

He Missed His Revenge.

Jim Cassidy was a brute of a man. That was no more his fault than as if he had been born a wolf. His nature had come down to him from others, and he but lived it. He knew there were other natures around him, but he did not seek to meddle with them, and he wanted to be let alone himself.

It annoyed him as a boy to have policemen chasing him about, and later on, when police court judges sent him to the workhouse for short sentences, he could not understand what particular object they had in view. It did him no good, and he could not see where it benefited them. There were laws against this and that, as he came to know, but the more he heard of them the more his antagonism was aroused. He looked upon a law as a fence hedging him in—almost as an individual blow at Jim Cassidy, and he denied the right of men to annoy and vex him.

When Cassidy got his first term in prison it was for burglary. He had entered a dwelling house at night time and stolen money and goods. The owner of the place was a well off man. He could spare what had been taken and never miss it. The burglar could not understand why so much fuss was made over it. He felt injured when the lawyer spoke of him as a criminal, and when the papers had something to say about his hang-dog look. It seemed to him to be a combination against him—a conspiracy to prevent him from living his life according to his natural bent.

By-and-bye, when it so happened that the detectives were giving Cassidy a rest for a few weeks, he got married. In his way he loved the young woman. In another way she would be of help to him. He knew and respected other men who lived on what their wives earned at the washtub, and he had no doubt of being respected in his turn. He had been married a week when he blackened his wife's eyes and broke a couple of ribs for her. He felt that it was his privilege. When the police and the judge differed with him he looked upon it as a put-up job to discourage him from seeking natural enjoyment.

While he was serving his sixty days a fellow-prisoner told him that the great constitution of the United States guaranteed every man certain rights. There were eight or ten of these rights, according to the man's list, and Cassidy came forth with a determination to have them all. The law had heretofore depended on his ignorance and taken advantage of him; he would now show the law that he knew his privileges and was bound to maintain them. Within a week he had broken a policeman's head with a rock, assaulted a man who differed with him about the social status of State's prison, stole a wagon and robbed a drunken man. With the constitution on his side he felt that he was getting along.

Mrs. Cassidy would have come in for another beating in time, but she hastened the event by becoming a mother. Being busy at the time the husband adjourned the beating for a week. Then he blacked her eyes, broke her jaw, and dislocated a shoulder, and he took it very ill of an officious neighbor who hastened away and informed the police, and secured his arrest.

The wife died, and Mr. Cassidy was put on trial for manslaughter. He considered it altogether unfair. He was privileged under the constitution to beat his wife, while she was not privileged to die under it. She had died to spite him, and he looked upon it as mere spite when he was some how sent to prison for a term of 15 years. The prosecuting attorney referred to him as a human brute, the judge criticized him severely, and there were a number of neighbors who made out that he had no more mercy than a tiger.

Of all the things that hurt him most was the words of the prosecutor. He had called direct attention to his evil face and previous record, and had vowed that he was more of a wild beast than a man. Nothing else hurt like this; and even while he was being sentenced the prisoner determined on revenge. He had been wronged all around, but this was piling it on.

From the day he entered prison Cassidy lived only to escape and secure revenge on the man who had hissed at him in court. He didn't blame the judge or the jury. As for the neighbors who had volunteered their testimony, he would knock them about and let it go at that, but the prosecutor should die by his hand. His words were remembered morning, noon and night, and day by day the convict thought of escape.

Seven long years passed by, and then a day came that a guard relaxed his vigilance for a moment and Jim Cassidy made his escape. Another convict would have tried to get away as far and as fast as possible. Not so with Cassidy. He had only twenty miles to go to reach the prosecutor's house. He had kept track of his enemy through visitors. He knew that he occupied a house in the midst of grounds just outside the city, and over and over again he had planned how he would approach—how enter the house—how surprise the man in his sleep, and take his life. He made his journey across the country in a dogged sort of way, and he would have killed any living thing obstructing his path for a moment. He was a wronged man on his way to right himself.

The escape was made in the early morning. When evening fell the convict was at the end of his journey. The grounds contained two acres and were full of trees and shrubbery. He easily found a hiding place and then waited. There was no thought of turning back. Years had gone by, and the prosecutor was now an old man and no longer had to do with the law, but that made no difference to Cassidy. Let him but secure his revenge and the prison officials might pick him up the next hour. It was midnight before he moved. He had heard the growling of thunder for the last half hour, but had given it no heed. Now, as he finally rose up to approach the house, the storm broke over his head.

It did not delay him a moment. He went forward with less caution for the swish of the storm, and he had dropped under a tall pear tree within 10 feet of the corner of the house, when a bolt of fire suddenly shot across the black heavens. He saw it and the heat seared his eyeballs. He heard the crash, and he wondered if the heavens and the earth had come together. Then he neither saw nor heard anything more. It was as if he had never lived.

"Bless me, but he was an escaped convict, and was hit by the bolt that shook the house so!" said the old prosecutor, as he walked out next morning, and almost stumbled over the body clothed in stripes.

The Country Editors Defence.

The city dailies for a year or more have been having great sport with the news items of a simple nature taken from rural correspondence in the country dailies. The remarkable wisdom of the city newspaper men is appalling, and country writers stand aghast at the display. But simple little items from the country tell of heart interest, of home, of friends, of everything of interest in the community in which the paper circulates and are entirely free from stories of murders, suicides, embezzlements, etc., on which the metropolitan press fattens its batting average to the injury of a decent but suffering public.

Commenting on the same matter, the Galatin (Ill.) Press says:

"Don't it make you weary to read the rot of those rattle brain idiots of the Chicago press who are repeatedly ridiculing the country papers on their locals? These 2 by 4 lunch counter fiends think it awfully funny when some country newspaper says, 'Hiram Slocum has sold his Holstein cow to Ed Childress.' But of course it is just the proper caper when they say, 'Mrs. Franklin Oliver Lowden has just returned from the Epsom Lorimer kennels.' 'Oh, that's great! That bull pup would bring about 30 cents in the dog pound, while Slocum's cow would sell for \$50 in the dark. Because Gussie Davis was over to Guard Point to see his best girl they threw a shoe, but if William Henry Harrison Pook, the society leader, was in Milwaukee Saturday last to see Miss Gertie Pabst they would slobber over half a column and have three pictures of Gertie and William Henry on the front page.'—Ironton (O.) Irontonian.

The Old Books.

The old books, the old books, the books of long ago!
Who ever felt Miss Austen tame, or called Sir Walter slow?
We did not care the worst to hear of human sty or den;
We liked to love a little bit and trust our fellowmen.
The old books, the old books, as pure as summer breeze!
We read them under garden boughs, by fire-light on our knees,
They did not teach, they did not preach, or scold us into good;
A noble spirit from them breathed, the rest was understood.

The old books, the old books, the mother loves them best;
They leave no bitter taste behind to haunt the youthful breast;
They bid us hope, the bid us fill our hearts with visions fair;
They do not paralyze the will with problems of despair.
And as they lift from sloth and sense to follow loftier planes,
And stir the blood of indolence to bubble in the veins,
Inheritors of mighty things, who own a lineage high,
We feel within us budding wings that long to reach the sky;
To rise above the commonplace, and through the cloud to soar.
And join the loftier company of grander souls of yore.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as the cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

You are not obliged to give your hand to anyone, but never give your finger.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

Nervous Troubles That Yield Readily to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus Dance is a common disease among children, but it oft n attacks both men and women of nervous temperament. Its symptoms ar shaky hands, jerky arms, trembling legs, twitching muscles; sometimes the power of speech is affected. The only cure lies in plenty of blood because good blood is the life blood of the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to cure St. Vitus Dance, because they make the rich, red blood that feeds the nerves and keeps them strong and steady. Mrs. Wm. Lovellie, Welland, Ont., was seriously afflicted with St. Vitus dance, and no treatment helped her until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Lovellie says:—"At times the trouble was so severe that I could not take a drink of water unaided, and could not trust myself to raise a dish. There was a constant involuntary motion of the limbs, and at times I could neither eat, walk nor talk. I grew pale and emaciated, and my life was fairly a burden. Doctors' treatment, which I was taking almost continuously, did not do me a particle of good and I had almost come to the conclusion that there was no cure for me. I was in what must be considered a desperate condition when I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks after I had begun their use, there was a marked improvement in my condition, and by the time I had taken nine boxes every symptom of the trouble had disappeared, and I was as healthy and active as in girlhood."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right down to the root of the trouble in the blood that they cure such diseases as St. Vitus dance, neuralgia, nervous prostration, anaemia, backaches and headaches, rheumatism, kidney trouble, indigestion, lung troubles and other diseases of the blood and nerves. But you must be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2 50, by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The maxims of wisdom are the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope; they remain forever unchanged and in the same case, but every age shakes them into a new combination of colors.

In nine cases out of ten a man who cannot explain his ideas is the dupe of his imagination in thinking he has any.

To say to a man when you ask him a favor, "Don't do it if it inconveniences you," is a mean way of saving yourself from an obligation and depriving another of the merit of conferring one.

The flattery of one's friends is required as a dram to keep up one's spirits against the injustice of one's enemies.

The way to be always respected is to be always in earnest.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The Railway Passengers Assurance Company of London, England,

Was established 1849.

Is the oldest Accident Insurance Company in the world.

Has paid out in Claims the enormous sum of over \$23,000,000.

Is the only Company transacting business in Canada returning a Bonus of 10% off premiums after five years, WHETHER OR NOT a claim has been made.

Has actually divided among its Policyholders in Bonus returns the handsome sum of over \$2,000,000.

Has a fully subscribed capital of \$5,000,000.

Insures against Lost Time caused by Sickness.

Pays a capital sum equal to one-half the amount insured for Paralysis of Blindness.

Pays the largest amount for Loss of EITHER Hand, Foot or Eye.

Before renewing your accident policies examine the accident contracts of the Railway Passengers. You can only afford the best.

Its contracts are clear, concise, and free from objectionable restrictions.

J. W. ASTLE, Agent, Queen St.

BORN.

CURRIE.—At Argyle, January 29th, to the wife of Fred Currie, a daughter.

MARRIED.

MITCHELL-TAYLOR.—At Woodstock by the Rev. F. A. Currie, M. A., Mr. Charles O. Mitchell of Moro Me., to Miss Margaret Taylor of North Gardner, Me.

Beautiful pictures, sent out for advertising purposes, are frequently marred by unsightly type which makes the picture useless to the recipient for anything but merely transient purposes. It is gratifying, therefore, to receive, once in a while, such a picture as we have received from the makers of "Royal Household" Flour, in which the advertising is so obscured that one does not observe it except by scrutinizing the picture very closely. It is a beautiful piece of color work and every one who receives it will regard it well worth framing and will not be ashamed to hang it in any part of the house. It pictures two gentlemen sitting very comfortably in a library, one of them is reading to the other from an newspaper. It does not take a great stretch of imagination to suppose that the paper is THE DISPATCH and that the reader is reciting to the listener the interesting news which is always to be found in these columns. On the back page of the paper is an advertisement of "Royal Household" Flour, but it does not obtrude itself upon one; and one has to come very close to it to observe the lettering. The original of this picture was painted expressly for the Ogilvie people, and is really a work of art, deserving of being prized by any one who has the good fortune to receive it.

Extended To March 1st.

Our Great Linen Sale

has been extended to March 1st to accommodate a number of our outside customers.

THIS SALE IS A BONA FIDE ONE.

Values in Linens and Cotton Goods, at least 30 to 40 per Cent. Below Regular Prices, with the additional inducement of FREE HEMMING to our many customers.

Do not miss this opportunity as it only happens Once a Year.

OAK HALL. B. B. MANZER.

Have you a

CLIMAX FURNACE?

Made by Connell Bros., Lt'd. If you wish to burn Coal in place of Wood, we can supply you with a set of Coal Grates that will fit your furnace; they need no changes made to the setting of the furnace.

Gasoline Engines,
Drag Wood Cutters,
Circular Wood Cutters,
Grain Grinders,

Threshing Machines,
The Crawford Range for coal or wood.
Cook Stoves,
Plows, Harrows.

CONNELL BROS., L'td.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

Pianos

Mason & Risch, Bell,
Dominion, Karn.

Organs

Bell, Dominion, Karn.

Sewing Machines

The New Williams

Violins, Mandolins, Harmonicas,
Banjos, Accordions. A full line of first-class strings always in stock.

C. R. WATSON, Agent,
Woodstock, N. B.

WANTED.

Strong healthy girls of good education who wish to qualify for graduate nurses. Apply to MRS. BURTT, Union General Hospital, 158 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Your Carriage Or Waggon

Needs painting. It will tend to preserve it as well as to improve its appearance. Please bring it in early so that I can have plenty of time to do a good job and give the varnish plenty of time to harden before you take it out.

I have plenty of storage room.

F. L. MOOERS,

over Loane's Factory,
Connell street, Woodstock.

FARM FOR SALE.

One of the best farms in Jacksonville, containing one hundred and forty-five acres, one hundred and twenty cleared, balance in wood. Good buildings with water in them. Five miles from Woodstock. Three-quarters of a mile from churches, schools, Post Office and blacksmith shop. Also a pure bred Guernsey Bull. For further particulars apply to

W. R. MCCREADY Jacksonville.

Feb. 8-11

Farming and Woodland for Sale.

In Grafton opposite Woodstock 280 acres of farming and woodland, 60 acres cleared, in high state of cultivation, buildings comparatively new, house finished throughout, modern improvements, and supplied with running water. Fruit and ornamental trees. For particulars apply to J. D. BAIRD, Grafton, N. B.

VIM TEA is PURE CEYLON and INDIAN.