

**The Broken Towel.**

When I think of the towel,  
The old-fashioned towel,  
That used to hang up near the printing house  
door,  
I can think of nobody  
In these days of shoddy  
That could hammer out iron to wear as it wore.

The "devil" who used it,  
The tramp who abused it,  
The "comp" who got at it when these two were  
gone,  
The make-up and foreman,  
The editor (poor-man),  
Each rubbed some grime off, while they put a  
heap on.

In, over and under,  
It was blacker than thunder,  
Harder than poverty, rougher than sin,  
On the roller suspended,  
It never was bended,  
And flapped on the wall like banner of tin.

It grew harder and rougher,  
And blacker and tougher,  
And daily took on a more inky hue,  
Until one windy morning,  
Without any warning,  
It fell on the floor and was broken in two.

—New York Sun.

**China's Sorrow.**

A despatch from Peking, published, said that Li Hung Chang had completed his report on last year's terrible floods in the Hoang Ho, or Yellow river, the investigation of which was assigned to him last fall, and had submitted two plans for remedying the evil. The Dowager Empress intends, it is said, to submit the methods proposed by Li Hung Chang to the consideration of nine boards. Meantime the most appalling accounts of widespread misery and death inflicted upon the wretched inhabitants of the low-lying Northern and Western parts of Shantung province are coming to hand. Only the most meagre reports were received last fall, of the extent of the floods, though it is said that some hundreds of thousands of people had lost their lives. But more lingering and piteous suffering has overwhelmed millions who were not drowned in the floods that swept away their houses, crops and every means of sustenance their labour had provided.

The story of the causes that make the Yellow river one of the most unruly of rivers may be briefly told. The river rises among the mountains of Eastern Tibet, whose immense snowfall is melted late in the spring, and poured into the upper river. Its course then takes a long detour to the north on the high Mongolian plateau, and then through a rift in the mountains, it descends into China. The great change of level gives extra velocity to the stream, which is in its middle course when it drops into China. The swiftness of its current here has perhaps not been accurately ascertained, but it is said that some of the ferryboats are often carried three miles down the river, though it is only a half mile wide. Now, the land through which it flows when it reaches China consists of the famous loess, or yellow earth, a soil of inexhaustible fertility if the rainfall is sufficient, but it is very light and friable, and is carried away in immense quantities by the swiftly rolling waters. The river and the sea into which it empties derives their name from the colour this earth imparts to them. The silt thus derived spreads over the bed of the lower river, constantly raising it, and the embankments must be raised higher and higher to retain the water at flood time, and when a break occurs thousands of square miles of the lower levels of the country are converted into lakes twenty to thirty feet deep.

A British engineer, Mr. J. C. Ferguson, was the first to make an expert survey of a large portion of the flooded area. The plan he suggested, after seeing the ruin wrought by the flood of 1887, was to construct a system of vast reservoirs in which the flood waters might be impounded. The reservoirs should be built, for the most part, he said, in natural depressions, and should cover an area of about one tenth of the area flooded in 1887, and the reservoirs would be at least thirty feet below the flood level of the river.

It is not alone the people of Shantung who suffer from these terrible inundations. The most appalling evils have also been inflicted upon the populace of Honan, the adjoining province to the west, most of whose inhabitants do not live in the basin of the Yellow river. They were the principal sufferers from the great flood of 1887. That they were, happened in this way:—

Some of the headwaters of the drainage area between the Yellow and Yangtze rivers, which reach the sea directly without connection with either of these great streams, are to be found only a short distance south of the Yellow river. In 1887 a wide breach in the embankment was made by the force of the current, and the whole contents of the river were discharged across the narrow water-parting into the valley of the Lu-chia, down which it poured, a wall of water from forty to fifty feet high, destroying over a hundred villages, just as the Johnstown flood swept everything before it. The river joins a larger stream, whose densely-populated valley was also made waste, and before the waters had reached the sea they had submerged about 1,500 villages. Those who perished in that disaster are believed to have numbered 1,000,000 persons. Very few escaped of those whose homes were in the midst of the flood, but a small number were rescued in boats from treetops or high mounds.

Within the past 2,000 years the Yellow river has changed its course five or six times, finding on each occasion a new outlet for its waters. Often the new mouth has been some scores of miles distant from the old one. The barriers reared by the Chinese have sufficed at times to keep the waters within bounds for considerable periods, but, sooner or later, the river has always gotten the upper hand, and done what it pleased. Its subjugation is a problem worthy of the highest technical skill, and there is little doubt that the Chinese will have to avail themselves of the experience in dealing with unruly rivers of the Western nations before art may triumph over nature, and the river cease to be "China's sorrow."—The Sun.

**For Indigestion**

Get Doctor Von Stan's **PINEAPPLE TABLETS** At the Druggists for 35c. a box of 60 Tablets.

**CHAPTER XIII.**

1. By neutralizing the excess of acid in the stomach—
2. By exciting the natural accumulation and action of the digestive fluids in the stomach—
3. By vitalizing all the organs on which your health and comfort depends for the proper digestion and assimilation of food—
4. And by their tonic action upon the stomach, bowels and liver—through the blood, Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets accomplish these remarkable results in all cases of dyspepsia and indigestion.
5. Most cases are cured with one box. Sold at all druggists for 35 cents—sixty tablets in a box.

**Doctor Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets**

Encourage you to eat what you like, and they correct indigestion in a natural way. They relieve distress in an instant. Sold by Garden Bros.

**Papa And The Boy.**

Charming as is the prattle of innocent childhood, it is not particularly agreeable at about one o'clock in the morning, when you are "dead for sleep," and wouldn't give a copper to hear even Gladstone himself talk. There are young and talkative children who have no more respect for your feelings or for the proprieties of life than to open their peepers with a snap at one or two a. m., and to seek to engage you in enlivening dialogues of this sort:—

"Papa!"  
You think you will pay no heed to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will keep the youngster quiet; but again the boy of three pipes out sharply:—  
"Papa!"  
"Well?" you say.  
"You 'wake, papa?"  
"Yes."  
"So's me."  
"Yes, I hear that you are," you say with sarcasm. "What do you want?"  
"Oh, nuffin'."  
"Well, lie still, and go to sleep, then."  
"I isn't sleepy, papa."  
"Well, I am, young man."  
"Is you? I isn't—not a bit. Say, papa, papa!"  
"Well?"  
"If you was rich, what would you buy me?"  
"I don't know. Go to sleep."  
"Wouldn't you buy nuffin'?"  
"I guess so; now you—"  
"What, papa?"  
"Well, a steam engine, maybe; now, you go right to sleep."  
"With a bell that would ring, papa?"  
"Yes, yes; now you—"  
"And would the wheels go round, papa?"  
"Oh, yes (yawning). Shut your eyes now, and—"  
And would it go choo, choo, choo, papa?"  
"Yes, yes; now go to sleep."  
"Say, papa."  
No answer.  
"Papa!"  
"Well, what now?"  
"Is you 'fraid of the dark?"  
"No." (drowsily).  
"I isn't either, papa."  
"Well?"  
"If I was rich, I'd buy you somefin'."  
"Would you?"  
"Yes; I'd buy you some ice-cream and some chocolum drops, and a toof-brush, and panties wiv braid on like mine, and a candy wooster, and—"  
"That will do. You must go to sleep now." Silence for half a second, then:  
"Papa, papa!"  
"Well, what now?"  
"I want a jink."  
"No, you don't."  
"I do, papa."  
Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the "jink" and you scurry out to the bathroom in the dark for it, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.  
"Now, I don't want to hear another word from you tonight," you say as he gulps down a mouthful of the water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says:—  
"Papa!"  
"See here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if—"  
"I can spell 'dog,' papa."  
"Well, nobody wants to hear you spell at

two o'clock in the morning."  
"B-o-g-dog, is that right?"  
"No, it isn't; but nobody cares if—"  
"Then it's 'v-o-g,' isn't it?"  
"Yes, yes; now you lie right down and go to sleep instantly!"  
"Then I'll be a good boy, won't I, papa?"  
"Yes, yes; now you lie right down there. Good-night, dearie."  
"Papa!"  
"Well, well! what now?"  
"Is I your little boy?"  
"Yes, yes; of course."  
"Some mans haven't got any little boys; but you have, haven't you?"  
"Yes."  
"Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leben, twenty-six, ninety-ten, free hundred little boys?"  
The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyses you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the little bed by your side, a little figure rolls over three or four times, a warm, moist, little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure that you are there, and the boy is asleep with his heels where his head ought to be.—Puck.

**Worth a Sovereign a Box.**

That is what a young lady remarked regarding Dr. Cook's old English remedy Cook's New Blood Pills. They are the sure and reliable remedy for all Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Headaches, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, and all Female Ailments. Always kept in the house, after once using. Not a purgative pill, but a blood builder and purifier. 50c. a box. Sold by all dealers.

**Settled the Lawyer.**

On one occasion Lord Norbury observed an attorney of doubtful reputation touting in the dock for business, and determined to make an example of him. Just as the attorney was climbing over the rails of the dock into the court his lordship called out:  
"Jailer, one of your prisoners is escaping. Put him back."  
Back the attorney was thrust, and the following colloque ensued:  
"My Lord, there is a mistake here. I am an attorney."  
"I am very sorry, indeed," said Lord Norbury, "to see one of your profession in the dock."  
"But, my Lord, I am innocent."  
"Yes, they all say that," was the judge's reply. "A jury of your own fellow-countrymen must settle it."  
"But, my lord," exclaimed the now desperate man "there is no indictment against me."  
"Then," said his lordship, "you will be put back, and if no one appears to prosecute, you will be discharged by public proclamation at the end of the assizes."—London Telegraph.

**Honest Advice Free to Men.**

The DISPATCH is requested to publish the following: All men who are suffering from overwork, excess or youthful errors, are aware that most medical firms advertising to cure these conditions cannot be relied upon. Mr. Graham, a resident of London, Ont., living at 437½ Richmond St., was for a long time a sufferer from above troubles and after trying in vain many advertised remedies, electric belts, etc., became almost discouraged and hopeless. Finally he confided in an old Clergyman who directed him to an eminent and reliable physician, through whose skilful treatment a speedy and perfect cure was obtained.

Knowing to his own sorrow that so many poor sufferers are being imposed upon by unscrupulous quacks, Mr. Graham considers it his duty to give his fellow-men the benefit of his experience and assist them to a cure by informing anyone who will write to him in strict confidence where to be cured. No attention can be given to those writing out of mere curiosity, but anyone who really needs a cure is advised to address Mr Graham as above.

**WHEN PA WAS A BOY.**

I wisht 'at I'd been here when  
My paw he was a boy;  
They must of been excitement then—  
When my paw was a boy;  
In school he always took the prize,  
He used to lick boys twice his size—  
I bet folks all had bulgin' eyes  
When my paw was a boy.

There was a lot of wonders done  
When my paw was a boy;  
How grampa must have loved his son,  
When my paw was a boy!  
He'd git the coal and chop the wood,  
And think up every way he could  
To always jist be sweet and good—  
When my paw was a boy.

Then everything was in its place,  
When my paw was a boy;  
How he could rattle, jump and race,  
When my paw was a boy!  
He never, never disobeyed;  
He beat in every game he played—  
Gee! What a record they was made!  
When my paw was a boy!

I wisht 'at I'd been here when  
My paw was a boy;  
They'll never be his like agen—  
Paw was the middle boy,  
But still last night I heard my maw  
Raise up her voice and call my paw  
The worst foot that she ever saw—  
He ought of stayed a boy.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Looked His Character.**

"Say, that was a mighty honest looking old farmer," said the office loafer, as the client went out. "Just the kind of a good, whole-souled face to invite confidence."  
"Just what he has been doing," the lawyer explained. "He is in to see about a little gold brick transaction he was drawn into."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Road Waggon,  
Farm Waggon,  
Sloven Waggon.**

I am putting up a large number of Waggon and Carriages this year and I want to sell them. I use none but the best stock, and the work is all done by experienced workmen. No amateurs employed.

**REPAIRING**  
of all kinds promptly attended to.

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Queen Street, Woodstock.

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Paintin and Upholstering.

**This is not the way  
We make our Waggon.**

Each Carriage is carefully made by skilled workmen, out of the best material, painted and trimmed in the best manner, and will outlast three factory carriages.

LOOK AT OUR CORNINGS AND ROAD WAGGONS,

**The Woodstock  
Carriage Co.**

Main Street, at the Bridge.

**Wool Growers!  
NOTICE.**

We have decided to go out of the Retail business, and from this date until the whole of our retail stock is disposed of, we will sell at a discount which will make it of special interest to you to buy from us.

**WOOL TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.**

Kindly let us have your Yarn orders early as possible, so that we may be able to give you prompt delivery.

**WOOL BOUGHT FOR CASH.**

**Woodstock Woollen Mills Co.**

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