

Model Saloon Opened.

The Subway Tavern, a model saloon financed by a number of the leaders of the reform movement in the city, was formally opened in New York last week, at the corner of Mulberry and Bleeker Streets. Joseph Johnson, its manager, in an introductory address, said that the first object of the undertaking was to eliminate the element of private profit in the liquor business; and secondly, to dissociate immorality from the drinking habit.

Frederick S. Lamb was the next speaker. He told of the degeneration of the present saloon from the old family buffet, and referred to the cafes of Europe, where, so he said, social intercourse is promoted and family life enters as well as at home.

"An American frying-pan," he said, "is often more deadly than American drinks, and we should uphold this movement to better the saloon."

Dr. David Blaustein, the superintendent of the Educational Alliance, sketched the life in the cafes, where one can get liquor, coffee, tea, or other drinks as desired, and where the family meet to spend the evening. He referred to the congregating of artists in one place; scientists in another; and musicians. Dr. Blaustein said that many times he had spent an evening for ten cents in purchasing two glasses of pure beer and had been associated with scientists who had taught him many valuable things.

Bishop Potter spoke at some length. He said that he believed in the old village tavern as a place where a long evening could be spent without the necessity of intoxication.

"I belong to a dozen clubs," he said. "If I want to go out to dinner or a social evening, I can do so in any one of these clubs. But what of the man who lives in two rooms with five small children. He has no club. He naturally has to go to the saloon. The business man can lunch at the Hardware Club or the Down Town Club, but the poor man, to get his glass of beer with his luncheon, must go to the saloon."

"This is the greatest social movement New York has ever known. It is a movement every one of you must take into account if you would save the republic. The republic is not to be saved by electing this man or that to office, but the work must start and be built up in the home and in places where people gather socially."

The formal opening was ended by the singing of the Doxology.

Preserving Standards.

The one hundred-foot rule in Trafalgar Square, London, which is the standard of length for all countries that use the English system of measures of length, is to be replaced, says the London Globe, by one better housed in Westminster Hall. The present standard, which has been copied in steel by the government of the United States, is a bronze strip inlaid in granite. It is liable to slight inaccuracy because it is exposed to variations in the atmosphere. It has stood in its present site since 1876.

The requirements for a standard of this sort are a long, level, dry plot, protected from wind damage and from changes in the air, and yet accessible to the public in such a way that workers can compare measures with it undisturbed by idlers. Westminster Hall is said to be ideal for the purpose. The new standard will be subdivided to the thousandth part of an inch.

The greatest care is used in preserving the various standards, but none are more closely guarded than the British yard and pound. They are kept immured in the wall of the staircase leading to the upper waiting-room of the House of Commons. Every twenty years they are taken out and inspected.

The platinum pound is then wrapped in Swedish filtering paper, placed in a silver-gilt case, packed in a solid, square bronze case, and deposited in a mahogany box, which is secured by screws and sealed. The gun-metal yard is placed on eight rollers in a mahogany box, and both boxes are then put in a lead case, and the cover is soldered. This is put in an oak chest which is screwed tight, and deposited in a cavity in the wall. The aperture is then cemented up, to remain closed for twenty years more. In spite of all precautions, the inspection of 1892 disclosed minute variations in both standards, but they are believed to have been due to slight inaccuracies in the computations in 1872.

The Decline of Courtesy.

That familiar toast, "Here's to woman—once our superior, now our equal," is much more than a clever bit of banquet feeling. It was a jest when first spoken; it is taken as a fact now. We have seen in recent years a steady diminution of the deference to a woman which in the last century was a part of every boy's education. Even the bow, once a genuflection of real compliment, has deteriorated into a fashionable shrug; the kiss is unmentionable except as a microbe exhibit, and, as for surrendering comforts from a sense of duty, here is the very latest book of etiquette. "The old custom of a man giving his seat in a street car to a woman is being gradually done away with. This is due

largely to the fact that women are more extensively engaged in commercial business, that they are constant riders at busy hours, and thus come into direct competition with the men;" and we find this delicious passage in the further elaboration of the rules: "A woman should not look with a pained and injured air at the men passengers because no one of them has offered her a seat." Really, it comes as a balm to the soul to be told that "A man should never cross his legs or keep his feet extended in the passageway." Custom rules, and it does little good to sigh for the good old days. Still, we shall cling to the belief that good manners cannot be wholly out of fashion, that deference to women is excellent, not only for the woman, but for the man, and that the gentleman who is guided by the better promptings of his nature and the higher teachings of his youth will get more abiding satisfaction out of life than by ignoring woman simply because she dares to try the only way of becoming independent—by making her own living.—Saturday Evening Post.

Law a Small Part.

"Tomorrow," said the lawyer, "I will have to begin the cross-examination of the fair plaintiff."

His face showed that he was troubled. "It will have to be carefully planned and executed," he added, after a pause.

"What will?" inquired the unsophisticated youth.

"Why, I have arranged to have a clever party sit beside her and abstract her handkerchief just before she takes the stand for cross-examination," explained the lawyer.

"To what purpose?"

"Evidently," said the lawyer, "you are even more inexperienced than I supposed. I can see that she is one of the kind that has no difficulty in carrying when she wants to."

"Well?"

"Well, do you not know that all the astuteness of the legal profession is not worth one tear in the eye of a pretty woman in a jury trial?"

"But the handkerchief?"

"No woman can cry effectively on the witness stand without an embroidered handkerchief. Lacking that, it is no more than snivelling, and the woman who snivels is lost. With the handkerchief, she can beat me; without it she is at my mercy. As the poet truly says, 'In hoc handkerchief vinces.' The verdict in this case is likely to rest on the temporary possession of a bit of linen and lace. When she finds it gone she will be too rattled to even think clearly."

"I begin to see," remarked the unsophisticated one, "that there is more than law to law."

"In such a case," was the reply, "the law is the least part of it."—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Visitors

Scene: Office of Great Magnate. Mahogany furnishings. Solid gold gratings. Army of clerks in distance. Hum of Exchange near. Clerk (entering)—Lady outside to see you, sir.

Great Magnate—Her card? Ah, yes. Mrs. Wilker, widow of my dear old friend. Tell her I'm out.

"She knows you are in."

"Tell her I'm busy."

"She insists upon seeing you. She says you have robbed her of all she had."

"Um! Ah! In that case, do the usual thing. Tell her to see my attorney, and if she makes a scene, show her the door."

"Very good, sir." (Goes out and comes back in a few moments.)

"Man to see you, sir."

"Card? Oh, yes. Colonel Culpepper, former president of the X. Y. Z. Line. Tell him I'm out."

"He knows you are in."

"Tell him I'm busy."

"He insists upon seeing you. He says you bought his road, reorganized it, issued a large amount of stock, dumped it on the public, and dished him in the bargain."

"That's no news. Usual thing. Tell him to consult my attorney. Put him out if necessary."

"Very good, sir." (Goes out and comes back.)

"Man to see you, sir. Clergyman."

"Card?"

"Here, sir; Rev. Mr. Splicer."

"Ah! My own dear pastor. I certainly haven't robbed him. Show him in. And say."

"Yes, sir."

"You see that cabinet drawer—that one to the right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Open it and get my checkbook. I must let him have some of that money to square myself."—"Life."

General Comment.

The export trade for Canadian and American fall apples will be somewhat restricted, but owing to the better quality of our apples they will still have the preference in the European markets. There will be the necessity, however, of rigidly excluding all second quality fruit. Fall fruit of first class quality will in all probability bring a fair price, but it is almost certain that second quality fruit

Great Mid-Summer Sale!

Men's Starched and Soft Front Colored Shirts at a Great Sacrifice. Regular Selling Price \$1.00,

NOW ONLY 69 CENTS EACH.

Watch our display in front window, Main Street.

Only 50 of our \$12.00 and \$15.00 Men's Suits left on our Bargain Counter which we have been selling at \$8.00. In order to close out the balance, we have decided to make a further sacrifice, and have reduced them to \$7.00, an extraordinary bargain, which no intending purchaser of clothing can afford to overlook.

Ladies' Black Lustre Skirts only \$1.69, former price 2.75
Straw Hats, Muslins, Lawns, etc., at greatly reduced rates.
Ladies' Sailor Hats only 20c., 25c. and 35c. each.

Just opened this week two large crates of Premium Dinner Sets; also 50 Cobbler Rockers. Customers having Premium Checks will find it to their advantage to present them while the assortment is complete.

Oak Hall. B. B. MANZER.

will not bring much, if anything, over the cost of marketing. The supply of good winter stock of apples suitable for the British market during the months of January, February and March is not excessive, and it seems reasonable to expect that the demand will be almost equal to that of last year.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 Sold by Druggists, 75c.
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Submerged Seventh.

Just after the convening of the new House of Representatives, there was a member from the West who was boasting of the enormous majority given him by the voters of his district.

"Why," the new member would exclaim, "do you know I was elected by the suffrages of seven different nationalities?"

One day some one asked him to name the nationalities. He gave them: "Irish German, Polish, Bohemian, Swedish and Greek."

"But you have named only six nationalities," said the seeker after knowledge.

"What was the seventh one?"

The new member again ran over his little list, but could not remember the seventh nationality. At this juncture some facetious bystander chipped in with the remark: "Maybe there were some Americans in the bunch."

"Good for you!" shouted the new Representative, lustily, slapping his thigh. "But it was funny that I should forget them, don't you think?"

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PICNIC

—BY—

ST. Gertrude's Church,
WOODSTOCK,

Tuesday, August 16.

The congregation of St. Gertrude's Catholic Church intend holding a Picnic on the beautiful church grounds on Tuesday, August 16th, for the purpose of raising funds for church objects.

The different committees will spare no pains in making this the Picnic of the season.

Dinner on the Tables from 11 o'clock—tickets 35 cents. Tea from 5 o'clock—tickets 25 cents.

These grounds are beautifully shaded and well adapted for picnic purposes.

A Band will furnish music during the day.

The Sports Committee are making every effort to have all the usual sports, including Bowling Alley, Archery, Air Gun, Swings, Foot Races, Three Legged Races, Sack Races, Potato Races, Jumping Contests, etc.

No admission. All are invited.

If the weather proves unfavorable, Picnic will be held first fine day following.

First politician—You remember that famous saying of Lincoln's, "You can fool all the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

Second politician—Well, I'm no hog. Some of the people for mine.

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Whitewear, Hosiery, Etc.
Summer Neckwear,
Fine stock of New Belts,
Chiffon Collar Forms,
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Woodstock, Aug. 1st.

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Anyone wanting to buy hard or soft wood by the car, will do well to communicate with
B. F. SMITH,
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FOR SALE

A Tornado Separator made by Connell Bros. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to **FRED M. EVERETT,** Jacksonville, Clarendon County.
 Aug. 4, 4th.

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