

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.

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.

"My daughter, seventeen years of age, was in very poor health by reason of weak lungs and a distressing cough. At last we gave her Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking three bottles, the cough was cured. She is now in excellent health, and rapidly *"

A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to that cough. A slight cough is somewhat like the small pebble on the mountain side. It appears utterly insignificant, until a mouse, perhaps, starts it rolling, and the pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Fatal diseases begin with "a slight cough." But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Sniffle's Patent Cure.

Sniffles brought his two weeks' spree to a close on Thursday night. He lay on a lounge in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour lager, when something in the corner of the room attracted his attention.

Raising himself on his elbow he gazed steadily at it. Rubbing his eyes he stared again, and as he stared his terror grew.

Calling to his wife, he asked hoarsely:

"Mary, what is that?"

"What is what, John?"

"Why that—that—thing in the corner," said the frightened man, pointing at it with a hand that shook like an aspen.

"John, dear, I see nothing," replied the woman.

"What! You don't see it?" he shrieked, "then I've got 'em. Oh, heavens! Mary, I swear never again to touch another drop of whiskey."

Here, catching another glimpse of the terrible object, he clutched his wife and begged in piteous tones:

"Don't leave me—don't leave your John," and burying his face in the folds of her dress, he sobbed and moaned himself into a troubled sleep.

Then his wife stole gently to the corner, picked up the toy snake, and put it away reverently for another time.—Spare Moments.

To restore gray hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no other preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

About Freeman.

Some one who knew the historian Edward Augustus Freeman well gives some recollections of him in Temple Bar. In England Freeman was occasionally called "the Bash-Bazouk of literature," which was an unseemly name, for, though Freeman's hand was too often against everybody else's, no one ever charged him with looting other people's property? For all that, Freeman must have been an unpleasant person and a singularly uncomfortable man to live with. As a child he was brought up by a grandmother, who encouraged his likes and dislikes. In his younger days his shyness was marked. Once he was a guest at a gentleman's house, where there were many well-bred people, and was requested to dress for dinner. To show his contempt for fashion Mr. Freeman appeared in the drawing-room clad in white. When stretched at length on a sofa and the company came in, Freeman kept his position, and when spoken to never moved, and would only reply "with a grunt or a growl." Outside his own historical domain, the writer says, he was intentionally obtuse, and considered it his duty to ignore everybody else in England, no matter how distinguished he might be. Freeman had an individuality so strongly marked as to be displeasing.

Marry This Girl Quick.

I saw in your paper that a 13 year old boy made \$1.25 the first hour he worked selling the perfection Metal Tip Lampwick. I ordered a sample and went to work and the first week I cleared \$10, the second week I cleared \$15. I expect to run up to \$25 a week in the near future, as the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick makes such a beautiful white light and does away with smoky chimneys and bad odor and saves oil, it is easy to sell. If you wish to try it send 13 two cent stamps to Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., and she will send you sample outfit. This is a good way to make money around home.

The Algerine Duel.

There was formerly in the French service in Algeria a general of Arab origin, Ysuf by name, says the Manchester, England, Courier. One day all Algeria was moved to laughter by a satirical sketch of Gen. Ysuf in the local papers, under the title of "Monsieur Joujou." The writer, it was said, was M. Arthur de Fronvielle, the editor of the paper, who took the responsibility. Soon after, one fine morning, the journalist heard a terrible knocking at the door. "Come in!" It was Gen. Ysuf who showed his Arab visage at the threshold. He was followed by an ordinance officer. M. de Fronvielle was still lying tranquilly in bed. "Are you M. de Fronvielle?" asked the General. "Yes." "Was it you that called me 'Monsieur Joujou'?" "We must fight." "At your command, General. I will have a couple of my friends." "No, no! none of that nonsense!" thundered Ysuf. "We will fight immediately. Understand? I want to kill you!" "Ah! in that case permit me to please. And where shall we fight, if you please, General?" "Right here!" "In my bedroom?" "Yes."

"All right. And this gentleman will serve as a witness?" "Yes." "Very well. I'm ready for you."

Ysuf drew his sabre, and at a sign his ordinance officer did the same. The bed-room was very small—nothing cheerful about this strange duel "Take your choice, monsieur," said the General, holding out both swords. Fronvielle took the officer's sabre. Ysuf threw off his tunic, rolled up his sleeves, and held his sabre in his bare arm, which was corded with the muscles of an athlete. His white teeth shone from his swarthy face. Uttering yells like a jackall and bounding like a tiger, savage and frightful, he was making ready to transfix his adversary with his first stroke. This stroke the newspaper man fended, but it cut him terribly on his right arm. Ysuf stuck the point of his sabre in the floor and said: "You can't use your arm; to continue the combat would be murder. We will finish this affair after you are cured." M. de Fronvielle saluted.

The second day after the fight the General presented himself at the wounded man's lodging, and regularly every morning thereafter. "I hope you will forgive me for getting well so slowly, General; a little patience and I am with you," said Fronvielle. "I am very patient," answered Ysuf. When the wounded man was able to go out at last, Ysuf was the first to meet him. But it was to offer him his arm, and ask him to lean on it. All his anger had slowly changed to esteem.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly a remarkable preparation and nothing like it has ever been produced. No matter how wiry and unmanageable the hair may be, under the influence of this incomparable dressing, it becomes soft, silky, and pliable to the comb and brush.

He Couldn't Hide It.

After years of bachelor life the major married, and he tells of the wedding trip himself. "Of course I flattered myself that I knew the ropes. I had officiated at weddings by the score. I had times without number felt a sort of contemptuous pity for the insanely happy young husband with 'bridegroom' written all over his face, who made such blundering attempts to carry the airs of an old family man. I knew just how the thing should be done, and I would do it. "I had no trouble in bribing the baggage master to strip our trunk of love knots and old shoes, so that we were not advertised when we reached the city. This winning of the first round gave me an assurance that must have impaired my caution. Her brother was with us. At the hotel I boldly registered his name with 'and sister following it, and then wrote my own name. When it came to placing us I made some off hand explanation, but the eyes of the night clerk twinkled and I could have throttled him. "The next morning when I shook out my new umbrella to take a walk alone, just as well seasoned husbands do, I rattled rice all over the floor in the office. Of course I explained to the day clerk that I had been attending a wedding and must have taken the bridegroom's umbrella by mistake, but he smiled knowingly, the hangers on laughed and some urchin in the corner yelled 'Rats!' At dinner my wife said she never knew before that I took wine after meat, and the waiter grinned a polite grin. When, in my rattled condition, I gave him a \$10 gold piece for 50 cents, I threw off all disguise. At the next stop I told him we were just married, that we wanted every attention, and that expense cut no figure."—Detroit Free Press.

To his aged parents in far off Ireland, they brought back the sad story. "Your poor son, Pat," they said, "alas, he was captured by cannibals and boiled alive. "That was just like Pat," sobbed the heartbroken mother, "he always was a broth of a boy!"

CURE TAKE THE BEST THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00 Bottles. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure. For sale by Garden Bros.



Some of those unreliable daily papers are publishing all sorts of nonsense about the situation in Cuba, and doesn't this chump of a night editor of THE DISPATCH go and put some of it in the issue of last week. That fellow hasn't brains enough to feed swill to pigs. Col. Bob Seaborn, before he went away, was appointed war correspondent for this great journal. Telegrams come from the seat of war every day, and yet the night editor puts in second hand trash. However, I will let the readers of this column into a little secret. Col. Seaborn is at present negotiating with General Reviera and General Weyler with a view of getting the little unpleasantness between the Spaniards and the insurgents settled. Under these circumstances he does not feel justified in giving the public the information he would like to give them of the actual state of affairs. The astute reader will bear this in mind. There was not a word breathed about Spain and the Cubans coming to terms until after Col. Seaborn left Woodstock. Can any logically-minded person doubt that the Colonel's advent in Cuba has changed the whole situation?

People in high office will make peculiar breaks now and then, and perhaps the J. P. we read of who arraigned a prisoner with having committed an offence "agin the law and our sufferin' lady, the Queen," did not substitute an altogether inappropriate adjective. He was about on the same footing with the zealous but uneducated lay reader who instead of praying to be delivered from heresy and schism, substituted the words "hearsay and schemes." Heresy and schism are bad no doubt, but surely hearsay and schemes are manifold greater evils.

I am often accused of profanity, irreligion, scoffing, and sundry virtues of a kindred nature, but the following which I give you is not original. I copy it from a highly respectable exchange:—"The following announcement was a few weeks since extensively placarded on enormous posters in the town of Lisburn, County Antrim, where a series of lectures was being given in one of the Protestant churches:

Sunday, April 3,
The Reverend Canon—
"Descended into Hell."
You are all affectionately invited.

This new town council may be termed the alphabetical council, as the six members follow the rule pretty closely—F. G. H. J. K. L. "I" only is missing to make the thing quite complete, but the "I" will undoubtedly figure in their deliberations. I prophesy that the greater bulk of sound will fall from F. H. L. and that G. J. K. will be comparatively silent.

THE IMP.

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. For sale by Garden Bros.

TO THE FRONT.

A Young Man Well-Known in Woodstock.

The following sketch of Mr. Boyd a brother of Mrs. Dr. Hand of Woodstock is taken from the Daily Kennebec Journal. Mr. Boyd is taking a prominent place in Maine political life.

Mr. Byron Boyd who will enter today, upon the duties of secretary of State is no stranger to those duties, though one of the youngest men that ever filled that high office in Maine. His election comes in the line of a deserved promotion, and no man ever entered upon the duties of the office better prepared to perform them. Mr. Boyd was born in Linnæus, Maine, Aug. 31, 1864, the son of Dr. Robert Boyd. He fitted for college at Houlton academy, now Ricker Classical institute, and graduated from Colby university in the class of '86. He then taught the Bar Harbor high school one year and was in business in that town the two years following. In 1889 he was appointed to a clerkship in the secretary of State's office and has since been continually in that office rising through every grade and serving as deputy secretary of State since March 28, 1895. He is the present secretary of the Republican State committee and deserves much credit for his share in Maine's magnificent victory last fall. Mr. Boyd is one of Maine's most brilliant young men, and his selection for the office of secretary of State is universally recognised as a fitting one.

"Vell, at enny rate Isaacson died happy." "Vot from?" Failure of der heart!"

IN MEMORY
OF
Those who don't
Buy their Boots
FROM
R. W. Balloch.
FOR THEY ARE
DEAD
TO
Their Own Interests.

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!

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.

DO YOU
EAT

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.

Your Si ter

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. Manser's office, Main Street, WOODSTOCK.