested to allow myself to be nominated as a candidate for your suffrages, and I now place my services at your disposal.

While I acted as your representative for many years the interests of the people and wants of the County were carefully guarded, which should be a guarantee for the future.

If elected I shall exercise my best judgment in supporting or opposing the present administration, at all times supporting when it is in the interests of Carleton County to do so.

The time between this election is so short it will be impossible for me to visit the electors as I would wish, and I will take the opportunity at the Hustings to explain my views more fully on the public questions of the day.

Your obedient servant,
GEO. W. WHITE.
Centreville, September 28th, 1895.

To The Electors of The County of Carleton.

GENTLEMEN—Solicited by many of your numbers, the undersigned respectfully offer themselves as candidates for the representation of the county at the coming election of members for the House of Assembly.

If elected, we pledge ourselves that our first consideration shall be the welfare of this county, while prepared to support the government in any measure which, in our opinion, promises to be of benefit to the province.

We believe the policy of the present government has been such as to recommend it to the favorable consideration of the people, and we feel assured that the same policy will be maintained by them in the future, should they be sustained in the present election.

The Agricultural Legislation promoted by the present government is of a character, we believe, to recommend it to the hearty approval of our farmers.

Personally acquainted with, and concerned in the Agricultural, Commercial and Industrial interests of the county, it is to our interests, equally with yours, to further in every way their advancement, and to the accomplishment of this end we promise to exercise our best efforts.

Gentlemen, electors, we respectfully and confidently ask your support.
J. T. ALLAN DIBBLEE,
C. L. SMITH,
H. H. McCAIN.
Woodstock, Sept. 30, 1895.

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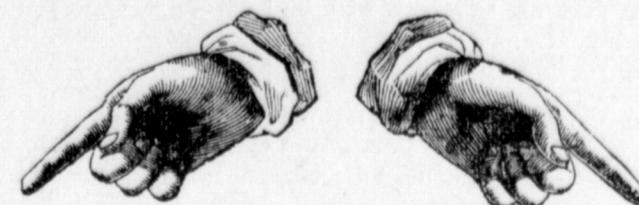
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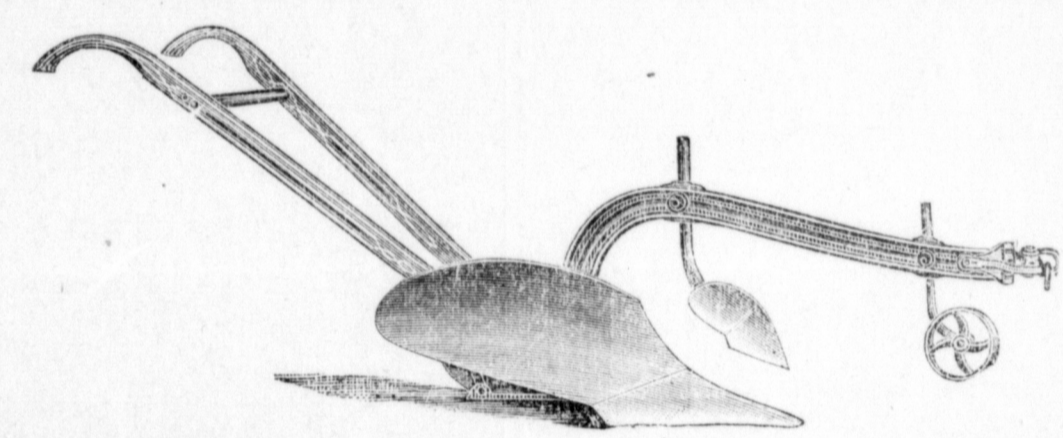
Only 24! Don't Get Left!

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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AUG. 1, 1895.

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