

A Feast for Christmas Shoppers.

Our stock is larger and better than ever before in the history of this well known Jewelry Store. We know we have what you want and you will know it, too, when you have looked over our store.

HAWKES CUT GLASS.

Water Bottles,
Salad Bowls,
Vases,
Water Pitchers,
Nappies,
Oil Bottles.

STERLING SILVER.

For Table.
Spoons and Forks of all kinds,
Bonbon Dishes,
Pepper and Salts, etc.
For Toilet.
Brushes and Combs,
Silver Deposit Bottles,
Bonnet Brushes, Cloth Brushes,
Manicure Pieces, etc.

JEWELLRY.

Solid Gold and Gold Filled.
Watches, Brooches, Bracelets,
Rings, Necklets, Locketts,
Ladies' Chains, Gents' Chains,
Cuff Links, Stick Pins.

A beautiful line of Solid Gold Pearl Set Goods.

A charming display of Fancy Clocks.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Umbrellas.

CARR & GIBSON,
31 MAIN STREET, Woodstock, N. B.
JAS. A. GIBSON, Proprietor.
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Everything For Christmas

Our Stock of things suitable for Christmas Presents was never so large and varied as it is this season. You are cordially invited to look over our grand array of Holiday Goods when you are out shopping. It is a mistake to put off buying till the last week. Come now.

CUT GLASS,

Vases, Salad Dishes, Bonbon Dishes, Butter Dishes, Knife Rests, Fruit Dishes, Pepper and Salt, Cream and Sugar, Oil Jugs and Perfume Bottles.

CHINA,

a large stock of beautiful articles in Choice China including Royal Vienna, Austrian, Imperial Crown and Limoges.

BOOKS,

Boys' Own Annual, Girls' Own Annual, Chums, Young Canada, Chatterbox, The Henty Books, Pansy Series, Elsie Series, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books. All the late novels in cloth and paper.

LEATHER GOODS,

Ladies' Purses in all styles and prices, Card Cases, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Bill Cases, Letter Cases, Hand Bags, Skirt Bags, Music Rolls, Travelling Cases for both ladies and gentlemen.

TOYS,

of all kinds including mechanical toys and all kinds of games.

DOLLS,

Speaking Dolls, Sleeping Dolls, Dolls with natural hair, Blondes, Brunettes, Large Dolls, Small Dolls, Dolls Dressed and Undressed, Dolls Furniture.

Sleds for boys and girls, Coasters and Canadian Bobs.

A particularly nice line of 1905 Calendars.

A large stock, in great variety, of Framed Pictures, all new.

Souvenir Post Cards in Christmas designs.

Toilet articles of all kinds, Manicure Sets, Puff Boxes, Jewel Cases.

Agents for Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

We are running a Bargain Counter this year. Don't fail to see it. Great Bargains.

Doing Business With a Woman.

I recently had occasion to attempt to transact a matter of business with a lady whom I had never met. Later I learned that she was a large lady with blue eyes, a refined aspect, tailor-made cloths and a gentle air of compassion.

The matter was one involving money. She had something that I was willing to pay her for. It seemed to me that an arrangement agreeable to both of us might be consummated.

I had heard some one state that it was always possible to do business with a woman and still retain a measure of self-respect. And in a rash hour I essayed it. I had my typewriter despatch a note to the effect that if the lady would be at home on a certain day and a certain hour, I should be pleased to call on her.

Three days after the day had passed, I received a polite and entirely formal reply. It stated that the lady would be at home at the hour and day specified. Determining not to trust any further to correspondence, I called the next evening at the lady's home and sent up my card.

"Madam," I said, "you have a house to rent. I am looking for just such a house. Will you rent it to me, provided my references are all right?"

The lady looked at me suspiciously.

"The house is in the market," she said. "I have consulted a lawyer and he told me not to say anything more than this."

I smiled.

"Madam," I said, "you have something to sell. I will—"

"I do not care to sell the house," she replied, haughtily.

"But the rent," I observed, mildly—"you would sell the rent of it."

"I am not a saleslady, sir!" she observed, with the utmost dignity. "I do not care to sell rent by the yard. Besides, I never heard of such a thing."

Making a superhuman effort to control myself, I replied:

"Madam, allow me to explain. You have a house to rent. I am looking for just such a house. I should be glad to pay you a reasonable price for the use of your house for a certain length of time. Do you not see that this is business?"

The lady arose and went to the door.

"John," she said to her husband, a mild-looking man who entered almost immediately, "do you see this—person?"

"Yes," said John, "he," indicating me, "has insulted me. He came to see me about the house and has dared to insinuate that the affair is a matter of business."

"Yes, madam," I repeated, "business, merely a matter of business. You, sir," I said, appealing to the husband, "will surely understand my attitude. You will see my point of view. You have something to offer. I have something to buy. This is a matter of business."

The lady's husband looked irresolute, "Why, it seems to me," he stammered, "that—that—"

The lady fastened him with an indignant gaze.

"And so," she said to him, witheringly, "you are not prepared to stand up for me!"

This man has deliberately insulted me by referring to the house where I was born, and where some of our choicest old furniture is now standing, as a mere matter of business—business!"

John stepped forward. His fate was trembling in the balance. He had to act.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, grabbing me fiercely by the arm, "come with me!"

He led me out, down the stairs, and across the street to a neighboring cafe. He smiled a large, sheepish, woebegone, deprecatory and conciliatory smile.

"What'll you have?" he asked.

But I lifted my hand with an emphatic negative, while I whispered to the white-robed stranger on the other side of the rail.

"Old man," I said, feelingly, "this is plainly on me. You have to live with her, and I don't."

TOM MASSON.

Absent-Minded Tales.

"You often hear of strange instances of absent-mindedness," said an insurance agent of this city, "and I've always supposed that most of them was made out of whole cloth. But a couple of experiences of my own recently which followed one after the other have led me to change my mind. At any rate, so called absent-minded people certainly do some ridiculous things on occasions, as I can testify under oath. I was standing in a doorway in Exchange Place the other afternoon, when a tall, slim man with a preoccupied air came slowly along. I noticed that he was fishing in all of his pockets, apparently to no purpose. Finally he halted a stout pedestrian who was moving in the opposite direction and asked him for a light. The latter puffed vigorously at his cigar and handed it over obligingly. The slim man took it, lighted a cigarette with it, tossed the cigar into the street, passed the cigarette to the stout person with an inclination of the head that meant 'Thank you,' and walked off. The victim of the trade was evidently too astonished to speak. He just stood and stared at the departing stranger."

"I concluded that that was about the limit in that line of queer performances until a couple of days afterward, when a very busy and gifted woman in our office matched it, and I don't know but she went it one better. She drifted up to my desk with three pencils and wanted to borrow my knife. I carry a knife that cuts like a pewter spoon, so I offered to do the sharpening for her. She watched me. The lead was flat and oily and I made a mess of the job. When I'd finished I looked as if I'd fallen into a soft coal heap. A moment later I heard her laugh over by the wash bowl. She admitted that she'd been scrubbing her hands for dear life under the impression that they were my hands, and those are both true stories, though I wouldn't believe them if anybody else told them."

[Providence Journal.]

British Pilotage Certificates.

Lord Claude Hamilton and others are trying to excite alarm in Great Britain over the practice of granting pilotage certificates to foreigners. They direct attention to the important part which local pilots played in the landing of Japanese troops in Korea, and say that, thanks to British indifference, several European Powers have a good supply of

pilots perfectly capable of taking a hostile fleet through the intricate channels leading to the most important ports. All the regular British pilotage authorities are, of course, bitterly opposed to any system which will enable a foreign shipper to navigate his own ship into port, and escape the payment of their regular fees, but a special grievance appears to be that foreigners actually can obtain a pilot's certificate upon easier terms than the native British applicant. British pilots are only licensed after a long term of service, and after passing an examination; but in the case of the alien the period of practical instruction is dispensed with and so soon as he can answer certain questions as to courses and distances, he can get a certificate. The local and practical knowledge he obtains by constantly piloting his own vessel. The number of foreign captains with British certificates is not very large, but they command vessels which run in and out of the most important ports. It is known that the possession of such a document will hasten promotion in the German naval reserve. But in case of war all channels would be mined, and a knowledge of them would, therefore, be less important.

Leave Him Alone.

When you meet one of those fellows with a "bug" in his head leave him alone. You can't do much with a faddist. He is wiser than seven men that can render a reason. His little idea is the largest thing in the world to him and you might as well try to lasso Jupiter as bring him down to horse sense. There are fellows going about ragging people on subjects that were old when Methuselah made mud pies by the Euphrates and who trot them out with all the pride of an Arab with a new steed. They get one of their "new" ideas about every minute and because you don't take a fit over their mare's nest they dub you moss-back. They give you a look of infinite pity when you venture to suggest that they might employ their brains and time at something more to the advantage of themselves as well as their fellows. Time spent on people of this class is, as the French say, like washing the head of a jackass. Let them nurse their ideas. Keep away from the contagion of their feverish unrest and fuss. "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Must Pay The Price.

You can have what you want in this world if you pay the price. Instead of sitting down and rolling jaundiced eyes at those who are successful, get up and move your lazy carcass. It makes a man sick to hear the fellows talk about the inequalities of Providence who snooze the round of the clock and make a bluff at working between meals. God has made men equal in the sense that there is nothing of the name who can't discount his circumstances by getting up and doing things. "Whoso keepeth the fig tree shall eat the fruit thereof." There are plenty of people who like the fruit but back down when it comes to the tree raising proposition. The back bending, watching, developing process does not appeal to them and they whine because the figs don't drop into their laps. This is the spirit that keep the jails and penitentiaries full. People these days have a fever for getting rich or winning success without paying the price. The result is blunted moral sensibilities and a selfishness that is only kept in bounds of semi-decency by fear of the bars. Greed of gain is the vestibule of dishonesty.

We Sell Good Goods Cheap.

MRS. J. LOANE & CO.

Opp. Carlisle Hotel,

Woodstock.