

The Clink of The Ice.

Notably fond of music, I do on a sweeter tone than ever the harp has uttered or even the lute has known.

When I wake at five in the morning with a feeling in my head suggestive of mild excesses before I retired to bed; When a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore inside, And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a buffalo hide,—

How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall!

Oh, is it the gaudy ballet, with features I cannot name, That kindles in virile bosoms that slow but devouring flame? Or is it the midnight supper, eaten before we retire, That presently by combustion setteth us all afire? Or is it the cheery magnum? nay I'll not chide the cup?

That makes the meekest mortal anxious to whoop things up, Yet, what the cause soever, relief comes when we call, Relief with that rapturous clinkety-clink that clinketh alike for all.

I've dreamt of the fiery furnace that was one vast bulk of flame, And that I was Abednego a wallowing in that same; And I've dreamt I was a crater, possessed of a mad desire To vomit molten lava, and to snort big gobs of fire; I've dreamt I was Roman candles and rockets that fizzed and screamed,—

In short, I have dreamt the cussedest dreams that a human ever dreamed: But all the red hot fancies were scattered quick as a wink

When the spirit within that pitcher went clinking its clinkety-clink.

Boy, why so slow in coming with that gracious, saving cup? Oh, hasten to the succor of the man who is burning up! See how the ice bobs up and down as if it wildly strove To reach its grace to the wretch who feels like a red hot kitchen stove!

The piteous clink it clinketh methinks should thrill your soul and through; An erring soul is wanting drink and he wants it p. q. r.

And, lo! the honest pitcher, too, falls in so dire a fret That its pallid form is presently bedewed with a chilly sweat.

May blessings be showered upon the man who first devised this drink That happens along at five a. m. with rapturous clinkety clink!

I never have felt the cooling flood go sizzling down my throat But what I vowed to hymn a hymn to that clinkety clink devotee; So now in the prime of my manhood, I polish this lyric gem For the uses of all good fellows who are thirsty at five a. m.

But specially for those fellows who have known the pleasing thrall Of the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall.

—EUGENE FIELD.

Some Opinions on the Shoddy Question.

The valuable paper on "Substitutes for Wool" read by Mr. Alfred Mansell before the International Conference of Sheep Breeders at Carlisle, England, and which has attracted a good deal of attention in this country, induced a general discussion on the subject by delegates from nearly all the wool-growing countries of the world. The views of several of these gentlemen will be read with interest by our legislators, farmers and manufacturers:

Mr. J. Treadwell of England said that they were all very much indebted to Mr. Mansell for the trouble he had taken in collecting the facts. It seemed to him that the Association should take a cue from Mr. Mansell's paper, and impress upon the President of the Board of Agriculture the necessity of introducing a Bill, somewhat on the lines of the Food and Drugs Act, to require the vendors of fabrics to declare the composition of those articles, so that people might know what they were buying. The state of things which Mr. Mansell described in his paper was a great grievance, and if they brought it before Mr. Manbury perhaps that gentleman would help them. Notwithstanding the adulteration of so called "Woolen goods," those articles did not get much cheaper. He did not know who got the advantage.

Mr. C. R. Richards of Natal said that the paper had made him feel quite uneasy. He had been wondering how many of their garments had been manufactured out of the cast off continental rags, which the paper so graphically described. Speaking purely as a consumer he thought the paper should do a great deal of good. But speaking as a producer of wool living that "distressed country," South Africa, he believed that anything that could be done to raise the price a half penny or a penny or even a farthing a pound would have the hearty support of his fellow producers. But the question was an international one. If the labelling of Shoddy goods was only to be carried on by England and was disregarded on the Continent and in America, it might possibly prejudice English producers, and let traders of other nations "romp in" and reap the benefits. The matter should be taken up by wool growers throughout the world. Mr. Mansell deserved thanks for drawing attention to the bogus articles used in substitutes for wool and he trusted that the paper would be the beginning of an active crusade against the spurious article. Mr. Peer of the United States said that he brought to the Conference the compliments and best wishes of the National Live Stock Association of America. The members of the Association were doing all they could to make honest men of the manufacturers of wool, but it was a pretty hard task. Adulterated goods were now so common in America that it was hardly noticed, and he judged from what he had seen that the same criticism might be applied

to manufacturers in England. But in spite of the bad example set by the manufacturers of the United States the farmer of America—and he was sure he might include the farmers of England and of the other countries—were honest men. A great deal of work and a very strong combination would be required to get the matter dealt with by legislation in America and he presumed that politics were the same the world over. A Bill on the subject of Woollen Manufactures had been introduced into the house of Representatives in America with the object of requiring that all so called woollen articles, not made of pure wool should be plainly marked in such a way as to show the articles of which the fabrics were composed, and the relative proportion of each ingredient. He was informed that the measure was being strongly opposed by the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, who were extensive users of shoddy. They were opposing it, not openly, but secretly, because they dared not come forward and submit to cross-examination before the Committee which was dealing with the bill.

Mr. S. Kidner, of England, considered it a very happy thought to bring a subject of this importance before a meeting in which English sheep breeders had the honor and pleasure of being associated with their foreign and colonial friends. Adulteration seemed to be the order of the day, and he agreed with Mr. Treadwell in the opinion that they should go to the Minister of Agriculture and ask him whether or not he could not deal with the matter and try to stop it. A matter on which Mr. Hanbury had spoken perhaps more plainly than any other was the fact that agriculturists were suffering from adulteration and he had shown himself by his previous actions willing to help. Mr. Kidner did not share the opinion expressed by Mr. Richards, that if different countries acted singly that they might possibly be injuring their own manufacturers. England was a large exporting country, and if the people of foreign countries chose to wear shoddy goods, there was no reason why exporters should not still send those goods to them. He had no wish to hamper manufacturers in a lucrative trade so long as they were dealing honestly. It seemed to him that the time had almost come when wool, on account of its low price, might be used to adulterate other materials.

Mr. Kidwell, of Cape Colony, said that the natives of the country he represented were not manufacturers but consumers. Some few years ago an attempt was made to start a factory for the manufacture of woollen goods in South Africa, but it went to the wall on account of the cheapness of goods of other kinds exported to South Africa. We know from personal experience that a great deal of shoddy was consumed in Cape Colony. The Dutch trade in South Africa required cheap goods. No matter what goods were offered for sale the Dutch people always asked "Have you nothing cheaper?" Unfortunately the farmers in South Africa had not been progressive, and their wool had gone to a very low ebb. It was he understood the lowest wool in the market, and they were now talking of producing cross breeds and ignoring the wool trade entirely.

Mr. R. N. Beasley, of New Zealand, said that as represented the Canterbury Agricultural and Pastoral Association of New Zealand he could very fully support Mr. Mansell's expressions. It seemed to him that nearly every country produced the abominable adulterated fabrics which had been described. He thought it had been reserved for New Zealand to be one of the few places where they produced a cloth that was not adulterated. He could state from personal experience that New Zealand cloth would wear far longer than any suits he had been able to get in London. If the New Zealand cloth had any fault it was that the wearer of the clothes made of it got tired of his garments before they were worn out. Good woollen cloths will wear much longer than the shoddy things sold as cloth. The colonies were perhaps more interested in this subject than England. He thought the subject should be pushed as far as possible, and not only put before the Minister of Agriculture in England but also before the Colonial Premiers. If the matter was properly represented to Colonial Ministers they might be able to do a great deal to help. As had been stated a rise of even one farthing a pound in the price of wool would be a very great advantage.

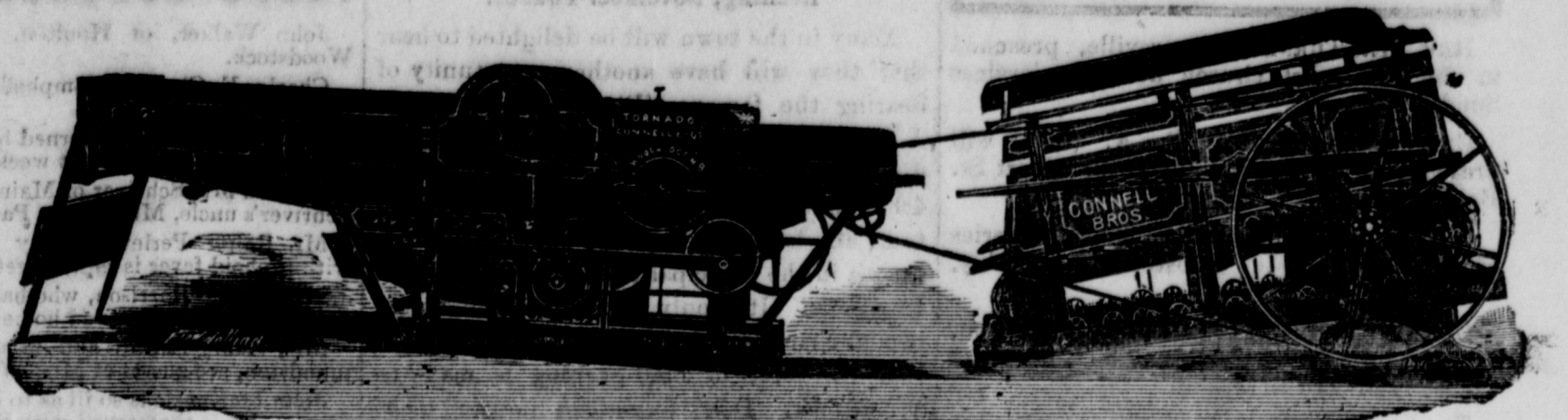
Mr. H. Reid, of Tasmania, said it appeared to him that manufacturers must produce what the public wanted. The main thing with which the producers of wools would have to concern themselves was to secure that the goods produced were properly marked by the manufacturers, so that the consumer would know exactly what he was buying.

A Sure Cure for Constipation.

Some remedies cure this distressing complaint in a day, some in a month, but NERVILINE never fails to cure in a few minutes. Just ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water—that's enough, and away goes the dysentery, cured to stay cured. Nerviline always cures Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, and Sick Headache. It has five times the strength and curative properties of ordinary remedies, and should be in every household. Better buy a 25c. bottle and try it. Nerviline is all right.

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"THE TORNADO."

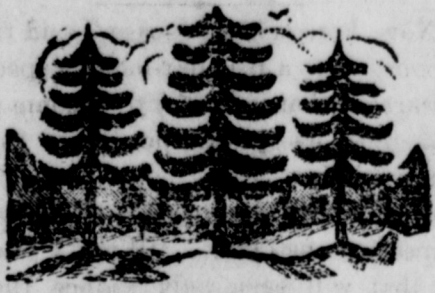


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NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Stops the irritating cough, loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces a quick and permanent cure in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and the first stages of Consumption.

Mrs. Norma Swanston, Cargill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and bad pains in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again."

Price 25 cents a bottle.

He Gave the Reason.

Uncle Silas, an inveterate horse-dealer, was one day called upon by an amateur in search of "something fast."

"There," said Uncle S., pointing to an animal in a meadow below the house, "there, sir, is a mare yonder who could trot her mile in three minutes were it not for one thing."

"Indeed!" said the amateur.

"Yes," continued Uncle S.; "she was four years old last spring, is in good condition, looks well, and is a first-rate mare, and she could go a mile in three minutes were it not for one thing!"

"What is it?" was the query.

"That mare," resumed Uncle S., "is in every way a good mare; she trots square and fair, and yet there is one thing only why she can't go a mile in three minutes."

"What in the name of thunder is it, then?" cried the amateur, impatiently.

"The distance is too great for the time," was the old man's reply.

The age of Brain Work

"In these days, half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain. In this railway age the wear and tear of labor and intellect go on without pause or self pity. We live longer than our forefathers but we suffer more. They fatigued only the muscles, we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the greatest medicine of this age because it is best suited to the needs of the present day. It restores and revitalizes wasted nerve cells and makes the pale, weak and exhausted strong and healthy and vigorous."

Carried Unanimously.

According to a gentleman who has spent many years in the goldfields, the average digger would bear comparison with some of our best debaters.

Some time ago the "boys" of Nugget Creek were in council assembled. It was generally admitted that the size of the colony—consisting as it did of something just over a dozen shanties—entitled it to be considered a city, and Mecca City sprang into existence.

Then one "Roaring Dick" arose and wanted to know what the "citizens" intended to do in the matter of lighting the "streets" by night.

"You know me, boys," he said, twirling a formidable-looking six-shooter. "I ain't afraid o' nothing, naythur in daylight nor dark. But it's this way—other cities' as got gas, and Mecca's got ter'ave it."

"It can't be did!" said one.

"It's got ter be did!" roared the speaker.

"Wot other cities does, we does! 'Sides, gas lamps is a hornament an' lamp-posts a hab-solute necessity. Why, ther ain't a decent spot ter lynch a man within twenty miles. We're goin' ter'ave lamp-posts."

The argument was conclusive, and it was decided unanimously to have gas.

Parchment Butter Paper

is a specialty with us. We can give it to you in large size 24x36 inches, for tub linings or, in printed or unprinted wrappers for one or two pound prints. This paper is the very best on the market and we buy it in such quantities that we can sell it as cheaply as any of fice in the province.

THE DISPATCH,

Queen Street,

Woodstock, N. B.

Pants and Trousers.

(New York Times.)

Ex-President Gates, of Amherst College, was a man with three salient characteristics—belief in compulsory worship as a means of grace, nicety of language, and a fondness for bargain hunting that was almost feminine. As illustrative of the latter it is told that on a certain occasion Mr. Gates bought for \$3 a pair of trousers that had been marked at \$6, and had them charged. The first of the month a bill came in:

"To one pr. pants, \$3."

Mr. Gates crossed off the "pants" and substituted "trousers," then remailed the bill. The first of the next month another bill came in:

"To one pr. pants, \$3."

This time the bill was returned, as before, but with the following legend: "Dear Mr. Thompson: I am always careful about the language I use, and like other people to be the same." The first of the third month Mr. Gates received a bill:

"To one pr. pants, \$3."

This time he went in person to visit Mr. Thompson. He explained his position. Thompson looked at him a moment, and then replied:

"President Gates, I've been in the clothing business for twenty-five years. An' during them twenty-five years everything in my shop above \$5 has been trousers and everything below \$5 has been pants. It's pants you got, and egad, Sir, it's pants you'll pay for."

The Story of Morning Tiredness

Is told by impure blood, poor digestion, sluggish liver and tired nerves. It is a warning of very serious trouble ahead, and should prompt sensible people to take a bracing tonic like Ferrozone, an energetic invigorant and rebuilder. Ferrozone will give you a sharp appetite, promote good digestion and sound sleep; it will feed and energize the enfeebled organs, strengthen the nerves and vital forces and regulate the heart. Ferrozone changes that tired feeling into vigor, strength and ambition, and does it quickly. Remember the name, and insist on having only FERROZONE; it's the best tonic made. Price 50c. per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, at Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.—Sold by Garden Bros.

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

Mr. F. X. O'Brien, now a member of the British Parliament, is the only man living who has been sentenced by British law to be hanged, drawn and quartered for treason-felony. In 1867, in the days of Fenian movement, O'Brien was arrested whilst leading an armed party which attacked a police barracks. At the trial it appeared that the barracks were set on fire, and that the inmates, including some women and children, were in imminent danger, when O'Brien, at great personal risk, went to their relief, and this circumstance was commented upon in terms of praise by the judge when passing sentence. The sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, and some years later Mr. O'Brien was amnestied.

Surprised The Judge.

A judge, who used to wear very long, waving hair and a heavy beard, one day was on his way to court when he was accosted by a little street bootblack, with an exceedingly dirty face, with the customary "Shine, sir!" He was very importunate, and the judge, being impressed with the terrible state of the boy's face, said:—

"I don't want a shine, but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you sixpence."

"All right, sir."

"Well, let me see you do it."

The boy went over to a neighbouring fountain and made his ablution.

Returning, he held out his hand for the sixpence. The judge said:—

"Well you've earned your money. Here it is."

The boy said:—

"I don't want your money, old fellow. You take it and have your hair cut," and forthwith scampered off.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for hemorrhoids, and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See the testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Cicero's Jokes Never Die.

Few persons think of the great Roman orator, Cicero, as a wit. Yet the man who blasted Catiline with his lightning and made even Caesar tremble was famous for his jests and repartees. When Cicero was told that a certain lady had said that she was but thirty years old, though she was unquestionably far older, he replied: "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so for the last ten years. Seeing one day his diminutive son-in-law, Dolabella, girt with a gigantic weapon, he asked, "Who has tied Dolabella to that sword?" "Rem acu tetigit!" ("You have pricked the thing with a needle"—that is, "You have discussed the subject acutely"), was his ironical compliment to a Senator who had been a tailor. When Damasippus, with whom he had been supping, offered him some inferior Falernian wine, saying, "It is forty years old," Cicero replied, "It bears its age well."—"Saturday Evening Post."

A few years ago there was a man in Warwickshire who had six or seven very corpulent daughters. When asked how many children he had, his answer was generally of this kind:

"I have three boys and about thirteen hundredweight of girls."

Dunkel (to lawyer who is making out his will): "I vont to leaf each clerk a thousand pounds dot haf been in my employ twenty years."

Lawyer: "Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkel."

Dunkel: "Ah, dot's it. None of tem haf been mit me, ofer von year, and it makes a goot free advertisement for my poys ven I'm dead, ain't id?"