

AS WEARY WALKER,

The Great Traveller, Sees Us.

Mr. Walker struck this town yesterday morning just as the sun and a few other chronic early risers, were getting out of their beds. Mr. Walker put up at one of the best barns in the place just on the edge of the town, and then came into the city for his breakfast. A benevolent, but misguided citizen gave several breakfasts, dinners and suppers to our distinguished visitor, who ate them all at one sitting, and would have eaten more if the larder, and the patience of the citizen had not departed in company with the last bite on the table.

Mr. Walker never travels alone. He has a body guard more numerous and more vigilant, and sleepless than has the Czar of all the Russias. Bacteria and microbes, and protoplasm by the billion are born, marry and procreate and die in the rags that cover his Apollo like form, that is, like Apollo's form must look by this time.

One of the strongest and most fearless reporters on the ADVERTISER staff was sent, armed to the teeth, to interview Mr. Walker, and get his impression of our town. As the streets of our town like good people, are plastic, Mr. Walker's enormous pedal extremities made more impression than he had received.

Our reporter sharpened his pencil, took out his note book and fired the usual conundrum at easy range at Mr. Walker: "What do you think of Hartland?" "What will ye giv' me to tell ye," said the sage as he held out the dirtiest, largest hand ever seen outside of Parliament or Congress. "I will give you—fits—Fitzsimmons and Corbett if you don't tell me all you know, and nothing but what you know and tell it at once." Mr. Walker would have turned pale if his face had been clean enough, and then he told this tale. Was it the shade of Annanias, who could not tell the truth, or of George Washington who could not tell a lie, who told it? Let the reader judge.

"Your town," said Mr. Walker, "has what the boys call 'swelled head.' It is a disease like the measles, whooping cough and mumps, common among children and rarely attacks the adult. Freshmen at college always have it and sometimes they have it bad just after graduating. Girls have a serious attack of it at the seminary and conservatory, and bring it home with them, and the other girls they room with catch it. The girls generally get over it after they are married and the first baby arrives. Marriage is one of the best cures I know for swelled head, said the Philosopher, reflectively. Sometimes the boys never get over it. It don't kill them, although lots of people want to see them killed. The first symptom of swelled head in a boy is when he lights his first cigarette. The next symptom is when he begins to call his father 'the old man' and begins to stay out nights, and leaves Sunday school. The last stage is when he has read the A, B, C, of philosophy and talks about evolution, and sneers at churches and ministers and the Bible. Cities all have swelled head when they are young. London had it when it was a boy three or four

hundred years ago. New York had it when it was a kid and has had a mild relapse of it since it got to be Greater New York. Woodstock had it bad when it was a sickly boy, and has it now when it is a sickly old man of seventy-five. Hartland, as I said, has it, but I know what will cure it if you can get the baby to take the medicine.

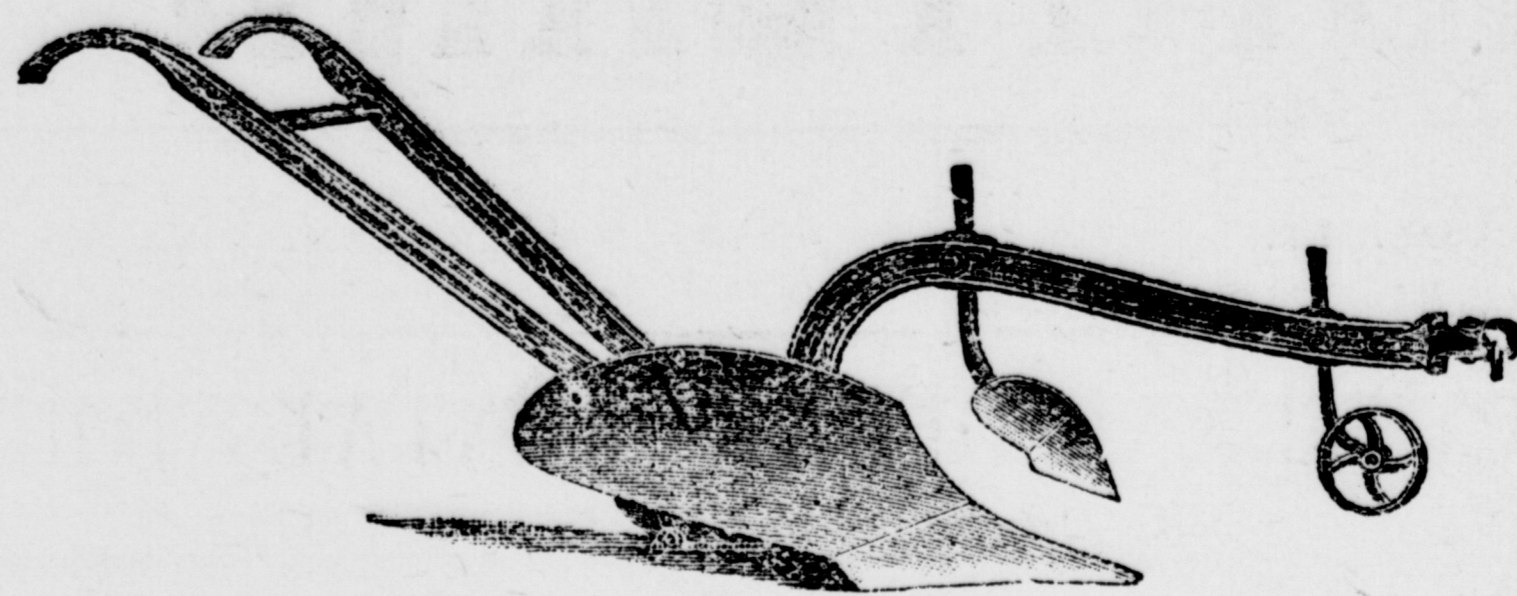
'In the first place,' said Mr. Walker, 'throw all the patent medicine you have been poisoning yourself with, into the river, let it go down to Woodstock and make them sick; they live on river water down there. They tried to tax me when I came through, thought I was a commercial traveller,' said Mr. Walker, vindictively.

Then stop bragging about your fine clothes. Commercial travellers and preachers and editors have flattered the baby so much to please the mother, that she wants to put her baby in pants, with pockets, when it ought to be in long clothes for several years yet. When you are tempted to be proud of your hat and ribbons and gloves, look at your feet and see how muddy they are. Your streets are too narrow and muddy. Tax yourself (it will pay fifty per cent. interest), and widen and macadamize your streets, and then tax yourselves again, and put down asphalt sidewalks, and then tax yourselves some more, and light your streets. But that may come later, when you have an electric plant, which you will need if the baby lives.

Next, you want more manufactories, you have stores enough for many years to come. Manufacture all you can. Sell more and buy less. Don't put so much money in savings banks. Invest your money in manufactories and give employment to men who will bring their families into the place. Kill off the usurers and note shavers and give chromos to men bold enough and public spirited enough to put money into factories, and if they don't get a high rate of interest directly, they will get a high rate of interest indirectly by seeing machanics move into the town who will eat and wear clothes and spend their wages, that will benefit farmers and traders."

Mr Walker seems to have a spite against Woodstock. He says they wanted to tax him for walking through their town, for he said savagely: "Woodstock might have been a town by by this time: it is old enough, if they had had the sense to manufacture more and mortgage less. (Mr. Walker is epigramatic you see.) And then—I am getting dry," said Mr. Walker, "Mr. Colpitt isn't in town, is he? Can you get me a drink?" The reporter pointed to the river, and Mr. Weary Walker sighed and shuddered and said water didn't agree with him, 'tasted so of sinners since the flood."

"I was going to speak of your churches, I see you have 'em, and they always make me dry. I suppose it is the dry sermons in 'em that does that," said the sage reflectively. "You want another church." The reporter gasped and fell off his chair in a faint. "I said you want another church," as the reporter revived, "if you want to grow you want a church of brotherly love. I have been in your town a week and no church member or pastor has called on me and invited me to join their church.



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