

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 fullest 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 minis-
ters who hunger for honor and pelf was the
only excitement of the Republican caucus.
The office is one of great dignity; it is a holy
office, but it is also a salaried office at \$900 a
year. Therefore were dignity and holiness
forgot and the scramble made so undignified
as to excite the ridicule of the members of
the House to whose souls the rival preachers
sought to minister.

The candidates were Revs. O. A. Brown,
W. E. Parsons, W. H. Gottwald, C. B. Rams-
dell, 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 re-
cords and one or two of the candidates based
theirs on their color and the Republican obli-
gations to the negro race. Color didn't
figure in the contest. Color is only valuable
to the Republican party as a pre-election in-
strument. Parson Couden, who proved suc-
cessful, had sentiment as an ally, for he is
blind, and his eyesight was lost in battle, and
moreover he waved the ensign of the G. A. R.
Parson Fisher had only one war cry: "I am
the fighting parson of Kansas, and Jim Lane
said in the Senate I saved his brigade by my
gallantry." With these recommendations for
the office of intercessor between offended
heaven and a sinning Congress the battle
began.

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. The most active
of all was Fisher. He justified his title of
"the fighting parson of Kansas." He wore a
heavy, soiled and ancient ulster. The nap of
his silk hat bore the marks of battle. His
thin brown face was seamed with age and
want, but his eye glowed with the light of
warfare from under bushy gray eyebrows. To
everybody he was introduced with the old
tale about Jim Lane's commendation, and as
his gallantry was mentioned he would cast a
sidelong glance downward and gave a depre-
catory assent to the recital. He had the ad-
vantage of being on the "combine" ticket,
but as some of the Kansas men did not sup-
port the whole combine candidates he knew
that the strength of the coalition would not
be his.

"But we know this," he said, "that we'll
either lick or be licked," and then he would
make a charge upon another foe. An-
other 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 sad-
ly: "Oh, if I had only known what a dis-
graceful 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 bal-
lots 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 Cou-
den'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 at-
tention. 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. Cater-
ing to a trade that they have created out of
the whims of people for delicately and dainti-
ly 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 fashion-
able sections deliver cream, milk and eggs
fresh from great dairies up the river, the pro-
ducts of world-famed herds and poultry
yards. In each of these wagons is a smartly
dressed "button" a delivery boy that
seems, from his immaculate uniform, like a
private servant.

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 custom-
ers. 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 mat-
ter of fact, they are just as good. The distinc-
tion 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 an-
other 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. These precautions entail no small
amount of extra work, and "guaranteed
eggs" therefore have quite naturally an in-
creased market value.

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 en-
joyment 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. An-
drews night, among the speakers was Mr.
Geo. F. Gregory. He had a good word for
the profession of which he is an able repre-
sentative. 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 al-
ways 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 DYSEPSIA.

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

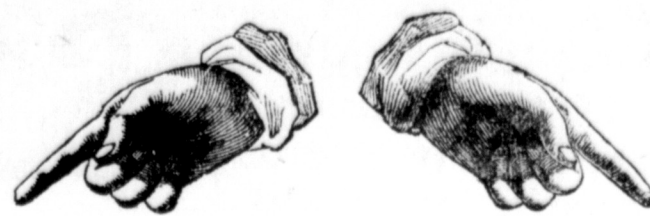
Money To Burn.

"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 con-
federate 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 in-
ventor, 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 endeavouring 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 Thresh-
ers for sale this season, and that if they wish to purchase, it is ad-
visable that their orders be placed as soon as possible. The repu-
tation our threshers have attained has placed them so far above all
competitors that they have become the Standard Threshers of the
Maritime Provinces, and it is unnecessary for us to attempt to de-
scribe 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 mar-
ket, 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 care-
fully 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 at-
tended 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 bed-
room 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 usu-
ally 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.

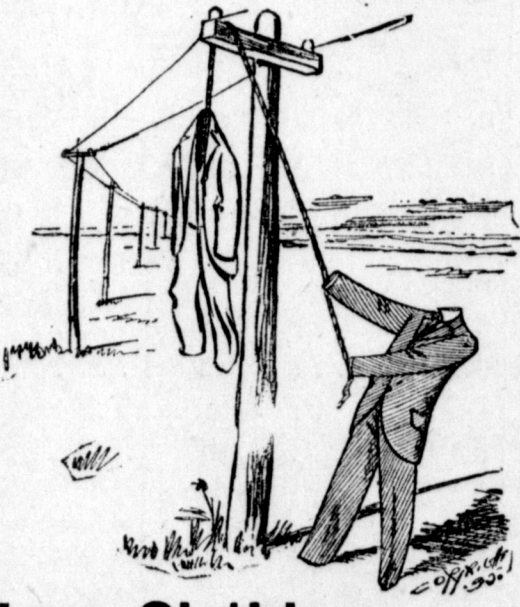
K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

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 in
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 re-
ceived.

R. B. JONES, MANCHESTER HOUSE