

**R U**

In need of an  
**Overcoat,  
Suit, or  
Pair of Trousers?**

If so you cannot do better than to leave your order with me at once. I am now better prepared than ever to supply you with anything in my line.

New York Fashion Reports received monthly.

Style, Fit and Workmanship guaranteed.

**McRAE, The Tailor,**

Over Merchants' Bank, Main St.

**U. R. Hanson**

Desires to announce to the Public that he has arriving each week 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.

**NOW**

Is the time for

**Long  
Boots.**

You will find them at

**R. W. Balloch's.**

PRICES ARE RIGHT.

Centreville, Feb. 1, '97.

**Woodstock Woollen Mills Co.**

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

**Tweeds,  
Homespun,  
Unions,**

**Horse Blankets,  
Bed Blankets,**

**Camp Blanketing,  
Yarns,  
Stockinette.**

Custom Carding and Custom Work a specialty.

Can do your work any time of year. Our mill runs summer and winter.

Woodstock Woollen Mills Co., Limited.

**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 Ins and Outs of It.**

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be put in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label."... Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide, it's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you get Ayer's.

Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook."  
It kills doubts but cures doubters.  
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

**NATURE'S CHARMS.**

**A Vivid Description of a Local Spot of Great Beauty and Grandeur.**

Curiosity seeking people sometimes travel long distances to view what might be termed in few words the abnormal features of nature, while, very often, most remarkable natural wonders within easy access of one's own home remain for years unnoticed.

As I write these notes I am sitting in solitude under shady trees at the verge of an almost perpendicular deep ravine, overlooking a fall of fully forty feet, down which a considerable body of seething, noisy water tumbles in grand confusion. One half of the water course over the fall is still bound in its icy fetters; but the irresistible flood, in its mad plunge to the depths below, is gradually wearing for itself a channel in the frost king's side; so that ice and water, together with their dark back ground of groaning, jagged rock, present the appearance of some unknown white-winged monster making desperate efforts to free itself from its confined condition in that narrow gorge, into which, concealed by dense and overhanging trees, it seemed to have unwittingly tumbled while taking its flight to ethereal regions beyond the ken of man.

Just to the left of the fall, the abrupt bank of solid rock, rising fully to the height of eighty feet from the bed of the stream; is, at present, encased from top to bottom with a great mass of glistening ice, near the centre of which is an admirable representation of an immense altar; whereon I fancied I could see the icy candles all aglow with their taper lights, in preparation for the mighty spectacle about to be represented. But the tabernacle door was open, and the interior revealed nothing but the smooth, black surface of the unyielding rock. No priest was present to celebrate the august mystery, unless some spirit of the dead unseen, with spirit servers, might be engaged thereat; for no mortal man could ascend those icy steps, nor stand at the altar's side to officiate, unless supported by some supernatural agency. Near the top of the fall there seems to be a kind of basin, into which a portion of the water tumbles before taking its final plunge below; and the mist that arises therefrom would lave the face of the adventurous climber like a plenteous shower from the clouds of heaven. You might speak here, but not in whispers, for the sound of your voice would be swallowed completely by the greater noise of the falling water—that strange and, to me, melancholy but indescribable sound, that carries one back in memory over the past years of his life, recounting his struggles and failures, his lost and absent friends and dead relations; while the meanderings of the brook through the dark gulch below, and as far as the eye can reach, speaks of the great unknown future—the crooked wanderings of our way to eternity; and he becomes grave and perhaps sad, remembering that,

As slope the hills toward the river,  
As run the rivers to the sea;  
So all the paths of life converge  
In silent death for you, for me.

But where, I may be asked, is this natural wonder, of which you speak, to be found? If you can cross the river bridge at Woodstock to the eastern side, turn to the right, and journey south for about three miles until you come to the mouth of a stream crossed by a bridge on the main road, near the lower extremity of the Connell farm, all you will have to do then is to follow towards the source of that stream for nearly a half of a mile and you will come face to face with the fall in question; and, once there, you will be delighted with the scene, as well as thankful to the writer for calling your attention thereto, and directing you thither.

J. E. M. S.

**PILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS.**

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.—Sold by Garden Bros.

**Impossible.**

"I see," remarked Mr. Snaggs, as he laid down his newspaper, "that Melba's throat is very sore, and therefore her voice can't." "Her voice can't what?" asked Mrs. Snaggs.

"Soar."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**HEALTH'S PARADISE.**

Regained After Twenty Years' Torture From That Dread Disease, Catarrh—Hon. George Taylor of Scranton, Pa., Tells the World What Dr. Agnew's Catharrhal Powder Has Done For Him.

I was a martyr to catarrh for twenty years—tried every known remedy, but got little or no relief. Was troubled with constant droppings in the throat, terrible pains in my head, and my breath was very offensive. I was induced to give Dr. Agnew's Catharrhal Powder a trial, and the result was magical. The first application cleared my head instantly. I persisted in its use, and today I am a cured man, and it affords me pleasure to lend my testimony.—Sold by Garden Bros.

The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

**D. M. KINNEAR,  
Contractor  
& Builder.**

Estimates Furnished for Any Kind of Work. House Built Complete.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**FALL GOODS**

Of all kinds. Prices  
Away Down, and a  
Liberal Discount for  
Cash.

**W. R. WRIGHT,  
UPPER WOODSTOCK.**

**Confectionery,  
CANNED GOODS,**

Light Beer & other Temperance Drinks.

**COLD SODA,**

Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes,  
Soda Biscuit, Pickles, Etc.

Picnic Parties supplied with everything in the line of Refreshments.

**WM. BOYER, JR.,**

East End of Bridge, East Florenceville

**DO YOU  
EAT**

Then eat comfortably  
and well at the Ven-  
dome Restaurant on  
Queen St. Our Win-  
ter Menu includes all  
the delicacies of the  
season.

Transient Boarders will find comfortable quarters here.

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

Opp. Opera House.



"It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it is sure to come out in print."—HAZ-TITT.

The sporting editor often gets into religious society, though never deliberately. When you see him with anyone who is respectable you can reckon it is always an accident. He has been complaining to me that when he is compelled to circulate with respectable people he has great difficulty in concealing his true nature. His facial expression always gives him away. He thinks if he just had a fine growth of whiskers on his classic phiz he could pass muster, so he has been trying for a month to raise a beard. He has used phosphate, ground plaster, Haningtons Food for flowers and many other fertilizers but with poor success. The religious Editor tells him that he has too much brass on his face to raise any sort of a crop. The sport, like a lot of other people, has never conceived the idea that he can only look good and virtuous by actually becoming so, and so he goes on his way to destruction though I have done my best to get him to join my church.

The giving of premiums as an inducement to business has reached an acute stage. A furniture house now offers to provide a wife with every parlor or bedroom set sold to a young man, and they will give a husband with every set sold to a young woman. A Jeweller not to be behind the times offers a wife with every marriage license and wedding ring. This would remind one of what Washington Irving said about the treatment of the American Indians by the settlers. "They made known to them a thousand remedies, by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previously introduced among them the diseases which they were calculated to cure."

I'd like to know whose business it is if THE DISPATCH did wash its front windows, and I don't want any insulting remarks about it.

THE IMP.

**BUTCHERED  
OR BURNED?**

We read with horror of the cruelty and butcheries of Gen. Weyler in the fair Isle of Cuba, but little reck we of the ravages of that more direful King of Grave-Fillers, KIDNEY DISEASE, here in our midst.

People of high and low degree drop into graves on all sides of us daily from Kidney Trouble. We incur it ourselves. We encourage it. We do everything but cure it.

Yet there is a cure, pleasant as a May morning. Sure as fate. Infalible as heredity. Before this wonderful remedy, the agonizing tortures of Kidney Ills vanish like a snowflake in a fiery furnace.

This cure, of which we sound the praises is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Yet not alone we, but every one that has tried them. One hundred per cent. of cures we record. Here are examples:—

W. F. Smith, 16 Carrol St., Toronto, says:—"I have taken eight boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills which have cured me of Heart Trouble, Pain in the Back and Dizziness, after other treatments had failed."

D. J. Kenney, Queen's Hotel, Mount Forest, says:—"Have suffered greatly from Nervousness, but information as to the effects of Dodd's Kidney Pills in such cases led me to use them, with the result that I am cured."

Louis H. Bounsall, 573 King East, Toronto, says:—"Had been troubled for several months with pain in my Back and Kidneys which prevented my entering in bicycle events, but am in the ring once more after using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. James Stokes, Deserter to, Ont., says:—"From the first box taken of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found relief, and hundreds here, knowing me for the past fifteen years, can vouch for my cure of long standing Kidney Trouble."

Guizot, in a letter to one of his children, tells on how his first visit to Windsor he lost his way, opened a wrong door and beheld for a moment a lady having her hair brushed. The next day the Queen (for it was she) joked him about it, and he says: "I ended by asking her leave, if ever I wrote my memoirs, like Sully or St. Simon, to mention how, at midnight, I opened the door of the Queen of England. She laughingly gave me the desired permission."

**Dr. CHASE CURES  
FATHER AND CHILD**

Both afflicted with Eczema of a very troublesome type and cured in a remarkably short while by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"I was troubled for ten years with eczema on one leg; the itching was something terrible; would scratch until the blood came. How I came to know the value of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT, I have a little girl two years; when she was one year old the same disease began to show upon her face. It wasn't long before her face became literally covered with it. In order to keep her from scratching it we had to bandage her hands up. I tried several doctors, but got no relief. Seeing DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT so highly advertised I made up my mind to purchase a box, which I did from one of our leading druggists. The first application I noticed a change. It was then I began to think about myself. With four or five applications, to my surprise, I am completely cured, no sign of the disease, and my little girl's face to-day is clear of all the scabs. I am only too glad to inform any person what a blessing DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT has proved itself.

"HIRAM FREY,  
"Wheel Maker,  
"Norwood, Ont."

**S. C. RICHARDS, D. V. S.**

**Veterinary Surgeon.**

(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal.)

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

LOCATED at the VICTORIA HOTEL,  
Woodstock, N. B.

**Your Sister**

Or your brother or some one else's sister or brother needs a Photograph of you, no matter how well they may have reason to remember how you look. MAKE NO MISTAKE, but call on

**Campbell, the Photographer,**

Next door to Dr. Manzer's office, Main Street, WOODSTOCK.

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 for 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.

Subscribe for THE DISPATCH.