

WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUGUST 3, 1904.

The Mule And the Man.

A man there was once who was badly addicted to language not bad, but far worse. His verbal prevarications were quite unrestricted—

To put it quite plainly he'd curse. With richness of diction and great animation At any old place and on slight provocation.

One day something happened, annoying extremely—

The limit in short it appeared—

A mule, very likely—and language unseemly.

By all the spectators was feared. But there stood the man open mouthed and blank gazing. Some moments he stood there and no word he uttered. Expectancy stood on tiptoe, And one to another the people they muttered, "Just wait; it's a-comin' I know."

Another short pause and the silence was broken. And these were the words by that reprobate spoken: "I can't do it justice," he said with a sigh. Then added, alas! "But — it, I'll try." And he made a fairly good attempt. —Konnett Harris, in Leslie's Monthly.

Strength of English Sentiment.

(New York correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.)

One of the odd phases of naturalization activities is the difficulty of getting an Englishman to cancel his subscription to the British government. There are tens of thousands of them in Greater New York who have been here for ten years and more, yet they have not taken out papers. They marry American girls, make American friends and social connections, establish themselves in business and declare their intention of remaining in America, but they seem to think it a disgrace to forswear allegiance to their King. Often a man is brought up to serve on a coroner's jury or some other public body not necessarily drawn from the poll lists, and the fact develops that though he has been in this country ten or more years, he has not been naturalized. In nine cases out of ten these men are English. One of them told me recently that he did not wish to appear selfish in the matter, that he was willing to shoulder his part of the responsibilities of citizenship and that he did a great deal of public service in his own way but that he could not bring himself to a formal declaration for sentimental reasons.

Jottings of a Lazy Man.

If you can not live without working—die. We work and slave through life for a leaden coffin with silver handles.

The lazy are the envy of the energetic. Energetic men are useful—they enable the lazy man to live.

If Adam had been too lazy to eat we should still have inhabited Eden.

If the early worm had been lazy it would still have been alive.

If matter is force, force energy, why am I not energetic?

Do nothing for others, lest they ask you to do it again.

A lazy man is always brave—it is easier to be killed than flee from trouble.

Sleep is a priceless boon. I could sleep for weeks without feeling tired.

The amount of force wasted by one energetic man in one day would serve me for many years.

If ever I write a book its title will be, "How to be Lazy Though Married."

If there were no lazy men what would we do for preachers and politicians?

If there were no lazy people what would the charitable do?

Denominational Cooperation.

"My dear," said Miss Flagstaff to her country beau, "I thought I ought to tell you beforehand that I'm a somnambulist. You might not like to marry a woman who—"

But the impatient Mr. McCoy cut short her remarks, saying:

"That makes no difference, Caroline—none in the world. I'm a Methodist, you know, and I can go with you to your church in the morning and you can go with me to my church at night."—August Lippincott's



one of the contributors.

"Yes, give it to her," came from another place. That was me.

"That's it, give it to your wife," came from a dozen other places. That was the kids.

"Of course, no one objected, and without giving them a chance to kick the aeronaut, thanked his friends for their generosity and said he would do as they said.

"We three met quietly later and divided the swag—\$16—and we all got out of town. [Arkansas Gazette.

Things that Went Wrong.

THE MISTAKE OF THE WESTERNER.

Seizing what he supposed was a psychological moment, a Western man in the audience at the Democratic mass meeting in Boston called out lustily:

"What's the matter with Olney?"

There was dense silence for a moment.

It was broken by the chairman.

"If there is anything the matter with our distinguished citizen, Mr. Olney," he said, with cold and cutting distinctness, "he knows enough, doubtless, to ascertain his ailment by consulting a physician."

CASE OF MR. FLAXMAN.

Five years ago Mr. Amberzine Flaxman a suburban grocer, gave a piece of money to a haggard-faced, hollow-eyed mendicant who had asked him for charity.

One day last week a robust, well-dressed man called to see him at his place of business.

"Is this Mr. Flaxman?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the grocer.

"Do you remember giving a half dollar years ago to a measly looking tramp?"

"Now that you mention it, I think I do."

"Well, Mr. Flaxman," said the other, "that was the turning point in my life."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Yes, sir. It made me a different man. That half-dollar was a base counterfeit. When I tried to pass it, I was pinched and sent to jail. For six weeks I didn't get a drop of whiskey, and when I left the jail my appetite for it was gone. I went to work, saved my money, and now I am making a good living and am several thousand dollars ahead. I came to thank you for that counterfeit coin, and to tell you I think you're the meanest man in seven States. Good day."

THE CUSTOMER AND THE SHOE SALESMAN.

"I think these will fit you," said the sales man. They are No. 3."

"No, they are not," replied the young woman, sharply. "They are a full size larger than that, and I want a pair two sizes larger yet. Do you think I can wear a No. 4 shoe on a No. 6 foot?"—[Chicago Tribune.

Memories of Greatness.

The Great Man was sitting in his study enjoying a pipe with an old friend and indulging in reminiscences of his life.

For twenty years he had been in the public eye and no man had tasted more of the sweets of notoriety. He had seen his name work its way up in the papers from the time when he was first mentioned as being "also present" at banquets, to the culminating point where he was habitually the guest of the evening and saw his remarks next morning under scare heads. Scarcely a day passed but his picture appeared either in connection with some political triumph or a patent medicine.

He had posed for his picture at all hours of the day and night, eating and drinking, speaking and thinking. He had been snapped and had both his actions and appearance recorded by biographers, cinematographs and in living pictures. His words of wisdom were being repeated all over the continent by gramophones, and by admirers who had little more intelligence than machines. In short, he was the man of the hour, and publicity could do nothing more with him.

Presently his friend remarked: "John, you are probably one of the most talked-about men in the United States, and your name has appeared in more different ways before the public than that of almost any other man. Now tell me what appearance of your name in public gave you the most pleasure."

The Great Man ruminated over his pipe for a few minutes, and then replied:

"Well, I think that I never got so much of a thrill out of seeing my name in public as I did when for the first time I stole a piece of chalk from the teacher's desk in a little, red schoolhouse and wrote my name in full on the railing of the bridge on the way home."

An Amplified Woman.

"The car was entirely empty, with the exception of one man," said Miss Myra Kelly, the short-story writer. "He was the reverse of the car. As I entered he rose, made me an unsteady but magnificent bow, and said:

"Madam, please be kind 'nough to assepte this plashe.' There was nothing else for me to do, so I thanked him and sat down.

"And for twenty blocks that idiot hung from a strap, swaying in the breeze, with not a soul in the car but ourselves. Occasionally I have been taken for other women, but I never before had anyone think that I was a careful."



Miss M. Cartledge gives some helpful advice to young girls. Her letter is but one of thousands which prove that nothing is so helpful to young girls who are just arriving at the period of womanhood as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly, for it is the only medicine I ever tried which cured me. I suffered much from my first menstrual period, I felt so weak and dizzy at times I could not pursue my studies with the usual interest. My thoughts became sluggish, I had headaches, backaches and sinking spells, also pains in the back and lower limbs. In fact, I was sick all over. "Finally, after many other remedies had been tried, we were advised to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am pleased to say that after taking it only two weeks, a wonderful change for the better took place, and in a short time I was in perfect health. I felt buoyant, full of life, and found all work a pleasure. I am indeed glad to tell my experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it made a different girl of me. Yours very truly, Miss M. Cartledge, 523 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving advertisement cannot be produced.

How Paddy Shea Got Away.

One of the last of the old-time tramp printers "blew in," as he expressed it, last night—one of a type familiar in every newspaper office in the country, but now fast disappearing. This particular one is disappearing in sections. Two years ago he lost a leg by being run over by a freight train in a meritorious attempt to get away from the Hot Springs. Paddy Shea is his name. Chiefly he sojourns around Chicago, but he is known to printers from Maine to California, and all way stations. In his variegated career Paddy has acquired much experience and many adventures, and it is not surprising that pretty much any newspaper story reminds him of some personal experience to match or surpass it.

The cutting of Santos Dumont's balloon and his consequent failure to make an ascension, as advertised, was under discussion, when Paddy "blew in." "A balloon that didn't go up took me out of town once, all right, all right," he chirped in. "Me and a printer pal—I won't give his name, because he's in this burg right now—was once in Duquoin, Ill., broke, and nothin' doin'." No way to get out of town, only by the blind door of a vestibule, and grub painfully scarce. Sauntering down towards the depot, we struck an aeronaut, with whom we swapped hard luck stories. He had been making ascensions at county fairs, but his balloon was plum busted, beyond repairs. He was broke and had his wife along, which made matters worse.

"I saw an opening, and he and my pal were on in a minute. I stood off a job printer for a lot of circulars announcing an ascension that afternoon, and we got them in circulation in a hurry. We got the old balloon down to a vacant lot, borrowed a gasoline can from a printing office and bought a dime's worth of gasoline and made a great show of getting ready. We hung the balloon to a telegraph pole, dug a hole with a mud chimney for the inflation, and my pal crawled inside the balloon and played fireman. We had a fire of sticks, and he would occasionally scatter a little gasoline in to send out a blaze, like something was doing.

"In the meantime a crowd of fully 5000 people had gathered. The aeronaut's wife had come down from the hotel and was seated on a big dry goods box. The aeronaut circled around and took up a collection. He got \$48, all in small money, mostly dimes, nickels and quarters. Then he came and monkeyed around the balloon, and my pal, the fireman came out, and he and myself sneaked around to the outer circle of the crowd, stationed ourselves at different places, and a dozen boys we had hired for the purpose placed at proper intervals.

"Then the professor climbed onto the box beside his wife and made his spiel. He was awfully sorry, but his balloon had sprung a leak, which could not possibly be repaired, and he could not go up. In all that crowd he could not identify the people who had contributed, and he wanted to know what to do with the money. He had not earned it and so could not keep it.

"Give it to your wife," came a voice from the outskirts. That was my pal, posing as



"Progress" Guarantee

Every clothier selling "PROGRESS" Brand Clothing, is authorized to guarantee each garment, bearing the "PROGRESS" label, to be free from imperfections in material and workmanship—to be sewed with pure dye silk—tailored by skilled workmen—and made of dependable cloth, thoroughly sponged and shrunk

Should any "Progress" garment prove not as represented—the money paid for same will be refunded

Sold by Leading Clothiers Throughout Canada.



Progress Brand Clothing may be had from John McLauchlan, Woodstock.

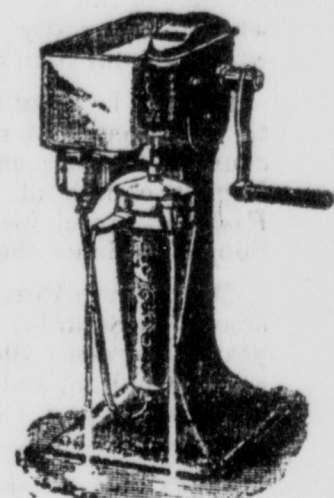
The TUBULAR is the BEST.

Cleans Easiest. Turns Easiest, Low Milk Can, Skims Perfectly and Above Rated Capacity, Is Durable, Has ALL the Good Qualities and none of the bad points of other machines.

LOCAL AGENTS

N. S. Dow, Woodstock.

Herbert Harper, Jacksonville.



Washing Machines.



Judging from the very number of Washing Machines we have sold during the last year, we know that of the many useful mechanical helps that contribute to the comfort and happiness of the well-appointed modern home, the washing machine is by no means the least important, and if it could not be readily replaced, would be one of the last of such aids to be parted with. Any Washing Machine is preferable, tenfold, to the washboard.

The above cut shows the Re-Acting Washer, with round body—the cover is open to show the internal working parts.

The Quickest Acting and Easiest Running Rotary Washer made. Every machine warranted to give Perfect Satisfaction.

W. F. Dibblee & Son, Woodstock and Centreville.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

Pianos

Mason & Risch, Bell, Dominion, Karn.

Organs

Bell, Dominion, Karn.

Sewing Machines

The New Williams.

Violins, Mandolins, Harmonicas, Banjos, Accordions. A full line of first-class strings always in stock.

C. R. WATSON, Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

IF YOU WANT TO BE ABSOLUTELY SURE THAT

You will secure the best training that it is possible to obtain as a bookkeeper or stenographer and typewriter, attend

Fredericton Business College.

Public opinion says that this school has no superior in the Dominion. Enter at any time. Write for free catalogue. Address,

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

Bring in your

PUNGS

now and have them

PAINTED AND VARNISHED,

so that they will be dry and hard for use this winter.

F. L. MOOERS,

over Loane's Factory, Connell street, Woodstock.