

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat Side by side on the table sat; 'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you think!

Neither of them had slept a wink! And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate Seemed to know as sure as fate, There was going to be an awful spat.

(I wasn't there—I simply state What was told me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!" And the calico cat replied "me-ow!" And the air was streaked for an hour or so With fragments of gingham and calico,

While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place Up with its hands before its face, For it always dreaded a family row!

(Now mind, I'm simply telling you What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we do!" But the gingham dog and the calico cat Wallowed this way and tumbled that

And utilized every tooth and claw In the awfulest way you ever saw— And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't think that I exaggerate— I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat They found no trace of the dog or cat; And some folks think unto this day That burglars stole this pair away;

But the truth about that cat and pup Is that they ate each other up— Now, what do you really think of that?

(The old Dutch clock, it told me so, And that is how I came to know.) —Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

SCRAMBLE OF THE PARSONS.

Commandments Weren't Made to Apply in Such a Fight.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Eight men of God wrestled together Saturday for one of the fleshpots of Egypt and prolonged the contest far into the Sabbath. The struggle over the chaplaincy of the House between the ministers who hunger for honor and pelf was the only excitement of the Republican caucus.

The candidates were Revs. O. A. Brown, W. E. Parsons, W. H. Gottwald, C. B. Ramsdell, W. H. Brooks and J. D. Smith of this city; H. D. Fisher of Kansas, and H. U. Couden of Michigan. Rev. Fisher and Rev. Couden based their claims on their war records and one or two of the candidates based theirs on their color and the Republican obligations to the negro race.

Long before the caucus met last night the parsons were at work in the crowds which filled the house lobby and the committee rooms. They fitted in and out of the rooms, and were here, there and everywhere and they buttonholed without mercy. They were the envy of the little politicians who had flocked to the Capitol to witness the election of men from whose hands they hope to receive the crumbs of patronage.

"But we know this," he said, "that we'll either lick or be licked," and then he would make a charge upon another foe. Another very active parson, who was sleek, white necktie and clerical, soon found that he was not in the fight. He had scrambled with the best until then. When he realized his fate he recalled dignity and holiness and said sadly: "Oh, if I had only known what a disgraceful scramble it was to be I should never have become a candidate."

In the caucus the friends of the candidates took up the scramble. It required three ballots to nominate. On the first two "the fighting parson" led. The second stood 109 for Fisher, 104 for Couden and 6 scattering. One more vote would elect Fisher, and Couden's men were frightened. It was then Sunday morning, but the commandments had no authority in this strife of parsons. The Couden men got up on desks. They

howled and shouted. You could hear them cry "Mr. Chairman!" through the thick closed doors of the chamber. Through the door windows you could see men waving their hands over their heads to attract attention. The purpose was to force a third roll call before any one could change to Fisher. They succeeded, and Couden was nominated. Some one asked the fighting and licked parson why he wanted to make such a fight for a petty \$900 place.

"If you had preached all your life out in Kansas for \$700 a year you wouldn't ask," he replied mournfully.—New York World.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a perfect cure for scrofula that dreaded taint in the human system.

A GOOD NAME.

Gets Fancy Prices for Eggs and Butter. There are fashions in butter and eggs as there are in nearly everything else. Catering to a trade that they have created out of the whims of people for delicately and daintily put up dairy products, there have been established this past year or two a half dozen and more artistic shops. These have but little "shop trade," but from an early hour each morning their wagons through fashionable sections deliver cream, milk and eggs fresh from great dairies up the river, the products of world-famed herds and poultry yards.

Though cream and milk—in immaculate jars—constitute the large part of the business of these dairies, daily deliveries of butter and eggs are also an important branch. The eggs are packed in dainty paper boxes, each in a compartment by itself, and are carefully stamped with the poultry yard's name, which is a guarantee of their absolute excellence. The dairies are selling such eggs now-a-days at 48 cents a dozen, or double the ordinary price for "strictly fresh" eggs in New York today, and in some places they are sold for even more than that. The dairies have this enormous advantage—their eggs are bought because of the stamp upon them, and the price makes little difference to their customers. In most cases they would be purchased just the same if the price was raised 100 per cent.

An interesting fact about this is that at the same shops precisely the same eggs can be purchased, without the stamp and without the careful packing in dainty boxes, for as low as 30 cents a dozen, even. These, of

course, are not "guaranteed," but, as a matter of fact, they are just as good. The distinction the dairies make is that these unstamped eggs are for kitchen use, and the stamped ones for the table. There are any number of orders upon the books of these shops for a dozen or eighteen stamped eggs to be sent to residences each morning of the year. That old proverb, "eggs are eggs," is not correct according to the modern ideas. One egg, it is certain, can quite differ from another in point of excellence. The poultry yards which are owned by these dairies find it no small task to keep their product up to their standard. To do this they have to pay the most careful attention to their fowls, feeding them a special diet and keeping them healthy by the best known scientific methods.

With butter it is the same. The difference in price between every-day first-class butter and the products of the famous dairies that have a name behind them is even greater than it is in the case of eggs. Thirty-five to forty cents a pound is a good price for most people to pay, and yet there are hundreds of families that submit with great cheerfulness to a charge of from \$1.25 to 1.75 per pound. Of course few of the dairies get up to this top figure, but it nevertheless is an established price for some people.

Fancy butter like this is beautiful to look at. Its rich, soft color is enhanced by the carefully, exquisitely made pats into which it is molded and the artistic stamp which adorns it. This stamp is the mark of the farm, and guarantees its quality better than a thousand affidavits could. A favorite method of putting it up is in square pound molds, divided by depressed lines into four small cakes, each bearing the stamp of the farm. Each quarter pound or pound, as the case may be, is delivered in a handsome pasteboard box especially made for it.

These dairy shops in town are fitted up in the most elaborate way. Pure white and gold constitute their decoration, and they are kept as spotless as a new pin. Floors, ceiling and walls are usually tiled a clear perfect white, the long counters are polished marble, and the railings and fittings are of the brightest brass.—N. Y. World.

Bad Blood Between Them.

The ever-slaving farmer's wife, her delicate sister in the city, suffer more than they care to tell. The dark rings round the eyes, headaches, dizziness, palpitation or rheumatic twinges, betoken a run-down system. The blood is poor, and is a bar to enjoyment of life. Scott's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, strengthens and vitalizes the system, and speedily restores the bloom of health to the cheeks. It cures when all others fail.

LAWYERS DEFENDED.

Clergymen, Lawyers and Doctors Live by Others Weaknesses.

At the dinner in Fredericton on St. Andrews night, among the speakers was Mr. Geo. F. Gregory. He had a good word for the profession of which he is an able representative. He said: The lawyers of New Brunswick had always maintained a good character, and nobody could point to a case, where they had sacrificed the clients interests. The profession is a very honorable one, and from it is chosen—from one party at least—the men who compose the bench. If Judge Vanwart wanted to go back to the bar, he would willingly exchange places with him. He would like to occupy a seat on the bench, and was eagerly looking to the day when his party would come into power. He had always looked upon clergymen, lawyers and doctors, as a sort of brotherhood. They all made their living out of the weaknesses of mankind. If it was not for moral weaknesses there would be no need of clergymen; if it was not for physical weaknesses there would be no need of doctors, and if it was not for mental weaknesses there would be no need of lawyers.

FOR DYSEPEPSIA.

And Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

Money To Burn.

"Did you ever know what has become of the greater part of the confederate paper money with which this country was flooded some years back?" asked a local business man who has just returned from a trip to the Atlanta explosion. "No? well, neither did I until I struck Atlanta a few weeks ago. In that town I found an old man who makes a business of quietly gathering in all the confederate bank notes he can find. You know the stuff was issued by the ton during the war, and there is any quantity of it still floating around. When the old man gets a big bundle of the paper he sends it to Edison, the inventor, who pays a good price for it. Edison uses it to make carbon for incandescent lamps. The paper upon which the confederate notes were engraved was made of the pulp of sea grass. This branch of the paper-making industry has since become a dead art, says the Philadelphia Record. Sea grass paper, when chemically treated by Edison, has been found to make the best sort of carbon for incandescent lights, and so there is always a demand for the confederate bills."—Electrical Journal.

IT SAVES LIVES EVERY DAY.

Thousands of cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds and Croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

Men are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavoring to deceive others.—Rochefoucauld.



Only 24! Don't Get Left!

The way a number of people did who put off ordering a Crown Mower until the 10th July and found them all sold.

Thanking those of our customers who obtained their Crowns, for their patronage, we wish to call their attention, as well as those who got left, to the fact that we have only 24 Little Giant Thrashers for sale this season, and that if they wish to purchase, it is advisable that their orders be placed as soon as possible. The reputation our thrashers have attained has placed them so far above all competitors that they have become the Standard Thrashers of the Maritime Provinces, and it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe the numerous points wherein they excel. They are well known to thresh fast, save grain, and clean it in first-class shape. We guarantee them to be the most durable machines in the market, costing less than \$5.00 per year for repairs. Send at once for descriptive circular and order form to

SMALL & FISHER CO. Woodstock, N. B.

NEW DRESS GOODS

In All Qualities, and All Patterns.

Our stock is particularly fine in the Very Fashionable

Mixed Tweed Effects.

Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Ladies' Coats, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear. PRICES DOWN.

McManus Bros.

To the Government and Opposition Voters and Others in the Counties of Carleton, York and Victoria, whom it may concern:

Chestnut & Hipwell

Desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the first year of their business in their factory at Upper Woodstock. They are better able than ever to give satisfaction in every branch of their Carriage and Sleigh department. They have 50 PUNGS. They will not be undersold and they guarantee every Pung. Having secured the services of the best all round artist in the province, their painting of necessity can't be equalled. They have carefully picked every piece of stock in the make up of their work, and have brought a large and varied assortment of Trimmings at bottom prices. They ask the public to call and inspect. It is a pleasure to show their goods, as they have the satisfaction of knowing that they can't be beat in the province. Any orders left at A. Henderson's will be carefully attended to.

Take your Pungs there at once and have them neatly Repaired and Painted. School Desk, Settes, Lodge and Church Furniture made by us. Fine cabinet work a specialty.

JOHN CHESTNUT. DAVID HIPWELL

UPPER WOODSTOCK Telephone in Connection. PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

Great Slaughter.

I intend to make my New Stock of

Fall and Winter Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Furs, Hats and Caps, Etc.

Move rapidly if Low Prices will do it. Right up in Style. Right up in Assortment. Just what will please you. Come and see. No trouble to show goods at

B. B. Manzer's.

Cold Feet and Insomnia.

"Don't," begs a physician, "try to go to sleep with cold feet. You may succeed, but it is at an unnecessary waste of effort. Hot water bags are now so cheap that every bedroom in the house may be supplied with one, or one of the little Japanese hot boxes, which are even more convenient, since they do not have to depend upon the boiler supply. More discomfort is had and more colds, that might never have developed, cemented in this way than in any other."

The remedy prescribed by a famous German physician for insomnia is on this principle: Wring out till not a drop drips a pair of white cotton stockings in cold water, put them on as wet as they will still be, and draw over them a pair of dry woolen ones. Let

the cotton stockings be larger than these usually worn, and the woolen ones of course still bigger. Hand knitted woolen or the thick ones sold at the athletic goods shops are the best to use, and the result of this steaming process, so far from being in any way harmful, as might be feared, is said to be magical in its relief and agreeable sensations.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT TEA.

Is a sure cure for Headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly. Sold by Garden Bros.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—J. R. Lowell.

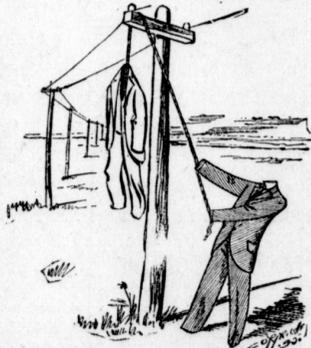
K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

A Protest

Will be entered if any one can show a finer and more Complete Line of Groceries and Dry Goods etc. I have everything that can be found in a first-class General Store, and my prices are as low as any in the trade. Call and see.

J. C. MILMORE,

Main Street.



Hang Clothing That Doesn't Fit.

That's what every man says, yet some keep right on patronizing the same tailor. No excuse for it whatever, when a man knows about this store. Bad fit is a capital offence, and a man that tolerates it aids and abets in the crime. Learn to say "no" when a tailor tries to wrap you up a suit that makes you look like the wild man of Borneo. Just take a walk around to our store and get exactly what you want, at a lower price. Latest New York Fashion Reports regularly received.

R. B. JONES, MANCHESTER HOUSE