

TIPPLE ON THE SLY.

Where'er wi' drouth ye're sairly fasht I'll tell ye o' a plan,  
An' see ye keep my secret hid frae ilka mortal man;  
Ye'll find it worth o' keeping, aye, an' worth your while to try—  
Tae toddle tae the back door an' tippin' on the sly,  
Your siller winna flee so fast when company ye shun;  
Nae doot at orra times ye'll miss what tippin' folks ca' fun,  
But naebody can blast your name, or raise a hue an' cry,  
When ye toddle to the back door and tippin' on the sly.  
Ye maun be unco carefu', tho', that ae thing disna tell—  
Of course ye hae a notion noo, I'm speakin' o' the smell;  
But that's a thing ye need na fear, if cloves ye'll only buy,—  
When toddling tae the back door an' tippin' on the sly.  
An' should the gudewife think at times that siller's scarce awae,  
Jest talk o' foreign missions an' the siller that ye gie  
Tae help some widow woman when her bairns wi' hungry cry;  
She'll gie ye praise instead o' blame while tippin' on the sly.  
What tho' thy Maker sees ye there, hoots! dinna fash your thoom,  
He'll ne'er ca' ye in question for't until the day o' doom;  
An' aiblins then I dinna ken, he'll let the faut gae by,  
If weel ye'll plead the temperance cause while tippin' on the sly.

Minto. THOMAS MUNN.

A SHOT THAT TOLD.

It was said of Daniel O'Shea that he would sell his soul for his client's cause. It was true that when the cause hung in the balance he thought only of how to win, and perhaps disregarded abstract principles of right and wrong as immaterial to the issue.

There were stories won in the face of facts and the teeth of the law; of wool pulled over the eyes of learned justices, who, afterward, recovering their sight, beheld themselves unjust; of rogues who got their due in spite of the ample protection sometimes afforded their kind by our beneficent legislation; of others such snatches red-handed from their deserts—all though Daniel O'Shea.

In short, he was a man who took all cases that came, enjoyed the weaker side, and made a point of winning. A kinless man, whose clients were all in all to him; he loved them.

There came to him one evening in the dusk, after office hours, when he was alone, a stranger—a shifty sort of a man who seemed afraid.

There was something evidently that he wished to say, and something that prevented him from saying it. As a rule before a new client left that office, O'Shea knew him better than the client knew himself; but from this man he could gather only so much.

That his name was Reginald Crowe; that he had come to O'Shea because he had heard that the latter never failed a client or lost a case, law or no law. To which O'Shea replied: "You do me honor, sir."

Further, that something might happen to or become of Mr. Crowe, in which event Mrs. Crowe might have occasion to consult Mr. O'Shea.

At this point the client stopped and seemed uncertain whether to say more or not. Then, alarmed, as it seemed, by the lawyer's cheery, "Well, sir, what next?" said, "I—I—I think that's all," and departed suddenly. Twenty minutes later he popped a distressful visage in at the door and said piteously:—"Do your best for her, Mr. O'Shea, and don't tell a living soul what I've said!" and again disappeared.

O'Shea saw no more of Mr. Crowe, and long relegated him to the list of the loved and lost, when there came, one day, a message from the jail, where, being admitted, he was shown a faded little woman with eyes like emerald in a pale, set face. She wore a shabby calico wrapper, and was thin and gaunt, but had a graceful way of arranging her bones that was not altogether unattractive. She impressed O'Shea as a rather fine woman, whose only means of subsistence had for some time past been sheer force of will.

"Mr. O'Shea?" said she, coolly.

"Altogether at your service, madam," he answered, with a certain genuine defence he always felt for womanhood in trouble.

(One of the sex, whose acquittal of a well-founded charge of "drunk and disorderly" he had procured, is known to have said afterward: "Most toimes Oi do he will aweer av bein' a poor baste av a dhisorderly an' inay-bril fayneel, an' knowed as sooch ter th' perliiss—but whin Oi'm wid Dan'l O'Shea, Oi know meself for a hoigh ladhly born an' brid—dhivil a liss!")

"I am Mrs. Crowe," said the little, pale woman. "My husband told me if ever I was in need of a lawyer to go to you. I couldn't see you, so I sent."

"I shall be most glad to be of use to you, Crowe," said O'Shea. "How is your husband?"

"Dead. They think I did it. That's why I am here."

"And on what ground do they base such a charge, Mrs. Crowe?" said the lawyer, in his deepest tones, vastly indignant. O'Shea made a point of believing in his client's innocence at sight, and holding that belief in spite of any slight incriminating evidence, such as confession or the like, ever after.

"His life was insured for my benefit. Nobody else would have had any object, they say."

"Oh!" cried O'Shea. "I see it all now! I wondered what he meant. Make yourself easy, Mrs. Crowe, I'll have you out in no time. He as much as told me he contemplated such a measure; but I didn't see what he was hitting at at the time."

"I'm afraid that would hardly do," said Mrs. Crowe. "We must try some other way."

"Why?"

"I should lose the insurance," said she, quietly. "I don't care for it, personally, so much, but for the children I must have it. We have nothing else."

"But your life, Mrs. Crowe; your liberty, at least."

"I really don't care for them without the insurance money," said Mrs. Crowe, languidly. "I must ask you to believe that and act accordingly."

O'Shea regarded her with undisguised admiration—a client after his own heart.

"Trust a woman for taking her own way!" said he; then, with more ceremony: "My dear madam, I am proud of you as a client, and I honor you as a woman—and, on my word, as a lawyer, you shall win!"

His word as a lawyer was the strongest pledge known to O'Shea, who worshipped in heart the profession he disgraced in trickery, and when he gave it he meant it.

Always successful as he was, it tickled his extreme self-confidence to pledge himself to win without having any idea how it was to be done.

"Now" said he, "tell me all you know about the matter. Hide nothing from counsel; it doesn't pay."

The green eyes deepened a little with thought, the thin lips straightened with decision.

"Very well," said she. "We lived for years in great poverty and wretchedness. He always lost his opportunities. I shouldn't have minded that so much—but he did not treat me well. Finally, he insured his life and I pinched and scraped and worked to pay the first premium. It wasn't so much on my account. He had made up his mind to take that way of escaping his troubles, and thought he might as well leave his family provided for, I think."

"I soon found him out, and begged and prayed and implored him to live his life like a man and find some other way of providing for us. He argued a while and then yielded—and I loved him then as I never had before. I was proud of his willingness to sacrifice himself and loved him for yielding to my wishes. We struggled on somehow nearly a year, when one night I went by the shed in the dark. He was in there talking to himself. 'If I only dared—if I only dared,' he kept saying. 'But I'm afraid.'

"I went in and struck a light. He was standing on a barrel with a rope about his neck, trying to get up his courage."

"From that time the sight of him disgusted me. I kept thinking of him as having always that hideous intent in his mind and lacking even the courage to carry it out. So, at last, when I happened on him again trying to be man enough to shoot himself, I took the revolver from him and shot him—and—"

"Sh! sh! sh! My dear madam!" said the lawyer. "Mrs. Crowe—you did nothing of the sort. No, no! I must insist—it's well to tell these theories to counsel, but you may be sure you did no such thing. Of course not!"

"Oh! no; of course not," said she quietly. "But the people who hold that theory say I put the revolver in his hand after shooting him, and that I made a mistake and put it in his left hand, and that the wound was not such as he would have been likely to give himself, intentionally or by accident. That's all, I believe."

O'Shea's professional affection for Mrs. Crowe surpassed the deepest he had ever known for any client. Her case appealed to his sense of contest more than any other ever had done. He thought of it night and day. The more he thought the more difficult it seemed; the harder it seemed the more it pleased him, and the more determined he was to win.

The consequence was that that day of the trial found him with no expedient as yet in his mind, and bent beyond all reason upon a victory practically impossible.

The State put in its evidence; a mass of little circumstances had been scraped together and strongly corroborated the main grounds of the charge.

For the first time in his practice O'Shea felt himself weak.

"We must prove suicide," said he to Mrs. Crowe. "I can go on the stand myself and have Staines argue; and my testimony as to your husband's expressed intent will clear you."

"No," said she, "it isn't worth while really. You see, if anything happens to me, the children will be taken care of somehow, probably better than I have been able to do; and as for me, I shall live in comfort or not at all. It's worth trying for, and I don't mind the risk."

Stubborn, still set to win, more than ever at a loss, O'Shea faced the jury. He heard whispered comments among his legal brethren, who took a keen delight in his evidently helpless situation. He saw that glazed look on the countenances of the jury that means: Go on, I like to hear you talk; it

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doesn't bother me." He saw the judge raise one eyebrow quizzically.

He poured out all the thumper of his eloquence over the widow and her wrongs.

A little jurymen grinned at his neighbor, his neighbor winked back. O'Shea felt that there was just only one thing in life that he could not bear—namely, to lose the case.

In an impressive pause, which failed to impress, he heard one lawyer whisper to another: "Never knew O'Shea to come into court without something up his sleeve before. What's our astute brother thinking of?"

It was that chance remark—and the sight of an object on the table that gave him a sudden luminous idea.

"Those who could crown an unhappy life with the harshest sentences known to our law," said he, "have told you that this can be the result of no accident. They have insisted hard upon your believing that, and cunningly; for on that belief, and on that alone, depends what they so eagerly, so savagely, strive for—the conviction and condemnation of one innocent, unhappy, helpless woman!"

The jury looked a little less skeptical. There might, for all they knew, be something in this.

The attorney for the prosecution moved uneasily. He knew there was nothing in it but words; but he could not tell what O'Shea might be leading up to, and wished he had insisted less on the impossibility of accident.

"No chance of accident?" cried O'Shea. "Now, gentlemen, let us see!" His voice had a triumphant danger note; he stepped forward to the table, where lay among scattered papers, a thing used by the prosecution to bring the crime more forcibly to the minds of the jury—the revolver that had been found in Crowe's left hand.

O'Shea took it up and held it high above his head.

"Look, now, at this little instrument of death. Who shall say what chances of destruction are latent in that intricate and devilish mechanism?"

He stopped and watched the jury and knew he had them; had them by the imagination. Their eyes were gloating on the weapon with a morbid interest.

"Let me suggest to you a few of these chances—only a few. For instance."

O'Shea went through various evolutions with the revolver, supposed to illustrate possible cases of accident, like that he claimed for Crowe, talking fast the while in explanation which the jury could not follow, but which they took for granted; for he was leading them now, fact was deposed and fancy ruled their minds.

Suddenly there was a crash and he fell. The smoke rose over him as he lay, filling the room with the smell of gunpowder. There was a moment's stillness—then an uproar.

Two lawyers raised him and laid him at length on the table. He had strength enough left to lift his head; voice enough to say: "One word more! It seems—such accidents occur—albeit incredible. Gentlemen—Your Honor—I have done."

His head fell back on the table. An ambulance arrived and he was borne away; but not before observant persons had time to note that he was wounded nearly as Crowe had been, and in the same place, and that he held the revolver clutched in his left hand.

"When, after some delay, the court proceeded with that case, the jury listened to the argument for the State and to the judge's charge as men in a dream. They could think only of what they had seen; and when at last they went out it was not for long. They returned with an acquittal."

"I was sure," said an old lawyer, "that O'Shea had something pack."

"Do you really think," a younger mind ventured to ask, "that he—"

"Sir," said the elder, "I know the man. He would rather have died, far rather have died as he did, than have lost that suit. I've felt so myself—twice—and wish him to feel what he did."

12.10, and Dinner Ready!



"See, Will, I've dinner ready, and it's just 10 minutes past 12 to the minute. I know exactly how long it takes to get dinner on our new

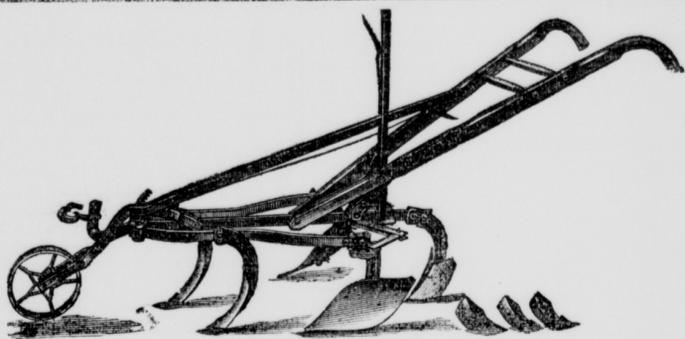
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