

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

How the Father of Wilfrid Laurier Burns Was Given a Nice Soft Job at the Capital.

James Burns is the name of a farm laborer who lives in the Township of Albion, one concession east of Palgrave. He is 40 years of age and a good Grit.

Burns is a man of family, but none too rich in this world's goods. Each succeeding baby with which his good wife presented him as the months rolled by was an additional tax upon Burns' limited resources, and when the eighth child came early in June last the individual share at the dinner table was already small enough. But baby No. 8 was none the less welcome, and the father went forth to his daily labor with increased pride and energy, for Baby Burns was a bouncing boy—and what dad does not welcome the image of himself?

Soon there was talk of a christening. Mr. and Mrs. Burns are devout Roman Catholics, and, in accordance with the teachings of their church, believed in early baptism. So the good priest was called in one day about the 23rd of June, when Baby Burns was but a few days old, and the rite of baptism was performed; and Daddy Burns, being a good Grit, called the new baby "Wilfrid Laurier Burns."

The summer waned, and the prospects of the Burns family grew no brighter. Work was scarce and wages were low. Yet the honest and industrious Burns toiled on, and Master Wilfrid Laurier grew fair and fat.

One day it occurred to the worthy couple to write a letter to the great man after whom they had named their child. It was a heavy task for poor Burns, accustomed more to the grasp of the plough-handle than that of the pen. Many were the letters that were written before one was found worthy of dispatch. Finally it was finished, and Burns wiped the perspiration from his furrowed brow and sighed in relief. It was the hardest day's work he had done in many a long year.

The contents of the letter were simple enough. The story of Baby Burns' birth and baptism was told in simple language, and the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, was respectfully informed that the baby had been named after him, at which it was humbly hoped he would take no offence. Then, by way of postscript, it was added that Burns were poor but proud of the privilege of naming their eighth child after the greatest of Canadian statesmen.

The answer was prompt. The Hon. Wilfrid Laurier tendered his compliments to Master Wilfrid Burns, wished him a long and happy life and promised to remember his dad.

And Premier Laurier kept his promise. A few days ago Daddy Burns received official information from Ottawa of his appointment to the position of messenger in the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, a position said to be worth \$1500 per annum.

Burns can scarcely believe his good fortune. He was at first afraid that he would be lonely amidst the splendor of the capital, but that feeling is beginning to wear off, and a few weeks' time will doubtless find him comfortably installed in his soft job at Ottawa. It was a lucky day for Jimmy Burns when he decided to name his boy after kind-hearted Wilfrid Laurier.

A January thaw is always more productive of colds and coughs than a January freeze. Then is the time Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is needed and proves so extremely efficacious. Ask your druggist for it, and also for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

A Famous Editor.

A great many people unwittingly confuse George D. Prentice of the Louisville Journal with Sargent S. Prentiss of Mississippi. Both were natives of New England, and in many points of character they resembled each other though they differed as widely as the poles in others, says an exchange. Prentice went to Kentucky to write a biography of Henry Clay when that wonderful man was about to become a candidate for President. Prentiss went to Mississippi when that state was in its very youth. Both were little more than boys then. One became a great journalist, the other a great orator. The "Life of Henry Clay" was written at Lexington, Ky., and at Olympian Springs, a rural resort in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, then owned by Clay.

The work was done in such an incredibly short space of time and so perfectly that Prentice, at once became a lion, and the Whigs "put up" for him the Louisville Journal. At that time Shadrach Penn was the editor of the Advertiser, the Democratic organ in Louisville, and Penn's friends predicted that he would make short work of the Yankee boy. But he didn't. Prentice made short work of him. At the start Prentice announced that he had quills of all sizes in his quiver, from the humming bird's wing to the eagle's, and persons could choose which he should use of them. Penn chose the eagle and Prentice gave it to him. For a time such a polemic war was waged between those giants that people stood almost aghast, but after about nine years Penn threw down his weapon and quit. He went to St. Louis shortly afterward and died. Upon Penn's departure from Louisville Prentice wrote an article so magnanimous and beautiful con-

cerning his ancient enemy that its kind has never been excelled except when he wrote Penn's death.

While Prentice was working on his life of Clay at Olympian Springs one day at a favorite spot in the forest, near a great chalybeate spring, he was resting under a huge chestnut tree that is standing to this day, and is called "Prentice's chestnut," with manuscript and pencil in hand. Leaning against the tree back of him was a double-barrelled gun that he kept with him in these jaunts for a chance shot at some object of game. There came along a native, one of the Jackson Democrats of those times, who, if alive, which is improbable, is still voting for Jackson. He wore a coon-skin cap, hunting shirt and other things, among them a rifle of the long, old-fashioned Kentucky variety. Speaking to Prentice, he said:

"You're writin' Clay's life, ain't ye?"

"Yes," replied Prentice.

"Well, I want you to write my life, and do it monst'ous quick, too," he said with a menacing glance at his lengthy weapon.

Suddenly Prentice snatched from behind the tree his shotgun, and, levelling it, full cocked, in the face of the intruder, he said: "I won't write your life, but I'll take it if you don't leave here."

The fellow protested that he was just joking, fell into a good-natured compliment up on Prentice's good looks, "lowed" he was "game" and the two parted on quite friendly terms.

"But I was not game," Mr. Prentice said to the writer, after telling the foregoing story. "I always knew that if I wanted to stay in Kentucky in my business I must show fight, and though I am naturally timid I did show fight, and that show has saved me from many a difficulty."

Prentice is often spoken of as a duellist, but I don't think he ever fought a duel, though he was frequently challenged. He went to Arkansas once to fight a duel, but the affair was adjusted in a satisfactory way before the principals met on the field. Generally he got out of duels with a joke. On one occasion he said in response to an invitation to thus make a target of himself: "It takes only one fool to send a challenge, but it takes two to fight, and I beg to be omitted from the category." Frequently, however, he was suddenly brought into personal encounters from which he always emerged with full credit and honor to himself. Once, for instance, a Frankfort editor fired at him with a pistol in a Louisville street. Prentice closed with the man and had him down with a knife brandished above him. "Some bystanders shouted: "Kill the scoundrel!" "Cut his head off!" and the like, but Prentice put away his knife, remarking as he did so: "I can't kill an unarmed man," and allowed his foe to arise; the two afterward became close friends. In such matters Prentice of Louisville was unlike Prentiss of Vicksburg, for the latter was nearly always "spoiling for a fight," and would shoot "at the drop of a hat." It is said of him, and with good authority, I believe, that Prentiss would leave a hand at a game of poker to go out and exchange shots with persons who liked that sort of diversion, and would then come back and take up his cards to see if he could "open a jack pot" whatever that is.

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.

THE NEW HOOK SPOON FREE TO ALL.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it is useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home. Very truly, JEANNETTE S.

A Lovely Character.

An individual came into our office the other day, and, smiling a smirky smile, said: "If you will take 50 cents for a year's subscription to The Times you may put my name down; I never read, but would like to have it for the home news." We kindly asked his name, but had to ask the second time ere he felt like telling it. Of course we did not wonder at that. We then asked after his family's welfare, and then after that of his relatives. After cross-questioning for a while we learned that he did not have many relatives, and then as kindly as possible we informed him that we were very glad of it. We should indeed be sorry if there were many in this world who had to tote around the relationship of a character like that, to appeal to him for advice, or assistance when in trouble; truly such a one would require the sympathy of a whole county with a county town thrown in. After rubbing in a little advice, etc., we were willing to make him a present of the paper for a year if he was too poor to pay for it, or even to apply to the County Council for aid in his behalf; but before we had finished telling him all the things we were willing to do or sacrifice for him he was gone. This made us sad for we were just beginning to feel interested. If there are any more 50 cent gentlemen in the community we would be very pleased to have them call; generosity is one of our failings.—North Ontario Times.

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

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C. W. JENNER, Agent.
Bristol, N. B., Dec. 14, 1896.

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 I 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.

THOMSON SARSAPARILLA CO., PRINCETON, May 23d.
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 my 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 unstrung 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 not well. They feel weak, nervous, languid and tired. 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
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Calais Me., and St. Stephen, N. B.

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