

Beaufort.

The birch timber business seems to be thriving, Mr. J. McIntosh, has a crew busily engaged hauling to the stream a large quantity, that was cut and peeled during the past summer.

Mr. J. Scovill, of "Greenwood Lodge" has been doing an extensive stroke of fall ploughing, and has also had a large tract of woodland underbrushed, preparatory to felling the trees of larger growth.

Miss Bertie Dobson, of Presque Isle, a charming young girl of 191 pounds, is on a visit to her old home, and is guest of Miss Viola Stokoe.

Mesdames Mack, and Stokoe, are now away on a prolonged visit to friends, in Monticello and Laclmond. We make use of an oriental hyperbolic compliment, and say: *May their shadows never grow less.*

The Beaufort Scribe, and we might add Pharisee, would have taken umbrage at our straightforward, and honest denunciation of a miserable spy and through the columns of a contemporary, has launched out against our principles of standing up for what is just and right. We reiterate, that, a Public Informer is a mean despicable sneak; and, one that all honest men ought to kick, no matter what may be the cause for which he forges the right to be considered a honest citizen. Such men are held in supreme contempt in other countries, there is not a Friendly Society in England that will accept one of them as a member; knowing full well that a man who will deliberately violate the ninth commandment, ought to be ostracised from all decent society. Furthermore, we hold that to procure the commission of an offence, is as great a crime as the offence itself, a view of the question that is also held by lawmakers in highly civilized countries. Let it understood, we are not upholding what the scribe calls the rum-sucker, but, we are opposed on principle, to anything in the shape of coercion, or anything that interferes with personal liberty of conscience. We would point out to the writer what we know to be the real facts; viz that more than one half the misery and crime, that is put down to Alcohol and it's compounds, do not originate from that cause; but from innate depravity, and a cowardly desire to shift the blame, attached to their own evil propensities, on to something else; and drink, is made the scapegoat. In fact, we might use a recent parliamentary Hibernianism and say: "One half, isn't true, and three parts don't happen at all."

We could mention many things that are abused quite as much as alcohol; and, with as disastrous results. Take the case of Opium, for example, this valuable and potent drug; the physician's sheet-anchor in many diseases, and one of God's greatest gifts to man, is largely used for producing an intoxication, more debasing than that from alcohol. Is that valuable medicine to be expunged from our armamentarium, because thousands, nay, millions of our fellow creatures indulge in a low form of intoxication and debauchery, through it's abuse?

We believe in "Temperance" not the quasi-religious twaddle, we also believe, and say, that no nation or people, were ever made sober, by act of parliament, we would advise the use of "Moral suasion, and the power of example," and not trust to pains and penalties. History has thoroughly demonstrated the futility of punitive measures.

To call wines, and analogous compounds, "The emissaries of Satan," is an insult to the Creator; He gave the vine, fruit, corn and all things capable of being used for like purposes, and also gave man the knowledge and ability to utilize those gifts, and because man will abuse these, and all other of the Divine Creator's good gifts, these immaculate people run away with the idea that it is "all the devil's work," a further illustration of our previous assertion. A cowardly desire to shift the blame on to something else.

"Fiel"

I thought you had more religion Mrs. Fry."

Bootless Temptation.

A member of a Coloured Church was the other day conversing earnestly with an acquaintance, and seeking to have him change into better paths; but the friend said that he was too often tempted to permit him to become a Christian.

"Whar's yer backbone, dat yer can't rose up and stand temptation?" exclaimed the good man. "I was dat way once myself."

"Right in dis yere town I had a chance to steal a pa'r o' boots—mighty nice ones, too.

"Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand and de debbil said take 'em; den a good spirit whispered fur me to leave dem boots alone."

"And you didn't take 'em?"

"No, sar—not much; I took a pa'r o' cheap shoes off de shelf, an' left dem boots alone."

Blushing is always a *vein* attempt.

PLEASE TAKE ONE.

We don't mean our little paper, because as the genial Artemus Ward, once said; "It is evry man's duty to do so." We simply allude to an incident that happened recently at a big flower show in a provincial city, among other exhibits, a superb collection of cut roses was shown. At one end of the show case was a pile of the florist's price lists, on the top of which lay a ticket, inviting visitors to "Please take one." During a momentary absence of the attendant in charge, some one placed the ticket in the midst of the roses, and consequently in a few minutes they were all appropriated. The attendant, when he returned did not see the joke—or the roses.

Had A Claim on Him.

A blushing young woman recently entered the office of a newly appointed Issuer of marriage licenses, and asked if a certain young man had taken out a license to marry a certain young woman. She looked very much relieved on being told that he had not, and said: "well, don't give him one, I've got the first claim on him."

Very Sociable.

When Colonel Van Wyck was putting up for election, a certain Irishman steadfastly refused to give the old soldier any encouragement. The colonel was therefore surprised, when Pat informed on the election day that he should vote for him.

"Glad to hear it, Patrick," said the colonel "I rather thought you were opposed to me."

"Well, sir," said Patrick. "I wuz; and whin yez stud by me pig-pin and talked, ye didn't budge me an inch, sir; but after yez had gone away I got to thinkin' how ye reached yer hand over the fence, and scratched the pig till he laid down wid the pleasures of it, and I made up my mind that whin a rale kernel was so sociable as that, I wa'n't the man to vote agin him.

IN A GLOVE SHOP.—Assistant: Those are very much worn madam. Thank you I prefer new ones.

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