

RANDOM REVERIES.

Reciprocity.

Whatever things we would that men should do unto us we ought to do to them.

"Claw me, and I'll Claw you."
"Whatever things etc., etc.," yes, to be sure. As we would have men speak of us, so we ought to speak of them—fairly, squarely and justly. If we would have men speak truly and kindly of us, we must speak truly and kindly of them. If we are unwilling to be ridiculed or insulted by others, we must beware that others are not ridiculed or insulted by us. If we expose the errors and reprove the follies of others, let us not complain if others do the same thing with our shortcomings. If we would have men do us justice in all our transactions with them—if we would have them aid us in our difficulties, relieve us in our wants, and comfort us in our sorrows—then we must aid them in perplexity, relieve them in adversity, and comfort them in grief. If we would not have men slander us, we must never slander them. If we would not have men cheat us, we must avoid cheating them. If we would not have others invade our liberty we must never try to abridge theirs. If we would not have others oppress and plunder us, we must beware of tyrannizing or robbing them. If we would not have others punish us in vengeance for our faults, but lovingly seek our reformation and welfare, we must pursue the same role in respect to them. If we would not like others to hang us when we do wrong, we should not try to put the rope around their necks when they stumble and fall a little short of "the big thing." If we would not like them to abandon us to destruction the moment they find we have been vanquished by temptation, we should not abandon them to destruction, the moment we find they make the fatal slip instead of kicking them under the water we should "throw out the life line" and bear a hand to "rescue the perishing." But if, even though we sin most grievously, we should still be unwilling to be morally electrocuted for our transgressions, and wish to be spared social and church boycotting, to reform, and have time given us to prove our reformation, why not extend the same privileges to others in similar unfortunate circumstances? In a word at all times, and in all circumstances, why not do to others what we wish that they should do to us? It's all plain sailing. No doubt about it! "Claw me, and I'll claw you." Oh! yes, by all means! But then this fine noble sentiment must be taken with certain limitations. There is nothing more common than to hear some of your prim stuck-up moralists rolling certain old proverbs like sweet morsels under their oily tongues. "Always speak of a man as you find him." "I praise the bridge that carries me," etc., etc. Stuff and balderdash! These proverbs are as old as the hills, and may be a good deal older for aught we know. But what do they really amount to? They amount just to this. As to the first. Because a man has never filched from me my good name, perjured himself to me, betrayed me, I am bound to bear testimony to his unblemished integrity towards all, forsooth. Because a man has never picked my pocket, stolen my property, burglarized my safe, I must proclaim him an honest man to the world. Because a man has never violated the sanctity of my domestic Eden and robbed me of the affections of my wife, or seduced my children from their allegiance, I must—hear it ye gods—sing his praises everywhere as a paragon of purity, whose virtue is spotless as the driven snow. Now, although in his dealings with me each of these men may have been actuated by such motives as enabled him to assume a character to which he had really no claim, or his hands may have been so tied up by circumstances as to keep him within the pale of the law, still, for aught I know to the contrary, in circumstances where every restriction was withdrawn, each would come to the front "in propria persona"—slanderer, thief, adulterer. Still, according to our own proverbial philosophy, so long as I myself do not suffer, whatever calamities may threaten my neighbors, I must sell myself to the Father of Lies, and lie in fact about hundreds of men. "Speak of men as you find them." Phew! Come now, that's good. Rather, beware of men as you find them, for that is usually just what they are not. How little do we know of the real characters of those by whom we are surrounded! We often pass by angels, mistaking them for fools or villains; and we often live among idiots and rascals mistaking them for saints. How seldom is a prophet recognized by the generation that enjoys his teaching! How common is it for exalted character and sterling worth to remain a secret until after a man's death, and how equally common for disguised villainy not to drop the mask, until after the devil has lugged its subject off, and trotted him down to Davy's "Inferno." Fact is, it is only about the living that we are expected to tell lies. Fact is, men praise and worship their foes, and denounce and persecute their friends; they honour their destroyers, and destroy their saviours, just like the Jews of old. It is not the benighted of heathendom alone, that, like the old natives of Ceylon, worshipped the devil and hate God. Hatred of God and worship of the devil are common to too many of us. Then as to the second proverb—"I praise the bridge that carries me"—what does it really mean? Just this, and nothing more. Because some old rickety bridge, garished with paint, though almost tottering to its fall carries me and my little wheelbarrowful of "personal property," though even a mite of careful scrutiny would show it to be full of rottenness, I must never cease lauding its praises to the ends of my little earth. Though every now and again, a quivering and a creaking give out their warning premonitions of disaster, so long as I can pass trippingly along, I shall hang out no danger signals to strangers following. No, no. Because it has carried me, though I privately know many of its weak points—its faulty beams and rusty rivets—I shall wave no red flag, flash no red light, to warn

the engine-driver of yonder train, sweeping round the curve, with its living freight, whose fancied security and joyful anticipations of the greetings of friends are in a few moments more to be dissipated and quenched, in the crash of falling timbers and the shrieks of the victims, precipitated into the seething waters, or mangled and crushed to death in to the yawning depths of the canon. No, let them all go to blazes. PAUL PRY.
Beaufort.

SHILOH'S CURE, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains 25 drops only 25c. Children love it. Sold by all druggists.

Clothing an Army

It costs a British Government \$6,250,000 annually for the clothing furnished its army all over the world, says the New York Journal. Each of the foreign possessions, however, has to pay back to a certain extent the amount which the uniforms of the troops stationed or sent there has cost, and this entails no end of complicated book keeping.

India, for instance, pays for the clothing of its own troops, and also for the uniforms of the men which England sends there. The latter item is about \$675,000 annual. On the other hand, when a regiment comes home from India, that country has to be paid back the full value of the clothes they wear.

The Government sell old and worn-out articles to the second-hand dealers, who, by the way, usually accumulate fortunes in a short time. The value of cast-off clothes so disposed of is about \$140,000 yearly. The scraps remaining after the uniforms have been cut out also bring a matter of \$30,000 annually. In all, the authorities receive back about \$1,500,000, thus reducing the total cost of clothing the army to less than \$5,000,000 a year.

The best quality of everything is used in the manufacture of uniforms. In fact, it is said that they are too good for durable wear. A huge factory in Pimlico, London, makes a large share of the furnishings, but vast quantities of foot and head-gear are bought ready-made. Boots and leggings, for example, cost 1,165,000, and head-dresses \$250,000.

The thousands of miles of flannel, linen, calico, cloth, velvet, etc., the millions of buttons, the tons of cotton wool, the billions of yards of sewing cotton that are made into smart tunics, tidy trousers and warm shirts, cost \$2,425,000. The wages made for making these up is over \$6000 a week. Some of the salaries paid for this branch are excellent for England. The inspector of clothing receives \$6000 and his assistants \$2750 apiece, and so on down the long list.

But all this vast expense is probably much less than the annual outlay that France or Germany make for keeping its soldiers smart in appearance in times of peace. In Germany, for instance, every man in the army is said to have four complete suits of military clothing.

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.

Domestic Infelicity.

The following report of an unhappy affair at Digby is from the Halifax Herald. An interesting case of infelicity is being brought to light by the preliminary investigation before Justices White and Hutchinson. The principals in the affair are Wm. S. Troop, proprietor of the Myrtle House, his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. John P. Sullivan, of Cleveland, Ohio. Troop, who is the defendant in the proceedings, came to Digby in the spring of 1895, and took a three years' lease of the Myrtle House. Being a tolerably good looking man, represented as having lots of capital at his back, and no better half appearing on the scene, it was, perhaps, not unnatural that several of the proverbial "fairest daughters" should look favorably upon him. After a few months, however, it was rumored that Troop had a wife living somewhere in the United States and three weeks ago those interested received ocular evidence of the fact, when his wife and mother-in-law arrived in Digby and the latter commenced an action in the Supreme Court for \$2,500, due, as she claims, for money paid by her for the support of her daughter, Troop's wife, whom he is alleged to have deserted shortly after their marriage, which took place at Racine, Wisconsin, in 1893. Soon after coming to Digby, Mrs. Troop, who is a very pretty blonde of about medium height, notified her husband that she looked to him to furnish her with means for support. An interview was arranged for at the Myrtle House, and the two ladies, accompanied by a friend, called on Troop. After some talk, Troop ordered the ladies out, but his wife refused to go. Ranging alongside of the mother-in-law, he seized her from behind by the shoulders and deftly insinuating his knee into the small of her back, brought her to the floor in a forcible and unceremonious manner, then planting a knee on her breast he began fingering her throat in a most suggestive manner. A clamor was raised and then Troop, picking up the elderly lady from the floor, bundled her out neck and crop, and tumbled her down the steps in a heap. Returning to the hall where his wife stood he grabbed her, and she in turn disappeared down the steps. The remaining lady was then given orders to march, which she did, materially assisted by the indefatigable Troop. As soon as Mrs. Sullivan was able to move about she procured a warrant, under which her son-in-law was arrested, and the examination resulted in his being committed to the Supreme Court for trial.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT will purify your Blood, clear your Complexion, regulate your Bowels and make your head clear as a bell. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

Author—What do you think of my new book? Friend—There are some very fine passages in it. Author—Ah? Friend—Yes, the quotations at the head of the chapters.

REMARKABLE CASES

Chronic Invalids Keen from their Sick Beds After G. V. G. Up's Op.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure. 25c.

Markdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Truro, N.S.—H. H. Sutherland, traveler, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Lucan—Wm. Branton, gardener, pin worms; all gone. Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Peter Van Alstan, eczema for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Gower Point—Robano Bartard, dreadful itching piles, 30 years. Well again; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Meysburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills. 25c.

Chesley—H. Will's son, crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes, completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kidney trouble, 30 years; cured. Chase's Pills. 25c.

Toronto—Miss Hattie Delaney, 174 Crawford street, subject of perpetual colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's remedies are sold by all dealers. Edmondson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

Choice Molasses, Spices and Coffee.	Ladies' Cloth Jackets, Latest Styles.
Newest Patterns in Dress Goods.	Stockinette Yarns and Cashmere Hose.
Ulsters, Overcoats, Gents' and Boys' Suits.	R. W. Balloch's Cash Store, Centreville. Oct. 5, 1895.

NOTICE

The undersigned was by Resolution of Council held Sept. 8th inst, "instructed to notify, by publication in the newspapers, all those living along the line of the Sewers that they are required to make connection with the sewers this fall, and if they do not the law will be enforced to compel them to enter" and of which those interested will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly. Rates and forms of applications can be had on application to the undersigned. Dated this 10th day of September 1896. DONALD MUNRO, Superintendent of Sewerage.

"Let me take this blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar. "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it and see it ache!"

She—What charming teeth Mrs. Highsea has! He—You flatter me, madam. She—Oh, pardon; you are her husband? He—Oh, no; only her dentist.

Bigson—I once possessed a splendid dog, who could always distinguish between a vagabond and a respectable person. Jigson—Well, what's become of him? Bigson—Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me.

Wilks is a most absurd somnambulist. "What's he done now?" "He's just come back from a yachting holiday, you know, and last night he sat down in a bath, and baled it out until he flooded the whole floor."

Lady (in pursuit of cook)—Why did you leave your place? Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and mistress used to quarrel, mum. Lady—What did they use to quarrel about? Cook—The way the dinner was cooked, mum.

The youngest monarch at his accession was Henry VI., who was nine months old. The oldest was William IV., who succeeded his brother in his sixty-fifth year. The king who died youngest was Edward V., who was murdered in his thirteenth year. No king prior to George II. attained the age of seventy years.

BUSINESS COURSE

FREDERICTON - BUSINESS - COLLEGE

At about 25 per cent. less than other business colleges. 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.

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Toned and Regulated. The

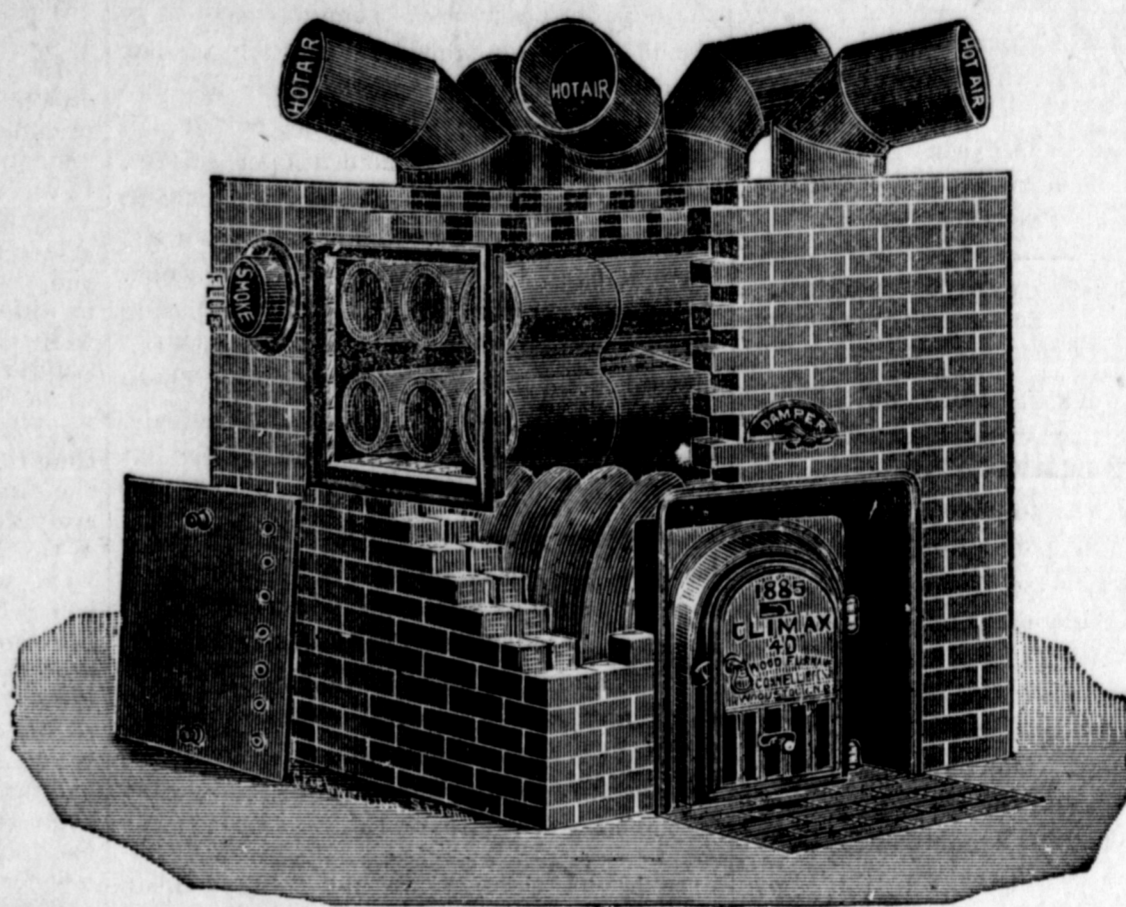
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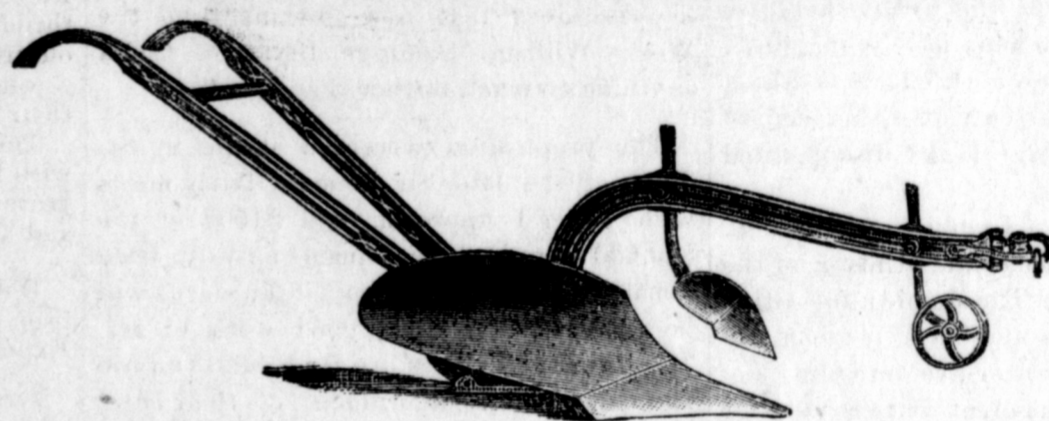
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The Most Powerful Heater Made

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SYRACUSE STEEL PLOW!

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

We sold 120 of these Plows last season, and they are pronounced the BEST PLOW ever used in the county

We have on hand and are manufacturing a full line of

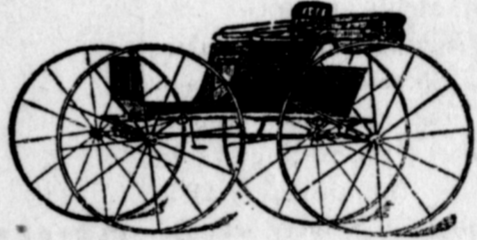
Chilled Plows,

Including our Celebrated No. 1.

Connell Bros.,

Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

ONE WAY OUT!



That is in selling what Carriages we were able to save from the Fire at Upper Woodstock.

We invite all those desiring a FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE in every respect to step into our new warehouses opp. the office of Small & Fisher, upper end of town, and help along home manufactures. Thanking our many friends for their kind sympathy extended, we cherish the hope that those who wish a Carriage or Heavy Wagon will give us a call. Fine Repairing of all kinds, in wood iron or Upholstering on Carriages done on the premises. Fine Cabinet work made to order.

Yours truly,

Chestnut & Hipwell.

WE LEAD

Others follow in the matter of Low Prices on

Brick, Lime, Nails, Paints and Oils.

We have in stock Ryan's and Pike's Brick, also Rogers' Extra Lime, the best that we can get.

We will trade in exchange for goods any quantity of Wrought Iron Scrap—do not want stove pipe or berrel hoops.

SHAW & DIBBLEE,

HARTLAND HARDWARE STORE.

"I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race?" she remarked. "Yes," replied the man of mournful experience, "but that is not what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win."

At the present time there are owned and controlled by the railroads and private car companies of America nearly 1,359,000 freight cars, or, in other words, enough cars to make two continuous trains reaching from Boston to San Francisco with an engine for every forty-five cars.