

RANDOM REVERIES.

On Principle.

Yes, I will abide by principle—principle, of course, that is truthful, virtuous, purifying, elevating, ennobling. But what shall I do for food and clothing? Wealth seems to be mostly in the hands of worthless worldlings. What shall I do for power and influence, to aid me in the illumination and regeneration of my race? Power and influence and patronage and fame and titles are mostly in the hands of Mammon. I say what shall I do, with so much against me? I will just give myself no undue trouble about such things at all. I will do what I can to obtain for my family and myself food and raiment honestly; and when I have done that, I will leave the rest to God. I will use what money and power and influence and patronage I possess in the cause of truth and righteousness; and when I have done that I will leave the rest in God's hands, and not to chance. He clothes the grass of the field and the lilies of the valley in verdure and beauty, which today are green and lovely, and tomorrow are burned in the oven;—and will he not clothe me? He feeds the birds of the air, which neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns;—and will he not feed me? He gave power and influence to his people of old, and rendered them, though poor while they lived, the objects of reverence and gratitude and love to millions in following generations; and he can do the same to me, if I prove myself worthy of his favour. His will, I say, be done. I will strive to do my duty—the rest is His. The world may call it weakness or madness to pay such high regard to principle; I call it true philosophy. I cannot serve God and Mammon, whatever some blatant "professors"—burning and shining lights—"over the left" may pretend to do. God and Mammon are two opposing masters on opposite sides of the bench, whose interests clash—I can serve only one of them at a time. Let Mammon go to Jericho; I choose to abide with God.

No doubt the cultivation of principle and the exercise of self-denial seem to many to be rather hard. There seems to be little prospect of a speedy return for all the labour which they take under the sun. They must either be content to sow, and wait for their harvest, until they enter the world unseen; they must either be content to fight, and wait to be crowned when the strife is over; they must either be willing to die, and be content with a future immortality of appreciation, or cease their benevolent labours altogether. They will be honoured, it is true, on earth, but not till they have left it. They will be understood and appreciated by their fellow men, but only by the men of coming generations. Their principles will at last be understood, and justice will at last be done them; but not till they themselves have mingled with the dust. Once upon a time, there was an extensive employer—a reprobate extortioner—who ground down his employees to the last cent, and fatted on their hearts' blood. One of these employees, the father of a large family, died from disease and starvation. The public howl against the scoundrel manufacturer, who was a pillar of the church and gave largely (as is usual in such cases) of his operative pillage to "the cause." To palliate in some measure the storm of public execration, what did my fine gentleman do. He put up a shabby headstone on the grave of the deceased. A day or two afterwards, a wag, who knew a thing or two, on preparing the grave with some friends naively remarked—"Yes, by thunder, he asked for bread, and they gave him a stone." Let no man deceive himself. If he would be faithful to truth, to righteousness, to mankind, to God, he must be prepared to sacrifice all for these. He must be prepared for reproach, for contempt, for violence, for persecution, for these will undoubtedly be his lot. If he deserve a good name, he is almost sure to be defamed with a bad one. If he live as he ought, he is sure to be abused and denounced as an enemy of mankind. But let him not murmur. The dispensation which seems dark at present, shall prove in the end to have been wise and benevolent.

One more thought, as preachers say. There is a certain class of people, who are always bloating about principle, and doing things (often pretty iniquitous things) on principle, but who in reality have not as much principle in their paltry pitiful souls, as would amount to a grain of mustard seed—who make principle a cloak for every species of roguery as too many people—especially boss deacons—do religion. When engaged in any mercantile transaction, they will endeavour to "sell" the man with whom they are dealing by underestimating the articles they are bargaining for, and offering an inadequate price for the same—all on principle of course—because, to do this they sanctimoniously insist would be attaching a fictitious value to the goods which their indurated conscience could not countenance. The crops which they raise—oats, wheat, barley, potatoes etc.—are so far ahead of everything their neighbors can produce, that they demand ten or fifteen cents a bushel more than "any other man"—on principle of course. So with their stock—horses, cattle, sheep, etc., in breed and other requisites they are almost unequalled anywhere, and hence they "put on the tawse"—on principle do you see? When hiring an employee they will piously screw him down to the most beggarly wage—on principle—insisting he is not worth the hire he demands, though everybody knows the reverse. When professing to act on work for others, they will demand an outrageously extravagant return for their intrusions, on the plea of the superior excellence and extraordinary value of everything to which they condescend to put their hand—all on principle. When solicited for charitable subscriptions towards a philanthropic object, they will solemnly shake their heads, and Jeremiah-like button up their pockets, on principle as usual, because they don't conscientiously approve of the undertaking. All miserable excuses for parsimony, nearness, swindling—shouldered on principle, forsooth. There is a case in point and if the cap does not fit, why you need not put it on. A mean "cuss" once got into a wrangle with a cabman (according to my authority) about a cab fare. The fare was not an overcharge, but the "regulation tip." But the "cuss" wanted something knocked off and pleaded that he was charged too much. "It isn't the amount you know" he said to cabby, but the principle." Cabby however was obdurate—principle or no principle—and the cabman had to shell out. Some time afterwards the same pious "swal" was engaged in a fight for \$50,000. Nothing about principle then, but simply about amount of stake. There was somewhere in his finely sanctified estimation a point between a cab fare and \$50,000 where principle was swamped and amount became high cock-o-lorum a point which all sockdolagers, with few exceptions, recognize—a point which varies with wants and temptations—and a point at which virtue is so often thrown to the winds. Still people will boast about principle, and what they will do on principle. A friend of mine, not generally regarded as very "sound on the fundamentals," conversing with me the other day on the interesting subject of future rewards and punishments, was boasting somewhat of what he would do in the world of spirits—that is if he ever got there. Said he—"Brother Pry" (he has got the orthodox slang and twang) when I go aloft I intend to stand no nonsense.

I intend to go slap up to the peak on a horse-fork in a jiffy, and take a high seat, (none of your back slums for me) among the celestial big-bugs—on principle. After all, as the Lord Chief Justice of Aberdeen remarked to me not very long ago (and few people have such a knowledge of human nature as his Lordship) you may talk about principle just as you like Squire Pry but the general mainspring of the most of human actions is *Selfishness*. His Lordship never spoke a more truthful word in his life. An revoir. Beaufort. PAUL PRY.

Spreading Manure.

In spreading manure on the land that too common and wasteful practice of leaving it in heaps for a length of time should be avoided. It wastes the manure and spoils the land. The effect is that the spots on which the manure lies are saturated with the liquid draining from it every shower, and the solid part, then deprived of all the soluble and most active portions, is of little use.

When the crop is growing these spots appear repeated in the field in green rich masses of highly manured vegetation. Every heap leaves its distinct mark on the field, and in time the unwholesome overstimulated growth becomes diseased, rust attacks the grain and destroys it, while the rest of the crop is starved for want of what has been wasted elsewhere. It is a very true saying that manure is never worth more than it is the day it is made, and that the best place to put it is on the ground, spreading it as it is drawn to the land, "when the washing by the rains takes the strength of it into the soil, where the remainder will go at the plowing. This is a timely thing to think of while the land is in preparation for the wheat.

Cured of Chronic Catarrh.

A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Jennison, Gilford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 55 cent box at that.

Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your houses regulated, your children instructed, the afflicted relieved, the poor visited, the work of piety accomplished?—Massillon.

If your child is puny, fretful, troubled with glandular swellings, inflamed eyes, or sores on the head, face, or body, a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is needed to expell the scrofulous humors from the blood. The sooner you begin to give this medicine the better.

Flattery never emanates from great souls. It is an attribute of small minds, who thus still further belittle themselves to enter into the vital being of the persons about whom they crawl.

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. For sale by Garden Bros.

Death is not half so horrible as life lived wrongly. The mental sickness and confusion of a wilfully degraded existence are worse tortures than are contained in the grossest notions of hell.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe, into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing. Lamartine.

HEALTH must begin in GOOD DIGESTION.

It is next found in RICH, PURE BLOOD,

Which gives color to the cheek and vigor to the brain and muscle. K. D. C. is the greatest cure for Indigestion in any form. A test proves the statement. HIGHEST ENDORSEMENT.

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For further information apply to James Gooch Jacksonville; C. R. Carman, Woodstock, or SAMUEL WATTS, Sec'y to Committee. Woodstock, Sept. 15, 1896.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

Of Interest to Bicycle Riders.

A well known bicycle rider has made a discovery that will be good news too all who locomote on the wheel. He says:

Since I first began to ride a wheel, which is several years ago, I have been subject to more or less chafing and irritation. Sometimes when heated the itching inside my legs would be so severe that I would feel compelled to forego riding for a time. Nothing that I tried did any material good until my attention was drawn to an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Ointment for all itching of the skin. I tried it and almost from the moment it touched the skin the itching stopped. I also find its occasional use prevents chafing. Further evidence of the efficacy of this preparation is given by Chas. Roe, foreman Central Press Agency, Toronto, who was troubled with Itching Skin of the most aggravated kind. When the skin became heated during sleep from too much clothing, would wake up with absolute pain from digging into the flesh with his nails. Chase's Ointment gave relief from the first application and permanently cured. Price 60c.



Wm. McKinley says:

"My wife last Spring was a very sick woman; had no appetite, her food distressed her, was failing every day. A friend advised her to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla and three bottles worked wonders. To-day she is a new woman." CUTLER, MAINE, June 4th, '96.

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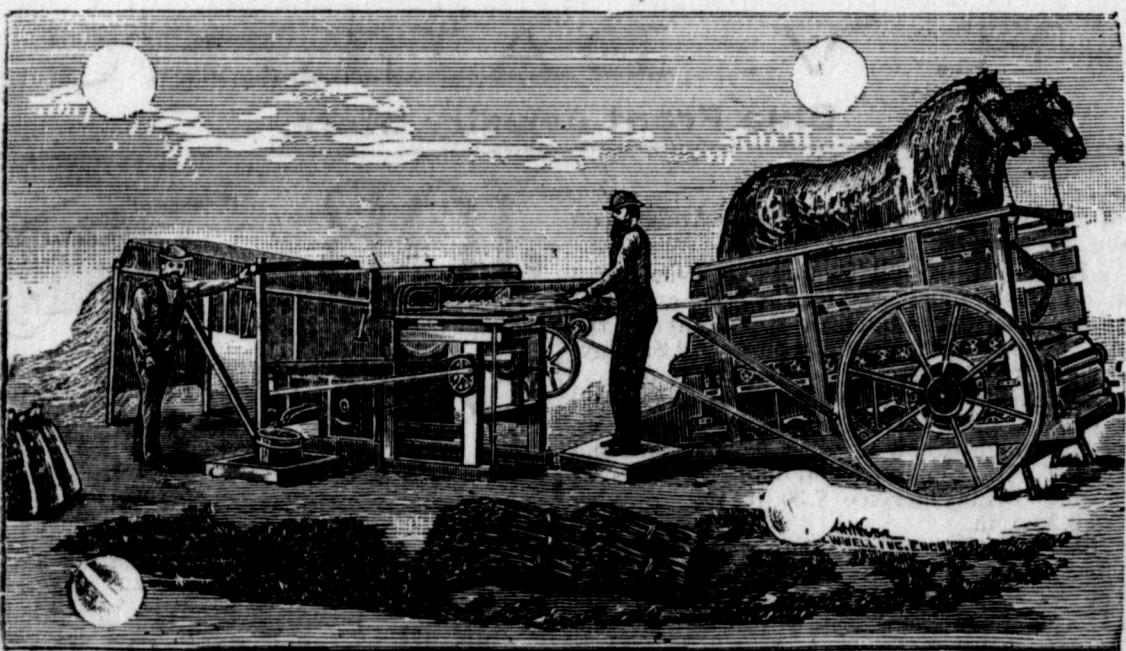
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What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895. Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen.—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.

Scotch Settlement, Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.

Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1. 1895. Dear Sirs, Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock.

Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.

Yours respectfully,

DAVID DELUCRY.

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