

Bishop Shouted Down

There was a disorderly scene at the Birmingham Diocesan Conference the other night when Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Birmingham, addressed the gathering on the subject of gambling and betting.

When the Bishop began he was met with a volley of energetic interruptions from a section of the audience. "Liar" was the predominant epithet. "It is impudence," someone shouted, "you standing there and dictating to us, and you never had a bet in your life. What do you know about betting and gambling." In vain the Bishop appealed for a hearing, asking the interrupters to wait to air their opinions until he had finished. The greater part of his speech was inaudible owing to the interruptions. After the shouted interruptions had continued for some time a young curate sprang to his feet and cried, "My Lord, give but the word and they are out in a moment," but his lordship refused to allow anyone to be turned out, and patiently endeavored to urge his own impressions on the subject.

At the end of the meeting the Bishop insisted upon given the objectors a hearing. The first defender of the bookmaker was a lean man, whose argument was incoherent. Mr. Marshall, secretary of the National Sporting League, urged that women and children were not encouraged to bet. He denounced Lord Davey's Betting Bill.

The Bishop remarked that it had been an extremely encouraging meeting. People did not attempt to break up meetings unless they felt that there was "something up" which would do them mischief.—Daily Mail.

The Value of Rest.

(Ella Adelia Fletcher in the January Delineator.)

The inability to rest, either at night or by means of short respites from activity during the day, is the beginning, with many women, of a nervous breakdown, and should be heeded as nature's warning that all is not well, and that the routine of life, whether of work or pleasure, must be closely scanned and so changed as to lessen the strain. Hurry and excitement, with constant overstrain, which is working on the nerves, are subtle nerve-wasters, for they consume double the energy required for the mere performance of the given act if it were done reposefully. Moods are to blame for much of this mischief injected into lives; but we should master our moods, not be mastered by them.

The amount of regular sleep required varies with the constitution, age and habits of life; the brain worker, whose drafts on vitality are largest, needing the most. At least seven to nine hours sleep are needed by all who lead active lives and would keep themselves physically and mentally at the summit of their powers. Physicians agree that woman commonly requires at least an hour's more sleep than man; but also that she bears deprivation of rest better. This is due, however to the fact that in crises which demand wakefulness her sympathies and emotions are commonly involved, and the intensity of her interests keep her alert. Not till the excitement—which in her is an exaltation of spirit holding her to duty—is passed will she feel the loss of rest, but then she should yield herself to an increased amount of sleep, as should the brain worker after every unusual and prolonged effort.

On Twelve Shillings.

A well-dressed clerk named Raymond Greatorex, was charged recently at Marylebone Police Court with having embezzled £2, 2s., belonging to his employers, Ryland & Co., auctioneers, of Edgware road.

The prisoner's duty was to collect rents, and it was alleged that his defalcations amounted in all to £7 10s. In extenuation of the offence he pointed out that his wages came to only 12s. a week, out of which he had to pay 4s. for rent, and 2s. for travelling expenses, leaving 6s. with which to clothe and feed himself. He took the £2 2s., intending to pay it back, but was found out before he could do so.

Mr. Paul Taylor said he was at a loss to know how he had been able to sustain life on the small salary he was receiving. He remanded him to give the missionary an opportunity of seeing what could be done for him.

Hundreds of Offers

There has been a remarkable sequel to the recent kindly intervention of Mr. Billingsley, the Potteries Police Court missionary at Hanley, on behalf of a deserted Kent girl.

The young lady had been jilted by a former lover, and she appealed for an honest man to marry her. Mr. Billingsley made the matter public, and nearly 500 men wrote offering heart and hand to the girl.

Now that this girl is settled in life, hundreds of spinsters from all over England have written to Mr. Billingsley asking him to find them husbands out of his well-assorted stock. Some pathetic stories of cruel deception are told, and girls speak of being driven almost to the verge of suicide when jilted by their lovers. Others say they have no means of being introduced to nice young men, and appeal to Mr. Billingsley to assist them.—London Chronicle.

Death of Bernard Dority.

Bernard Edmund Dority aged twenty-three years, died early Saturday morning, Nov. 24th, after a lingering and painful illness of tuberculosis of the bowels. For nine months this young man battled with that fell disease with wonderful courage and patience, clinging to life with great tenacity. Friends were kind, and all that could possibly be done by parents or friends, was done for his comfort and cheer for all of which he constantly manifested genuine appreciation. Flowers, which frequently, by kind hands, found their way into the sick room were always welcome guests, and spoke of the beauty and peace of the higher and better life beyond, which became a joyous realization to the deceased; and on these things his mind frequently dwelt, thus enabling him to bear his affliction and verifying the text, "As thy day, so shalt thy strength be."

The funeral services which were held from the Free Baptist church Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, were largely attended. The pastor, the Rev. A. D. Paul spoke from Mark 14 Chap. 41st and 42nd verses. Sleep on, and rest. Rise up and let us go.

His remarks were appropriate, impressive, and sympathetic.

A quartet consisting of Mesdames H. B. Forbes, Thomas shorey, Messrs F. L. Guiou and Thomas Belyea sang, "Passing Thro' the Gate," "My Heart is in the Homeland" and "There'll be Joy Bye and Bye," selections which were accompanied by the church organist Mrs. Cora McCarthy.

The remains were encased in a gray casket which bore floral offerings from the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour and the Woman's Relief Corps, and stood against a background of evergreen.

The bearers were Messrs. B. F. Giberson, Wilmot Tompkins, Frank Blanchard and Delbert Brown. Interment was made in Fairmount cemetery.

Among the relatives and friends from out of town who attended the funeral were, Mrs. Nelson Dority of Blaine, Mrs. Lyman Tompkins of Bridgewater, Mrs. Newell Howard of Caribou, Mr. Stanley Street and daughter, Ida, of Bristol, N. B., were with the family over Sunday.

Bernard Dority was a son of Mrs. Georgia H. Street, whose first husband was Mr. John B. Dority, who died when Bernard was a small boy. His mother subsequently married Mr. Mathias Street who has been all that a father could be to a son during his life and through his late sickness. The father, mother and brother Percy have the sympathy of friends in their bereavement.—Presque Isle Paper.

[Mr. Dority spent the early years of his life in Centreville until his mother married Mr. Street, when he moved with them to Presque Isle.]

There is a clever and gallant young fellow attached to the British embassy at Washington, who since his advent into the official set at the National capital, has achieved quite a reputation as a wit.

One afternoon the clever attache was receiving the finishing touches at the hands of a pretty manicurist on Connecticut Avenue, when, with limpid eyes, she looked up at him and said:

"We are so grateful for any testimonials from our patrons. Do you mind?"

"On the contrary, I should be delighted," responded the Briton.

Then, taking a card, he wrote on it the following and handed it to her:

"There's a divinity who shapes our ends."

The Transcontinental.

The national transcontinental railway commission will invite tenders very shortly for the following portions of the new road: From Moncton to Chipman, from Grand Falls to the Quebec Bridge, from Latuque, forty miles westward, and from Lake Abitibi eastward 150 miles.

This leaves the choice between what are known as the central and river routes, across a portion of New Brunswick, still open. The commission has not yet received a final report from the surveyors on this question.

If you like Coffee but dare not drink it, try Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. It is true that real Coffee does disturb the Stomach, Heart and Kidneys. But Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee has not a grain of true coffee in it. Being made from parched grains, malt, etc., it forms a wholesome, food-like drink, yet having the true flavor of Old Java and Mocha Coffee. "Made in a minute." Call at our store for a free sample. Sold by all druggists.

May Be Lieut. Governor.

The Hon. A. G. Blair spent Sunday in Fredericton. His presence there gave rise to the rumour that he might be appointed Lieut. Governor of the province. Governor Snowball's term expires in February and it is said his successor will be appointed before a meeting of the legislature.

Roosevelt's Organ.

The Outlook is a weekly paper published in New York. It used to be a religious paper when Henry Ward Beecher owned it and called it the Christian Union, but since Lyman Abbott has got hold of it and changed its name to the Outlook it has become a theological journal and the vest pocket organ of Mr. Roosevelt.

It is conducted on very broad theological lines. For instance, if some enlightened man writes to the editor and says he thinks there is no God or if there is he is no good, the editor prints the letter and in a long carefully worded commentary on it says a great many of the first families are coming to the same conclusion, and then sends to the cheerful atheist a lot of envelopes to get all his relatives to subscribe at reduced rates if sent before January first.

In politics the Outlook is not quite so complacent. If a man writes a letter to the editor questioning the wisdom or the virtue of any of Mr. Roosevelt's actions, the editor gets mad. He jumps up in the air, tears great handfuls of hair out of his head and almost forgets to come down again. The paper preaches nothing but T. Roosevelt and him glorified fifty two times a year. It is the most uncompromising political organ and the most unsafe guide in religious matters of any paper in the United States.

The Eighth Commandment.

The Farmer's Advocate thinks it is about time there was some plain English spoken on the subject of the eighth commandment. It says: "What shall be said of the extortions of the Plumbers' Combine, the scandalous dissipation of the savings of the people in the York Loan and its blood-sucking auxiliaries, or the million dollar wreck of the Ontario Bank through unauthorized stock gambling? It does appear to be high time for press and pulpit to set about giving some lucid expositions of the application of the four simple words, "Thou shalt not steal," in financial and commercial transaction, all the way from watering milk to the highest (or lowest) flights of frenzied finance. Once the public mind is properly clarified on this branch of the case—or simultaneously with that process—let us have a demonstration of the administration of justice which will adequately punish the convicted culprits, first for their crimes, and also as an effective object lesson to the rising generation. Sermons and editorials do not reach the Tom-and-Jerry political element, and moral essays run over the minds of the men who have been juggling with other people's money like water off a duck's back. Jail's the thing."

Opportunities for College Men.

Young men who are wondering what opportunity the world holds out to them when they leave college may be interested in some figures given in the latest published report of the United States Commissioner of Education. The commissioner says that since 1890 there have been created an average of about a thousand new college professorships every year, and more than thirteen hundred new positions in the high schools and academies. Thus about twenty-three hundred new teachers have to be found annually, without making any allowance for the retirement of many hundreds of others on account of age or other disability. It is apparent that the man who wishes to live the scholarly life has ample opportunity in these days of popular education.

Sister of John Bright.

Mrs. McLaren, who died at Edinburgh recently at the age of ninety-two, was a sister of John Bright, and widow of Duncan McLaren, the first Radical member for Edinburgh. One of the sensations of the general election of 1865 was the overthrow of the old Whig party at Edinburgh (known as the Parliament House clique) by the return of Mr. McLaren. Mrs. McLaren took part in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and for half a century she has been a zealous advocate of women's suffrage. She was warmly interested in a variety of social questions, and in many philanthropic schemes, and she was a zealous politician, an excellent platform speaker, and an active and valuable helpmate to her husband in his long career.

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