

MR. WHITESIDE ORDAINED

To the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church and Inducted to Woodstock Charge.

On Wednesday evening last, St. Paul's Presbyterian church, of Woodstock, was filled from the chancel to the doors with men, women, children and flowers. The occasion of this gathering together was the ordination of James Whiteside, and his induction into the charge here.

The floral decorations were something to be remembered. The pulpit was concealed behind a bank of cut flowers. In recognition of the fact that Mr. Whiteside is an Irishman, Mr. Troy, Woodstock's florist, sent to the church a goodly quantity of shamrocks.

The ceremony commenced at eight o'clock, but before that hour the church was crowded with not only presbyterians, but members of almost every other congregation in town. The members of the St. John Presbytery present to take part in the ceremony were, Rev. Willard McDonald, Fredericton; Rev. David Fisk, Florenceville; Rev. Joseph Barker, Richmond. Rev. Kenneth McKay, Houlton; Rev. Mr. Watson, Quebec; Charles McLean, Woodstock, and James Campbell, Richmond were also present.

After the members of the choir had taken their places, Rev. Mr. McDonald came to the front and asked the assemblage if they had any objections to offer to the life or doctrine of James Whiteside, and requested that any such objections should be reduced to writing and handed in with proof. When it appeared that no objections were forthcoming, the clergymen filed in from the vestry and seated themselves in the auditorium. Mr. McDonald appropriated the pulpit, and after music, reading and prayer he preached a sermon, taking for his text Mark 4, 24: "Take heed what you hear; with what measure you meet, it shall be measured to you again." Mr. McDonald impressed his audience as being above all else a man of great force of character. Various opinions were expressed as to the sermon. Perhaps that most generally heard was that it was a good one.

At the close of the sermon Rev. David Fisk explained concisely and clearly the various steps that had led to the gathering together of the audience to which he was speaking. He spoke of the withdrawal of Rev. James Ross, of the meeting of the congregation to decide on a call, of the drawing up and signing the call and its presentation to the Presbytery. It was, he knew a long time from the meeting of the Presbytery to the ordination and induction, and perhaps that body had not been suited upon for making the time so long. However, though he was not authorized to say anything on that score he had no doubt the Presbytery had good reasons for their course. After putting to Mr. Whiteside a number of very formidable questions, which were answered apparently in a satisfactory manner, all the members of the St. John Presbytery who were present gathered to the front and formally ordained Mr. Whiteside a minister of the Presbyterian church, and inducted him into the charge at Woodstock.

After this impressive ceremony, Rev. Willard McDonald performed the duty which the Presbytery had laid on him, of addressing the newly ordained preacher. He thought perhaps the best charge he could make was in the words of Paul's Epistle to Timothy. He thought it would not be a bad idea for the church to adopt them as a regular charge in cases of that kind. Of course it would savor of the ritualistic but a ritual that was biblical could not do any harm. It was a poor plan for a clergyman to work too hard. He had no doubt God could have made the world in one day, but that would have been too large a day's work, so he took six. Preachers were often guilty of working seven days in the week. He impressed on Mr. Whiteside that he was not the servant of the congregation but of the Lord. He spoke at some length about a preacher's duty in calling on the members of his congregation. He should certainly call sometimes, but not be a gad about. God's best work was done in the pulpit, the sermon was God's best opportunity of reaching the people. And then, speaking of sermons, a young lady had recently told him she thought a sermon could be prepared in two hours. He could not make one in that time, and he would not like to listen to one that had only two hours preparation. It took more time to prepare even a poor one. He was not prepared, he said to deliver a lecture on homilies, but he would suggest three rules bearing on sermonizing:—First, it was not good to preach sermons for men only and those for women only, sin was the same in its nature by whomsoever committed. Second, it was not good to make the pulpit an advertising medium for every religious fake that was on the go. Third, it was not in his estimation a good plan to preach to societies. He might be considered extreme in his views on this question, but he did not have much sympathy with the Boy's Brigade.

Mr. Fisk delivered the customary address to the congregation. Mr. Ross, the late pastor, was to have performed this duty, but his work in the missionary field prevented his being present. Mr. Fisk impressed on the congregation the necessity of loving their preacher. They ought to look upon him as the representative of Christ, and allow him to be often at their homes that he might get really acquainted with them, and so be able to sympathize with their joys and sorrows, and preach directly to them from a knowledge of their wants.

Rev. Mr. Watson, of Quebec, made a few observations very much to the point, if they were somewhat humorous.

Mr. Whiteside closed the meeting by pronouncing the benediction. As the audience filed out they all shook hands warmly with the new pastor. On every hand are heard expressions of highest regard for him. The audience was very much disappointed that Mr. Ross was absent.

Free Trade Influence.

In the elections of 1888 the people of the United States decided in favour of a protective tariff. In those of 1890 they called for a tariff for revenue only, and repeated that call in 1892. They will hardly be prepared to go any further this year, and to declare at the November elections for free trade. But they have an excellent and original reason for being inclined to free trade. For that policy no Tariff Act is required; it is therefore eminently suited to a nation that is unable to pass a Tariff Act. The country may be loath to give up its tariff. It may not be persuaded that direct taxes are a preferable source of revenue to indirect. But there are limits to the value it places on a tariff, and it may find that these limits are reached by the cost of getting one enacted. For nearly ten months Congress has laboured to pass a substitute for the McKinley Act. That long-sustained attempt has been a source of woeful waste. If a number of able-bodied men, sufficient to make up a large army, were taken from industrial pursuit, put in the field to fight an enemy, and kept there for ten months, production would fall off enormously, and the fixed capital of the country would waste away, and the people whose providers were on service would suffer from want. It requires only the addition of the horrors of war to make the situation in the United States much like that. Multitudes of men are earning no more by productive employment than if they were massed together in an army. Their idleness is maintained at a frightful cost. Manufacturers who have to import their raw material slow down their works until the tariff is reduced, as the difference in duty on their imports would be to much loss to them. Other manufacturers, apprehensive of a loss of protection, wait till the stroke falls, as it might ruin them to go on. Manufacturing has thus been kept in a state of suspense, and the result has told on all classes of business—commerce, transportation, and finance. Confidence in American enterprise is at a low ebb within the country, and is almost non-existent outside. All this is what has to be paid for a tariff. It would not be surprising if the people of the United States should finally conclude that they could not afford a tariff. They have other reasons, also peculiar to their own experience, for being disgusted with tariffs. They are learning that tariffs tend to get beyond their control. Nothing could be more unmistakable than their demand that protection should be abolished, yet all this delay has been caused by quarrels and bargainings over the division of protection. The result of protection most odious to the people, and on account of which the whole system was condemned, was the brood of Trusts it brought into existence. The champions of the Trusts are the men who are staying legislation now, and those champions belong to the predominant party. Since the United States cannot furnish itself with a tariff unless by a prodigious expenditure of wealth and suerung, and since after all that outlay it has to take the Trusts approve, it would seem cheaper for it to do without a tariff. Congress has probably rendered material service to the cause of free trade. By incorporating an income tax section in the Wilson bill it has paved the way for free trade.—Mail.

Curran Bridge Fraud.

The orators and press of the Dominion Opposition are inquiring anxiously, and not unreasonably, what the Dominion Government is going to do about the stupendous Curran bridge frauds. It cannot be that the Government will attempt to satisfy public indignation by the dismissal of a couple of the minor culprits, while allowing the principal offenders to go unwhipped of justice. While it is right that all who were in any way connected with or cognizant of the affair should be punished, it is tenfold more imperative for the sake of justice, for the vindication of the good name of Canada, and for the prevention of such frauds in the future, that the chief organizers and managers of the conspiracy, those into whose pockets the money filched from the public chest has gone, should be not only dismissed from all connection with public affairs but prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Surely there can be no great difficulty in determining who these guilty ones are, or in bringing home to them their guilt before a judicial tribunal. Nor is this all that is, or ought to be, necessary in order to satisfy the outraged sentiment of the people. It is incredible that frauds so bold and upon so large a scale could have taken place had the business of the department been properly managed and the rigid oversight which the public have a right to expect been exercised. Somebody in officialdom must have been either very stupidly or very conveniently blind. Where is the flaw in the official methods? Who is the culprit in the department ranks? The Canadian people must be not only long suffering but easy-going beyond all people under the sun, if they do not insist that something effective shall be done, some thorough purgation wrought, as a pledge of better things in the future, before they allow this disgraceful affair, with its heavy robbery of their hard-earned funds, to pass into the limbo of forgetfulness.—The Week. (Ind.)

Here and There.

Lady: I must tell you that we are very early risers. Irish Domestic: Well, ye won't dishturb me, mum; I shlaape like a top!

Jimmy—"What is this moral courage that the Sunday school teacher was tellin us about?"

Tommy—"As near as I kin guess it, it's the kind of courage that kids have that's afraid to fight."—Indianapolis Journal.

This is a story told of a coloured girl who happened to meet a gentleman going down the street, and who got on the same side of the narrow walk; then both started for the other side, and another collision was imminent. They then danced back and dodged again, when the coloured girl suddenly stopped and said: "See heah, mister, what am dis gwine to be, a schottische or a walaz?—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun—

The total number of newspapers published in the world at present is estimated at about 50,000, distributed as follows: United States and Canada, 20,934; Germany, 6,000; Great Britain, 8,000; France, 4,300; Japan, 2,000; Italy, 1,500; Austria-Hungary, 1,200; Asia, exclusive of Japan, 1,000; Spain 850; Russia, 800; Australia, 800; Greece, 600; Switzerland, 450; Holland, 300; Belgium, 300; all others, 1,000. Of these, more than half are printed in the English language.

Mr Citiman—Well, Uncle Jehiel, we have enjoyed our visit to you exceedingly. I'm sure the children never had a better time in their lives. I want you to call on us next winter to let me repay your kindness.

Uncle Jehiel—Wal I don't know as me or the old woman kin get up to see you, but if we don't I'll send five or six of the mule colts. I low they would about do the same damage 'round the place that your boys has done here.—Indianapolis Journal.

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked him his name. "My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho." "Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John," John smiled all over and asked, "What your name?" "My name is Mrs. Melville Langdon." "Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman be no savey Mrs. Membul London—I call you Tommy."

The British Weekly tells how Lord Rosebery overcame the sleeplessness which rendered him reluctant to enter Mr. Gladstone's last Administration. In answer to an inquiry from a Scottish member of Parliament, Lord Rosebery wrote: "As soon as the story about my sleeplessness appeared in the newspapers, I was overwhelmed with letters suggesting cures. One of the first I read advised a tumbler of hot water, as hot as it could be drunk, to be sipped before going to bed. I thought this seemed the easiest cure, and resolved to give it a trial. Since then I have slept perfectly well."

There is no accounting for tastes! A dentist died in a rural town in England a few days ago, after spending fifty years in pulling the molars of his fellow-citizens. He had made it a hobby to keep all the teeth which he had drawn in the course of his professional career, and took great pride in the collection. When his will was opened it was found that he had ordered the collection of teeth to be placed with him in his coffin for burial. His heirs fulfilled his command, and almost 30,000 teeth were put in the coffin with the dead dentist. If some archaeologist of a future century shall happen to open that grave he will have "food for thought" and some difficulty in explaining the presence of so many teeth.

Perhaps the most remarkable death from fear that has ever been placed on record was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he entered the anatomical room of a celebrated Dutch college with the intention of sketching some skulls and skeletons for a picture he was about to paint. He had been out the night before, and, becoming drowsy, fell asleep among the ghastly specimens. He was awakened by a loud noise, and upon opening his eyes beheld the skulls dancing upon the shelves and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing their bones in a most threatening manner. In a fit of horror he threw himself out at the window, but did not receive the slightest injury from that source. A few moments later he was informed that an earthquake had caused the commotion in the deadhouse, but the explanation did not quiet his nerves. A few hours later he took to his bed and died within three days of nervous tremors brought on by the fright.

There was a man in our town,
And wondrous wise was he;
And with an axe and many whacks,
He once cut down a tree.

And when he saw the tree was down,
With all his might and main,
He straightway took another axe
And cut it up again.

—Indianapolis Journal.

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