

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

A half dozen boys were gathered about an old barn, under which a defenceless dog had taken refuge from their tormenting attentions.

Some were lying flat on the ground, peering under; some were hurling small missiles as far as they could reach; while two others, more enterprising still, were trying to pull up a board in the floor.

Amid their excited shouts of "There he is!" "I see him!" "Hold on, there; I'll fix him!" and kindred exclamations, they did not hear carriage-wheels in the soft, dusty road, or see the occupant, until a quiet voice said:

"What is it, boys?"
One or two slunk away in a shamefaced manner, but two or three others began all together to tell him what their victim was.

"He hain't nobody's dog," said one.
"N'd we think he's got hydrophobia," said another, while a third added: "He's no-count no, anyhow, 'nd if we can git him out we're goin' to tie a stone to his neck 'nd drown him over in Simmond's pond."

"Has he bitten any of you?" the quiet voice inquired again.

"He sort o' snapped at Wallie's hand, 'nd he'd a' bit me if I hadn't been too smart for him, said the largest boy, while "Wallie" examined his dirty fingers with a martyr-like air.

"I suppose you boys were quietly playing somewhere and the dog pitched into you?"

There was a profound silence for a few moments, when one bright-eyed little fellow said, manfully:

"No, mister, he didn't. He was lyin' down by the brew'ry with a bone—just gnawing it, you know—'nd we sort o' goggin' and pesterin' him, 'nd 'twas when Wallie snatched the bone that he snapped."

"Have you time to listen to an old man's story?"

Instantly sticks and stones were dropped, though two of the lads tried to put on an indifferent front.

Driving his horse into the shade of a building, the stranger began:

"You boys do not realize it, any more than I did when I was a boy, but, nevertheless, it is true that every day of our lives we write out a page in the Book of Life; and when one is old he has a great deal of time in which he must look back and read over these pages; and when I saw you tormenting that helpless dog, it seemed as if some unseen finger swiftly turned the leaves of my life back to a page—a page which I wish to God could be blotted out forever, but it never can! No, boys, we may be sorry for things, may get forgiveness for them, may even forget them for a time; but if we do a wrong, it is somehow bound to rise up before us at times when we least expect it. I hold that in this world we never get entirely away from our wrong-doing. But I do not intend to preach a sermon, but to tell you a story:

"As a boy I was naturally cruel; I delighted to rob birds' nests, torment cats and dogs and smaller children. As I grew older and helped my father on the farm, I was rebuked for my abuse of the animals, and my mother used to say that, if she had her way, I would never get a horse to go anywhere.

"As I grew older, I became fond of hunting, and spent many day with my noble dog Stanley in the woods. I professed to be very good to him, but of a truth 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,' and when I think of the whippings and kicks the noble fellow received from me while, as I called it, training him I am amazed to think of the affection he gave me in turn: but the worst is yet to come.

"He had never been a good retriever. You know what that is, of course—a dog which will go anywhere, after you have shot your game, and bring it to you without muzzing or tearing it in the least. I had repeatedly beaten Stanley for his failures in this line, though I knew it came from the fact, that his former master had whipped him for carrying home dead chickens, or anything like that, which he found in the neighborhood during his puppy days, true to his retrievering instinct.

"One day, while shooting ducks, I said to him: 'Now, sir, you'll bring me that bird out there on that island, or I'll kill you.' You, understand it? I shall always think he did, from the troubled look he gave me, and the pleading way in which he crept to my side, and attempted to caress my hand. Roughly I shook him off and bade him go fetch the bird. Obediently he plunged into the ice-cold water, swam to the island, and then stood in an irresolute troubled manner beside that duck. Angrily I shouted my orders, but he only put his nose to it, then swam back toward me. I sent him back three times, then he attempted to land.

"I knew that he was too chilled to make it possible for him to return to the island, but my passion mastered me, and again and again I struck him back into the water with my gun-butt, fiercely declaring that he would bring me that bird

or never land alive. Oh, the look of those brown eyes as he turned them upon me at each new effort to land! Boys, I'll never, no, never, forget it; and I expect to meet it when I stand before God's bar of justice."

The stranger paused here for a little before he found voice to go on.

"Presently he grew so helpless from cold, struggles and blows, that he let himself drift beyond my reach; but, frenzied with rage, I dropped my gun and, snatching up a long pole, I leaned over the water's edge to strike him. As the pole came down, some sod or root under my foot gave way, and I found myself struggling in the coldest water I was ever in, but it was for a few brief moments, for, with the icy hands of death already tightening around his faithful heart, that noble dog aroused himself at sight of my peril, worked toward me as best he could, and with a last desperate effort, born of love and fidelity, he dragged me to the shore, sank down, and, with a few short gasps, was dead.

"Chilled and stupefied, yet perfectly conscious of the enormity of my sin, I watched by his side, gazing into the still open eyes, and alternately cursing myself and calling him names of endearment which he never heard in his life.

"How long it was before another hunter's voice recalled me to myself and my condition I do not know; but I know that during that time the suffering of my mind made me unconscious of bodily suffering. I was helped home but for many weeks I lay between life and death; and they said that all my unconscious ravings were of Stanley, and the awful transaction by the lakeside. I have been a different person ever since; but I can never in life get away from that page in the book.

"You understand what I mean now, and all I have to say further is, boys, be kind to every living creature; and if you can do any good by repeating an old man's story, tell it again and again."

There was silence in the little group as once more the carriage wheels rolled noiselessly away; but presently the largest boy took some pennies from his pocket, and bade two of the smaller ones to run to the market and get a good meaty bone. On their return it was laid where the stray dog could smell it, and then the company quietly dispersed, each one to tell some one else the old man's story, and put in practice, we trust, his admonition, "Be kind to every living creature." Practical Farmer.

MERCHANT WRITES.

Mr. Charles Shaw, of Shogomoc, N. B., gives some new Information Regarding Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Best Medicine and Best Sellers He Handles—Done more good than any other Medicine he has sold—A new field for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

TORONTO, Oct. 16.—Mr. Charles Shaw is well known as the general storekeeper at Shogomoc, N. B. Shogomoc is a small village in York County, and Mr. Shaw carries medicines in his stock, there being no druggist. All who know Mr. Shaw will acknowledge that he is a man whose word can be relied on, and would not misrepresent facts about goods in his store or say what was untrue for the sake of any extra profit to be derived.

Here is what Mr. Shaw voluntarily writes concerning Dodd's Kidney Pills:—
"Re Dodd's Kidney Pills I take pleasure in saying they are the best sellers we have got. We buy Dodd's Kidney Pills by the one gross lot and they are better appreciated and have done more good than any medicine we have ever sold. We keep a general store and have nothing to make by saying what is untrue. We would not be without them. Two of our customers this summer used Dodd's Kidney Pills for Dysentery or Summer Complaint with a perfect cure in both cases. As they are not advertised to cure Dysentery it may be news to hear of the virtues of Dodd's Kidney Pills for that disease. They cure it promptly and are being used as a general blood tonic with good effect."

Madame Labori's First Husband.

Unusual interest attaches to the visit of the celebrated Russian pianist, De Pachman, to this country, and all because he is the former husband of Madame Labori. "All the world has been captivated by the charm and grace of the beautiful blonde, who nursed the wounded Labori at Rennes, and the story of her early romance and her marriage with Vladimir de Pachman calls the attention of the public anew to the man to whom she first plighted her troth. People are asking: "What manner of man is this who could permit himself to lose so beautiful and devoted a woman and the two beautiful children she had borne him?"

When the former Mme. de Pachman severed her relations with the Russian pianist, and ceased to appear in public in his concert tours, the world lost a brilliant artist, but de Pachman lost more. He resigned forever the one woman who had made him realize that his art was not all, jealous mistress though she might be.

It was a terrible revelation to innocent, sunny-hearted Mme. de Pachman when she discovered that she did not fill all her husband's heart. She did not dream it possible. She took her two babies in her arms and

cried a little. Then she went to see Maitre Labori, the brilliant young leader of the French criminal bar. She cried when she told her story.

Maitre himself bowed her out of his offices. He could not entrust that agreeable duty to his clerk.

"Madame, it shall be done," he said. Maitre Labori secured the divorce and soon thereafter married his fair client. How devoted, how tender, how sympathetic she has been to him, all the world knows.

And De Pachman! To a newspaper correspondent who asked him the other day to talk about Labori, he said:

Labori! Labori! I like Labori. He is such a good father to my children.

"When I heard that because of his defence of Dreyfus he had been shot, I felt as if an iron band had caught my heart and pressed it. We are good friends. Does it astonish you? His wife—my former wife—is angelic. He makes her happy. She has the attitudes of a living legend. She had only to come to the piano and sing or play the cavatina from 'Semiramide' to make melody agitate with its wings incomparable jewels. In her youthful voice it is music that chants.

"Art is not all her life. She has the domestic virtues. And I—and I—have no other charm, no other aim, no other reason for being, that my piano. It is my tyrant. It is jealous. It tolerates only one caprice in me—cigars."

"If Labori is happy, if Mme. Labori is happy, and if—De Pachman is happy, nobody has a right to complain." And surely, if the admiration and applause of two worlds over his wonderful performances is enough to satisfy the heart of a man, De Pachman ought to be happy. The single devotion he has given to his beloved art has brought him honor and wealth as well as fame.

De Pachman is considered the greatest living interpreter of Chopin and one of the greatest pianists of the world. He was born at Odessa, Russia, in 1845, and was first taught by his father, a noted professor at the University of Odessa and an amateur violinist. From earliest childhood he showed remarkable aptness for music and marvellous musical sensibility.

It was while De Pachman was studying and teaching in Vienna that he met beautiful Margaret O'Key. She became his favorite pupil, and in time he married her. They toured America together, and the critics said that the great pianist's wife was almost as great a genius as he. Hand in hand before the footlight they stood to receive the tumultuous applause that was given them. Mme. de Pachman was almost as famous for her beauty as for her talent. She was slender and supple, with a gracious and winning way that charmed all who saw her. Her fair hair framed a face of rare beauty, lit up by a pair of soft, bright eyes.

The story of Mme. de Pachman's early life has been told many times of late. She was born in Australia two and thirty years ago, but much of her girlhood was spent near Halifax, N. S., where her father William O'Key, built a handsome residence. Her people were the finest folk for many miles about. Margaret was so happy she sang all day. Perched in the bough of the apple tree, she sent forth soft trills that set the passers-by wondering what manner of bird was hidden high yonder among the leaves and blossoms. While they were still wondering the face of a young girl showed among the blossoms and the laughter of a girlish voice followed them.

The parents separated, and Margaret O'Key and her mother went to Europe together.

There the beautiful girl met De Pachman and for a time reigned in his heart as a better loved queen than Music. Now, alone, the one time husband returns to the scene of his former triumphs to reap another harvest of tumultuous applause. One is set thinking and wondering whether, when the tide of acclaim swells loudest, he does not sometimes miss the graceful form that erstwhile stood beside him; whether, when all the world smiles upon him, he does not long to see again the happy light upon the faces of his children and hear their prattle.—Boston Post.

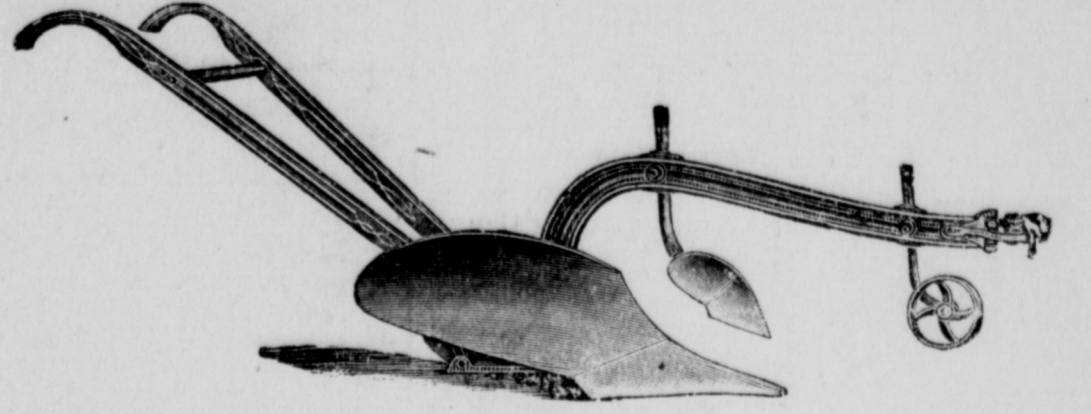
English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by Garden Bros.

Betrayed by His Surroundings.
Tit-Bits says a young man sent his father, an old farmer in the country, his photograph accompanied with a request for aid, as he was poor. The old man looked at the photograph, and then responded:

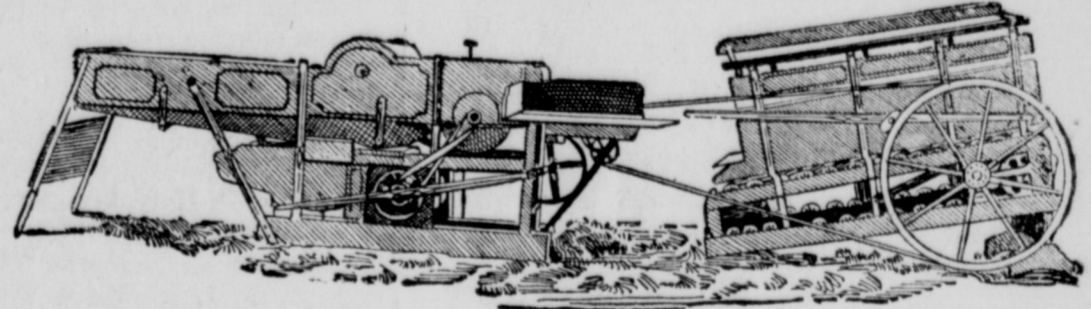
"You can't cheat me, you young dog. You can't be very poor to be livin' among them marble vases, 'nd statues, 'nd flowers, 'nd nice furniture, such as your photygraph shows."

Babies Tortured
By flaming, itching eczema, find comfort and permanent cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment, a preparation which has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. Eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head, old people's rash, and all itching skin diseases, are absolutely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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TORNADO.

We have a good many unsolicited letters like this one from Mr. Grant

MESSRS. CONNELL BROS., WOODSTOCK, N. B.
CENTRAL SOUTHAMPTON, York Co., 17th Dec. 1898.
DEAR SIRS.—As we are about through with this season's thrashing and as I am aware you feel interested in the machinery you manufacture, no doubt it will be pleasing to you to hear good reports of same. The TORNADO Thrashing Machine manufactured by you that we bought in August last has proved to be the best thrashing machine that ever was in this section of the country. That is the unanimous verdict of every man the machine has done work for. She has thrashed for thirty men in this section, and men that never were satisfied before were more than pleased with the work that the machine did; they were satisfied they got all their grain and well cleaned, even the women were pleased because they did not have a crew of men around several days thrashing a small quantity of grain. The machine has thrashed this season about ten thousand bushels of all kinds of grain and I am happy to inform you that there was not one thing broken about the machine, not as much as a tooth. She has thrashed over a bushel a minute, and with a suitable team, she will thrash 300 to 400 bushels a day. It is gratifying to me to congratulate you for perfecting and manufacturing the best two horse power thrashing machine in the Dominion of Canada, and maybe in the world.
Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in advance, I remain,
Yours truly,
(Signed) H. C. GRANT.

CONNELL BROS., L'T'D. Woodstock, N. B.

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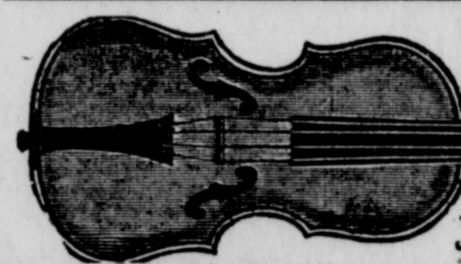
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\$4.95 Cut this out and send it to us with the name of your nearest express office and we will ship you this violin with Outfit by express, subject to examination. Examine it at your express office, and if you find it exactly as we represent it and entirely satisfactory, pay the express agent our special price, \$4.95 and express charges. This is a finely finished, regular \$6.00 Stradivarius model violin, richly colored, highly polished, powerful and sweet in tone. Complete with fine large gut at the price. Buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit.
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TO LET.

LOST.

House situated on Main St., nearly opposite Chestnut & Hipwell's factory. Apply to MR. C. N. SCOTT, Small & Fisher's office.

Between the Red Bridge and Lockhart's Mill on June 27th a revolver, 22 long, s&f cocking. Will the finder please leave at this office.