

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

The devil came up to the earth one day,
And into court he wended his way,
Just as the attorney, with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the point in a case.

Now, a lawyer His Majesty never had seen,
For to his dominions none ever had been,
And he felt very anxious the reasons to know
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, His Majesty thought,
That none of these lawyers had ever been caught,
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire,
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose with a visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a consummate knave;
And Satan felt considerably amused
To hear the attorney so badly abused.

But soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The counsel opposing him fiercely arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
That made him a villain of all men the worst.

Thus they battled, contended, and argued so long,
'Twas hard to determine which of them was wrong,
And concluding he'd heard enough of the fuss,
Old Nick turned away, and soliloquised thus:

"They've puzzled the court with their villainous cavil,
And I'm free to confess it, they've puzzled the Devil;
My agents were right to let lawyers alone,
If I had them, they'd swindle me out of my throne."

A HALF HOUR TO LIVE.

Last summer I was stewing in the office and wondering what crime I—or my representative in some former state—had committed to be doomed to such a life, when one morning I received a note from my old friend, Tommy Cameron of Clinton. He begged me to come and stay with him for a month.

Cameron met me at the station, and after an hour's drive through a most beautiful country we reached Clinton. Here a surprise awaiting me, for two young ladies came forward to greet us; they were the Misses Cameron, and kept house for their brother.

Whether he gave me away or not I cannot say, but they seemed to know I was shunning them, and they tried every dodge—as only women know how—to draw me out.

I struggled hard against what I now considered my natural self, but it was too strong for me. One by one all the theories and arguments I had fed on disappeared melted by the cunning eyes of those girls.

As I said there were two of them, Madge and Floss. Madge was the youngest and prettier; she represented the musical and artistic instincts; Floss, on the other hand, was the manager; she had the brains of the establishment.

She was very nice, but she went in for such awful things; she had some favorite toads in the conservatory, and she would go rambling about the country and bring home all sorts of animals, insects and other unthinkable things—and cut them up!—imagine a girl doing that!

The other one, as I said, was not so heavy, and went in for art; and, as you know, I have a little learning in that direction myself. It was natural, therefore, that when she told me she was going to paint a little river scene near the house I should ask if I might be of use. I obtained permission to wait on her and we started the picture.

In this pleasant way the days passed until Cameron's return—he was away the second week—when, of course, there were innovations. We would have a day's fishing, and then a day of shooting, or a long tramp over the hills.

When out on one of these early morning tramps we met a young fellow whom Tommy introduced as Arthur Clisby, a friend of his. He was the son of a large ship owner of Dundee and was the family failure; his chief failure, as far as I could gather, being that he couldn't knuckle under.

He had been a student at Glasgow University, and had promised to come off well, but his individuality—which always came to the top at the most awkward moments—asserted itself.

As a result he left Glasgow and soon after had a quarrel with his father, and having decided that they could not get on together, they agreed to differ—and part. He had come out here into the wilds to live and devoted his time to abstract scientific problems, chiefly in the electrical line.

Dinner time came, and with it our guest, but instead of the jolly good fellow of the morning, he was now quiet, oppressively so, never speaking unless directly addressed, and only then answering with a few quiet, direct words.

A few days after, having nothing particular in view, I determined to avail myself of his invitation, and set off in the direction of the "Hemitage."

The house was an unpretentious concern, but was eloquent of the individuality of its master. The top floor had been turned into one large room, and this he used as a laboratory; it was a literal army of scientific apparatus.

After a time the talk veered round to electrical executions, and he said:

"You may remember, perhaps, the first man they executed in this way in New York State, and what a fearful hash they made of it? I was there and saw it all, it was simply awful. Revolting!"

"The doctors, bah! They're fools. They thought they understood it all, and applied the death current at what they considered were the nerve centers, the top of the head and the base of the spine."

"If they had only used their common sense and powers of observation, they would at once have found that in 90 cases in every 100 of the fatal accidents in New York alone, the fatal shock was received through the hands, for the hands and arms being muscular, are full of blood, and, therefore, good conductors."

"I set to work to devise an appliance that would administer the death penalty with the minimum amount of torture, both bodily and mental, to the criminal. We will now take a look at the apparatus itself."

We left the house, and he led the way across the open until we stopped at a door. He entered, and after groping for a moment,

found the switch and immediately the place was full of light.

I noticed that this room was partly cut out from the rock and partly built, as were the others that I afterward saw. Passing through a passage, we entered a larger room.

"This is a turbine house," said he. "There are sluices running from here to the stream 100 yards away, and when it has done its work the water leaves by two tunnels beneath the floor and joins the main stream lower down. This is the dynamo specially designed for execution purposes."

And he pointed to a piece of apparatus that resembled somewhat a large, slender wheel, with numerous spokes.

"See, I will set the thing running and let you see it working." He unscrewed the valves, the governors began to spin and the dynamo to hum, so quickly did it turn.

He opened a door and brought into view a small room in which stood a remarkable piece of furniture. He was about to enter when he stopped suddenly.

"Half a moment, though; I must slacken those valves a bit," he said, and stepped over to the turbines. I entered and began curiously to examine his invention; next moment there was a sharp click, and, turning, I found the door had closed on me.

A moment more and I was clutching wildly at my throat and fell to the ground choking. I didn't choke, however, for some time afterward I became conscious and when I had collected my scattered wits I found myself seated in his horrible chair—strapped in.

I tried to free myself, but I was firmly held; my hands were each fixed in a kind of vise, leather outside and metal within, as I could tell by the feel. These things were hollow and like large mittens, and within them and inclosing my hands was some liquid—mercury, I afterward discovered. As I took in these details the door opened and Clisby appeared.

"Ha, ha! my fine bird, you're caged at last, are you?"

"Don't stand fooling there," I muttered, "your infernal chair is breaking my back."

"Oh, is it? We'll soon alter that," he stepped to my side, but instead of releasing me, he simply loosened the straps at my back. This was too much for me; I simply yelled at him that unless he freed me instantly I would simply smash him when I did get free.

"When you have finished your abuse I will favor you with my intentions," and continuing, "You fancy I am your friend, don't you? I am not I am your enemy. I hate you. You thought to win Madge Cameron from me, and so far you have succeeded."

"Perhaps you did not know I loved her, but all the same you tried to win her, and I hate you for it. I might have killed you a while ago, before I turned on the oxygen and you revived, I let you revive to tell you this, to torture you the more, for have you not stolen my Madge's love from me?" Oh, Madge, he cried, "Oh, why will you not love me?"

"Do you think I am going to be an out-cast from society for nothing?" he hissed. "Think you I have spent a whole year in making this thing for nothing? I have waited long for a subject, but at last I can operate, and on you. No! No! I don't invent things for nothing, not I!"

You have just half an hour to live; it is 11.30 now; on the stroke of 12 I complete the circuit and you will fizzle up!"

He left me, a prey to horrible thoughts. Was there no way of escape? Would no one come in time? And the time passed on.

The time was almost up, and Clisby returned. He was all smiles. He asked me if I had any wish he might carry out for me. I shook my head. He offered me brandy, and I gulped it down, and more, and I drank that also.

"One minute more," he yelled, "and I send you to Jericho."

He walked toward the switch—to kill me—and I sat there looking at him. I could not remove my eyes; I was fascinated.

And then I saw—I saw his feet catch in the wires that led from the switch to my hands, and he fell. As he did so he clutched the air, and both his hands came down on the switch contacts.

A dreadful scream broke from his lips, and he bounded up quite six feet in the air, and then fell backward right in the middle of a large flat distribution table. Then I saw a quick succession of blue flashes, and immediately after this the band came off the dynamo pulley and the humming ceased.

A grating sound drew my eyes in the direction of the turbines. Something was wrong evidently, for the offside, bearing one of them was literally red hot; the governor was wrecked, and the wheel was racing away and increasing in speed every moment.

It was not long before something happened. There was a loud snap, and then a crash, and I saw the steel casing ripped up like paper and the water came pouring into the room, thousands of gallons per minute.

Slowly the water rose, until, when it was about six feet deep, the light went out. I was floating about in the chair, but I was anchored to the switchboard by the wires.

Beneath me I could still hear the undamaged turbine thrashing away, and I rose until my head, or rather the top of the chair, was scraping the roof, when suddenly I felt that I was falling, and I was rapidly carried toward the door.

The wires held for a moment, but the jerk snapped them, and I sailed along the passage, through the battery room and out into the open, where after being whirled around a few times, I was left high and dry till the morning. The weight of the water had burst open the outer door, hence my sudden exit.

I was rescued from my unpleasant position by Cameron himself, who had come to look for me. We found poor, mad Clisby quite close to where he had died, tangled up in some wire, and the same ghastly smile was on his face.

No one but Cameron ever knew what had really happened on that awful night. We told the girls that an accident had happened and that the hermit was dead.

For a week I lost the proper use of my limbs, owing to my cramped up state when in that chair of his, but before I left Clinton Madge and I found time to finish our picture and arrange a little matter that is to come off in the summer.—Strand Magazine.

AT STITTSTVILLE!

The Town's Leading Merchant Laid Up

Rheumatism in various forms is one of the most common diseases there is. It arises generally from impure blood and a broken down system. In the limbs it is painful; in most of the internal organs dangerous, and in the heart usually fatal.

The experience of Mr. S. Mann, the well known general merchant of Stittsville, is interesting:

"Last winter I was badly afflicted with rheumatism. I decided to try Dr. Chase's Pills. To my surprise, I got immediate relief, and before I had used one box my affliction was gone. I was also troubled with biliousness for years, and at intervals of three or four weeks would be laid up with a severe headache and sick stomach. Since using Chase's Pills I have not had an attack of either."

"I may add that Dr. Chase's Ointment for piles and skin diseases is just as effective as Dr. Chase's Pills for blood troubles. I have a clerk who suffered terribly from bleeding piles. He tried Chase's Ointment and in a few days was completely cured."

All dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto. 25c.

Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for colds, bronchitis and consumption. Sure cure, 25 cents.

Notice of Sale.

To J. Archie Lunn and Edie Lunn, his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fourteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and made between J. Archie Lunn of the Parish of Northampton, in the County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and Edie Lunn, his wife, of the one part, and the undersigned Henry Veness of the other part, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in and for the said County of Carleton, in Book N. Number Three of Records, on pages 181, 182 and 183 thereof, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction, in front of the office of Hartley & Carvell, barristers-at-law, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on the EIGHTEENTH DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All that certain piece and parcel of land and premises situated, lying and being on the South side of the Benton road (so called) in the Parish of Woodstock, County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick, commencing at a certain stake at the roadside at the north west corner of lands owned by William Deakin, thence running southerly along said William Deakin's land about two hundred and forty rods or until it strikes land owned by Samuel Rodgers, thence westerly thirty rods or until it strikes lands owned by Ansel Taylor, thence northerly and at right angles and parallel with said Deakin's land passing the said Ansel Taylor land and lands owned by David Thomas continuing until it strikes the said Henry Veness' together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances and privileges to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining."

Dated at Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, this fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1896.
HENRY VENESS, Mortgagee.
HARTLEY & CARVELL, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

I have Just Received from Wm. Ewing & Co., Seed Merchants, Montreal:

Yellow Aberdeen Turnip,
Champion Swede "
Intermediate Carrot,
Long Green Cucumber,
White Spine "
Squash and Pumpkin,
Beans, Peas, &c.

SEEDS

Which I will be pleased to forward to any address, postage prepaid, upon receipt of retail prices. I also have the following commission seeds, viz.

Dunlap's Vegetable and Flower Seeds, D. M. Ferry's Seeds, Fisher's Seeds, Steele, Briggs & Marcon's Seeds, in 5 cent packages. All of the above are new, fresh and reliable.

Wm. E. Thistle,
DRUGGIST.

Hartland Drug Store, April 18.

NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Post Office at Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday, the 16th day of July next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity of David Elliott of, to, out of or upon the following described lands and premises, viz.

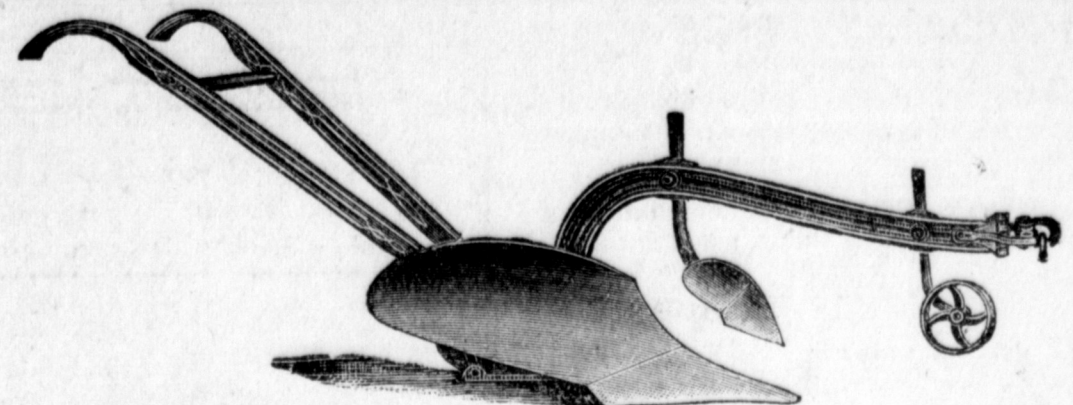
All that tract or tract situate in the parish of Wilmot, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the eastern side of a reserved road, at the southwest angle of the western half of lot number twenty-six (26) granted to Adolphus Estey in Tier six Williamsown Settlement, thence running by the magnet south eighty-seven degrees east twenty-five (25) chains to another post, thence south three degrees west forty chains and fifty links to a cedar tree standing on the northern side of another reserved road thence along the same north eighty-seven degrees west twenty-five chains to the eastern side of the first aforesaid reserved road, and thence along the same north three degrees east forty chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as the western parts of lots number twenty-seven and twenty-eight in tier six, Wilhamstown Settlement.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick at the suit of John Fisher against the said David Elliott.

W. D. BALLOCH, Sheriff Carleton County.
Sheriff's office Woodstock Dec. 30, 1895.

FOR SALE.

Neat and attractive home, near centre of town, good location, buildings new, house 9 rooms and bath, hot and cold water, good cellar, barn attached. All finished complete. At a bargain. Inquire at this office, THE DISPATCH.



SYRACUSE

STEEL : PLOW,

The Best in the Market.

We sold 120 of these Plows last season, and they are pronounced by everybody the BEST PLOW ever used in the County.

We have on hand and are manufacturing a full line of

Chilled Plows,

Including our Celebrated No. 1; also,

SPRING TOOTH HARROWS

Wood and Steel Frames and with Lever Attachment for Raising and Lowering the Teeth.

Horse Hoes

With either Cast Iron or Steel Wings.

CULTIVATORS

&C., &C.

Prices Low to Suit the Times.

Give us a call before placing your orders.

Connell Bros.,

Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

HARD WEAR SUITS FOR \$2.75.

Greatest Wonder of the Age.

We have been trying to get a suit for the working man that costs but a trifle and will stand the every day.

Wear and Tear

We have succeeded.

Come and see it.

Men's All Wool Suits, From \$5.00 up.

Waterproof Cape Coats, \$5.00 up,

Warranted Rain Proof.

R. B. JONES, MANCHESTER HOUSE

HARNESS Made & Repaired

GREAT VARIETY OF HARNESS FITTINGS

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

H. V. MOOERS, Main Street, WOODSTOCK.

New Prices.	New Goods.
New Customers.	AT Balloch's Cash Store CENTREVILLE. May 23, 1896.

DO YOU WANT

Tinware, Stove Pipe, Hot Air Furnaces,

Or anything of that kind. If so call on

C. B. Churchill

You will find him in WOODSTOCK at

21 KING STREET,

—AND AT HIS—

New Store

—AT—

HARTLAND

—AND—

D. M. KINNEAR, Contractor

—AND—

Builder.

I guarantee absolute correct estimates on everything in the building line. Personal supervision of all work, and careful attention thereto. I make a specialty of completing all contracts sharp on time. Will take contracts anywhere in Carleton County.