

RANDOM REVERIES.

Reformers.

"Don't do as I do, but do as I bid you do."
How desperately inconsistent we often are, especially when we have been passing through what in our blindness we have mistaken for a great religious crisis, spurious "times of refreshing" as they are often called, too often give birth to spurious views of our own characters and motives, and of the characters and motives of others, culminating in vaunting or censorious spirit, both in public and in private, not only most unjustifiable and positively wicked, but alas, of course, highly subversive of Christian charity and Christian toleration. It is ridiculous for people, especially those who claim to be saints, publicly to reprove others for their sins and misdemeanours, when they are themselves guilty of similar, or, it may be, greater transgressions of the moral law and often of many another law. When men stand forth as the religious and moral reformers of others, while they are themselves unreformed—when they piously pretend to be zealous for the correction of abuses in others, while they show no disposition to correct abuses in themselves, they insult and outrage the common feelings of humanity, and do incalculable injury to the cause of righteousness and truth. A man even with imperfections may stand forth as a religious and moral reformer, but not a man of flagrant vices, either open or concealed, just as a man may aspire to be a teacher either of the young, or of the old, who has yet himself much to learn, but not a man who glories in his ignorance, and pertinaciously refuses to be instructed. So a man may be a religious and moral reformer, in whom there is much to improve, provided he is willing and strives to improve. The moral obstructions to religious and moral reformation are unprincipled and vicious men, who claim to be "the biggest toads in the puddle," and are always holding up themselves as models of all Christian graces, while they often have few or none of them. The most intolerable of inconsistent characters are the men who with a hundred beams in their own eyes, are always bloating about plucking out the mote from their brother's optical blinker. Yet we always find such egotistical, canting demagogues, both in the church and in the world, early putting themselves forward to be the observed of all observers, to rule the roost in faith and practice, with the most unblushing impudence; and we almost always suffer more or less from their vulgar and insolent assumption. Why, yonder is a man who professes to have experienced all the blessed agonies of the new birth, all that Ossian calls "the joy of grief" on account of his heinous sins, and is always yelping against backsliding, impure conversation and profane swearing, while all the time he continues on the sly, an unprincipled liar, a wholesale slanderer and one of the foulest mouthed reprobaters to be found. Yonder is another praying, hymnsinging "daisy," who is always whining about the charities of life, and the love and respect the young ought to show to the aged, but the old folks have no sooner made over their all to him, than the disguised wolf throws off the sheep's pelt and the savage brute is seen in all his native deformity, sacrificing everything as his avaricious man, ruthlessly violating all the sacred immunities of age and at last turning his old father and mother almost out into the street, to become wretched paupers on the parish, or miserable inmates in a poor house. My old friends it is time enough for your children to "enter on possession" when you heads are cold in the grave. Yonder is an orthodox preacher who proclaims himself a servant of the Lord and all that sort of thing—a reformer of the morals of his flock, yet who, when his little Sabbath day's by-play is over gives himself no concern whatever about other pastoral work—visitation of the sick and infirm, rooting out prevailing forms of iniquity, raising a storm of public indignation against proprietors and lessees of dens of infamy (he is too much of a moral coward for that) but spends all of his leisure hours in the retirement of his own home quietly reposing beneath the delightful shade of his own fig tree, and complacently pondering over the probable proceeds of the next pie sociable. Yonder is a candidate for political honors, a gentleman always to be met with, and taking a prominent part in social gatherings for "religious and moral purposes"—one of your great temperance leaders, to boot—a clap-trap denouncer of rum in all its forms and shapes, but yet who can't run his election without the aid of what Captain Marryat calls "a damned good-natured friend" to provide the "lush" on the sly, so that his own name may not appear on the books, and sometimes forgets to pay "the cash" after all. And yonder—to take a charitable view of the character—is a religious idiot who has got some sanctification crocheted on the brain that has turned him topsy-turvy, until he fancies himself a second John the Baptist howling in the wilderness, but still retaining in the deep recesses of his unrenewed heart all the spiritual pride, all the malignant intolerance and all the dark passions of revenge that would fit him—if he had any brains to speak of, which he has not—for playing the role of a good inquisitor.

"He wheels about and turns about
And does just so
And every time he wheels about
He jumps Jim Crow.
Nevertheless, plain, straightforward dealing on the part of true religious and moral reformers will almost—always finally succeed in abashing and confounding such pretenders to virtue, and in counteracting the mischievous influence of such Pharasaical hypocrites. But why is it that many reformers—religious, moral and political too, even, when they are not actuated by unmitigated selfishness, but go about their work from apparently the purest motives, are by many received with suspicion, and are often, like the greatest reformer who ever lived, "despised and rejected of men." The reason is obvious. In nine cases out of ten, it will too often be found, that while occasionally we meet with some professed regenerators of society, who, like Caesar's wife are "above suspicion," there are by no means a few others, whose grand

main-spring of action is vanity, indecision or policy. Some go upon the reforming campaign, merely to make a fuss, just as that international idiot Sergeant Bates, a few years ago, flouted the Stars and Stripes through England for no other earthly purpose than to create a big sensation; and there were plenty of fools gulled by his Yankee bragadocio. Men are never satisfied with reformers. Often they are too violent or too calm—too rough or too smooth. They reject too little or too much—they are either too strict or too loose in their teachings—they are either too uncompromising or too shilly-shallying. They are too singular or too much like the common herd, while their opposition to prevailing errors is too unqualified or too tame. They forget the old adage, in *medio tutissimus ibis* (thou shalt walk safest "between and between,") or are always in *nubibus* (in the clouds). In a word, they either go too far or not far enough, just like ministers, when preaching funeral sermons, who say too much, and thus give mortal offence to the enemies of the lamented defunct, or say too little, and thus give mortal offence to the friends of the lamented defunct. Better often to say nothing at all, and let the lamented defunct go his own way to flourish as "a spirit blest or goblin d-d," just as luck may be. We repeat, men are never satisfied with reformers. It was so in the days of old Jesus, the Great Reformer, was too social, and the Baptist, another reformer, was not social enough. Jesus came eating and drinking like other men, and the people called him a gluttonous wine-bubber, and a friend of publicans and sinners; John would neither eat nor drink like other men, and they dubbed him a devil or scanted him as a madman. Yes, men always make some excuse for spurning reformers. They see they cannot chime in with reformers, without risking their interests, their ease or their good name. They resolve therefore to cut them dead unwilling to confess the true reason of their abandonment, they assign as this reason something in the means or conduct of reformers, always firing on something, which they know is unpopular with the multitude. Yet all true reformers find some, at least, who appreciate them, and who, to the extent of their ability and influence; do justice to their characters. Truth still has its friends, and goodness has ever its adorers; and the time will come, when the cause of the true reformer shall triumph, and the friends of truth shall be honoured, while the men who prefer interest and ease to everything, shall be covered with confusion and shame.

Beaufort. PAUL PRY.

A Churn That churns in One Minute.

I have been in the dairy business all my life and have many times churned for an hour before butter would appear, so when I heard of a churn that would churn in a minute, I concluded to try it. Every day for a week I used it, and not only could I churn in a minute, but I got more and better butter than with the common churn. This is very important information to butter makers. The churn works easily and will churn an ordinary churning in less than sixty seconds. I have sold two dozen of these churns in the past month. Every butter maker that has seen me churn in less than a minute bought one. You can obtain all the information regarding the churn by addressing J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, Mo., and they will give you prompt and courteous attention. A DAIRYMAN.

An Original Composition.

A Virginia teacher has a boy of ten years in her school who recently prepared this very original composition:

WINTER.
Winter is the coldest season of the year because it comes in winter mostly. In some countries winter comes in summer and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer in this country for then we could go skating barefooted and we could snowball without getting our fingers cold. It snows more in winter than any other season. A wicket boy took my skates and ran off with them and I couldn't catch him. Mother says judgment will overtake him well if judgment dose he will have to be pretty lively in his legs for that boy can run buly. Now I will stop.

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.

Following the example of Lord and Lady Aberdeen at the capital of the Dominion of Canada, Lord and Lady Brassey are astonishing society at Melbourne by the democracy of their ways, and especially by the interest which they display in other people's servants. At Ottawa the viceroys and the Countess of Aberdeen have made a point of giving at least one, and sometimes two, balls each year at their palace of Rideau Hall for their own servants and for those of their friends. Lord and Lady Aberdeen and their family taking part in the dances. At Melbourne, where Lord Brassey is "reigning" as Governor, Lady Brassey sent out invitations the other day for "one man and one maid" in the servants' hall of every house upon her visiting list. The result was a large gathering of servants in the famous ball-room of the Government House, and both Lord and Lady Brassey as well as the titled members of the Governor's staff, took a very active part in the dancing. Meanwhile, Melbourne society which is as "cliquish" and provincially narrow as our own, is agast.

Marry This Girl Ruler.

I saw in your paper that a 13 year old boy made \$1.25 the first hour he worked selling the perfection Metal Tip Lampwick. I ordered a sample and went to work and the first week I cleared \$10, the second week I cleared \$15. I expect to run up to \$25 a week in the near future, as the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick makes such a beautiful white light and does away with smoky chimneys and bad odor and saves oil, it is easy to sell. If you wish to try it send 13 two cent stamps to Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., and she will send you sample outfit. This is a good way to make money around home. MISS TINA W.

It is no use for one to stand in the shade and complain that the sun does not shine upon him. He must come out resolutely on the hot and dusty field, where all are compelled to antagonize with stubborn difficulty, and pertinaciously strive until he conquers, if he would deserve to be crowned.

An honest man who stood upon the ragged edge of death, but was convinced of the truth.

Calais, Me., May 13, 1896.
John Boyd, mason, 61 years old, says: "Last Spring I was very sick and miserable, had no appetite, could not sleep nights, began to think my time had come, and that I was to join the great majority. I walked around the streets feeling entirely used up, was good for nothing, could not do a minute's work, until like a drowning man gasping for straws, concluded to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and began using it, as directed; it began to help me from the first trial. After using three bottles, my old-fashioned good health returned to me, and have been well and strong ever since. I cannot express in language the great worth of this wonderful medicine and what I think of it." Yours truly, JOHN BOYD.

HELP CAME AT LAST.

I have been a hard working man doing general work. Over one year ago I suffered a severe attack of LaGrippe. It left me in a helpless condition. I suffered with severe pains in my back and could not do any work. I was advised to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles, and it is marvelous how quick it cured me. That is over two years ago, and my health since that time has never been better. LINDSAY SCOTT.
Calais, Me., Jan., 1896.

PRINCETON, May 23d.

THOMSON SARSAPARILLA CO.:
Having the LaGrippe last winter, I was left near spring in very bad shape. I was all run down and I began to think I would never get any strength. F. H. Hall, of Calais, called at my place and advised me to take Thomson's Sarsaparilla. He said he would send three bottles if I would take them, and after taking two bottles I began to gain strength. I then took two more, and I must say of all the different kinds of medicines I have taken, it is with me one of the best. And I will say that I thank Mr. Hall and the Thomson Sarsaparilla Co. for what it has done for me. C. A. ROBBINS.

Given up in despair to die.

PATRICK MYERS, of Calais, Me., says: I was troubled with eruptions on the face and body, causing at times a burning and itching sensation which was almost unendurable; could do no work. I tried to get help from a number of our physicians, and paid them hundreds of dollars, which proved hopeless, was confined to my bed. I gave up entirely to despair. I was advised to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and I used eight bottles which entirely cured me. It purified my blood, restored my appetite, made me feel like a new man. Today am about my work, not forgetting to speak great words of praise for the above medicine.

Weak, Nervous, Sleepless, Tired and Run Down.

Nothing is so common today as the complaint of weak nerves. Read the testimony of MR. H. W. EATON, of Calais, Me.:
My nerves were so weak that it was a burden for me to do any business, and sleep was out of the question, also had considerable difficulty with my stomach. I tried Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and it proved a blessing to me. I think everything of it, it is a great medicine, and it is a pleasure for me to recommend it.

There are numberless people who do not call themselves sick, yet who are tired, weak, nervous, languid and ill. They have lost their vim, power of endurance and ambition to work. Most people have these feelings in the spring, because at this season the blood is impure, the nerves weakened, and the liver, kidney and bowels inactive.

Prepared by the
Doctor Thomson Medicine Co.,
Calais Me., and St. Stephen, N. B.

Rule your temper and temper your tongue. A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.

The first and most important quality of woman is sweetness.

True liberty is that of a mind freed from the vanities of this world.

Great men are medals which God marks with the stamp of their century.

If religion has done nothing for your temper it has done nothing for your soul.

He who has overcome one evil temper has acquired moral force to overcome another.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness on everything.—W. G. Wills.

The sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice of the woman one loves.—La Bruyere.

The happiness and misery of men depend no less on temper than fortune.—Rochefoucauld.

There is a certain stupidity closely connected with all prolonged severity of word or thought or action.

Do not disdain your situation in life. It is there that you must act, suffer and conquer.—H. F. Amiel.

Delays are dangerous, have your eyes properly fitted at once by W. B. Jewett, Expert Optician, 37 Main St., Woodstock.

The greater economy of soiling in Summer, and of silage in the Winter, as compared with pasture and hay and grain feeding in the Winter, is equivalent to gain of one-half or more of the feed, or the feeding of two to four heads in place of one. That is, one acre under these more economical systems will feed one cow where four acres under the very best management will be required, and even more under unskillful management. Of course there is more work to be done and paid for; the feeding is the saving; the work is about evenly increased, in proportion to the increase in the number of cows.

FALL GOODS

Of all kinds. Prices Away Down, and a Liberal Discount for Cash.

W. R. WRIGHT,
UPPER WOODSTOCK.



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 warerooms 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.

THE GRAND TEA PARTY, | THANE JONES' NEW BOOK.

For Little Folks,
PRICE 35 CTS.

—ON SALE AT—

Mrs. Loane's and Everett's
BOOKSTORES,
WOODSTOCK.



Mailed to any part of Canada on receipt of price in stamps or money.

LOOK OUT FOR SNOW.

The calendar says winter is near. All those that want their Sleighs or Pungs Painted will do well to look them over at this time and give McKenzie a call. I want your trade, feeling sure you can do as well with me as anybody in the business and, I think, better, considering the wearing quality of the job I do. Should you want a cheap job, don't go by me on that account. Any kind of a job will be given you for the lowest possible price. Remember the place,
Loane's Factory, Connell Street.

Respectfully Yours,

JOHN MCKENZIE.

How to Make One Hour Valuable.

Call at my store and examine the Bargains I am offering in WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLRY and SILVERWARE. If you do this I will tell you how to make money, for a dollar saved is a dollar earned. What we say we do we do do.

H. V. DALLING,

Blue Front Jewelry Store.

Agent N. B. Telephone Co., C. P. R. Telegraph Co.

Careful attention paid to all messages.

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.	B. W. Balloch's Cash Store, Centreville. Oct. 5, 1895.



If you want to get strength and purity you will find our stock of Drugs the best in the vicinity. Our Drugs are bought with the greatest care, and we take pains that none but Pure Drugs reach our shelves. McKee's Quinine Iron and Wine and McKee's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, a Skin and Blood Remedy, are confidently recommended to the public for spring disorders.

CHAS. MCKEEN, Druggist, Woodstock.

DO YOU WANT Tinware, Sove Pipe, Hot Air Furnaces,

Or anything of that kind. If so call on
C. B. Churchill
You will find him in WOODSTOCK at
21 KING STREET,

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.