

**Uneasy Lies the Head.**

Some inquiry was made lately in Europe as to the whereabouts of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, and one of the great soldiers of this generation. Osman Pasha, it turns out, occupies the essentially Oriental position of "sealer" in the kitchen of the Sultan. His duty consists of sealing all the dishes intended for the palate of the Great Assassin—to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase—directly they are prepared. So the man whose soldierly brain and genius for fighting inspired the long and magnificent defence of Plevna and stayed for desperate months the whole advance of Russia humbly fulfils this culinary office in the Imperial kitchen at Constantinople. Instead of designing earthworks and organizing desperate sorties against the Russians, Osman Pasha keeps strategic watch over the Sultan's soups and cutlets. To such base uses may a great soldier under an Oriental despotism come. No doubt Abdul Hamid realizes that his kitchen is his vulnerable point. His cooks are of approved fidelity; they have the salaries of princes, and, unlike Turkish salaries generally, these are punctually paid. But lest even their well-paid fidelity should fail, and some deadly and unauthorized flavor steal into the Sultan's dishes, the hero of Plevna keeps stern watch over them, seals them with well-hardened fingers, and after the dishes are carried into the royal dining room the seals are only broken in Abdul Hamid's own presence.

The incident shows in what an atmosphere of fear "Abdul the damned"—to quote Mr. William Watson's too emphatic epithet—lives and eats his meals. And there is an exquisite satisfaction for all healthy minds in the knowledge that the greatest criminal of this generation—the man who is engaged in the assassination of an entire people—himself dies a hundred deaths daily. He is scourged day and night with all the whips of fear. The royal yacht lies off the palace, with fires perpetually burning and steam up, ready for instant flight at any moment. Abdul Hamid casts a nightmare of terror over half his own empire, but he himself is tormented, day and night, with the terrors of a haunted animal, and the knowledge of this, we repeat, may well give an exasperated world a touch of cheerful satisfaction. But it is clear the royal trade everywhere is hedged about nowadays with very grim perils. The story of the extraordinary precautions taken for the Czar's safety during his recent visit to England makes a bit of very curious reading; and the chief constable of Aberdeen, who was officially warned that he would be held "personally responsible" for the Czar's safety while at Balmoral, must have heaved a sigh of relief when his Imperial ward was safely conveyed out of Scotland. What would have happened by the way, to the worthy chief constable of Aberdeen if some stray Nihilist had succeeded in insinuating an infernal machine into the train which conveyed the Czar of all the Russians to Balmoral? To be "personally responsible" for the Czar must be a very agitating experience for a sober and unimaginative Scottish constable.

A writer in one of the London journals has described a visit paid by Alexander II.—the ill-fated father of the present Czar—to the Vienna Exhibition of 1873. The poor Czar had to make a dash at the Exhibition at a moment when nobody expected him to do so. He charged down to the door of the great building surrounded by galloping cavalry; every gallery in turn along which, according to a secret program, and this "war-lord of many legions" scurried through gallery after gallery like a man pursued, scarcely pausing at any one point long enough to ask a question. "In his heavy armoured cloak he hastily marched," says the writer, "from one gallery to another seldom deigning to look at anything. It was as if he had felt Death tracking his every step. His departure resembled a flight." He whirled away when it was over before protecting of lines steel, like some state prisoner being hurried to a prison. The same writer was allowed to inspect the Imperial train which had brought the Czar to Vienna, and then, he says, "the horror of it all became yet more manifest. The two Cosack guards, armed to the teeth, who squatted at the door of the Czar's saloon, the huge chained boar or wolf hounds, who, if not restrained by their keeper, would have torn me to pieces, the iron bullet-proof shutters with which each window was provided—all these I see as if it were yesterday." The anxiety of protecting Alexander II. during his brief visit to Vienna in 1873 literally killed the head of the police in that city. And yet, after living for years under such conditions of mere flight and terror, the unhappy Po-

tentate was slain in his own capital by a dynamite bomb thrown by a Nihilist.

Incidents like these are full of instruction both to the politician and to the philosopher. To the politician they suggest the desperate nature of the disruptive forces struggling in modern society. There is, somehow, a ferment of discontent, a hate of order, a passion for destruction generated in some realms of the modern world, which may well fill sane men with horrified wonder. Civilization, like Beau Brummel, has its "failures," and it is curious to reflect that the very victories of civilization—the inventions and discoveries with which it enriches human life—are capable of being turned against itself. The arm with weapons of terrific potency the very hands that are trying to destroy civilization. To the philosophic mind the spectacle of Abdul Hamid employing the one brilliant soldier Turkey possesses in keeping watch over his own soup tureens, and of the Emperor of all the Russians flying through the galleries of the Vienna Exhibition in an armored cloak, has a suggestiveness all its own. Human life, after all, is curiously threaded with compensations. The Emperor of Russia carries in his single palm a wealth and power which makes him a sort of demigod. Yet a laborer, who must earn his daily bread with daily sweat, and has not half a dozen coins in his pocket, need not envy him. Who would sell the ease, the quiet safety, the natural freedom, the peaceful slumbers and the happy wakenings of lowly existence for the gilded splendor haunted with terrors and vacant of freedom of, say, a modern Czar?—Toronto World.

"Old, yet ever new, and simple and beautiful ever," sings the poet, in words which might well apply to Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the most efficient and scientific blood-purifier ever offered to suffering humanity. Nothing but superior merit keeps it so long at the front.

**To Preserve The Sight.**

The sight, with most persons, begin to fail from 40 to 50 years of age, as is evidenced by an instinctive preference for large print. Favor the failing sight as much as possible. Looking into a bright fire, especially of a coal fire, is very injurious. Do not read or sew with a side sight. Observe the following rules: 1. Sit in such a position as will allow the light to fall obliquely over the shoulder upon the page or sewing. 2. Do not use the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light. 3. Avoid the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast. 4. Rest them for half a minute or so while reading or sewing, or looking at small objects, and by looking at things at a distance or up to the sky. Relief is immediately felt by so doing. 5. Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes or corners of the eyes with the finger nails. Rather moisten it, and rub away with a soft handkerchief. 6. Frequently pass the ball of the finger over the closed eyelids, towards the nose; this carries off an excess of water into the nose itself by means of a little canal, which leads into the nostril from each inner corner of the eye, this canal having a tendency to close up in consequence of the slight inflammation that attends weakness of the eyes. 7. Keep the feet always warm and dry, so as to draw any excess of blood from the other end of the body. 8. Use eyeglasses at first carried in the vest pocket attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eye with little trouble, whereas if spectacles are used the process of getting them ready is so troublesome that to save time the eyes are often strained. 9. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water is used, let it be flapped gently against the closed eyes with the fingers. 10. The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle and take a walk for an hour, or engage in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.

**A Chance to Make Money.**

I have made \$1,640 clear money in 87 days and attended to my household duties besides, and I think this is doing splendid for a woman inexperienced in business. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass at all; people come or send for the washer, and every washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now and I am sure I can clear \$5,000 a year. My sister and brother have started in the business and are doing splendid. You can get complete instructions and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., Station A, Pittsburgh, Pa., and if you don't make lots of money it's your own fault. Mrs. W. H.

Yeast: "Which do you think is the luckiest day in the week to be born on?" Crimmonbeak: "I don't know. I've tried only one."

Ethel: Why in the world did you send my little brother that railway train and that noisy windmill? Edward: "So that we can always tell where he is."

"I see by the papers," remarked Mrs. Dash, "that they are going to wear furs this winter." "Well," replied Mr. Dash, "I suppose that seals my fate."

**How the Dipper Saved the Farm.**

Father was sick and the mortgage on the farm was coming due. I saw in the Christian Advocate where Miss A. M. Fritz, of Station A, St. Louis, Mo. would send a sample combination dipper for 18 two cent stamps, and I ordered one. I saw the dipper could be used as a fruit jar filler; a plain dipper; a fine strainer; a funnel; a strainer funnel; a sick room warming pan and a pint measure. These eight different uses makes the dipper such a necessary article that I went to work with it and it sells at very near every house. And in four months I paid off the mortgage. I think I can clear as much as \$200 a month. If you need work you can do well by giving this a trial. Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., will send you a sample for 18 two cent stamps—write at once. JOHN G. N.

**ESTATE OF C. A. PHILLIPS.**

**GREAT**

**Clearance Sale**

—OF—

**DRY GOODS,**

**Boots and Shoes,  
Hats and Caps,  
Crockeryware,  
Glassware,  
Silverware,  
Jewelry,  
Perfumes,**

And other goods too numerous to mention.

**For the Next Thirty Days**

We will offer these goods at prices unheard of before. Come now and secure a Bargain.

**C. W. JENNER, Agent.**  
Bristol, N. B., Dec. 14, 1896.

An honest man who stood upon the ragged edge of death, but was convinced of the truth.

Calais, Me., May 13, 1896.

John Boyd, mason, 61 years old, says: "Last Spring I was very sick and miserable, had no appetite, could not sleep nights, began to think my time had come, and that I was to join the great majority. I walked around the streets feeling entirely used up, was good for nothing, could not do a minute's work, until like a drowning man gasping for straws, concluded to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and began using it, as directed; it began to help me from the first trial. After using three bottles, my old-fashioned good health returned to me, and have been well and strong ever since. I cannot express in language the great worth of this wonderful medicine and what I think of it." Yours truly, JOHN BOYD.

**HELP CAME AT LAST.**

I have been a hard working man doing general work. Over one year ago I suffered a severe attack of LaGrippe. It left me in a helpless condition. I suffered with severe pains in my back and could not do any work. I was advised to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles, and it is marvelous how quick it cured me. That is over two years ago, and my health since that time has never been better. LINDSAY SCOTT.  
Calais, Me., Jan., 1896.

PRINCETON, May 23d.

THOMSON SARSAPARILLA CO.:  
Having the LaGrippe last winter, I was left near spring in very bad shape. I was all run down and I began to think I would never get any strength. F. H. Hall, of Calais, called at my place and advised me to take Thomson's Sarsaparilla. He said he would send three bottles if I would take them, and after taking two bottles I began to gain strength. I then took two more, and I must say of all the different kinds of medicines I have taken, it is with me one of the best. And I will say that I thank Mr. Hall and the Thomson Sarsaparilla Co. for what it has done for me. C. A. ROBBINS.

**Given up in despair to die.**

PATRICK MYERS, of Calais, Me., says: I was troubled with eruptions on the face and body, causing at times a burning and itching sensation which was almost unendurable; could do no work. I tried to get help from a number of our physicians, and paid them hundreds of dollars, which proved hopeless, was confined to my bed. I gave up entirely to despair. I was advised to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and I used eight bottles which entirely cured me. It purified my blood, restored my appetite, made me feel like a new man. Today am about my work, not forgetting to speak great words of praise for the above medicine.

**Weak, Nervous, Sleepless, Tired and Run Down.**

Nothing is so common today as the complaint of weak nerves. Read the testimony of MR. H. W. EATON, of Calais, Me.:

My nerves were so unstrung that it was a burden to me to do any business, and sleep was out of the question, also had considerable difficulty with my stomach. I tried Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and it proved a blessing to me. I think everything of it, it is a great medicine, and it is a pleasure for me to recommend it.

There are numberless people who do not call themselves sick, yet who are not well. They feel weak, nervous, languid and tired. They have lost their vim, power of endurance and ambition to work. Most people have these feelings in the spring, because at this season the blood is impure, the nerves weakened, and the liver, kidney and bowels inactive.

—Prepared by the—

**Doctor Thomson Medicine Co.,**  
Calais Me., and St. Stephen, N. B.

**D. M. KINNEAR,  
Contractor  
—AND—  
Builder.**

I guarantee absolute correct estimates on everything in the building line. Personal supervision of all work, and careful attention thereto.

I make a speciality of completing all contracts sharp on time. Will take contracts anywhere in Carleton County.

Subscribe for THE DISPATCH.

**CHRISTMAS : ANNOUNCEMENT!**

I have the Most Complete, Most Taking, line of

**SLIPPERS**

I have ever shown.

**Gems in Fancy Moccasins,**

In Men's, Women's, Misses' and Children's.

**OVERSHOES**

In all Styles and Shapes.

**Fleece Lined Rubbers,**

From the Largest to the Smallest.

**Larrigans, Shoe Packs & Moccasins,**

OVER-SOCKS, FELT BOOTS and SHOES in Great Variety.

LADIES' FELT GOODS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

In fact everything for the winter trade.

Call and examine my goods and you will be sure to get the most for your money.

**J. FRED. DICKINSON,**

Corner of Main and Connell Streets.

**Fine Tailoring.**



The gentlemen who have bought their Clothes from us are well suited, and the poor fellow who gets his Clothes elsewhere is having an ill fit. If you have had any misfortune in ordering your Clothes at the wrong place, don't make the mistake again.

Come to us and get value for your money. Our Clothes fit. Our Cloths are Reliable and Enjoyable.

**W. B. NICHOLSON,**

Corner King and Main Sts.

**Have you Provided**

for your Family in case of your unexpected demise?

**Have You Provided Surely**

for your Old Age if you should enjoy a long life?

Life Insurance does both in combination not obtainable in any other way. Choose a company economical in management, offering unquestionable security, moderate premiums, a policy free from all technicalities. Such is the

**Confederation Life Association.**

Established 1871.

Its unconditional Accumulative Policy is Replete with Guarantees in all directions.

Assets.....\$5,324,000  
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D. F. MERRITT, Agent.

G. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent.

**WOODSTOCK BUSINESS COLLEGE**

**Notice to Watertakers.**

A thorough course will be given in all commercial branches. SHORTHAND, (either Isaac Pitman or Beale system). Day and Evening Classes Terms reasonable.

J. A. FOWLIE,  
L. B. HUNTLEY,  
Principals.

Connell Hall, Queen Street.

At the meeting of Town Council held on the 7th Dec., the following resolution was passed:

RESOLVED, That water takers who are in arrears for water rates, be notified in the papers that if their rates are not paid immediately the supply will be stopped.

By order of the Council.

**Get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**

"Get it honest if you can, but — get it."

It cures all coughs and colds.