

**THE ORTHODOX TEAM.**  
Printed by Request.

Hold on, stranger, turn out yonder close to the wall,  
For the road's rather narrow and I've got it all.  
Whoa, back there old Baptist. Whoa, Methodist,  
whoa.  
There are oxen that need all the road you must  
know.  
Yes, I drive without swearing, tho' strange it may  
seem,  
For I'm drivin', good stranger, my Orthodox team,  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed;  
He's more noted for style than he is for his speed,  
Though of delicate structure this horse will not  
shirk,  
But he never was known, sir, to sweat at his work.  
He's a good, pious ox, never losin' his way,  
For he reads all the signboards and goes not astray,  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

There's the good Baptist ox, he's hard shell to the  
bone,  
Close communion in diet—he eats all alone;  
Shakes his head when it's rainin', and closes his  
eyes.  
He hates to be sprinkled, though it comes from  
the skies;  
He won't cross a bridge unless dragged by the team,  
He'll go nowhere, I swan, but down into the  
stream,  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

Presbyterian gee! Congregational haw!  
They're good stock, let me tell you, and know how  
to draw.  
They're so perfectly matched, sir, that very few  
folks  
Can tell them apart when they're out of the yoke.  
You see a slight difference when it is shown  
One leans on his elders and one stands alone,  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

There's an ox I term Israel oldest of all  
Once he grazed in the garden before Adam's fall  
He went into the ark at the time of the flood  
And when Pharaoh starved he was chewing his  
cud  
There's an ancestry sir full of glory no doubt  
But for goring the master they're scattered about  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

I've an ox over there who tends strictly to biz  
He's the Catholic ox what a monster he is  
And he keeps growin' big while he keeps growin'  
old  
And he never lets go where he once gets a hold  
He's a strong one you bet why I never yet spoke  
But he started right off with his neck in the yoke  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

There's old Methodist one of the best on the road  
You'd suppose by the fuss he alone dragged the  
load  
How he pulls when I sing hallelujah and shout  
But the worst of it is he keeps changin' about  
He was bought on probation and works like a top  
But I've had him three years and suppose I must  
swop  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

That naive Universalist many admire,  
Thinks the devil's a myth with his great prairie  
fire.  
There's an Adventist claimin' to have second sight,  
If he keeps on a-guessin' he'll guess the thing right,  
And the Seventh day Baptist—their members are  
such  
If they do break the Sabbath they don't break it  
much,  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

Got a Spiritualist, yes, sir, I bought one by chance.  
When it comes to hard work he goes off in a trance.  
Nothin' practical, sir, in a medium ox,  
When you have to keep ploddin' with rappings and  
knocks,  
But I must keep movin' and ploddin' along  
With my Orthodox team or the world will go  
wrong,  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

Take the road that I came and beware of short cuts  
You will not lose the way if you follow the ruts  
I'm sorry to force you my friend to turn out  
But this is the regular lumberman's route  
On the road of life stranger my right is supreme  
All the world must turn out for my Orthodox team  
Said the Lumberman of Calaveras.

—F. E. B.

**LOVE'S SLAYER.**

There lived a man who loved a woman  
passionately, but every time he approached  
her a great figure loomed up before him,  
hindering him. And on its brow, was writ,  
in large letters, the word "Satiety." And  
the man covering his face, fled from it.

But afar off, the ardor of his passion grew,  
and he raged exceedingly.

"Why should I thus dread a mere phan-  
tom?" he asked himself, "I will go forth and  
do him battle."

But as he drew near to his love the ghostly  
thing was there, between them, looking with  
weary eyes, into the depths of his soul. And  
ever the man fled aghast.

One day the woman came to him. Her  
face was radiant with love, and all his soul  
leaped within him at sight of her beauty.

"Why dost thou shun me thus?" she mur-  
mured, laying her arm about his throat. "Lo!  
I have waited for thy coming and hearkened

for thy voice, but these things came not.  
Therefore am I here, for great love drew me."

And he, looking deep into her eyes, found  
delight there, and laughed aloud in his joy.  
"I was feared of a shape that ever came be-  
twixt thee and me in the hour of my ap-  
proach," he said to her.

And she laughed, asking: "What shape?"

"A giant figure," he made answer, "that  
loomed over thee, shadowing thy face, and  
upon its brow was writ the word 'Satiety.'"

"Then keep thee from me, since thou  
dreadest him, for he puts a mark on woman's  
beauty in men's eyes, they say," said the  
woman, gravely, "though methinks thou  
hadst little to fear from him, once thou hadst  
reached me," she added, proudly.

But she pondered.

And he, being mad with love and enthral-  
led by her witchery, caressed her many times,  
praising her beauty, and he abode with her.  
And she grew even fairer in his sight, though  
in her mirror she sometimes saw weary eyes  
and a smile that was bitter, for his words  
about "Satiety" had sunk deep in her heart,  
and she was ever watching for the shape.

The days sped swiftly.

Once, in the dawn, he looked upon her and  
noted a mark upon her beauty. And waking  
her he asked:

"What is this?"

And she, rising, sought the mirror, and  
smiling—but bitterly—answered: "I see no-  
thing."

But daily the mark grew, and daily he  
asked her: "What is this?" and she, gazing  
into her mirror, said: "I see naught."

"Thou art my mirror false!" he cried, in  
anger, "I will break it!"

And smiting it upon the ground, he broke  
it, and she wept, saying:

"Alack! Why is my lord angry?" But the  
sight of her tears maddened him, and he  
went abroad.

And she dried her eyes, sighing, and called  
her maidens about her, and as she sat among  
them, she sang a little song about the death  
of Love, nor hearkened to their merry  
chatter.

Now the man in his walk met a gray-beard  
bearing a scythe upon his shoulder, and peer-  
ing in hedge and by-way, in ditch and tree.

"What seekest thou?" asked the man.

"I seek one of my brethren," the gray-  
beard made answer. "Hast thou seen him?"

"How should I tell, not knowing him by  
name?" said the man. "Is he named like to  
thee?"

"Nay, I am called Time, but he is called  
Satiety," answered the other.

The man frowned.

"Your brother does not abide hereabouts,"  
he said.

"Methought I saw him wander hither, but  
a while since," mumbled the old man. "One  
with whom he hath enmity dwelleth here,  
and doubtless he hath come to seek him."

"And whom may that be?" inquired the  
man.

"Men call him Love," said Time, and his  
dry laugh rattled in his throat. "Satiety  
killeth Love when he gets entrance to where  
he abideth, and I bury the slain."

"And how doth he get entrance?" asked  
the man, thinking backward.

"By many ways," answered the Sage,  
leaning for a moment on his scythe. "Some-  
times through the eyes of a jealous woman,  
for she is a weariness unto the soul of man;  
sometimes through the foolish eyes of a man  
who, seeing much beauty, becometh blind to  
it; and oftenest through the heart of her who  
is faithful, but protesteth her love too great-  
ly, for the great love of a woman is also a  
weariness unto the soul of man."

And the graybeard gazed piercingly upon  
the man, then cackling in shrill laughter, he  
went on his way.

Then hurriedly the man sought the woman,  
but he found the house empty and her maid-  
ens running about in search of her. And  
she was nowhere to be found. When last

**We have evidently struck  
the key note in Popular Foot-  
wear—all the kinds—all the  
newest styles—for school—  
for dress—for ease—for ser-  
vice.**

**S  
H  
O  
E  
S**

**BOYS, GIRLS—You want school  
Shoes. You want the easy, ser-  
viceable, dressy sort. That's the  
kind we sell. Prices have been  
clipped off to cost to get rid of  
our stock to make room for  
Spring Goods.**

Every pair of Boots and Shoes in our mammoth stock will now be offered at Cost. Must have room for Spring Stock. No reserve! No fake! We've put prices on 'em that ought to move every pair. Better peg our way, hadn't you.

**J. FRED. DICKINSON,**

Corner {Connell} Streets.  
{Main}

**WOMAN—Don't forget your own  
interests. Come this week—to-  
day if you can—to our unloading  
sale of Felt Slippers; Felt Shoes,  
in Button and Lace. Prices are  
cut nearly in two to close out.**

**MEN—There is no use wearing uncom-  
fortable Shoes when we are selling the  
other sort—Stylish, Serviceable  
kinds with little new prices tick-  
eted to them. Men's Felt Slip-  
pers 60c. to \$1; Lace and Con-  
gress Felt Shoes, \$3. Prices cut  
on them 20 to 30 % to close out.**

The Money Saver  
on Boots and Shoes.

seen, they told him, she was talking to a  
stranger who lately lurked about the gates; a  
creature, of vast stature with weary eyes, and  
a giant frame, upon whose brow was writ the  
sign: "Satiety."

Then the man, clapping his hand to his  
head, fell upon the ground, crying out that  
she had found the curse, not he; that she had  
slain Love, not he; that she was false, not he.

"Get up, fool," quoth a graybeard in the  
crowd about, touching the stricken man  
contemptuously with his foot.

"Get up and cease thy outcry. The woman  
was wise. Thou wouldst have gone had she  
not left thee. Here is a remedy which I will  
leave with thee, which will cure thy hurt."

And, behold! he left him a year.

Then, following the woman in hot haste, he  
came up with her as she sat upon a stone by  
the wayside, weeping.

"For why didst thou leave him?" asked  
Time, gently.

"At the bidding of thy brother," she  
answered, "who came to me threatening that  
he would haunt my good lord, to my undoing,  
did I not leave him. 'Go, before Love is  
slain,' he said 'thus may'st thou hope one  
day to return.'"

Time smiled.

"Here is a remedy I will leave with thee  
for thy hurt," he said.

And, behold! he left her a year.

And at the end of that space, Time came  
unto the man, and lo! he found him feasting  
and rejoicing. And round about him were  
beautiful women, and one there was more  
beautiful than all the others who rested her  
head upon his shoulder and upon whom he  
gazed affectionately.

Time stopped to look at his hurt, and  
found it healed, not a scar remaining.

Softly the graybeard sped in the night to  
the place where he had left the woman, but  
the stone by the wayside was bare. The  
Night Wind moaned down the road.

Spoke the Wind:

"Whom seekest thou, O Time?" and Time  
made answer:

"A woman whom one year ago I left here  
weeping."

"Come with me," sighed the Night Wind.  
And he led him to a solemn place of yews,  
and pointing to a gravestone, said, softly:

"She lies there."

And Time, stooping, saw that of his gift  
she had taken but 30 days, for a mightier  
than he had come and comforted her—even  
Eternity.—New York Truth.

**CATARH CURED.**

Health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's  
Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Inject-  
or free. Sold by Garden Bros.

**Miscellaneous Problems.**

Ezra went into a place in Polk Street  
with \$26 in bills. He took fourteen drinks  
of liquor at 10c. a drink and then went over  
to the lake front with a man who wanted to  
show him the new monument. How much  
money did he have when he came back?

An alderman spends \$4,125 in his cam-  
paign. His salary is \$150 a year. How much  
does he need to come out even and where  
does he get it?

A policeman takes nine peanuts from an  
Italian every day. How many bushels of  
peanuts will the Italian lose if the policeman  
remains on that corner for fifteen successive  
years?

A prominent politician is indicted by the  
grand jury. He belongs to eight political  
clubs, has personal friends in office, knows  
1,642 of the boys around town, and has  
bought drinks in 728 saloons. How many  
years will it take to convict him, supposing  
that his lawyers continue the case eight times  
and make eleven motions to quash the in-  
dictment?

If a salesman receives \$7 a week and ex-  
pends \$4 for board, \$2 for room \$1 for laun-  
dry, \$3 for the theatres and \$2.75 for sun-  
dries, how much money can he put into the  
savings bank in six months?

If a colored man in New Orleans can earn  
\$3 a day, how many days in the week will he  
work?—Chicago Record.

**A NATURAL BEAUTIFIER.**

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and  
gives a clear and beautiful complexion. Sold by  
Garden Bros.

**FOUND!**

After a long and tedious struggle with the win-  
try elements, the festive youth of the golden hair at  
last found his way into Dalling's Jewellery Store  
where he says they are almost giving goods away.  
And it is a fact. We have got some of the hand-  
somest goods you ever saw, at prices that defy competi-  
tion. All branches of repairing attended to at rea-  
sonable prices.

**H. V. DALLING.**

**BUSINESS COURSE**

**FREDERICTON - BUSINESS - COLLEGE**

At about 25 per cent. less than other business col-  
leges. Instructions thorough in all commercial  
branches. Circular and specimens of penmanship  
mailed free. Before going to business college write  
for our circular.  
A. W. YOUNG, Principal.  
Fredericton, Box 295.

**WANTED.**

Birch, Ash, Pine,  
Butternut and Spruce  
Planks and Boards.

I will pay cash.

JAMES HAYDEN, Woodstock.

**Stop That Cough!**

"Frog in your Throat,"  
Pyne Pectorial,  
Ayer's Cherry Pectorial,  
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup,  
Wilson's Cherry Balsam,  
Harvey's Red Pine Syrup,  
Adamson's Cough Balsam,  
Allen's Lung Balsam,  
Pickle's Syrup,  
British Cough Balsam,  
Hawker's Balsam Tolu  
Opeleka Cough Mixture,  
Scott's Emulsion C. L. O.,  
Wiley's Emulsion C. L. O.,  
D. & L. Emulsion C.L.O., &c.

Hartland Drug Store,

Wm. E. Thistle,  
DRUGGIST.

FEWER BROS.,  
PLUMBERS,  
Steam, Gas and Water Fitters.

Orders Promptly and Carefully Filled.  
Prices moderate. Work warranted.

EMERALD ST., OPP. WILBUR HOUSE  
WOODSTOCK N. B.

**WHEW!  
But It's Cold.**



Yes, because you need a  
**Good Warm  
OVERCOAT**

**ULSTER.**

WE HAVE

Fine Lines of Beavers, Meltons,  
Friezes and Cheviots,

English, Scotch, German and  
Canadian Makes.

ORDER BEFORE THE RUSH.

**W. B. NICHOLSON,**  
Merchant Tailor,  
Cor. King and Main Streets.

JOB PRINTING done at B OK BINDING

**DANGERS OF SPRING**

- Children die in the spring.
- Blotches bloom in the spring.
- Boils break out in the spring.
- Women weaken in the spring.
- Men lose energy in the spring.
- Pimples protrude in the spring.
- Old people suffer in the spring.
- Malaria is deadly in the spring.
- La Grippe spreads in the spring.
- Doctors' bills grow in the spring.
- Undertakers thrive in the spring.
- All diseases germinate in the spring.
- Scott's Sarsaparilla sells in the spring.

"Scott's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and successful spring  
medicine we sell. Everybody uses it."—J. D. Todd, druggist,  
Queen St. W., Toronto. Write Mr. Todd, or any other drug-  
gist for particulars

**Scott's Sarsaparilla**  
All dealers, \$1.00 per large bottle. One teaspoonful a dose.  
USE SCOTT'S SKIN SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION!