

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER CURED.

Mrs. Lydia A. Fowler, Electric Street, Amherst, N.S., testifies to the good effects of the new specific for all heart and nerve troubles: "For some time past I have been troubled with a fluttering sensation in the region of my heart, followed by acute pains which gave me great distress and weakened me at times so that I could scarcely breathe. I was very much run down and felt nervous and irritable.



"I had taken a great many remedies without receiving any benefit, a friend induced me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I had only been taking them a short time when I felt that they were doing me great good; so I continued their use and now feel all right. I can heartily recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for nervous prostration."

Mrs. Fowler adds: "My daughter, now fifteen years of age, was pale, weak and run down, and she also took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and is now strong, healthy and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure palpitation, smothering sensation, dizzy and faint spells, nervousness, weakness, female troubles, etc. Price 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Melville Miller, Bensford, Ontario, says: "Laxa-Liver Pills made a new man of me. I was troubled with indigestion and pains in the small of my back, and after taking Laxa-Liver Pills for about three weeks they completely cured me." Price 25c., all druggists.

You'll Regret It

If you let the days go by without getting those photographs taken which you have in mind. Time brings changes. Think what may happen. I give great care to obtain the most artistic and natural poses, and the ones most becoming to the subject. Besides this, my pictures have a reputation for fine retouching and superb mechanical finish. I have been particularly successful with children's pictures.

E. M. CAMPBELL, PHOTOGRAPHER,
Main Street, Woodstock.

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CERVERA AND EULATE.

The Two Captured Spanish Officers at Annapolis, U. S.

Only a step from Santiago to the sea, and yet in taking that step Cervera stumbled and fell—and great was the fall.

Today Cervera strolls along the slopes of the Severn a very silent man. He is not morose. He does not murmur. He is a proud prisoner.

In his daily walks about Annapolis he seems a man at liberty. He, at least, knows better. He feels about him the strong keenness of an unseen silken thread, checking him if he would walk abroad beyond the appointed time. Like Josephine at Malmaison, Napoleon on his iron-bound island, Hortense within the prison walls of the Alps, Jefferson Davis within the casement of Fortress Monroe, Lee under the lindens of Lexington; like the leaders of all lost causes, in all times, Cervera keeps his smile for men who come and go—and his desolation for himself. He moves in an envelope of pathos. About him is an armor as invisible as it is impenetrable—like that of Brunhilde's knight—not, happily, like the armor of his own cherished Cristobal Colon.

The American feels kind of close to what is called a fair and square man. So it is that the good folk of Annapolis, with the echoes of the voice of Washington still heard from the State House on the hill, look, forsooth, with some sort of kindness upon this stricken man of Santiago, who bade Hobson, indeed, be of good cheer, but spared not himself in the sea fight.

Cervera is full 6 feet tall. His legs are long and heavy and straggling. They do not look as if they were used to walking. A man not over fat, though he weighs easily over 200 pounds. His waist seems girdled with muscle, and the body develops ponderously and with a suggestion of great power up to and about the shoulders. He must wear as much as a 17 collar around a neck that looks hard and stubborn and not too short. The back of his head comes more straight down than otherwise, without leaving the impression of the intense and extravagant passions that seem to abound in the abnormally developed cerebellum of Eulate.

They were walking together, Cervera and Eulate, when I saw them, Cervera with Fr. Cook of St. Mary's, and Eulate with Lieut. Cervera, the son of the distinguished prisoner.

Several was dressed in a citizen's sack suit, an inexpensive suit of blue, and walked with an umbrella, the morning I saw him. It was an interesting four. Lieut. Cervera, who by report saved his father's life, and who by report is an athlete, does not look the athlete. He is a trim figure, small by the side of his father; a man of much bonhomie, with a reddish brown hair and beard, worn Van Dyke. The priest father walked along in a long alpaca sack suit and was duly shaven, but not shorn of his whitish hair. This very priest it is to whom Cervera speaks more freely, perhaps, than to any other person in Annapolis. The good father respects the confidence. But he said to me, with a look of pride entirely just:

"The first voluntary act done by Admiral Cervera after his arrival in Annapolis was to attend mass. He arrived in Annapolis Saturday night, and attended early mass Sunday morning."

Admiral Cervera spends much of his time with Fr. Cook, and sometimes when the crowds begin to get too curious at early mass he slips out unobserved from the academy about 10:30 or 11, and has a special mess said for him. Fr. Cook has had some opportunity to get at the mental quality of Admiral Cervera, as well as Lieutenant-Commander Moore, officer in charge of the buildings and grounds of the naval academy. Cervera is not a raconteur, he is not philosophic. He may be both, but he has not evinced either quality to Mr. Moore or to Fr. Cook. He has impressed both as being observant, well read and tactful, with sincere dignity.

But one must meet the man; must look at him straight. Almost filmy blue eyes, which are large, large; a coloring toward the dark, but not dark; perfectly white, bushy beard, with thin auburn hair below the hat; a heavy, crumpled fact—a German face—with a guttural voice that deals antithetically with the sibilants and liquids and labials and dentals of his language. His sentences seem like a Spaniard making his escape from Germany.

Like the Grand Duke Nicholas when he was in this country, Cervera is an early riser. He is up every morning at 6.30. His room is on the second floor, front, but his suite extends to the rear of his residence, looking out upon the Severn. During his dressing hour he spends much time looking out upon the river with thoughts that are his own. At 6 o'clock or a little after he goes to early mass at St. Mary's. When he does not go to mass he strolls in the grounds. When Cervera first came the hours were from 8 until Sunday. Lieut. Commander Moore told me they had been changed from 6 until Sunday, in deference to the devotional desires of Cervera. The Spanish admiral spends much time in devotion, and fights his battles upon the troubled waters of his own heart, and looks like a man who has won the fight.

After mass and breakfast, which is taken about 8 o'clock, Cervera nearly every morning goes up into the little town to do his little shopping, or to visit, or to walk and talk with the priests. One of the mornings I was in Annapolis to see him he called at the hotel to see Mrs. Sturdy, the widow of Lieutenant Commander Sturdy, who died not long ago on his way to Key West from a United States port. As he passed through the great iron barred gate of the academy grounds, a woman stood afar off down the street; she was talking earnestly to her little girl; she was "coaching" the little girl, as I afterward learned, how to speak to the Spanish admiral, who was now approaching her with his gawky, swinging gait. The mother had "coached" the child well.

"Good morning, Admiral Cervera!" exclaimed the little tot, sweetly. The big Spaniard bent down deliberately and swung the child clean from the ground and pressed his lips to her forehead—the Spanish way of greeting. Then he went on with a grim smile to pay the visit at the hotel.

Eulate, too, was there that morning, Cervera dearly loves to be with Eulate. The two are opposite temperaments—"same tastes and different dispositions"—which Walter Scott says is a binding tie between people. Cervera loves Eulate as much as Mr. Cleveland used to love Mr. Carlisle, only on a war footing, Eulate? He is a man who is desperate and melancholy and tender and steady all at once. He is a mixture which Cervera delights in. He is the only officer besides Cervera who was not required to sign his parole. He rebelled and won over Admiral McNair. He looks like a man of 40, with Burnside whiskers, which are smart and black. His eye is brown and passionate, and his lip abnormally proud.

"I have lost all but my commission," he said. "It is true we have some property in Porto Rico, but it will all be swept away with the occupation of Miles."

Eulate's family are still in Porto Rico, and this, more than anything else, weighs upon his mind. He is a fascinating mixture—the most inexplicable and wilful and picturesque Spaniard among them, Cervera not excepted. An affectionate and kindly fellow, this Eulate; he never meets a child in the Academy but he takes it up and kisses it upon the forehead. The other day he took a baby from its carriage in the most careful fashion and thus kissed it, while the nurse was panic stricken. Eulate was thinking of the babies in Porto Rico. His war bump and his wife and baby bumps are about the same size, and it is the clash of the two that makes him such a study.

Nobody knows what to make of Eulate. He came to Annapolis twisted with a wound in the spine and unsettled with a bad scalp wound in the back of the head. He walks straight now, and the back of his head has a small round white spot on it, that is all.

When Cervera and Eulate got through with this visit, with the priest and Lieut. Cervera, a jolly fellow, they started back to the Academy. Everybody along the streets looked at them, but not inquisitively. The curiosity in Annapolis is a well bred curiosity.

When Cervera returns from his morning outing in town he rarely, if ever, leaves the Academy any more during the day. He rests now until lunch which he takes at one. After dinner he smokes under the awning, reads, takes a short nap, walks again, (but in the grounds), and dines about seven. He and all the Spaniards must be in their quarters by 9.30; but Cervera spends his nights writing. He writes with his own hand, and writes until late. He writes a great amount of stuff each night. In the morning what he writes goes to the office of Admiral McNair, who has every line censored, with Lieutenant-Commander Moore assisting.

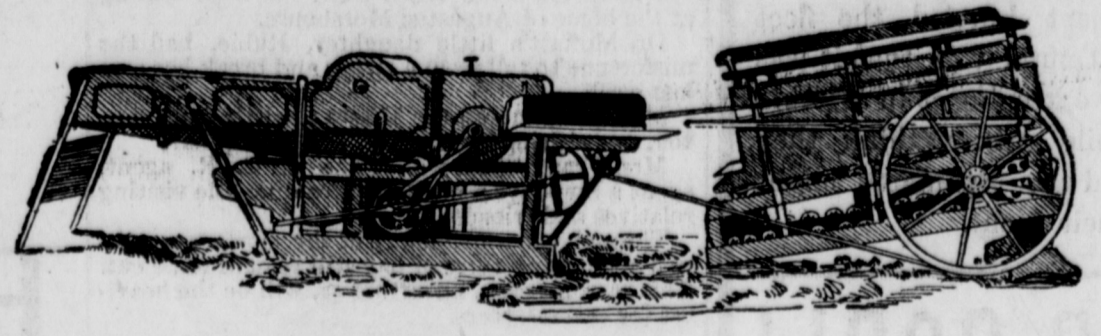
Admiral McNair and Lieutenant-Commander Moore coddle the most distinguished of these prisoners with great carefulness. Mr. Moore spends an hour each night after dinner talking with Admiral Cervera, and

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

DYSPEPSIA.

"For over eleven years I suffered terribly with Dyspepsia and tried everything I could think of, but got no relief until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I had only taken one bottle when I commenced to feel better, and after taking five or six bottles was entirely well, and have been so ever since. I feel as if B. B. B. had saved my life." MRS. T. G. JOYCE, Stanhope, Que.

B. B. B. cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Kidney Disease, and makes the blood rich, red and pure. It is a highly concentrated vegetable compound. One teaspoonful is the dose for adults; 10 to 30 drops for children. Add the water yourself.



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—AND—

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QUEEN STREET,

May 20, 1898. Woodstock.

TOWN TREASURER'S NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that I have this day received the

Assessment Roll for 1898,

FOR THE TOWN OF WOODSTOCK.

And that all persons assessed in said town shall be entitled to a

Reduction or Discount of Five Per Cent.

on the amounts assessed against them respectively, upon the payment of their respective Rates to the Town Treasurers any time on or before the 15th day of August next.

W. FISHER,

Town Treasurer and Collector and Receiver of Town Taxes.

Dated at Woodstock, the 12th day of July, 1898.

If You Are Tired

of the idea of silverware for WEDDING PRESENTS look at some of our Woodstock Souvenir China.

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