

**"ET DONA FERENTES."**

["The English press, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the British dependencies, manifests a more conciliatory spirit."—American Daily Paper.]

In extended observation of the ways and works of man (From the four-mile radius roughly to the plains of Hindustan), I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the casual ruction rise, and the men of half creation damning half creation's eyes.

I have watched them in their tantrums, all that pentecostal crew, French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Russ and Yank and Dutch and Jew, Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow, mauve and white, But it never really mattered till the English grew pale.

Till the men with glossy "toppers," till the men in long frock coats, Till the men who do not duel, till the men who fight with votes, Till the breed that take their pleasure as St. Lawrence took his grid, Began to "beg your pardon" and—the wily croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the girls that bring the beer, Knew the psychologic moment, left the lit Casino clear; But the uninstructed alien, from the Teuton to the Was engaged, once more, my country, by that suave deceptive draw!

As it was in ancient Suez or 'neath milder, wilder skies, I "observe with apprehension" how the casual ructions rise, And with keener apprehension if I read my Times aright, Hear the old Casino order: Watch your man, but be polite.

"Keep your temper; never answer" (That is why they spat and swore). "Don't hit first, but move together (there's no hurry) to the door, Back to back and facing outward, while the linguist tells 'em how. Nots sommes along a notre batteau; nous ne voulons pas le row."

So the hard, pent rage eat inward till some idiot went too far, "Let 'em have it!" and they had it, and the same was bloody war—Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer-mug, chair and boot, Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long hoarse yell for loot.

Then the oil-cloth with its numbers, as a banner fluttered free, When the grand piano cantered, on three castors, down the quay, White and breathing through their nostrils, silent, systematic, swift, They removed, effaced, abolished, all that man could fling or lift.

Oh my country, bless the training that from cot to castle runs—The pitfall of the stranger, but the bulwark of thy sons—Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish soul and unperturbed, Till we wake our Island Devil, ten times worse for being curb.

Build on the flanks of Etna where the fleecy smokepuffs float, Go bathe in tropic waters, where the lean fin tazes the boat, Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen dynamite; But oh beware my country, when my country grows polite! —RUDYARD KIPLING, in St. James' Budget.

**MY MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.**

By Lawrence Irwell.

When I got into bed after reading "How Sherlock Holmes Got Left," my feet were very cold and my head uncomfortably hot. I turned and tossed and could not sleep on account of extreme nervousness. I heard the clock strike 12, and I was wondering why my wife was so late in returning from the Johnsons' party, when a sound of mewing and scratching on the door reached my ears. I ought not to have been any more afraid of ghosts when out of bed than when in it, and I am not usually regarded as a nervous man, but I did dislike going down the dark stairs into the dark hall to let Broncho in. My wife is a very economical woman, and she is getting rich by turning out the gas in the hall at 9 o'clock and feeding me on corned beef and cabbage. I do not think that any of the criminals of whom I had read during that evening, had poked long, bony hands through the bannisters to seize the ankles of such victims as might be going up or down stairs; nevertheless I hugged the wall closely as I went down and I experienced an uncomfortably creepy feeling when, through the glass in the front door, I saw Broncho's shining eyes reflecting a faint gleam of light.

I believe I said some very unpleasant thing to our favorite black cat as I opened the door for him, and, instead of coming in, he turned and ran round the corner of the house. Had I been less annoyed I should probably have remembered, before allowing the door to slam behind me, that I had no pockets in my night-shirt or dressing-gown—and consequently no latchkey. However, there was no getting over the fact that just as I reached the bottom of the steps in my search for Broncho, the door banged to, and there I was—shut out of my own house at 12 o'clock at night, my sleeping garment covered by nothing but a dressing-gown, and my feet protected from the cold by only a pair of slippers! A nice position for a minister of the Methodist Church, residing upon Franklin street in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. Of course, I could only blame the cat, the wind, myself, and especially my wife for having gone out visiting, and having left me alone in the house.

After walking back to the door and turning the handle to make sure that the latch

had caught, I looked up and down the street in the hope of seeing a policeman, from whom I might, perhaps, obtain some assistance; but no policeman was in sight—when one wants one the entire force is always invisible to the naked eye. As two useless, card-playing citizens were approaching I hastily withdrew round the corner of my house, feeling that the disclosure and appearance of my situation at such an hour might prejudice my position as a minister of the gospel.

I thought of the back door, but how was I to get to the back door? My residence is at the end of a row of six brick houses, with no rear entrance, except through a gate at the opposite end of the row, which is brilliantly illuminated with two electric lights. I think I never quite appreciated the remarkable penetrating power of the arc light until that occasion. On this frosty, starlight night the brilliancy of the two lamps was almost beyond description. Dare I venture into their range? After a few moments I realized that I must not stay where I was for I was almost numb with cold; and besides, the gossiping milkman would find me there in the morning. Then what could I do but leave the city at once? The newspapers would, as usual, get hold of the incident, and would treat it with their customary levity. I imagined that I could see the large headlines in the evening paper and I could distinctly hear the newsboys shouting "All about the minister and his cat!" Where could I get a congregation after that? Everywhere I should be known as "the minister who got up to let his cat in." After much thought I decided to go round to the back yard and hide under the basement stairs until my wife came home if nothing better suggested itself in the meantime. The lamps and stars seemed to shine brighter and brighter. The moon was now right on the houses, so that every inch of the way along which I must pass was as light as day. Moon or no moon, go I must, or run the risk of losing my life by pneumonia. At that moment quick footsteps came along the sidewalk. They stopped in front of my house. My heart almost ceased beating. Had this man seen me? I shrunk back, turned round and placed my face close against the wall of the house. Then I heard a voice saying, "Poor pussy, do you want to get in?" Broncho must have climbed the steps, as I heard his would-be benefactor turn the handle of the door, as if he really expected to find a minister's house or any other house open at 12.30 at night. Then he descended again, and the cat ran back to me and affectionately writhed around my legs. I fully expected the meddler to follow, and of course to discover me, but he did not and I soon heard his footsteps in the distance. I know who the man was, and if he ever gives me the opportunity of frightening him, as he frightened me, although I am a minister, I shall be sorely tempted to do it. Broncho began to purr loudly and to rub himself against me. Perhaps he felt guilty and was anxious to apologize to me. Then we walked cautiously on until my pet cat got tangled between my feet and threw me headlong on the sidewalk. At that moment I heard a policeman's whistle, but I did not wait for him to appear, for I felt afraid that he might arrest me before I could explain. I think I must have been in the state what boys call "rattled." Nevertheless I realized that if a guardian of the peace discovered me in my night garb on the city street in the early hours of the morning he would be quite certain to take me to No. 10 police station and lock me up. So I sneaked along, away from the direction of the whistle and Broncho continued to cherish my legs.

When I had passed all the houses without being discovered and had reached the end of the row I found the gate locked. Broncho, of course, easily scratched his way up to the top of the six-foot gate. In following him I soon had splinters in my legs and in the upper part of my feet. How could I climb carefully when I felt that everybody in the house opposite was looking at me and that the whole police force of Buffalo, headed by Gen. Bull, must be bearing down upon me in a squad? Besides, so excited was I at the time, that I did not realize how extremely painful splinters are.

Now I was in a back yard, with a high fence all around. I got over the fence nearest to my house and into another yard just as somebody's alarm clock—it must have been my friend, Louis Smith's, I now feel confident, for his often goes off at the wrong time—whirred so loudly that I mistook it for a burglar alarm. Without waiting for the gas to be lighted in that house I got over the next fence before Broncho, who followed. Another fence! I was not the least bit cold now. Very little exercise warms one sometimes. I never remember being more heated, even when attired in black coat and white tie, than I was without those garments upon the top of the third fence. From that narrow place I fell into an ash barrel and off that across a ladder before I got to the next fence. This partition was quite low and I cleared it at a bound, without annexing more splinters. But, unfortunately I landed upon a dog that I know very well. Though we were neighbors he seemed to have forgotten our acquaintance. I shall always remember

the conquences, which are not yet properly healed up. I did not wait to whip the dog, but got over the next fence without any serious mishap; it's true my that night shirt was shortened by half a yard, but that was a trifle. I really do not know how many obstacles of different kinds I encountered. At last, however, when every dog in the neighborhood was barking, when the pale lights which I knew to be natural gas was flashing in Wadham's house—it was his ash barrel I had upset—I got into my own back yard and tripped down my own basement steps. I thought it was my own back door because I scraped off what little skin then adorned my ankle on my own lawn mower, which I had been mending in my yard that afternoon. My next step was upon a piece of wire, which made assurance doubly sure.

I sat down to think. The stone was very cold and I remember having heard Dr. Rochester say that he could think best while standing, so I stood up and meditated for a few moments. Coming to the conclusion that daylight must be near and that Egglestone, who is my next-door neighbor, gets up very early to clean his bicycle, I concluded to do something very decided. Detection, after so many toils and fears, would indeed, make it seem as though I had struggled in vain. I tried to force in the door, but it would not yield a hair's breadth; I might have known that for my wife is very particular to lock it at 8 o'clock each evening. I picked up the hammer to break it in, and then reflected that Miss Kelly, a lady who lives opposite to me and who is a very light sleeper, would surely hear me, and would come to see if burglars were trying to get into my house.

I can honestly say that I felt more like crying at that moment than I have ever felt since I was 10 years old. Eventually I did cry. I am not ashamed to admit it. I, a minister, accustomed to decorum and dignity, sitting in my own back yard at midnight, almost without clothes—tortured by splinters, my shins barked, my hair full of ashes and my legs bitten sore by Mrs. Allen's dog "Dowdie"—was not all that enough to make anybody cry? As crying, however, did not improve my position, I soon stopped and tried to grind my teeth, which were again beginning to chatter. At this moment Broncho took it into his head to jump upon the ledge of a window close to the entrance. As I looked wrathfully at him in the dim light, I noticed that there was a hole in the glass, against which he was rubbing his back. A happy thought struck me, and, seizing the hammer, I almost noiselessly broke a sufficiently large hole to put my arm in and to unlock my own back door and get into my own kitchen.

Thankfully I went upstairs, preceded by Broncho, to whom, had he not been my wife's favorite black cat, I should have administered severe punishment. Upon reaching my room I washed and got into bed. My wife was sleeping the sleep of the just, as if it were a common thing for me to be out after 11 o'clock. But I could not sleep for splinters, so I arose and practiced amateur surgery, without antiseptics.

The next morning when I told my better half all about my troubles, she said: "But, Balthazar, dear, why did you not break a window in the hall door and pull back the latch to let yourself in? That is the question. Why didn't I? My answer, however, was: "Why didn't you stay at home and take care of your husband and your black cat?"

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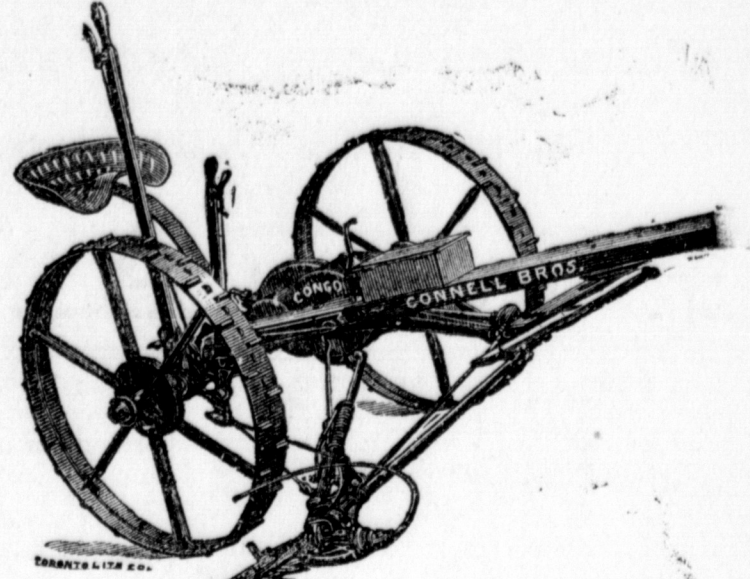
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