

Old Man Hogan on the New Amateur Sport.

"The latest amachoor sport among th' millionaire," said Old Man Hogan, "is playin' they are poor. Th' fad was started by Andy Carnegie, who says he's in trainin' for th' da-ay whin he gits all his fortune give away an' raytires with a beggarly tin or twenty millions to spend his last years in day-cent an' semi-rayspectable poverty. If Andy keeps up th' game 'twill be sure to be popular among our very bist people an' in a season or two will take th' place of golluf as th' leadin' society amusemint.

"But Andy's navin' a hard time of it. His reputation is against him. Whin he laves Scab-e Castle without a cint in his pocket an' th' conductor starts to thurn him off th' street car r for not payin' his fare there's always somebody recognizes him by his picter in th' pa-pers an' insists on leudin' him a couple av hundred pounds for pocket money. If he walks into a quick-lunch joint and modestly orders three sinkers an' wan in th' dark th' prisdint av local library board, who's sittin on th' next stool, is sure to sind over a cut av mince pie an' some cranberry puffs, with th' suggestion that a new buildin' for storin' books that nobody reads is th' cryin' want ave th' municipality.

"What Andy needs, if he intinds to play th' game properly, is a good trainer an' a clean shave. I know a lot of min that would take him out, with his whiskers cut off, an' in wan lesson teach him to play th' game like a professional. But he'll have to sacrifice th' lilacs, for that little bunch av gray hair will be good collateral for a million in any bank, so long as it sticks to Andy's chin.

"Wan av th' first rules to be observed in learnin' th' game av amachoor poverty is not to over-exercise at th' sthert. 'Twill be well, fer instance, to cut down th' number av bottles av wine you dhrink at dinner gradually, a couple av quarts at a time, instead av jumpin' at wan leap from you full rations to a glass av water an' a cup av coffee, which is likely to make you sore an' give you a great distaste for th' game.

"Players who wish to praysarve their standin' as amachochs should also be careful to keep out av Wall sthret, for fear a sudden turn in th' market may make thim professional poor min over night. Wan av our leadin' amachochs, Misther Jim Keene, almost had this experience last spring. Nothin' but th' fact that Jim had sivin millions tucked away in th' sugar bowl at home enabled th' committay av th' National Amachoor Poor Min's Association to decide that his standin' as an amachoor was still unimpaired.

"In learnin' the game it is well to begin by refusin' to contribute to charitable associations by dayclinin' to make loans to needy friends an' relatives. In this way th' systim can be accustomed to th' rigors av th' game, though a great many millionaires will find that they take to it naturally an' injoy it from th' first.

"There will doubtless be great competition among prominent amachochs as to which can make th' bist score at the tax assessor's office. No wan who is not willin' to swear to a schedule av tin dollars to th' million will be allowed on th' list av recognized amachoch, an' a silver loving-cup will be awarded to every player worth more than tin million who gits off without anny assisement at all.

"Other rules already adopted be th' association are as follows:
"All people havin' incomes av less than wan hundred thousand dollars a year shall be classed as professionals.
"Anny mumber payin' taxes on more than a third av his property shall be suspended for wan year.

"Anny amachoor in good standin' kin become a life mumber av th' association be foundin' a couple of universities, givin' a lot av junk that he hasn't got room for about th' house to th' government at Washington or be endowin' a free bid in a hospital to be occupied exclusively be victims av his automobile.
"A motion to lay a mumber on or under th' table shall always be in order.

"As soon as th' game gifts well under way I expict that it'll be fashionable to be poor—av course, strictly av amachochs—an' I'm goin' to apply for a job as professional at wan av th' leadin' clubs."

Why the Other Women Hate the "Man's Woman."

All young men and some old men who ought to know better are convinced that women hate the "man's woman" because the men like her. But as a rule, those qualities which make a person popular attract men and women alike, and there are girls who hold the general and equal affection of all the women as well as all the men of their acquaintance.

The usual "man's woman" is detested by other girls because they know her. It is not natural for a girl to be a "man's woman," and to attain that character she has to play many parts and be all things to all men. The "man's woman," as a rule is insincere. She goes out of her way and practices unwomanly arts to attract men for whom she cares nothing, but whose attendance feeds her vanity. When in company with girls, no men being present, the "man's woman"

delights in humiliating and insulting other women. The "man's woman" can be very mean and waspish when she deems it safe to be sincere. But when men come in, she becomes gracious and benignant to the same woman whom, perhaps, a moment before, she was taunting and stinging. A man, seeing her generous manner to these other women, attributes to jealousy the hatred with which she is regarded by his sisters.

Men, especially young men, are generally poor judges of women at first sight. They pick out the showy, shallow girls who talk fluently and sing college songs, and they see nothing in quieter bodies, who, perhaps have better minds and hearts than more ostentatious and more popular girls. If only the poor fools of men who whisper confidences into the ear of the "man's woman," and write silly letters to her, could hear the goddess repeating their secrets and reading their letters aloud to crowds of giggling girls, if the deluded men could behold the "man's woman" mimicking them to whole rooms-full of other women, they would moderate their admiration for her.

The art of the "man's woman" consists in making each man believe that he is the one particular man, her nearest intimate and dearest friend. This involves a certain amount of hypocrisy. To other women there is a note of falseness in every tone of the "man's woman." Women know one another to the core. They read one another by intuition, while man has to learn them by the painful method of practical experience.

But sooner or later, each individual man finds out the "man's woman" and quits her. That is her punishment and the other woman's vindication. One by one the men that hung about her have their eyes opened. Sometimes this operation is painful to them, sometimes it is a trifling incident in their lives. They go their several ways, wiser, and marry the girls who the "man's woman" snubbed and derided. And when she sees thirty drawing near and herself still unwed, the "man's woman" often marries some silly boy in a hurry, before he has had time to think, and retires from the field amid laughter.

A Visible Argument.

Some uneducated people are victims of the fallacy that because there are graduates of colleges who are unworthy of the institution that has tried to do so much for them, therefore colleges are bad. The Rev. Thomas P. Hunt relates in his spirited autobiography an incident in which he corrected one man's prejudice.

While I was acting as agent for Lafayette College I applied to a wealthy merchant for a donation, and also urged him to take a scholarship and have his sons educated. I found him so strongly confirmed in the opinion that a college education is but the road to worthlessness that I desisted from arguing with him.

After dinner I proposed a walk. We made a thorough visit to the wharves, grog-shops and hotels of the place.

After supper I remarked, "What a pity that so many of the worthless, idle nuisances we have seen in our walk to-day have spent their time and their fathers' money in colleges!"

"Colleges!" said he. "Why, there is not a college boy among them! They are ignorant; their parents do not go to church nor read the bible. Colleges indeed!"

I had him. "You see, then," I said, "that young men may be ruined without a college education. I admit that educated boys may be ruined, not in consequence of education, but rather in spite of it. Statistics show that a smaller proportion of college students become worthless than of any other class of young men in the country."

"Sunday Folks."

When Dr. John Cairns went from Scotland to Ireland for rest and travel in 1864, he was at once delighted by discovering from the guides who showed him about that most of the landed gentry were "Sunday folks."

"That's a fine castle," he would say, pointing to a big house set like a crown on some rocky hill.

"Yis, sorr," said his guide. "Tis Sir John O'Connor's," or "Tis Sir Rory Moore's." He always added, "He's a Sundah mon."

At last Doctor Cairns grew curious.

"What is a Sunday man?" he asked.

"Well, sorr, it do be a mon that has so many writs out agin him for debt that he stays shut up tight in his house all the week, and only comes out on Sundah, when the law protects him."

Doctor Cairn's opinion of the landed gentry underwent a change.

Adopting One Old-World Evil.

The steady concentration of the hunting and fishing privileges of America into the possession of clubs is illustrated by reported lease of George W. Vanderbilt's famous North Carolina estate, Baltimore. A club of 100 members will thus have a monopoly of 125,000 acres. It is true that in this case the land was already monopolized by a single owner, but this is not true of the holdings of most of the new clubs which are being organized all over the country. The obvious fact

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is that there is no longer, as formerly, enough game for everybody who cares to shoot or fish, and the time is near at hand when sport of this kind will be, as in England, the prerogative of a privileged class. It is natural that a good deal of feeling should be stirred up by this invasion of ancient freedom, and in some states, as, for example, in Ohio, hostile legislation has practically destroyed the value of expensive club property by curtailing the right to shoot and fish. But in all countries game has been a source of class irritation, an irritation usually out of proportion to the economic interests involved.

Cheaper Steel for Foreigners.

Little more than six months ago the iron and steel industry of the United States was in so strong a position apparently regarding business on hand at the high level of prices that J. P. Morgan, in one of the few public interviews he ever consented to give, referred to its proving the soundness of the business situation and the foolishness of the stock market view respecting the future of values. Today the same industry is so far depressed that United States producers of steel are appealing to the railroads for special low rates on products for export that they may secure abroad some measure of a market which has been lost at home. This is of interest in showing how far the best of business judgements may be misled in times of "boom." It has ever been so. The trunk line railroads have heard the appeal of the steel producers and agreed to a large reduction in rates. They were asked to concede 50 per cent.; they actually conceded one-third, making the rates on certain classes of steel products for export 33 1/3 per cent. less than the rates charged to domestic buyers of steel. This, of course, amounts to a bounty on steel exports or a tax upon home consumers to enable foreigners to get their steel more cheaply. The user of steel in Boston or New York will be charged full transportation rates, while steel on the same train, if consigned to a foreigner, who may use it ultimately in competition with the Boston or New York consumer, will go over the road at a third off.

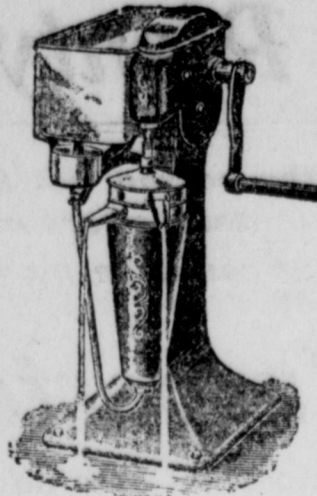
Events have not justified the prophecy of those who said a few years ago that bicycleriding was merely a fad, and would soon lose its popularity. It was the fad of a few, to be sure, but the bicycle has proved itself so useful that it has been adopted as a business vehicle in the city as well as in the country. Last year more than six hundred thousand bicycles were sold in the United States; and in France more than twice as many bicycles were ridden as in 1898.

To err is human, and to lie about it, natural.—[Life.]
Dumley—"By George! I believe I'm the greatest fool in the world...—Synnex—"That makes it unanimous...—[Boston Transcript.]

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