

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

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Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOV. 30, 1898.

UNWISE TAXES.

What the town council may decide to do in the matter of taxing the insurance companies remains to be seen. The tax was imposed for the first time this year, and it has not given satisfaction to anybody. There seems to have been no attempt to impose the tax equitably, if there was an intention, it altogether failed of accomplishment. The town of Woodstock is nearly as expert in novel kinds of taxation as the province of New Brunswick.

Our householders claim that the insurance rates are as high as before the waterworks system was put in. If we had no waterworks it is probable the insurance companies would have withdrawn altogether. As it is, Woodstock being a wooden town, with a number of low sheds and buildings, easy marks for any stray spark, the insurance companies cannot regard the future with any certainty that it will not bring disaster to the town and to them at the same time.

It appears that Windsor, N. S., was supposed to be proof against a conflagration, yet it was literally wiped out by fire. We are not all safe from such a possible catastrophe.

Let the town council define a brick limit and stick to it.

In taxing the fire companies, anyway, we simply tax ourselves. Another instance of the ostrich hiding his head in the sand! If there is any particular advantage in taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other, for the sport of the thing, let us by all means, continue the game, even if it is childish.

Another mode of taxation that waits to be dispensed with is the system by which we seize the throat of the commercial travellers for wholesale houses. Like the insurance companies, he gets back at us.

But it is a satisfaction, of course, to believe that we are getting rich by shifting the money from one pocket to the other.

"WE ABIDE BY OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE."

Sir James Edgar, speaker of the House of Commons, has turned the tables on Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, who talks of England exchanging, in the future, Canada for the Philippines. Sir James suggests a change of the State of New Hampshire for Jamaica as a more suitable proposition.

The other day when Sir Wilfred was in Washington, a member of the American cabinet, spoke of his possible future as Secretary of State or something of the kind for the United States. To say the least of it this was exceedingly bad form, but we do not look to Washington for good form, and were, therefore not all surprised.

It is no doubt galling to our southern neighbors that Canada will not throw in its fate with them, as it does not speak much to the advantage of the "whip creation" nation. They may as well understand that Canada as part of the British Empire is proud of her place, and that the incorporation of the United States into the British Empire, is quite as likely as the incorporation of Canada into the United States.

Now, cease nonsense, Uncle Sam, and lets do business on pleasant terms.

The Khalifa's Prisoner.

[From the London Times.]

Among the 130 prisoners of the Khalifa who were set free by Gen. Kitchener after his entrance into Omdurman was Giuseppe Cuzzi, an Italian patriot, whose story, as told to his deliverer, is most interesting.

Cuzzi is 55 years old, and is a native of Brianza. He is a veteran fighter having served under Garibaldi at Dijohn and in Herzegovina with the Prince of Montenegro. Later he travelled in America, and after his return to Italy went to the Soudan as resident manager for a Milanese commission agency.

While in Berber he met Gen. Gordon, who formed so favorable an opinion of him that he not only made him his personal representative there, but secured for him the appointment of Consular Agent for her Britannic Majesty. When liberated by Gen. Kitchener, Cuzzi had in his possession important letters and telegrams from Gen. Gordon and Col Stewart. These had just been removed from the place in which Cuzzi had concealed them years before.

After the fall of Berber, Cuzzi was taken prisoner by the Khalifa and transported to Omdurman. He was thrust into a vile dungeon, where for a time he was treated with great cruelty. One morning, to his horror, a company of rough-looking soldiers appeared at the dungeon and ordered him to go with them. He was seized with fear and trembling, believing that he was to be put to

death. Imagine, then, his surprise and relief when the Khalifa, before whom he was taken, received him kindly, and, after questioning him closely, informed him that he had been created Muheddin of the Mosque of Omdurman. He was commanded to abjure the Catholic religion and accept the Mohammedan, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, he did without a murmur, though no doubt with a mental protest.

Cuzzi describes his life at the mosque as lonely and monotonous. Most of his time was spent in prayer. He was not permitted to converse with those around him, and during all the years of his service as Muheddin not a word escaped his lips, except at rare intervals, in response to the command or inquiry of some superior. Upon state occasions Cuzzi was summoned to the palace, where, with Slatin Pasha, he acted as guard before the door of the Khalifa's apartments. When engaged in this service discipline was somewhat relaxed. The Khalifa seemed to be proud of his white servant, and sometimes bestowed upon him attentions which created jealousy on the part of the dervish attendants.

But, although this occasional absence from the mosque was a relief, both to mind and body, Cuzzi declared that he never for a moment knew what happiness was, or felt his life secure. "In all the sixteen years of my captivity," he tells Gen. Kitchener, "there was no day on which I had enough food to appease my hunger, and the little extra I managed to get, in addition to my meagre rations, I had to beg. Opportunity to solicit alms was afforded me at certain times, usually during some religious celebration, or upon the anniversary of the Khalifa's birth. Then I was allowed the freedom of the walled city, and the special honour of being permitted to beg for food was conferred upon me.

"Many times the dervishes threatened my life, and would have taken it but for a little chaplet which I wore around my neck, and which had been presented to me by the Mahdi. Seeing this sacred treasure, the dervishes would invariably cease their cursing, and, prostrating themselves, would venerate me as a sheik."

In Omdurman Cuzzi, who was taken to Cairo by the British commander, has left in friendly hands a little daughter of four years, who is the apple of his eye. The child is almost white, although its mother is coloured. English officers who have seen the tot report that she is remarkably pretty and likely to develop into a strikingly beautiful woman.

Speaking of his daughter, Cuzzi relates an anecdote which shows that, barbarian though he be, the Khalifa is not wholly devoid of gentle sentiment. When the child was born to Cuzzi the Khalifa was acquainted of his good fortune and granted him an audience.

"Your Highness," said Cuzzi, "what name shall I give my daughter?"

Without a moment's hesitation the Khalifa asked, "What was your mother's name?"

"Maria," replied the Italian.

"Well," said the Khalifa, "so let it be with the little girl; give her your mother's name."

And this was done. Cuzzi, after finishing his mission in Cairo, will return to Omdurman, and thence set out for his old home in Lombardy, accompanied by his little Maria.

A STRANGE STORY.

But it is as True as it is Wonderful.

Mr. William Sharam Cured of Kidney and Urinary Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, After Doctors and Other Remedies Had Failed.

MURRAY HARBOR SOUTH, P. E. I., Nov. 28.—This town knows no happier man than Mr. William Sharam, one of our prosperous merchants.

A person who saw Mr. Sharam two years ago, would not know him, if they met today. He is a changed man. He is robust and healthy, strong and vigorous, his brain clear and active, and his body strong and sturdy enough to carry out the projects his brain devises.

Two years ago he was a weak, frail and sickly shadow of his former self. Kidney Disease and Urinary Trouble had sapped his strength, undermined his constitution, and utterly worn him out, mentally and physically, and he was so weak that he could hardly help himself. The pain he endured was terrible.

First one doctor, then another, was called in, but they all failed to help him. Different remedies were used, but they also failed.

At last Mr. Sharam decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. For the first time in years he enjoyed a sound sleep after the first few doses. Day by day he grew better till finally health and strength were fully restored.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have thousands of cases like this to their credit. They have cured wherever they have been used.

They act directly on the kidneys, which are the controlling power of the Urinary system, and which Dodd's Kidney Pills strengthen and stimulate to such a degree that they are enabled to do their work thoroughly. In a word, Dodd's Kidney Pills assist and reinforce Nature, and cause her to banish all Kidney and Urinary diseases.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cost fifty cents a box, \$2.50 for six boxes, at all druggists, or are sent on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"He," sobbed the verdant bride, "does not love me any more." "You are lucky," said the seasoned matron, "if he does not love you any less."

Raw From Ear To Jaw.

"I have been for years more or less subject to eruptions on my skin. The left side of my face from the top of my ear to half way down my jaw was in a very bad state—being almost raw, making shaving very painful. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle perfectly cured me. I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any skin disease." G. WHITE, Carievale, N.W.T.

B.B.B. cures Salt Rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, and all forms of Skin Diseases and Eruptions, from the smallest pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.



A lad on a rainy day, started to while away the weary hours by reading the Encyclopaedia Britannica through.

"Well, my son," said his father, "how do you like it?"

"Pretty good," was the answer; "Algebra's slow, but Alligators is first-rate."—Tid-Bits.

Cook's Penetrating Plasters.

A young man sent his father, an old farmer in the country, his photograph, accompanied with a request for aid, as he was poor. The old man looked over the photograph, and then responded: "You can't cheat me, you young dog. You can't be very poor to be living among marble vases, and statues, and flowers and nice furniture, such as your picture shows."

He—Perhaps you think I'm too pressing? She—You must be thinking of some one else. We have never even sat on the same sofa.

Write to DR. ROBERTZ, he is

THE DOCTOR WHO CURES

weakness of men. Expert scientific treatment. Instructive book free. Address G. H. ROBERTZ, M. D., 252 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.

Woodstock, N. B.

FALL OF 1898.

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Have on hand several second hand Carriages in good shape, for a small figure. Will sell at cost to make room. Bring in your Sleighs and Pungs and have them Repaired and Painted ready for the first snow.

FOR SALE.

One Dental Extracting Chair, combined foot rest, newly upholstered, in first class condition. Would make suitable barber's chair. Will sell cheap for cash. DR. MANZER, Woodstock, N. B.

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East Florenceville.

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Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1, six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.
The Wood Company, Windsor Ont.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Woodstock by Garden Bros. Druggists.