

STUMPED.

THE SAGE.

The race may not be to the swiftest,
Nor the fight to the strong,
And he is not always the greatest
Who is cheered by the throng;
There's many a beautiful jewel
In the caves of the sea—
So why dost thou sit here deploring
Fate's treatment of thee?

THE DISCONTENTED.

As you say, 'tis not always the swiftest
That wins the race,
And the greatest is not always seated
In the loftiest place;
The rarest gem may still be hid in
Some cave of the sea,
But why should misfortunes of others
Bring comfort to me?

The sage scratched his head for a moment,
And gazed out at space,
And he thoughtfully pulled at the whiskers
Attached to his face;
Then he put his hands in his pockets,
And as he did so
He whistled and started on, saying:
"I'm darned if I know."
—Chicago Times-Herald.

INVITATIONS IN OLDEN TIMES.

The Quaint Phraseology Which Prevailed When Society was Young.

Among the many quaint collections at the British Museum is an assortment of invitation cards of the last century, many of them written and sketched by hand and adorned with various fantastic devices, like those which are nowadays seen upon children's invitation cards. "No hoops, if agreeable," is written in the corner of one invitation to a card party, a request which seemed to hint at some limitation of space in the apartments of the hostess, who possibly feared the occurrence of such a calamity as is reported to have taken place at a court festivity in the reign of James I. Some of the ladies, attired in the huge and unyielding "farthingales" of the period, stuck fast in the narrow galleries, and remained prisoners there for the evening.

In how many and various ways have social invitations been issued in different countries and at different eras? A British officer, writing from India some sixty years ago, mentions that he and a friend had been invited to an eastern wedding by "two persons, one representing the bridegroom and another the bride, who each pressed some colored rice into our hands," this being the accepted invitation formula on such occasions. Strict rules and etiquettes have always surrounded the issue of invitations, whether to weddings or burials, dinners or dances; and how often has the omission of some of these social prescriptions caused heart burnings and annoyances, or betrayed the parvenue. In the old days of lavish Virginian hospitality it was considered as a breach of good manners to fix the duration of a guest's visit; the date of arrival was named by the host, that of the departure left to the guest; "come for a week," would have been considered as an inhospitable limiting of time.

In the present day, however, such vague invitations are rarely acceptable; the visitor is often perplexed to know what is his host's idea of "a few days," "a little while," etc., and a sensitive guest naturally shrinks from outstaying his welcome. As for the general invitation "drop in upon us whenever you like," it may, in most cases, be fairly relegated to the category of invitations which are never intended to be accepted, as the rash person who avails himself of it speedily discovers. It is the fixed, dated, "R. S. V. P." invitation which carries with it the assurance of welcome and good cheer. "You see, we have treated you quite like an old friend," remarked a hostess to a guest who had been invited in the more general way. "Yes, but I wish you had made a stranger of me," grumbled the visitor, who was an elderly gourmand and liked a good dinner. What a list might be compiled of undesirable invitations—from those issued to the Roman Senate by Nero and to the College of Cardinals by a Borgia Pope down to the invitations to those social functions and family gatherings which provoke so much falsifying upon the part of their recipients.

In former days there were frequently pressing invitations sent out, which (as their luckless recipients often guessed so well) conveyed somewhat of the meaning of "Mrs. Bond's" famous apostrophe to her ducklings; or the kindly assurance of the cannibal chief in the Christmas pantomime:

"We won't make any difference, soup or fish,
The only thing is, that you'll form our dish."

Death or captivity was not infrequently the sequel to an invitation to many an ancient banquet, where poison lurked in the wine, or even in the flower garlands, or the assassin's dagger sprang out at the close of the festivities. On the other hand, how eagerly have some not apparently very desirable invitations been coveted and schemed for? Almack's was once the social paradise of many a fashionable Peri; and what curious anecdotes might be related of the prices paid—not in money alone—for an invitation to some special "function" in the fashionable world—in present as in former days. An invitation of Marly—the inner circle of the court of Louis XIV.—was a highly coveted honor in the days of the grand monarch; "the rain of Marly does not wet," exclaimed one delighted courtier, when standing bareheaded in a downpour at this favorite spot. Sometimes a particular invitation is desired because its possession is supposed to give a cachet, a social stamp, to its recipient, and

invitations have not infrequently been sought for as the means of rehabilitation for a damaged reputation. "He, or she, has been invited to—" is often quoted as a convincing social whitewash. In many cases, irritation is felt at the non-arrival of an invitation, which, had it been given, would probably have been declined, but which the aggrieved party thinks he should at least have been afforded the power of rejecting. Has not Hood described the

"Rage and spite of the party next door,
To the party not invited."

Folklore of all nations contains stories of the anger of the "bad fairy" who—by intention or accident—has been omitted from the general invitations issued to her sister fays, and present-day entertainers sometimes give equal offence by the omission of an expected invitation, even to an apparently undesirable function. Invitations to attend funerals, for example, do not seem particularly alluring; and yet most of us, within the circle of our own acquaintance, could cite instances of individuals who have "a passion for attending funerals," as Sir Walter Scott describes his father as possessing. There are persons who would resent their omission from invitations to attend an interment as bitterly as did honest Dandie Dinmont (in "Guy Mannering") the slight which he conceived was cast upon him by his nonelection as one of his elderly, and wealthy, cousin's coffin bearers: "I think ye might, at least, have given me a leg of her to carry."

Has not Mme. de Sevigne recorded how invitations to good places from which to view horrors, like the execution of the famous poisoner of her date, Mme. de Brinvilliers, were eagerly sought for by the court ladies, and many a "Lord Tomnoddy" of a generation ago found ready acceptance of an invitation to a party made up for the purpose of seeing a criminal hung at Newgate.

ON A FRIEND'S RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs. Gampton Uses Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and Receives Instant Lasting Relief—Immediate Relief is what the Sufferer Wants—and Gets When Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is Used.

"I was for a long time a great sufferer from heart trouble. I had palpitation and smothering accompanied by great weakness and painful spasms. I got very little relief from remedies, and doctors failed to give me real benefit. A friend of mine had used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it had been a great relief to her. I procured a bottle and it has proved a great blessing to me. I think it a great heart cure and heartily recommend it to all like sufferers. Mrs. Gampton, 46 Bishop Street, Toronto." For sale by Garden Bros.

Correcting Newspaper Proofs.

When the manuscripts are set up in type, says Cassell's Magazine, a proof is pulled by a handpress and dispatched for correction—sometimes to the editor or sub-editor, sometimes to the leading writers, and always to the proof correctors, who sit in narrow cells, like bathing machines, and look out for mistakes in the columns submitted to them. No easy task is the correcting of errors in print. There are so many blunders possible—blunders literary and grammatical, blunders telegraphic and of translation, blunders literal and of lifting, of which more hereafter. We have all seen many in press, but their scarcity is far stranger than their numbers. Some of them are numerous enough, and though the editor may tear his hair at sight of them, the public laughingly forgive.

Take, for example, the paper which described a celebrated general as a "battle-scarred" instead of a "battle scarred" veteran, and consequently apologized to the "battle-scarred" warrior for the first misprint; or the even more painful mistake in the announcement of a death, which concluded, "Fiends are requested to accept this, the only intimation"—the falling out of one letter having led to an appalling result. Sometimes when the type is pulled about to correct an error the lines become transposed in such a manner that the last state is worse than the first. Notice, for instance, a case where two paragraphs became intermingled with the result: "A large cast iron wheel, revolving 900 times a minute, exploded in the city, yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent member of the local temperance association."

The Beauty that Attracts Men

Is not so much in the features as in a clear healthy complexion, and a plump body filled with the vigor and vitality of perfect health. Pale, weak, languid women are fully restored to robust health by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, a condensed food which creates rich, pure blood and new nerve tissues.

Saw Possible Trouble Ahead.

In the mountain district of Tennessee there are many people who never saw a train, and when a railroad was surveyed and constructed through a wild part of the state, but little work was done by the natives for a year. They put in the greater part of their time watching the workmen, but the greatest event of their lives was when the first train came along. Some of them were afraid of the engine and gave it a wide berth. The track was finally laid as far as the Cumberland river, and owing to the delay in the arrival of the bridge material, the workmen crossed the river and began the construction

Hale Old Age.



Sad to see people advanced in years suffering from Backache, Lame Back, Urinary Troubles and Kidney Weakness. A hale old age, free from pains and aches, can only be attained by keeping the kidneys right and the blood pure.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

benefit the aged by freeing them from pain and correcting all Disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary System.

Mr. Thomas Ash, an old resident of Renfrew, Ont., spoke as follows:

"I am 72 years of age, and have been troubled for a number of years with pains across my back. When I would stoop over it gave agonizing pain to straighten up. I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I have taken many kinds of medicines, but got nothing to help me. Being recommended to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a box. After taking three doses I noticed a great change for the better, and I can now get around as smart as a cricket. I can split my own wood and am, in fact, just like a new man."

of a tunnel.

One day a tall, rawboned Tennessean stood watching the work. There was a puzzled look on his face, and he finally said: "They may be able to hit that hole every time, but if they miss it there will be hell to pay."

The man actually believed that no bridge would be built and the trains would make a flying leap across the river and dash into the tunnel on the other side.

A Lightning Story.

Two brothers, aged respectively 28 and 22 years, were driving together near Chester in a dogcart in a thunderstorm, says the Lancet. They were apparently struck by lightning and seem to have fallen simultaneously out of the back of the vehicle, for they were found about five minutes after the flash lying side by side on the road with the seat of the dogcart under their legs and the driving apron over them. I arrived from ten to fifteen minutes afterward and found them both quite dead; the bodies were lying in the road in the same position as they were found. The elder brother had no external sign of injury. The younger brother presented the following appearances: The epidermis was burned over the chest and abdomen, not continuously, but in a number of circular holes from one-sixteenth of an inch to a quarter of an inch in diameter. The metallic collar stud was fused and the skin beneath was deeply burned. The back from the neck to the buttocks was burned, but less severely than in front. The vest and shirt were charred but the waistcoat and coat were unburned. The wadded drawers and trousers had a hole burned in them about a quarter of an inch in diameter corresponding to a burn on the right buttock. On the occiput there was a contused scalp wound evidently due to the fall from the vehicle. There were no other injuries nor were any of the clothes torn on either of the bodies.

There was still no rigor mortis an hour and a half after death. His watch was going and seems not to have magnitized, as it has kept good time since. The cloth of the cushion on which the younger brother sat was burned on its outer surface but the wooden seat beneath was uninjured. The tailboard of the dogcart had the paint slightly singed immediately behind the younger brother's seat, otherwise the vehicle bears no trace of the lightning. It was very wet from the rain. No one else was in the cart besides the two brothers. The horse was uninjured and trotted home of its own accord. The road also bore no traces of the lightning.

MOTHER JOYS:

A Dimpled Dot in Her Arms and a Body Without a Pain—Here's a Case of Mother Cured of Tormenting Piles by Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

"After baby was born I suffered great torment from piles. Nothing gave me any lasting relief or benefit until I had used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application of it gave me almost instant relief, and a few applications cured me. Mrs. M. K. Coller, 30 Pacific Ave., Toronto." For sale by Garden Bros.

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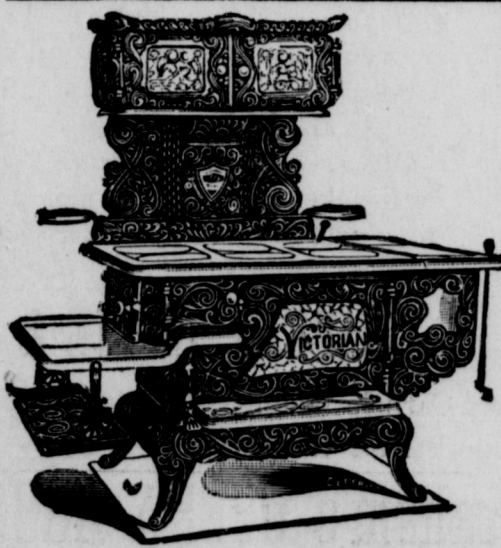
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