

## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

In the ghostly light I'm sitting, musing of dead  
 December,  
 While the fire-clad shapes are fitting in and out  
 Among the embers  
 On my hearthstone in mad races, and I marvel,  
 For in seeming  
 I can dimly see the faces and the scenes of which  
 I'm dreaming.

O golden Christmas days of yore!  
 In sweet anticipation  
 I lived their joys for days before  
 Their glorious realization;  
 And on the dawn  
 Of Christmas morn  
 My childish heart was knocking  
 A wild tattoo,  
 As 'twould break through,  
 As I unhung my stocking.

Each simple gift that came to hand,  
 How marvelous I thought it!  
 A treasure straight from Wonderland,  
 For Santa Claus had brought it,  
 And my cries  
 Of glad surprise  
 The others came flocking  
 To share my glee  
 And view with me  
 The contents of the stocking.

Years sped—I left each well-loved scene  
 In Northern wilds to roam,  
 And there, 'mid tossing pine trees green,  
 I made myself a home.

We numbered three  
 And blithe were we,  
 At adverse fortune mocking,  
 And Christmaside  
 By our fireside  
 Found hung the baby's stocking.

Alas! with our home tonight  
 No sweet young voice is ringing,  
 And through its silent rooms no light,  
 Free, childish step is springing.  
 The wild winds rave  
 O'er baby's grave

Where plummy vines are rocking,  
 And crossed at rest  
 On marble breast  
 The hands that filled my stocking.

With misty eyes but steady hand  
 I raise my Christmas chalice;  
 Here's to the children of the land  
 In cabin or in palace:

May each one hold  
 The key of gold  
 The gates of glee unlocking,  
 And hands be found  
 The whole world round  
 To fill the Christmas stocking.

—Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

## Why he Didn't Speak.

One was a country friend who was visiting  
 the other girl, probably a stenographer, as a  
 long streak of typewriter ink ran across her  
 hand. The country girl was delighted with  
 everything she saw, and made audible re-  
 marks about whatever caught her fancy.  
 Suddenly her eyes fell upon two people at an  
 adjoining table, and, leaning forward, she  
 whispered:

"Say, Nell, look over there."  
 Nell, turning her head, replied somewhat  
 languidly:

"Well, Bess, what is it?"  
 "See that man and woman?" Bess return-  
 ed, upsetting the ketchup in her eagerness.  
 "Yes."

"See how they are sitting there without  
 saying a single word to each other. They  
 are evidently husband and wife, ain't they?"  
 asked Bess, growing excited.

"I guess they are, but what of it?"

"Why, it's just as it always is," was Bess'  
 whispered answer. "As soon as a man's  
 married he ceases to care for the woman he  
 raved over before they were united. Just  
 look at that man."

Nell suggested that perhaps the man might  
 have talked himself out, but Bess would not  
 admit that this was the case.

"I should say not," she retorted angrily.  
 "Why, if some other man would come in  
 you'd see how quickly he find something to  
 say. It's all of a piece with the actions of  
 the sex. Don't you think so?"

"Think what?" Nell asked, mystified by  
 Bess' denunciations.

"That men are horrid creatures, anyway?"

"No, Bess, I can't say I do," Nell return-  
 ed warmly. "I know too many nice men to  
 think that. You've been reading some  
 articles on woman's rights, I suppose," and  
 she laugh a little sneeringly.

"Yes, I have, but even if I hadn't I'd have  
 eyes in my head. How would you like your  
 husband, if you had one, to treat you that  
 way?"

"I wouldn't like him to act that way,"  
 Nell returned, her cheek flushing as she  
 thought of the one who was destined to  
 occupy that position, "but then I'd try to  
 make myself a little more pleasant than that  
 woman is doing. She hasn't said a word,  
 either."

"I wouldn't talk to such an old bear!" was  
 Bess' answer.

Neither of them had any idea of how loud  
 they were talking and so were considerably  
 annoyed when the man in question said to  
 them as he rose and started for the door:

"The reason why I didn't speak to the  
 lady at the same table with me was because  
 I never saw before in my life."—Chicago  
 Tribune.

CAPTAIN SWEENEY, U. S. A., San Diego  
 Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first  
 medicine I have ever found that would do me any  
 good." Price 50c

## Intoxicated Birds.

Do birds ever get tipsy and make beasts of  
 themselves, as do other featherless bipeds,  
 men? Mr. Andrew Lang declares that cer-  
 tain water fowl do get half seas over, and he  
 describes their improprieties in Longman's  
 Magazine:

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk,"  
 says the poet, and the advocates of "temper-  
 ance," as they oddly call it, often contrast  
 the convivial habits of man with the asceti-

cism of the lower animals. But don't animals  
 get drunk? The following case of intemper-  
 ance in birds occurred under my own eyes,  
 and under the bridge over the Lochy, below  
 the Ben Nevis Long John distillery. That  
 establishment disgorges into a burn a quan-  
 tity of refuse, no doubt alcoholic. When we  
 crossed the bridge in the morning to fish,  
 the ducks from the farm opposite were be-  
 having in a drunk and disorderly manner—  
 flying, beating the water, diving, spluttering  
 and greedily devouring the stuff from the  
 distillery. Their antics were funny, but  
 vulgar. By 2 o'clock we found the ducks  
 sleeping off the effect of their debauch. We  
 wakened them, and they all staggered eager-  
 ly to a bucket of water, from which they  
 quenched the torments of thirst. A small  
 sea bird behaved in a still more deplorable  
 way. He slowly drifted down the Lochy  
 from the fatal intoxicated burn, nor could  
 pebbles judiciously thrown at him induce  
 him to take the wing. He tried to dive,  
 making efforts comic and unsuccessful. After  
 drifting through the bridge, I regret to say  
 that he returned to the burn and "took a  
 cup of kindness yet," getting all the more  
 intoxicated, and drifting back in a yet more  
 deplorable condition. What a lesson, we  
 said, is this to mankind, who, after all, need  
 not speak of their boasted reasonableness.  
 The wild and tame things of stream and  
 ocean are as unwise as we.

## DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Two Instances of Many where They  
 Effected Cures.

## MEN AND WOMEN MADE WELL.

Gratitude Compels them to Testify to the  
 Curative Value of Dodd's Kidney Pills.  
 The Greatest Discovery of the 19th  
 Century.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Dec. 21.—This village  
 can produce evidence indisputable that the  
 diseases most feared by men and women are  
 curable. Two well-known citizens gratefully  
 testify to the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney  
 Pills. They have been cured.

No kidney disease is so far advanced or so  
 severe that these Pills will not effect a cure.  
 Bright's disease disappears, diabetes is con-  
 quered, gout subsides, calculi are dissolved,  
 weak backs are made strong, rheumatism  
 vanishes, through the agency of Dodd's Kid-  
 ney Pills.

Thousands of Canadians who have suffered  
 from some form or other of kidney complaint  
 today enjoy perfect health—thanks to Dodd's  
 Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure. They  
 cure backache, weak back, bearing-down  
 sensations of women, rheumatic pains where-  
 ever located. They cure Bright's disease.  
 They cure diabetes. They cure them for all  
 time. They have cured others. They will  
 cure you.

Don't take our word for it, if you don't  
 wish to. Inquire of those who have been  
 cured. Let those who have tried Dodd's  
 Kidney Pills speak in their behalf.

For example, read this statement from a  
 well-known citizen of a town in Eastern On-  
 tario:—

ALMONTE, Ont., Dec. 2.—Harry Grace,  
 of this town, has been troubled with lumbago  
 for over a year. Doctors could give him no  
 relief. He is now cured. He says:—"I  
 heard of the wonderful cures effected by  
 Dodd's Kidney Pills. I thought I would try  
 them. I have tried one box, and I must say  
 they have cured me. I have no objection to  
 allowing you to publish this, as you see fit,  
 so it may help others."

"HARRY GRACE, Ottawa St."

## C. P. R. Sleeping Cars.

G. W. Stevens, special commissioner to  
 America for the "Daily Mail," writes to his  
 paper:—

By far the most magnificent sleeping car I  
 have met is that of the Canadian Pacific,  
 wherein I am trying to write this. It is  
 wider and loftier than any other, more richly  
 and elegantly upholstered. You can tell at  
 once that it hails elsewhere than from the  
 United States by the inscription under the  
 looking-glasses. "Thum est," it says, and  
 you may bet your life no Yankee ever had  
 any use for a Latin inscription inside a rail-  
 way carriage. In this car the two middle  
 sections of the six have their seats along the  
 wall of the car instead of across it; this gives  
 a broader floor in the middle. Above these  
 lateral seats are sheets of window nearly  
 twice the usual size.

The smoking room, again, is an especial  
 joy. It occupies the whole width of the car  
 at its hinder end, instead of being cramped in  
 by a corridor leading past it, as in the cars of  
 the United States. With the same large  
 windows on either side and other windows  
 and a door forming the back end of the car,  
 it affords a splendid prospect on three sides  
 of the train. The food on these C. P. R.  
 trains is above the average, and the price is  
 consistently insignificant. There is even—  
 oh, joy of joys—a bathroom. True, you may  
 not have a bath in it, for the bath season  
 closes on the 1st of October, but he is a poor  
 traveller who has not mastered the theory  
 and practice of taking a perpendicular bath.  
 The sleeping and dining cars in the United  
 States belong to the Pullman Company, and  
 are run by them; you take your berth at a  
 different booking office from that where you

get your railway ticket. The Canadian Pa-  
 cific owns and runs its own, and, for comfort  
 and good service, I doubt if they have their  
 equal in the world. Everything is done that  
 admirable organization, care and courtesy can  
 do to mitigate the horrors of a week's journey  
 across the Continent.

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.

## A Sunday School Story.

Once there was a little boy who was lazy.  
 He would not work, but would lay in his  
 bed long after the sun was up in the sky.  
 Even the advent of a circus did not arouse  
 him to enthusiasm, and he refused to ride a  
 bicycle because it necessitated labor.

As he grew older he grew lazier and his  
 friends predicted that he would come to  
 some bad end. He lazily entered a disclaimer  
 and said that the end, bad or good, would  
 have to come to him.

He did not do a thing and at school he  
 was always behind his class. He was so lazy  
 that he would not offer an excuse for his  
 shortcomings.

When he grew to be a man he was lazier  
 than as a boy. Being unfitted for work he  
 secured a position as a clerk of a Congressional  
 committee where he had nothing to do, and  
 his old age was spent in idleness as were the  
 days of his youth.

Any bright boy can find the moral to this  
 tale without a compass.

## Marry This Girl, Somebody.

I have been reading in your paper about several  
 men and women that have been very successful  
 selling self-heating flat irons, and I concluded I  
 would see what a girl could do. I have worked 12  
 days and have sold 151 irons and have 218 dollars  
 left after paying all expenses. Everybody is de-  
 lighted with the iron and I sell one almost every  
 place I show it, as people think they can afford to  
 be without one as they save so much fuel and don't  
 burn the clothes. I know I can clear five thousand  
 dollars in a year. How is that for a girl?

Splendid, my girl, splendid, you are a true Ameri-  
 can girl. Anyone can get complete information  
 about the self-heating iron by addressing J. F.  
 CASEY & CO., St. Louis, Mo. It seems to me to be  
 a winner, as everybody selling it writes in its praise.

## Burned By Blazing Paint.

CORNWALL, Dec. 15.—What is likely to  
 prove a fatal accident, happened the other  
 day at Hosaic, Dundas County. Mrs. Adam  
 Fetterly placed some prepared paint on the  
 stove to improve it by boiling. The paint  
 ignited, and the woman seized the dish to  
 throw it out doors. The burning mass was  
 hurled about the room and over her clothes,  
 which at once took fire. She rushed outside  
 to a water trough and vainly endeavored to  
 extinguish the flames which enveloped her.  
 Reuben Mattice came to her rescue and suc-  
 ceeded in putting out the fire, but not before  
 the unfortunate woman was so badly burned  
 that her life is despaired of. The entire  
 front of her body was burned so that the  
 flesh dropped away in many places. A little  
 three-year-old girl was also badly burned by  
 the paint when it was scattered in the house.

So thorough is the excellence of Ayer's  
 Hair Vigor that it can be used with benefit  
 by any person, no matter what may be the  
 condition of the hair, and in every case, it  
 occasions satisfaction and pleasure, in addition  
 to the benefit which invariably comes  
 from its use.

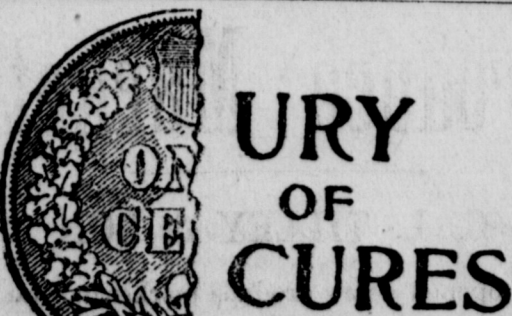
## To Abolish Soliciting Votes.

KINGSTON, Ont., Dec. 15.—The work-  
 men's meeting has passed the following re-  
 solution, which speaks for itself:—"The mem-  
 bers of the workmen's meeting, of the  
 city of Kingston, desire the city council to  
 petition the Ontario government to intro-  
 duce legislation looking towards the abolition  
 of the practice of soliciting votes (commonly  
 called canvassing) by the candidates for  
 municipal and parliamentary honors. We  
 consider the practice most detrimental to the  
 true expression of the wishes and opinions  
 of the electors, and that it, if not remedied  
 in some other way, should be abolished."

## Marry This Girl Quick.

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.

If you are rich, you have eccentricities and  
 peculiarities, and are, nevertheless, a good  
 fellow; but if you are poor, these same ec-  
 centricities are downright bad habits, and  
 you are a boor.

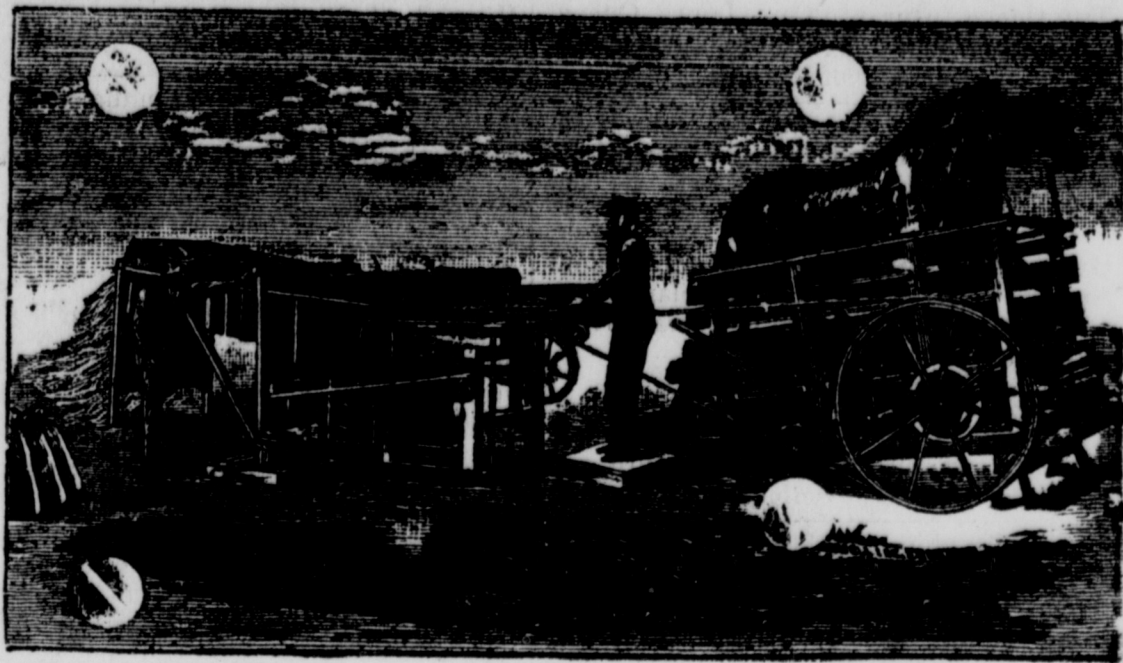


THE RECORD OF  
 Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## FOR SALE.

Nest and attractive home, near centre of town,  
 good location, buildings new, house 9 rooms and  
 bath, hot and cold water, good cellar, barn attach-  
 ed. All finished complete. At a bargain. In-  
 quire at this office, THE DISPATCH.

## 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.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:  
 DEAR SIR,—I have been using your  
 Thresher for six years, and it has given me  
 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 pub-  
 lic as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1895.

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.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

**SMALL & FISHER CO. Lt'd,**  
**Woodstock, N. B.**

**Do you intend purchasing  
 A Pung this season?**

If so it will be in your own interest to inspect our stock  
 before purchasing, as we have the best assortment in the  
 county, and the prices are in keeping with the times.  
 Sleighs, Pungs and Sleds Repaired and Painted at  
 Short Notice and at Lowest Prices. Satisfaction  
 guaranteed.

**CHESTNUT & HIPWELL,**

Opposite Small & Fisher Co.,

**WOODSTOCK, N. B.**

**PUNGS,  
 SLEIGHS,  
 ROBES.**

Well Made, Well Trimmed, Well Painted,  
 Well Finished Throughout.

**FULLY WARRANTED.**

Our line is for sale by

A. D. CLARK, Florenceville,  
 M. A. SMITH, Bath,  
 J. F. TWEEDALE, Perth,  
 D. B. HOPKINS, Aroostook Junction,  
 GEO. H. WEST, Grand Falls.

**BALMAIN BROS.,**

Woodstock, N. B.

Nov. 25, '96.

## Home and Art.

True art is shown as fully in FURNITURE as in paintings and  
 sculpture. Much depends on where you buy the Furniture  
 whether your home reflects the artistic touch or not. The con-  
 stant development of good taste and appreciation among the  
 best housekeepers for the up-to-date and artistic in Furniture  
 has popularized this house to an unprecedented degree. But  
 type won't tell the story—come today and be convinced. Fur-  
 niture for everywhere, kitchen and parlor.

**MARCY, - - CONNELL ST.**