

TERRORS OF A MAIDEN SPEECH.

What it Feels Like to Break the Oratorical Ice.

There are few men who have won fame as orators who have been able to recall their maiden effort without a reminiscent shudder.

"I have been under fire more than once," Sir Gilbert Parker has recently confessed when describing his sensations while speaking for the first time in the House of Commons, "but I have never experienced anything like that; not because I had not something to say—I was deeply anxious to say certain things, but my throat got dry, my sight got dim, and my senses became confused."

However, the gallant member for Gravesend stuck to his guns for twenty-five of the longest minutes he has ever known before he sat down—not on his hat; this was the crushing climax of his next speech in the House.

But Sir Gilbert may pat himself on the back, since many a good man has got on his feet at Westminster and incontinently sat down again without saying an audible word; and this even in the much less trying arena of the Lords. The story is told how one of our greatest dukes, who had just succeeded to his title, went down to the Gilded Chamber armed with sheaves of notes, and fully intending to make a memorable speech on the Vagrancy question. He rose with impressive deliberation, carefully arranged his notes, cleared his throat, and, after glancing helplessly around for what no doubt seemed an eternity to him, sat down again without having uttered a single word.

How this noble legislator must have envied the coolness of a man like William Cobbett! Cobbett had not sat many hours in the Commons as member for Oldham before he caught the Speaker's eye and shocked the proprietors of the House by commencing his speech with these words: "It appears to me that since I have been sitting here I have heard a great deal of vain and unprofitable conversation." In much better taste did Mr. Chamberlain open the first of his speeches at Westminster by a modest apology for obtruding his views on the attention of the House while he was still so very young a member.

Though at this time Mr. Chamberlain was a trained and self possessed speaker, he can tell many a story of early discomfiture, when it cost him nervous hours to face even the members of the Edgbaston Debating Society, and when the least interruption would overwhelm him. Once, for instance, when he opened a speech with the words "If I were to tell you—," one of his auditors, a working man, exclaimed aloud, "Hif I was! Why, 'e don't know grammar." This interruption so confused the budding statesman that he lost his oratorical balance, and after floundering along for a few sentences sat down ignominiously.

It is given to few men to turn a failure to such good account as once did the great Lord Shaftesbury. When Lord Ashley, as he then was, made his maiden speech in the Commons on a Bill the object of which was to allow persons on trial for high treason the benefit of counsel, he struggled through a few sentences and then came to a painful full-stop. In spite of encouraging cheers, he was about to resume his seat when a happy inspiration occurred to him, and turning to the Speaker he said: "If Sir, I, who merely rise to express my opinion upon this measure, can be so confounded as to be utterly incapable of expressing the sentiments I feel so strongly, how can it be expected that a poor wretch on trial for his very life will be able to do himself justice?"

The Rev. Silas Hocking, who is an excellent speaker, tells an amusing story of his first attempt at oratory. He had been asked to speak at a school anniversary meeting, and, to avoid any risk of ignominy, he had written out his speech and committed it to memory. However, just as he had uttered the words, "Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, this eye fell on his father sitting among the audience, and at the sight his head became as empty as a drum. After a pause that seemed an eternity to him he luckily remembered an anecdote which should have come towards the end of his speech, and, seizing it as a drowning man would clutch a straw, he began. Little by little other parts of his oration recurred to him, and as they came, whatever their order, he delivered them to his amazed audience, until he could remember no more. "Then I sat down," he says, "feeling as though I had been boiled."

To Prevent Pneumonia.

(American Journal of Medicine, Philadelphia, January 23.)

The increase of pneumonia is attracting the attention of some boards of health and of all public minded citizens. But in many places there are no boards and no public minded citizens. The first rule for the prevention of the disease would be to make the people understand that though not as contagious as smallpox, it is nevertheless sufficiently so to render notification necessary, and proper precautions not to "catch" it, and to keep the system in such a condition of health that the germ cannot find a nidus. Of

"corrupt and contented" Philadelphia and Pennsylvania; little may perhaps be expected. For another century our street cars will probably not be heated, our water not be purified, our streets not cleaned, nor the masses of filth, snow and ice in winter removed. The health of the people does not, of course, concern our political rulers. In Chicago the energetic commissioner keeps up his tireless crusade. In most of the nation there is silence concerning the matter. In New York the board of health is trying to instruct the people how they may individually avoid the disease. These are some of its Don'ts:

Don't stop treating a "slight cold" until it is completely cured.

Don't go into the cold air in an overheated condition.

Don't go out of an overheated room into the street without wrapping up.

Don't stay in an overheated room any longer than you can help it. A moderate temperature is more healthful.

Don't sit in an overheated car too tightly bundled up.

Don't drink too much.

Don't go without a proper amount of sleep; rest is necessary to keep the body in a proper state of resistance.

Don't hesitate to see the doctor. A step in time may save an undertaker's bill.

The Rise of the Tolstois.

The Russian family of the Tolstois to which the great novelist belongs owes its rise, according to one of the pilgrims to Ismaya Polyana, to a curious episode. The founder of this family was, in Peter the Great's time, a simple doorkeeper before the apartments of the Emperor. One day as he was standing at his post a nobleman approached and asked to be admitted. The doorkeeper, however, refused to let him in, declaring that the Emperor had given positive orders that no one that afternoon was to be admitted to his presence.

"But," said the noble, "I am the Prince—"

"Still, I cannot admit you, sir," said the doorkeeper.

Exasperated, the noble struck the doorkeeper across the face with his riding-whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the other; "but, nevertheless, I cannot let you in."

The tumult had been overheard by the Emperor. He now opened the door and asked what the trouble was. The noble told him. He listened in silence, and then he said: "You, Tolstoy, were struck by this gentleman for obeying my orders. Here, take my stick and strike him back."

"But, your Majesty," exclaimed the noble, "this man is a common soldier."

"Then I make him a captain," said the Emperor.

"But I am an officer of your Majesty's household."

"I make him a colonel of my Life Guards."

"My rank, as your Majesty knows, is that of general," protested the nobleman.

"Then I make him a general, too, and thus the beating you are to get will come from a man of your own rank."

The noble then took his punishment philosophically. As for the young soldier, he was next day commissioned a general and made a count. From him the present family of the Tolstois is said to be descended.—Modern Society.

Two Egg Anecdotes.

Howard Paul relates two good egg stories. He was traveling on a Pennsylvania railway car and ordered his breakfast—tea, toast and eggs. The food was brought, but the eggs were underdone. He said to the waiter, "What time are we making on this train?" "A mile a minute, sir," was the reply. "Well, waiter, boil these eggs another mile and they'll be quite right." The other anecdote is of an old negro cook who, when she put the eggs into the water to boil, invariably started singing a hymn called "Rock of Ages." She usually sang two verses. "Aunt Dinah," said Mr. Paul, "are there not three verses to that hymn?" "Dar is, massa, but I sings only two verses when I wants 'em soft, and three when I wants 'em hard."

Emancipation for the Nule.

Booker T. Washington insists that the negro is not ungrateful, and, although the younger generation may like to lose sight of the fact that their grandmothers and grandfathers were slaves, those grandmothers and grandfathers themselves do not forget it. In illustrating this he tells the story of an old colored man who saw the street cars being replaced by cars driven by electricity, and exclaimed: "De Yank came down here thirty years ago to free de niggah, and now, glory be, dey is gwine to free de mawl!"

The statement that Spain is in a state of profound political pessimism is doubtless true, but the remedy will not be found in buying or building war vessels, as is proposed. What is needed is the improvement of industrial conditions by the lightening of fiscal burdens and the cultivation of a more rational patriotism by the withdrawal of public attention from the "glories" of war. Fortunately no other nation thinks of attacking Spain.



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 aching 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 pastime. 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, 533 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Prolonged Sitting Needed.

"You want me to tell the whole truth?" asked the witness.

"Certainly," replied the judge.

"The whole truth about the plaintiff?"

"Of course."

"How long does this court expect to sit?"

"What difference does that make?"

"It makes a lot of difference. I couldn't tell the whole truth about that second trial inside of thirty days, talking all the time."—Chicago Post.

A man may be an expert mathematician and still not count much with the fair sex.

In making the voyage of life we are all in the same boat, a few have to do all the rowing while the others float.

When you start out on the road to fame you are pretty apt to ride a lame horse before you get there.

If you are in the hands of your friends, get out.

Laziness may be a disease, but if it is, it is responsible for a great many chronic invalids.

"Do you believe in the influence of single words on a person's character? Some poetical fellow has advanced the theory, you know." "Yes, I do. There's my wife, for instance. She rises in the morning pale and listless. She picks up the morning paper. Suddenly her eye brightens, her face flushes, her whole appearance changes. A single word has wrought the miracle."

"What's the word?"

"Bargains!"

Butter Paper, printed and unprinted in one and two pound wrappers, at this office

Suppose We Reason

together a minute about that Carpet and things in the Furniture line you were thinking of getting. You know what you want.

You Want

it good and as cheap as possible. Before Stock-Taking and before New Goods arrive Feb. 1st,

We Want

to reduce our stock. Well, can't you see what a purchasing power your money has just now, that

You Have

The Advantage.

Please call as soon as possible to talk it over and see the goods for yourself.

Undertaking given careful personal attention.

The Henderson Furniture Co., Ltd., Queen Street, Woodstock.

Turns Easy? You bet it does.



Just come and try it. You won't find any other separator that turns so easy.

It's built right; it's the one you've read so much about,

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR SEPARATOR.

I'm the exclusive agent in these parts and I want to show you one of them.

N. S. DOW, Agent, Woodstock.

Cooking Ranges, Cooking Stoves, Heaters, Etc.

We have in stock and on exhibition at our store both at Woodstock and Centreville, the finest assortment of Stoves that has ever been offered for sale. We extend a hearty invitation to the public to call at our stores and inspect our stock.

Our sales of Stoves are increasing every day, and they all give the best of satisfaction. All our lines are up to date, and if you want a Steel or Iron Range, Cooking Stove, or a heater, you will find the Latest Improved at our show rooms

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

PUNGS and Other Things.

Many Styles in Light Knee Sleds, and Heavy Pungs.

Bob Sleds,

Great Variety of Trim-mings in all the Latest Patterns and Designs.

Long Sleds,

Neck Yokes,

Spread Chains.

HORSE SHOEING

Done by two Expert Professionals

Material and Workmanship superior to anything offered in town.

[It is a pleasure to us to show you our goods.

THE WOODSTOCK CARRIAGE CO. Main Street, South Side of Bridge.

Queen Street Studio

is open with

Great Bargains in Photographs

Call round.

E. M. CAMPBELL, Operator and Manager.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Money on good real estate mortgage security, on reasonable rates of interest, may be obtained at application to the undersigned at his office opposite the Carlisle Hotel. LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock.

THE COLD WEATHER

Is Yet to Come.

If you want a new

HEATER Cook Stove

to replace the old one, call in. We have a full line of each.

Have you seen the new STEEL KOOT-ENAY RANGE with Hot Closet?

Start in the new year with a good Stove; one that will be easy on the wood pile, and no more burnt bread in the swill pail.

at SEMPLE'S

CASH HARDWARE,

East Florenceville.