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To gain admittance to the Temple of Fame, honor, reputation, worth and wondrous achievements must be some of the necessary qualifications.

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Paine's Celery Compound is doing its grand work every day, bringing joy and happiness to thousands of homes.

The cure of Mr. E. Landy, of St. John's, Nfld., is worthy of the attention of all sick and suffering people. The results as described by Mr. Landy should induce every suffer-

ing man and woman to use Paine's Celery Compound at once
WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—With great pleasure I make known what your Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. Last December I was sick and suffered from a heavy cold. My doctor said I was run down, and advised me to give up my work (the tailoring business) as he thought it was not conducive to my health. He gave me medicine for my trouble, also for indigestion and nervousness. The medicines, however, produced no good results, and I was reduced to a mere skeleton, and came to the conclusion that I was going to die.

Through the influence of an old friend who

came to see me I was prevailed upon to use Paine's Celery Compound, which he said would soon set me on my legs again. After using the first bottle, and the pills that go with the compound, I had such good results that I continued with the medicine until I had taken seven bottles, when I found myself as strong and healthy as ever before in my life. I am able to work at my trade as well as in former days, and see no necessity for giving it up. From the results that have blessed my efforts with Paine's Celery Compound I would strongly advise every sick person to use the great medicine which has no equal in the world.

EDWARD LANDY,
32 Plank Road, St. John's, Nfld.

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

From the office, 46 Queen Street, Woodstock, N.B.

Subscription price \$1.00 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.
P. O. Box E. Telephone.

CHARLES APPELBY & T. CARL L. KETCHUM,
Editors and Proprietors

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ABOUT COAT-TURNING.

At times when the public mind is quite satiated with war news, or its lack, it condescends to remember that an old man lying dying, in England, who for many years filled a foremost place in the councils of a mighty empire. It cannot be long till the wire tells us of the death of Gladstone, and the papers will be full of articles regarding one of the greatest men, the world has ever seen.

Among strict party men, there is one fault which can never be forgotten. In fact, they probably regard it as the unforgiven sin mentioned in scripture. This fault and sin is coat-turning. Now, Gladstone turned his coat. Every schoolboy has read the article written by the brilliant but, not too reliable Macaulay, in which he calls Gladstone "the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories." From a Tory of the Tories, Gladstone became a liberal of the liberals. He changed his coat. Sir Robert Peel leader of the strong protectionist party in England, was honest enough to admit that the reasoning of Cobden was irresistible, and in a day changed from a protectionist to a free trader. Disraeli, at this time, posed as a consistent individual, and bitterly upbraided Peel. Still, the turn coat, Peel, is more worthy of the respect of honest men than the opportunist, Disraeli. Chamberlain, now the idol of free-eating jingoes, and grasping Imperialists, turned his coat, and was transformed from a liberal to a Tory.

Nor are instances wanting in our own fair country. When the maritime contingent joined in with Sir John Macdonald, at Confederation, they became the tail while Sir John was the dog that wagged them. They gave up the liberal substance and Sir John gave them the liberal name. On the other hand was not Sir Richard, Cartwright a Tory, and did not he turn his coat, and become the champion of liberal principles? Followers of Tupper and Tilley can scarcely reproach followers of Cartwright, and vice-versa. In still more modern days, we have the conversion or perversion of Mr. Tarte, just as you happen to look at the matter. And are there not distinguished converts right here in our local midst, whom conviction and country before party have led to change their coats? Men who read and consider will find that the passing years bring changes. Some will change from unworthy motives and some from the conviction that the garments they wore, were always a misfit. On the whole, turn-coats should be encouraged. Anything is better than the tyranny of the party whip.

The truth to be derived from these many instances is that men will change their coats. Perhaps the motives that inspired Gladstone and Peel were somewhat different and more exalted than the motives that inspired our Canadian patriots. Perhaps not. We must not impute bad motives, unless we are sure of our ground.

Does it ever strike the ordinary reader or thinker, that there must be a great number of turn-coats at every election? If not, how do we account for the changes in public opinion, as expressed at the polls. The fact

is we regard a turn-coat, just as he happens to drop or to adopt our clothing. Tories see nothing contemptible in a liberal convert, and liberals welcome a Tory prize. As Carlyle says "God must needs laugh, if such a thing could be, as he watches his little manikins, here below."

OUR MILITARY BOSSES.

We have been unfortunate in our military bosses of late years. Gen. Middleton who certainly distinguished himself in the north-west rebellion, was sent away from Canada in disgrace, although the Imperial authorities did not seem to think so, as they gave him a most honorable post. Gen. Herbert was considered too severe a disciplinarian, and was reminded that his ways were not our ways. Now, Gen. Gascoigne has been removed as he did not fit in with our gallant militia, and we learn that we are to have a live lord, Lord William Seymour in his place. Perhaps our reverence for a lord will lead us to use him better than we used his predecessors. At all events, it is to be hoped, he knows how to say soft things, to plaster our citizen soldiers, whether they deserve it or not, and to hold his tongue when he has a mind to criticise. Surely the Imperial authorities must have learned that what Canada wants in its military boss, is a man, pleasant in his manners, and a master of "taffy." With these qualifications he will have as soft a job as some of his inferior officers, who have simply to go on parade once in every few years.

If the Americans become an aggressive nation, as it is likely they will, and set to the task of handling torpedos instead of ploughs, we may as well give up the idea of living in peace. In such a case America will be turned into an armed camp, and even in Canada "regulars" will be everywhere. War is abominable and silly, but if we have to be prepared for it, and its only justification is the defence of our homes—let us have a real military boss and not a sham, and if he criticises our military let us thank him and not spank him. That is, unless we are determined to continue the costly game, which we have so long been at, of playing soldier.

Probably if the time comes that we are really in earnest, we had better get old Paul Kruger of the Transvaal to come over and give our boys some lessons in shooting.

In the meanwhile it will be interesting to watch our new "boss" career. He must be very careful or home he goes. We pay him and he must crack up our militia.

TO SPEAK FRENCH.

Whether it is wise to teach the average youth Latin and Greek, may be a question for debate. But the youth living in this country should know something of French. Why, the business man of Woodstock is handicapped in doing business less than a hundred miles up the river, in Victoria and Madawaska counties, simply because he does not know enough French to take an order. Many of the French people in these counties do not know English, or at all events they know so little English that they do not wish to do business with anyone who cannot parlez a little francais.

More than this, Montreal is the metropolis of Canada, and in Montreal, French is the language of two-thirds of the people. A young man is practically useless in a business position in Montreal unless he has some knowledge of French. If you wish to be satisfied of that look, at the "wants" advertisements in the Montreal papers. It will be generally agreed, then, that a knowledge of the French language is a great aid to a young Canadian. The trouble is that our old system of teaching French is played out. One must learn, thereby, to read it tolerably well, but never to speak it.

Several systems by which one can pick up the language quickly, so as to make practical use of it, are in vogue. Perhaps the best that has come to our notice is "The Living Method for Teaching and Learning How to Think in French," by Chas. F. Kroeh, M. A., professor of languages in the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. Prof. Kroeh's method is based on this primary fact, "You cannot speak fluently in a foreign language while thinking in your own. To accomplish this, it is not necessary to live in France but you must live in French."

We have received a copy of his admirable work "How to Think in French." He goes on this principle. When the student of French does any common act, let him express what he is doing in French. For instance, when the student goes up stairs he says or thinks "Je monte l'escalier." When he dresses himself, "Je m'habille," and so on. With the ordinary grounding one gets in French at school, a careful study of the methods of this book should lead a child, or even an adult, to so master the French language, as to be quite at home in Madawaska, or in the ancient and historic city of Quebec.

Sometimes we hear people say the French Canadian does not talk pure French. Perhaps not, and perhaps a good many of us do not talk pure English. But learn to speak French as Prof. Kroeh directs, and you can do business in any part of this province or Quebec. Anyone desiring to learn or improve his French, or to take up with the German or Spanish language will find it well worth their while to become acquainted with the practical and up-to-date method by Prof. Kroeh.

"Will you subscribe, sir, for this splendid book?"
"No. I never read books."
"You might get it for your children."
"I have none, only a dog."
"But don't you want something to throw at the dog?"



A vegetable remedy for diseases arising from Disordered Liver, Stomach or Bowels, such as Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Feeling of Languor, Distress after Eating, etc.

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We have the newest designs on the market.

Checks and stripes will be the swell effects for summer.

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Our soft front goods will be here before the 24th.

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AND BUSINESS is what we are after, and Business is what we are getting and is very rapidly increasing. To get all this it is necessary to please your customers, to give them just what they require. That is our business to suit all classes of people, rich and poor, short and stout, tall and slim, from the most particular to the easy going people that always look as if their clothes were made for them. If you have not worn one of our suits leave your order at once as we will do our best to please you. We wish to call special attention to our trimmings which are first class in every particular.

Yours Respectively,

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Best Work. OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,
Best Results. Queen Street, Woodstock.

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