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ARE WE ALL BAD?

The enlightened foreigner, be he from the Sudan, from the Philippines, from China, or elsewhere, who happened to visit the shores of this fair City of ours, would be somewhat mystified at our mode of government. He might be disposed to remark that before the white man undertook the burden of imposing good government on him and his folk, said white man should be sure he was well governed himself. If he read our leading papers, he would perceive that most of the ability and energy is devoted to charging public servants with crime, or defending them from the charge.

Charges of gross misgovernment are made at Ottawa, at Fredericton, and everywhere where a Government sits. It is not a pleasant reflection to think that our governments are all corrupt, especially at a time when we have to teach all the rest of the world how to live moral lives, and to govern righteously. Poor old Li Hung Chang gets into disgrace, in China, every once in a while over public finances. They say he is rich and never loses a chance of adding to his riches, even if he needs to draw clandestinely on the public funds. But, then Li Hung Chang is a heathen, and our administrators are civilized Christians. And yet, charges quite as strong as any Li has to face, are constantly made against our statesmen.

The intelligent heathen must really look on us as a very bad lot, all the worse because our pretences are so high.

It doesn't pay to be too scrupulous. We all know that. Elections are not, as has been wisely remarked, won by prayers. In order to carry an election, deals must be made, and deals, if exposed, are ugly kind of things. But it is no use preaching. Let us leave that to the parsons. The average elector sells his vote, and the average politician sells his influence. They are each in politics "for the stuff."

It is an age of Money Worship, and who will not pay his devotions at the shrine of our new deity must suffer the penalty.

Every decent citizen will at least hope that many of the charges made against public men rest on a flimsy foundation. Otherwise, we should ask the heathen to come and teach us morality.

THE QUEER SIDE OF PARLIAMENT.

Curious Manners and Customs of the House of Commons.

It would be wrong for me, as an M. P., to say that the House of Commons is a humorous assembly, but the life of a member of Parliament is certainly not so devoid of humour as a great many people suppose. Some Sessions are, of course, more lively than others, but I think I may say that during thirty years of active Parliamentary life I have never known a Session when the House of Commons has not provided its members with an abundant fund of humour.

The first curious incident I remember just now was in connection with the election of Dr. Kenealy. The doctor, as everybody knows, was very unpopular, as he could not get two members to introduce him to the Speaker. So he went up alone and was sent back. Mr. Bright offered to introduce him, but the dilemma was got over by Mr. Disraeli moving that Dr. Kenealy be allowed to take his seat without the usual formalities. Dr. Kenealy accepted it as a good deal. On one occasion, I remember, he found himself in a minority of one on a motion regarding the Tichborne claimant, the figures being 433 to 1! It was not the first time this had happened. A few years before Mr. Fawcett had walked into the lobby alone as a protest against the £30,000 marriage portion of Princess Louise; and more recently—it was in 1882, I think—on a motion regarding the pay of some Irish police-officer, one of the lobbies was quite empty after the two tellers had been named. I believe there was once a minority of one in the Lords, and the Duke of Somerset, who made up the minority, had a medal struck in honour of the historic event!

But the one constant source of amusement in the House of Commons is the hat. An M. P.'s hat is like a Chinese puzzle to him the first time he enters the House, and I have known many old members who have never been quite sure what to do with their headgear. Though you must walk to your seat uncovered, you may put on your hat on taking your seat. But woe befall you if you rise to your feet with your hat on! There was a new member who once rose to leave without taking off his hat, and the cries that arose from all parts of the House embarrassed him. He stopped in the middle of the floor, but could not understand what was the

matter. Then Dr. Tanner went up to him, took off his hat, and handed it to him with a polite bow, amid the laughter of the whole House.

I have seen Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain sit on their hats at the end of a most eloquent speech, and in the convulsion of laughter which followed, the whole effect of their oration was lost.

There was once an M. P. who was popularly known for a long time as "the man who sat on his hat," the incident being well remembered, because as soon as he discovered his mistake, an Irish member rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable member that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it."

The law of the hat is really very complicated. You must not be caught standing with it on—nor even if you have simply got up to speak to the member behind you, and even when you are sitting you must sometimes take it off. If the Speaker mentions a Bill for which you are responsible you must raise your hat, and you must do the same if another member answers your question or mentions your name. If you happen to be uncovered at the time, you pick up your hat put it on, and then take it off again. I have seen members pick up the wrong hat in a hurry and bury themselves in it, throwing the house into laughter; and I remember that Mr. Gladstone once picked up a hat much too small for him, with amusing results.

The only time when you must speak with your hat on is when you raise a point of order after a division has been taken. Mr. Gladstone once did this, and as he was not wearing a hat at the time he took up the nearest to him, and it was many sizes too small. It would keep tumbling off, and Mr. Gladstone's efforts to keep it on were most amusing.

But the hat, though it is the best friend of the humorous M. P., is by no means alone as a provider of fun in the House of Commons. The unexpected is always happening at St. Stephen's—as a friend of mine who was in his bath when the bell rang for an important division knows very well. He jumped out as he had never jumped out of a bath before, wrapped himself in a half-dozen towels, and ran. But the two minutes allowed to get to your place at such a time were hardly enough for him, and the door was shut in his face.

I have known the time, too, when it has been the most difficult thing in the world to get a bite in the House of Commons, and when crowds of hungry M. P.'s besieged the dining room in vain. Sometimes, at the end of a great speech by a Minister, an important man will get up, and instantly everybody rushes off to dinner, and the chef is at his wits' end. An all-night sitting is even worse. There was one year or two ago, which I remember well. The manager of the refreshment department went out in a cab to hunt for food, and came back laden with butter, cheese, eggs, bread, and other good things. Then something else ran short, and more cabs were requisitioned. I am told we got through 2,000 poached eggs that night, and 900 pats of butter.

At another time, when the House was expected to rise early, the fires had been allowed to go nearly out in the kitchen, and it happened that the House did not rise, and 500 dinners had to be got ready in a terrific hurry. It is often the case, too, that as soon as dinner has been served there is a "count," and away one has to go, not returning till one's dinner is quite cold. It once took a member three hours to eat a chop—he was called away so many times!

M. P.'s, I am afraid, are not usually the most modest of men, but Mr. W. H. Smith's modesty once made us all laugh. Somebody referred to him in a speech as "the right honourable and learned gentleman," a phrase reserved for lawyers, and as Mr. Smith was not legally inclined, the reference was not strictly correct. Most members would have let it pass, however, but Mr. Smith jumped up at once, and exclaimed, "I beg the right honourable gentleman's pardon; I am not learned."

It was a less distinguished and less modest M. P. who once counted the House out against himself. He came in from dinner to resume a debate, and found that the benches were nearly empty. Not relishing the prospect of wasting his eloquence on an empty House, he called the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there were not forty members present, and the bells were set ringing. But instead of rushing in as the member had expected, the members stayed where they were, and the House adjourned, much to the disgust of the gentleman who had prepared an eloquent speech for its benefit, and who had turned the tables on himself.

I might fill columns of your paper by telling your readers of the curiosities of an M. P.'s correspondence, but we need not go into that here. We must not, however, forget the old member—he is dead now, poor man—who tried for fifty years to pass a Bill prohibiting persons from standing outside high windows to clean them. He brought in his Bill regularly year after year, and at last, when he knew his last year had come, he left us with a parting shot to the effect that we had all along misunderstood his Bill. He had not

They Reach The Kidneys.

Mr. Conrad Beyer's opinion

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

No one can be healthy with the kidneys in a diseased or disordered state. The poisonous Uric Acid which it is their duty to filter out of the blood, is carried into the system and produces Rheumatism, Headaches, Backaches and hundreds of ills and ailments. Any one who has the slightest suspicion that the kidneys are not acting right should take Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the most effective kidney remedy known. Mr. Conrad Beyer, at E. K. Snyder's Shoe Store, Berlin, Ont., bears this out when he says: "Anyone suffering with kidney troubles cannot do better than take Doan's Kidney Pills, for they cured my wife who has been afflicted with pain in the back and other kidney troubles for a long time. They have helped a great many of my acquaintances in this town, and I must say they are the medicine that reach the kidneys with the best effects."

been thinking, he said, of the window-cleaners, but of the people below on whom they might fall!—London Tit-Bits.

Rheumatism.—Have you tried all the remedies you ever read or heard of hoping for a cure? If you're afflicted still, take Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. They never fail, guaranteed to cure or your money back. Price 50c.

Family Doctor.—You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day. "Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother, "but I really don't see how he's going to hold it all."—Tit-Bits.

CATARRH CHOKED HIM.

Insidious, Deep Seated, Relentless Disease—Bound to Vanish Under the Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Treatment—Relief in Ten Minutes.

Mr. Benjamin F. Wonch, 31 McGee street, Toronto, says: "I was troubled with that insidious disease—catarrh—for many years. It became very deep-seated, and was rapidly growing worse, with disgusting discharges from my nostrils and the dropping in my throat almost choking me at times. I tried a dozen so-called catarrh cures without any relief, but after using a few bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was completely restored, and I believe permanently cured from this loathsome disease."—Sold by Garden Bros.

Major Blubud (learnedly).—Three-fourths of a human body, majah, is composed of water.

Major Bluegrass (learnedly).—Deah me! I knew suthin' or other ailed me. That accounts faw the strange taste I have in my mouth when I wake up mornings.—Judge.

ONE GASP FROM DEATH.

And Yet Not Beyond the Power of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart to Save and Cure You—This is Not Fiction, But Fact.

The constant terror and distress of those in the throes of heart disease, only the sufferer can know, and what a boon, so magical a relief and cure as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has proved itself to be. In many cases recorded the patient seemed but a gasp from the grave, and this wonderful liquid heart specific was timed over the crisis, giving relief in 30 minutes, and after taking a bottle or two perfect health has been restored and all the distressing symptoms and sufferings seem but as a dream. It cures hearts weakened by la grippe. Sold by Garden Bros.

Lady (engaging footman).—"Are you clever at table?"
James.—"Yes, mum."

Lady.—"And you know your way to announce?"

James.—"Well, mum, I know my weight to a pound or so but I should hardly like to say to an ounce."—Tit-Bits.

A BUSINESS MAN'S FAITH.

Tortured by Rheumatism for Months, He Pins His Faith to South American Rheumatic Cure and is Healed—It Cures in One to Three Days.

Mr. S. Barker is a business man in Toronto, and lives at 9 Suffolk Place. He contracted very acute rheumatism, and for months was a great sufferer. He treated with best physicians without any relief. He took South American Rheumatic Cure for what it claimed to be in advertisements he read of it, and when he had taken two bottles he was completely cured. He says: "I voluntarily give this testimonial that other sufferers may be benefited, as I believe the remedy is a perfect specific." Sold by Garden Bros.

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Agent for (N. B. Telephone Co. The Blue Front Jewelry Store. (C. P. R. Telegraph Co.)

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