

Shoe News

New Shoes

Not old shoes, but new ones, fresh from the makers' hands.

LADIES' NEED.....
House Shoes, Skating Shoes, Overshoes and Dress Slippers. We have them.

GENTLEMEN NEED.....
Slippers, Moccasins, Larrigans, Heavy Boots, Light Boots, and Overshoes. We keep them.

Yours Shoely,
BAILEY BROS.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

U. R. Hanson

Desires to announce to the Public that he has arriving each wee at his warehouse fresh from Boston, the following:

Oranges, Bananas, Lemons,

and all other Fruits in their season. Also, in stock:

Nuts, Cigars, Confectionery, Dates and Apples.

Sold to the trade only. Small profits and prompt payment is our motto.

R. HANSON, Auctioneer, Com. Agent.
Woodstock, March 24, 1896.

McKinley

Has been elected President of the United States, but the chances are

16 to 1

That if you give me your order for a WINTER SUIT or an OVERCOAT, or in fact anything in the Tailoring line, I can please you better than any other tailor in Woodstock. Give me a trial and be convinced of this fact.

NEW YORK FASHION REPORTS
RECEIVED MONTHLY.

Style. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

McRAE, THE TAILOR,
MAIN STREET,

Over Merchants' Bank.

"POWER."

We offer For Sale

1 Clipper Engine
1 Steel Boiler,

About 40 Horse Power.

These are first-class goods, made by E. Leonard & Sons, London, Ontario, and are offered for sale not because of any fault, for they work perfectly; but to make way for larger plant which we find necessary in connection with our business. This machinery may now be seen in operation.

Woodstock Woollen Mills Co.

T. B. THISTLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Has opened with a fine stock, in

S. R. BURTT'S BUILDING HARTLAND.

All kinds of Custom Tailoring done. Latest Styles. Good fit guaranteed.

The Yellow Age.

This is the age of grasping hearts and hands, Of hurrying feet and greedy, watchful eyes Turned to the worship of the golden calf, Sneering down other idols with a laugh, Throwing down other prizes for this prize; Bowing before the priest that understands Its mysteries best in this and other lands.

These are the glittering days of gilded show, Of brazen tongues—of envy, jaundice-eyed And covetous of all that gold controls: This is the age of brains instead of soul— The yellow age where purses measure pride; Even the flame of love blown to and fro By jealous winds, burns with a saffron glow.

Look well, O World, before time burns the page, The gaudy pageant passes through your street. The envious apes rage in your market place— Science and art are breathless in the race For fortune, where for fame they did compete. The yellow fever of the yellow age Has spread from slave to king, from fool to sage.

Sees Only at Night.

An old man with bat-like eyes, who is blind by day but can see at night, is one of the extraordinary features of Chicago's water-side life. John Borne is a fisherman now, but at one time in his youth he was an Oxford undergraduate, and he worked at his profession of a civil engineer for more than twenty years until he met with the accident that has so strangely altered his eyes.

The peculiar affliction of the eyes from which Borne suffers has baffled more than one oculist. Borne received an injury to both eyes some twenty years ago. While walking down South Water street, Chicago, some hoodlum threw an immense snowball at him, which landed directly in both eyes with the full force given it by the thrower. The left eye was injured frightfully and almost torn from its socket.

Two operations were performed on the optic nerve, which was discovered to be permanently weakened. After the tissues healed, however, and when the eye was supposed to resume its former appearance, a blueish-white film gathered and spread over the entire cornea, giving the eye an appearance precisely similar to the eye of a fish. Since then the delicate condition of the retina has compelled him to avoid the daylight.

At night, when the iris always enlarges, as is commonly known, the iris of Borne's eye enlarges tremendously, enabling him to see with comparative accuracy. There is no set of glasses nor any invention of the optician's art which can render any assistance to Borne in the day time. At night he needs no such artificial makeshift; it is entirely unnecessary.

The daylight has terror for Borne. Several times he has ventured into the streets of Chicago during the day. He was unable to find his way about, and had to give himself up to the police, with the request that he be escorted back to the little hut in which he lives.

At night, however, he launches his boat and has not the slightest difficulty in picking his way among the shipping in the harbor. It is even claimed that Borne can see better at night than any man about the waterfront. He can detect the lights of a vessel away out on Lake Michigan, and can almost see a sail on the horizon when there no lights burning. He can do this only when he looks squarely at the object, for, although he can move his eyes freely, he can see neither to the right nor left.

Borne believes that for night seeing his eyes have been getting stronger with use and the practice of years, but he now rarely attempts to use them during the day.

A Dandy Windmill, Make it Yourself

I have a neighbour that made one of the People's Windmills, and I have been watching it closely; it is the best mill I ever seen and anyone can make one for less than \$10. I am going to make two immediately and don't see why every farmer cannot have a windmill when he can make it himself for so little money. The mill is durable, powerful and runs easily. Any person can get diagrams and complete directions by sending 18 two-cent stamps to Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo., and any active man can undoubtedly make money anywhere putting these mills up for others, and I see no use of paying \$50 or \$60 for a mill when you can make one just as good for \$10. A BROTHER FARMER.

A Case of Self Hypnotism.

NEWPORT, Del., Jan. 5.—The extraordinary case of Frank Dougherty, the youth who was supposed to have died last Tuesday night, and who returned to life Friday, while funeral services were being held over him, has given doctors in this vicinity a problem to solve. The solution of the case seems to be that the appearance of death was caused by self-hypnotism.

The true history of the case is as follows: The boy is 18 years old, and is a student at Delaware College. He is a big boy for his age and is a deep thinker. A company of hypnotists came to the opera house at Wilmington in October for a few weeks' stay. The first night they created a sensation by hypnotizing a boy and placing him in the window for 48 hours without food or drink.

Attracted by this feat, Dougherty, who is of a scientific mind, went to Wilmington and became one of the subjects of the hypnotists, and since their departure he has been making a deep study of the science of hypnotism. Young Dougherty was an apparently healthy boy, and his sudden death was a great surprise in the neighborhood. He returned home from school, which is seven miles distant, early Monday afternoon, and retired at ten o'clock.

When called at the accustomed hour Tuesday morning, he failed to respond, and then it was that Mrs. Dougherty discovered him apparently dead. His body seemed to be cold, and there was no visible pulsation or palpitation of the heart.

The family doctor, who was called in, after a careful examination, pronounced the boy dead, although at the time he could detect a slight beat near the boy's temples.

The only theory that Dougherty's friends can advance regarding his strange experience is that he fell into a hypnotic sleep by concentrating his attention upon one object.

They say that he frequently expressed a desire for hypnotic sleep, and that he often said it would be produced by concentration of the mind upon one thought or object.

When Dougherty was found in bed the gas was burning and a revolving instrument used by a noted French hypnotist in his seances was found on the floor beside his bed.

Dougherty's friends believe that before he went to bed he placed the instrument with the purpose of causing him to sleep.

With a view to studying the unusual case, several Wilmington doctors came here this morning and drove to the Dougherty home, a mile and a half away. Crowds of people living in the neighboring county also called at the Dougherty house to look at the boy but few gained admittance to the room where the boy was still confined.

Dr. Palmer, who is caring for him, reported this morning that he is improving rapidly, but that he is not entirely out of danger. His long sleep has so weakened his nervous system that the doctor says the least excitement may cause a relapse. For this reason he directed that his patient be kept as quiet as possible, and that few persons should be allowed to speak to him.

The parents of the boy declined to discuss the matter, but they did not deny that their son had had the unusual experience of death and return to life in three days.

Cycling has been recommended as a means of reducing fat, and a young man who has tried it says it is a capital thing. He has been falling off ever since he bought his machine.



For sale by Garden Bros.



A young man living somewhere near Chicago played a mean trick on his girl. It seems they were engaged to be married but papa and mamma—as papas and mamas frequently do—objected to these two young hearts beating as one. This was most discouraging to the young folk, and instead of doing the sensible thing—going to the parson and settling the matter for themselves, they resolved to—commit suicide. The young man purchased four ounces of carbolic acid, the contract being that the girl was to drink one half, and he was to finish the bottle. She kept the contract and gracefully swallowed two ounces of the carbolic. Now she is dead. The young man probably began to have doubts on the advisability of fleeing from the ills he knew, to those to which he had not been introduced. He didn't drink, and now says that the dying girl would not let him. The probability is that the girl had nerve and the boy had none. He has been arrested, and likely the next time he gets a hold of a bottle of carbolic acid, he will feel like carrying out his contract. If a sensible jury has the deciding of his case, they will feel like ordering him to take his medicine like a man—or to make the aphorism suitable to the occasion—like a girl.

The County Council will soon be having its January session. I suppose, as usual, the time will mainly be occupied in a discussion on the thread bare subject of temperance. I would respectfully advise the councillors to take up some other virtue and enlarge upon it, if only for the sake of variety. For my part, I don't give a snap whether we have a License Law or the Scott Act, but I am seriously opposed to our worthy members of the County Council turning the governing body of the county into a temperance society. Everyone knows and admits that public sentiment has placed its foot on intemperance and that, which, not long ago, was considered a joke, is now regarded as a disgrace. Then, why spend valuable time in kicking a dead carcass? There are a great many practical questions for the council to deal with. The goal needs either repairing or moving. The question of good roads is something which the councillors should take in hand. In fact there is no end to the scope which could be embraced in the deliberations and actions of the county councillors, if they would only call off the tiresome and fruitless discussions on temperance and the Scott Act.

I mean to be on hand on Nomination Day—tomorrow, and I will put these questions to the aspiring Mayor and Councillors:—What is your opinion of asphaltting Main street sidewalks this year? If they say they are in favor of doing this necessary work, and will see that this is carried out I will vote for them—if not, not. I will also ask them:—What do you mean to do with respect to enforcing the dog tax? There must be no bluff in the answer. Then I will ask:—What do you think about the \$1000 qualification for a councillor? They will be afraid to say that they approve of that plutocratic proviso—until after election, anyway. Then, I will put a poser to them in this form:—Have you promised any merchant or other dealer that certain supplies shall be purchased from him in case of your election? If they say, as of course they will, no, I'll be disposed to put the book to them. My last question will be: What makes you think you are fit to be Mayor or Councillor? This will make them mad, and I'll run for shelter.

The sporting editor is getting frightfully adjacent—you know—near, close. He is so mean that he wouldn't take a drink of stand-pipe special reserve unless some one treated. He explains his economy by saying that he is saving his salary to blow in at the Bristol Races next summer. But the religious editor says he won't let him go to Bristol unless he at first joins the church and at least four temperance societies.

I see that some of the quality in St. John are investigating a movement to do the grand next summer in celebration of the Queen's birthday. I'll be having one of those birthdays myself soon, and not being stuck up at all, I wouldn't get vexed if the public wanted to give me a celebration and present me with some trifling mark of their esteem, like a house and lot or a brewery or something small and inexpensive of the kind.

For Christmas.

All New Stock. We don't sell refuse nor shop-worn stuff.

In Books

We have a wild variety to suit the taste of young or old.

Toys, Games, Lamps, Tables.

Beautiful Novelties

In Brass and Silver. It is a pleasure to show our goods.

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CREAM OF WHEAT FLOUR.

The Best on Earth for all purposes.

For sale by all Grocers throughout Carleton Co.

Buy It! Try It! It's Good!

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Veterinary Surgeon.

(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal.)

All diseases of Horses, Cattle and other animals treated by the latest methods.

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Then eat comfortably and well at the Vendome Restaurant on Queen St. Our Winter Menu includes all the delicacies of the season.

Transient Boarders will find comfortable quarters here.

MRS. R. B. GIBSON,
Queen St.,

Opp. Opera House.

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. 237 A First-Class Hearse in connection.

Carlisle Hotel, - - Woodstock, N. B.

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

FOR SALE.

Neat and attractive home, near centre of town, good location. Buildings new, house 9 rooms and bath, hot and cold water, good cellar, barn attached. All finished complete. At a bargain. Inquire at this office, THE DISPATCH.