

STRENGTH



If you want to get strength and purity you will find our stock of Drugs the best in the vicinity. Our Drugs are bought with the greatest care, and we take pains that none but Pure Drugs reach our shelves. McKee's Quinine Iron and Wine and McKee's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, a Skin and Blood Remedy, are confidently recommended to the public for spring disorders.

CHAS. McKEEN, Druggist, Woodstock.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE,

H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props.

Outfits for commercial travellers. Coaches in attendance at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates.

Carlisle Hotel, - - Woodstock, N. B.

N. B.—Orders for each left at stable or sent by telephone will receive prompt attention.

A PAIR WITHOUT HOOPS

That means a long lasting Pair. Its many qualities are unique.

The price makes it available to all.

THE E. B. EDDY CO'S
INDURATED FIBREWARE
PAILS, TUBS, PANS, DISHES, ETC.

Something New!

The True Antidote for that Chilly Feeling.

HOT SODA!

When cold and tired one is liable to place their money to a poor advantage. Drop into our Pharmacy and have a glass of Hot Soda in the shape of

Hot Lemon, Hot Chocolate,
Hot Cocoa, Hot Coffee,
Hot Tea, Hot Orange,
Hot Beef Tea.

It will invigorate you and make you less liable to spend your money for that which is mere bread. ONLY 5c. a Glass.

Connell's Drug Store,
Opp. Carlisle Hotel.

Notice of Sale.

To Augustus F. Lockhart, of the Parish of Wakefield, in the County of Carleton, and Province of New Brunswick, and David Smith of the same place, and all others whom it may concern: NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the first day of April in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two and registered in said Carleton County Records in Book O, number three of records on page 760, 761 and 762, and made between the above named Augustus F. Lockhart of one part and the undersigned George L. Stickney of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said Indenture of Mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court Office in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton aforesaid on Wednesday the thirtieth day of June next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Lands and premises described in said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All that certain tract or parcel of land in the said Parish of Wakefield bounded and described as follows, to-wit: commencing at the junction where the old cross road leading by the Hartford Mill and passing into the third tier road strikes the Connell Road so called, thence running northerly along said Connell Road about thirty rods to the dividing line between said land and land owned and occupied by David Scott, thence running easterly along said line about twenty rods to the bank of the stream called Marvin Brook on which the Hartford Mill now stands, thence running southerly along said Brook down stream about thirty five rods to the aforesaid cross road leading to the Connell Road thence running along said cross road about twenty five rods to the place of beginning and containing thereon more or less." Together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Witnessed this tenth day of March A. D. 1897.
STEPHEN B. APPLEBY, Mortgagee.
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

Subscribe for THE DISPATCH.

"Our Lady of The Snows."

A valued subscriber of THE DISPATCH bursts into poetry over the "thin skinnedness" of Canadians who object to Kipling's beautiful poem. In sending us the poem, given below, he writes:—"In view of the late discussions in Parliament re "Our Lady of the Snows" I believe that some verses with glossary attached should be published to enlighten the members and the reading public concerning the pleasures of our Canadian winters. It seems to me that no apology is needed for the application of the name, "Lady of the Snows" to us—more especially when the author is competent to claim for himself the full "Poetic License." That the poem should be considered injurious to Canada is to impute grossest ignorance to the reading public and that I may not become the object of Parliamentary debate I have added the explanation by way of post script to each verse."

A TRIPLE TOAST.

Rudyard Kipling Defied (with explanations.) Here's to the health—old nature's wealth—Of our fair Canadian maids. Here's to their sports in Nature's courts And their blankets, hoods and plaids. To our ladies you know, Of the beautiful snow: To the graceful fling of their merry swing, As the glittering steels of their harnessed heels Make the merry woodland ring.

P. S.—The P refers to skating—that is gliding over the smooth ice by means of small keels or blades of steel attached to the soles of the boots—For further information on the subject see Chambers' Encyclopedia, Vol. 7, page 270.

N. B.—P (in explanation) means poet.

Here's to the eyes of the maid that flies O'er the lake that frosts congeal. Here's to her sleigh that speeds its way And her wrappings of silk and seal. To our lady you know, Of the frozen snow: To the music sweet of the well shod feet. To the rhythmic glide of a merry ride, As she guides her horses fleet.

P. S.—The P refers to sleighing which is the act of riding over ice or snow in a vehicle moving on runners. See Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, page 1242.

Here's to the cheeks of the maid who seeks Her sport on the gay snow-shoe. Here's to her nestly moccasined feet And her gown of blanket, blue. To our lady you know, Of the deep deep snow. To her manly stride and graceful glide To her face which glows like the wild rose, And her modest womanly pride.

N. B.—The P refers to snow-shoeing, which is the act of walking on snow by means of snow shoes, a species of shoe much used by Esquimaux and others; they are lanceolate in form with a frame of wood filled with wicker work. The size varies from 8 to 14 inches in breadth, and 4 to 7 feet in length. For further particulars see Chambers' Encyclopedia, Vol. 7, page 300.

CANADIAN.

THE FEAST OF THE MOON.

By ARTHUR WYCHERLEY.

"I am going to the battle at the lakes, Dick," said I to my chum after tiffin one day last March. He nodded, but made no remark. I had known him for some years now—ever since his great trouble—and we were staying at the Pegu Club, loitering away our time in Rangoon after a long shooting tour at the Straits.

Sorrow cannot endure for ever, but the death of the girl to whom he was engaged, through a boating accident at Henley, had left two strange marks on his character when the cloud had otherwise lifted at last. He hated white roses—and, indeed, any white flowers—and music of every sort. On the day of her death, the girl he was to marry was wearing white roses, and as they were carrying the body to an inn they passed a house in which a violinist—a master of his art, so Dick told me, and he was a good judge and no mean performer himself—was playing an air that haunted my friend ever after—the adagio movement from Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique. "For these reasons" he said to me bitterly.

"I shall never be friends again with roses. I shall hate sweet music my whole life long."

Well, I went down to the boat-house, and taking a canoe paddled under the lea of an island, to read Tennyson's Idylls, and to dream and listen to the string band of the Regiment, then quartered, with others, at Rangoon. When I got back to the Pegu Club some three hours later I went straight to the reading-room, in a corner of which I discovered Dick with a look of quite unwonted animation in his eyes.

"I say, old chap," he began with suppressed excitement, "I've had the most extraordinary visitor this afternoon—a fakir of sorts—who told me things of my past life that I thought nobody knew."

I laughed. "Been tapping your bearer I expect." And the moment after I regretted the remark, when Dick in a low voice, almost a whisper said. "He described her, what she wore that day, how she died," and then after a pause, "he said she would be waiting for me to-morrow night—the Burman's feast of the moon—by the Sacred Tank."

Delicately as I could, I tried to eradicate from his usually practical, cynical mind the unreasoning faith in the supernatural which the fakir seemed to have implanted there. I suggested the fellow might artfully have forced his thoughts into a certain channel and then read them in the form of answers to tacit questions of his own. Dick got quite angry and said:

"At any rate I am going to the sacred Tank. I have found out where it is."

Next day he showed signs of a bad night and was strangely preoccupied, but as the day wore on he pulled himself together.

At tiffin he said, "I suppose you won't accompany me to-night, unbeliever?"

I jumped at the chance, for somehow I had misgivings of foul play of one kind or another.

"If you don't wish to be alone of course I will come," I said, and so it was settled.

After dinner a ticca gari drove us two miles along the kokaing road till we came to a trace which led through the pine jungle to the Sacred Tank, wherein dwelt the uncanny-looking sacred fish and their attendant turtles, all ministered unto by an old wizened mincola who lived in one of the few huts scattered in clearings round the tank. To-night they were all deserted; doubtless the dwellers were in the city of some neighboring village whence floated the musical tinging-ting of the gongs, pitched in various keys, and carried by the processions of feasting Burmans, clad in many-colored silks and sporting the pretty white temple flowers in their hair.

We sat down on the fallen tree-trunk and smoked in silence. Dick seemed to be brooding on the past, and I was disinclined to talk, and annoyed with myself for a strange eerie feeling whereof I was beginning to be conscious. How long we had been there I know not, but suddenly my friend started up with a cry—a veritable "cry that shivered to the tingling stars"—and strode forward with arms outstretched, talking (as I thought raving) to someone I could not see.

"Darling wait one moment: I am coming. I am here" (walking a few steps forward) and then, "My God, there it is again!"—(turning to me) "don't you hear it?" and he hummed the opening bars of the adagio movement.

I heard nothing but the distant ringing of the gongs; but suddenly I caught the sobbing cadence of that lovely piece of harmony, but it seemed an echo only, or, if you can conceive it, a rendering of the passage in a huge bell jar from which the air had been exhausted; magically clear, divinely sweet and sad, but so faint that the ear could just catch it and no more. It was only as it died away that the succeeding silence convinced me it had been at all.

Dick stood like a statue, intently listening, with a strained look on his face. I took him gently by the arm, and he suffered me to lead him away, like a sleep-walker.

The following day he was down with a bad go of fever. I was with him most of the day and went to his quarters as soon as I had finished dinner. They were empty. His bearer was in the godowns, and when I summoned and interrogated him he only looked dazed. I cursed him in heaps, and scribbling a note to the D. S. P. I sent him off with it, and myself rushed out with my own boy in quest of the absentee.

High and low I hunted, but found no clue; then I returned, weary and dispirited, to the club, where I found Curtis, the D. S. P., awaiting me and any reports from the surrounding police thanas.

Suddenly an idea struck me; why it had not earlier I know not. "Come," I said, and Curtis and I taking a gari as soon as we could get one, drove to the Sacred Tank.

It must have been five in the morning when we came upon him. He was lying on his face, one hand outstretched, just where the vision must have appeared the night before. We raised him gently; he was quite dead, with the mysterious smile of those who had solved the great secret frozen on his lips. We got him down to the gari as best we could and started back to Rangoon. As we passed the barracks by the gold Pagoda, the band was practising. With a shock I recognized the piece; it was the adagio again. Involuntarily I looked at the dead man, expecting him to start, to speak. But the music of the immortals had hushed for him the harmonies of earth.

INSOMNIA.

Three Months Without Sleep—Wasted in Flesh and Given Up to Die, But the Great South American Nerve Soothers to Rest with One Dose and Effects a Rapid and Permanent Cure.

Mrs. White, of Mono Township, Beaverton P. O., was dangerously ill from nervous trouble. She was so nervous that she had not slept a night for three months. She was so low that her friends despaired of her recovery, in fact, had given her up to die. She was persuaded to try South American Nerve. Her relief was so instantaneous that after taking one dose she slept soundly all night. She persisted in the use of this great cure and gained in health rapidly, so that now there is not a sign of the nervousness, and she feels she is entirely cured. If you doubt it write and ask her.—Sold by Garlen Bros.

Burke said: "The more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond our proper path." The diligent man cuts out time and opportunity for whatever work he sets his mind on doing; it is the idle man who "can't find time."

Most coughs may be cured in a few hours or at any rate in a few days, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With such a prompt and sure remedy as this at hand, there is no need of prolonging the agony for weeks and months. Keep this remedy in your house.

THE "B.G." FOUR.

A Quartette of Remedies that are Effecting Wonderful Cures.

Dr. Chase's four great remedies are: Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Dr. Chase's Ointment, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, his latest and greatest discovery for all throat and lung affections.

"I was sick for three years," says James Simpson, of Newcomb Mills. "I tried various alleged patent cures and several boxes of a certain pill which has been greatly cracked up. I got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since I have been able to work every day and feel like a new man. Your pills alone cured me at a cost of 25c."

"I have been subject to severe colds every fall and spring," says Miss Hattie Delaney, of 174 Crawford street, Toronto. "I used many cough medicines, but none cured me until at a cost of 25 cents I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine."

"My husband was troubled with the worst kind of piles," writes Mrs. Jane Potts, of Meyersburg. "He was often unable to work. Since using your Chase's Ointment he is completely cured. It is truly worth its weight in gold instead of the price you charge, only 60 cents."

"I bought a box of your Catarrh Cure for 25 cents at Mr. Boyle's drug store here," says Henry R. Nicholls of 176 Rectory street, London, Ont. "I am thankful to say it cured me."

Chase's remedies at all dealers. Edmanson, Bates & Co. manfrs., Toronto.

A Lucky Man.

"Oh, maiden, can you twang the lyre?" I asked. She made reply: "I do not twang but I am great On making apple pie." "Oh, maiden, can you sing?" I asked. "No, not a note," she said; "But I can make doughnuts and bake The lightest kind of bread."

—Cleveland Leader

Mrs. S. T. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says, "Shiloh's Kidney and Liver Pills have cured me of a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75cts. For Sale by Garden Bros.

Her Expressions.

"How perfectly awful!" was what she said When her hair would not stay curled, And when her new dress proved a shade too red "Twas 'the horriblest thing in the world.'" When the biscuits at breakfast were burned she said: "How frightfully, dreadfully shocking!" She remarked when they told her her husband was dead: "Dear me, now, that's quite too provoking."

—New York World.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

CURES
COUGHS, COLDS,
HOARSENESS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, AND ALL
DISEASES OF THE
THROAT AND LUNGS.
PRICE 25c. OR 5 FOR \$1.00
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Seeds!

Of All Kinds

For sale at lowest prices. Groceries and Provisions.

W. R. WRIGHT,
UPPER WOODSTOCK.

SEWING MACHINES! SINGERS

LEAD THE WORLD.

Over 13,000,000 Made and Sold.

Highest Awards at the
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

For Excellence of Design. Excellence of Construction. Regularity of Motion. Ease of Motion. Great Speed. Adjustability. Durability. Ease of Learning. Convenience of Arrangement.

If you Buy a Singer

You will receive careful instruction from a competent teacher. You will obtain necessary accessories direct from the Company's offices. You will get prompt attention in any part of the world, as our offices are everywhere and we give careful attention to all customers, no matter where the machine may have been purchased.

You will be dealing with the leading company in the sewing machine business, having unequalled factory facilities, the widest experience and an unrivalled reputation—the strongest guarantee of excellence.

Sold on Easy Payments.

Don't fail to see our Exhibition of Fancy Work: every piece done on one of the machines. Notice will be in the papers when it will be ready for inspection.

HOTELS

VICTORIA HOTEL,
Carleton Street, - - Woodstock, N. B.,
T. J. ROYER, Proprietor.

Within a stone throw of Queen Street Station, overlooking the St. John River. Sample rooms in Opera House Block and in hotel.

CARLISLE HOTEL,
(Formerly Wilbur House).
C. J. TABOR, - - Prop.

Sample rooms. Coaches in attendance at all trains. Livery Stable attached.

MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Hotel Stanley,
J. M. FOWLER, PROPRIETOR,
TERMS MODERATE.
47 AND 49 KING SQUARE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Queen Hotel,
J. A. EDWARDS, - - Proprietor.
QUEEN STREET,
FREDERICTON, - N. B.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor.
JUNCTION HOUSE,
Newburg Junction.

Meals on arrival of all trains. First-class fare.

R. B. OWENS, Proprietor

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. H. SAUNDERS, M. D. C. M.,
RESIDENT SURGEON TO THE MONTREAL
GENERAL HOSPITAL, YEAR 95-96.

OFFICE OVER H. V. DALLING'S,
MAIN STREET.

T. F. SPRAGUE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
COR. MAIN AND ALBERT STREETS
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

DR. P. T. KIERSTEAD,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
CHAPEL ST., WOODSTOCK.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF
WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

W. D. RANKIN, M. B. C. M.,
Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
Chapel Street, Woodstock, N. B.
OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 9 a.m.; 4 to 6 p.m.

MANZER, D.D.S.,
Graduate Boston Dental College. Assistant Surgeon Boston Oral Hospital

PAINLESS EXTRACTING, FILLING
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.

Office Hours 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Over Carr & Gibson's, WOODSTOCK
DENTISTRY.

E. S. KIRKPATRICK,
(Two doors below Town Hall)
WOODSTOCK.
ALL LATE IMPROVEMENTS. PAINLESS
EXTRACTING.

W. D. Camber,
DENTIST.
Painless : Extraction.
Office: Queen Street.

WENDELL P. JONES,
Attorney-at-Law.

Office: King St., opp. Woollen Mills,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

CHARLES APPLEBY, M. A., LL. B.
BARRISTER AND NOTARY,
QUEEN STREET, - WOODSTOCK, N. B.

HARTLEY & CARVELL,
Barristers, Attorneys,
Notaries Public, Etc.

Accounts collected and Loans negotiated.
Offices: Next Exchange Hotel, Queen Street.
Fire and Life Insurance.

J. C. HARTLEY. F. B. CARVELL.

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc.,
REFEREE - IN - EQUITY.
QUEEN STREET,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.