

Your Thanksgiving Dinner will taste better if you call at Henderson's and get a new

OAK or ELM EXTENSION TABLE, SIDEBOARD,

or a half dozen of his

New Style Dining Chairs.

Try it and see.

A. HENDERSON,
QUEEN STREET,

Nov. 9,
1898.

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A First-Class Undertaking business in connection.

FINE CHINA!

Our line of China goods just imported, is superior to anything ever shown in Woodstock.

Spoon Trays, The list is too long to name in full,
Cream and Sugar
Tea Sets,
Cups and Saucers,
Pitchers,
Chocolate Pots,
Fern Dishes,
Pudding Dishes,
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Mrs. J. Loane & Co

OPP. CARLISLE HOTEL,
WOODSTOCK.

ACCIDENT and DISEASE INSURANCE.

A membership in the INTERNATIONAL REGISTRY COMPANY besides all its other advantages furnishes insurance against Accidents, Scarlet, Typhoid or Typhus Fevers, and Small Pox.

The capital stock of the Insurance Company is \$5,000,000.00.

Both sexes are eligible for membership irrespective of occupation.

Membership Fees only \$1.00 or \$3.00 per year.

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GEO. ANDERSON,

General Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

School Opening!

School Books School Books

—AT—

Everett's Bookstore.

All the prescribed books required:

Slates, Scribblers, Copy Books, Pencils, Pens, Ink, and every Requisite required for school.

W. H. EVERETT, Woodstock.

No. 6 Main Street.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale her Farm, known as the True Farm, Third Tier, Jacksonville, about 1/2 mile from Jacksonville Corner, and five miles from Woodstock, 100 Acres of Land, all under good cultivation, fine house 4 barns, granary a complete henhouse, hog house and all necessary buildings. The farm is well watered, and near church, school house and post office. It is a most valuable property and will be sold low and on reasonable terms. Apply on premises to MRS. CHARLES TRUE. Jacksonville, Sept. 1st 1898.

Where Big Trees Grow.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have seen some letters in the columns of THE DISPATCH (our much thought of paper) from some of the Carleton County boys in the West and I thought I would add mine to the rest.

Here we are in Pine County, Minn., 100 miles north of St. Paul, in the lumber woods, a place that beats N.B., all to sweet potatoes for lumbering. Here is where we get from two to six logs out of each tree, and all the timber is skidded, or yarded, as we say in N. B. Here is where they cut their roads as wide as three common roads in the lumber woods in N. B. and graded as level as the Woodstock bridge and ruts cut so deep that the runners of the sled cannot get off into the woods. And, as to the sleds, I will write about them later, when they commence hauling.

We have a first class crew and a fine foreman in Manley Nason, and a first class cook, who goes by the name of Bill. We have a fine fellow in the shanty boss, John Daley by name, and many a joke he cracks on the boys. We have a good fellow in Pat Strong, the teamster, driving skidways, and his attendant, Hugh O'Neil of Grand Lake, N. B.

Well, I will have to close for the cook is wanting the tables to get a sumptuous meal for the shanty boys. Thanking the Editor for space in his valuable paper.

J. B. GASCOYNE.

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., writes: "I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two bottles of Milburn's Rheumatism Pills. They are a splendid remedy. Price 50c., all druggists."

Wedded at Lynn.

A wedding took place yesterday at 4.30 p. m. at the residence of the bride's father, No. 107 Park street, Lynn, Mass., in which the principals were Mr. Percy J. Trafton, of Noble & Trafton, Woodstock, and Miss Myra B. Hamilton, a former resident of Woodstock and daughter of John Hamilton, now living in Lynn. Rev. M. B. Pratt, pastor of the Boston St. Methodist church officiated. The bride was prettily attired in a dress of cream silk landsdowne, carrying a bouquet of bride's roses. The affair was quite quiet only the intimate friends of the bride being present. A reception was given from 5 till 6.30 at which a number of the friends of the bride and groom from Brockton, Boston and Lynn were present. Refreshments were served. The happy couple left on the 7.20 train for their future home in Woodstock accompanied by the best wishes of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Trafton will reside on Elm street.

Toronto Firemen Testify.

M. McCartney, Lombard St. Fire Hall, Toronto dated March 4th, 1897, states: "Am subject to very painful conditions of costiveness and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

S. S. Convention.

Wicklow and Simonds S. S. Convention had three sessions, earnest, enjoyable, profitable at Lower Knoxford on Friday the 25th inst. The rain had its influence, some of the officers were kept away. But formality was discarded, and the work went on. The eloquent speech on the Bible by Bishop Fowler, from World's S. S. Report was shared in the forenoon and was a treat. In the large audience in the afternoon were a goodly number of children, school having been dismissed early. They were brought to the front and formed a class that it would do any teacher good to hear. Written reports were received from Lower and Upper Knoxford schools, from Middle Simonds, Tracey Mills and Royaltown and verbal reports of Greenfield, Florenceville Baptist and Free Baptist. Mrs. J. Trafton presided at the organ. In the evening Rev. Mr. Cahill took the convention as a class, Mrs. C. Jones presiding at the organ. The next convention will be at Upper Knoxford.

CHAPS and CHILBLAINS

Come with the cold weather, but can readily be cured by the application of Hayward's Yellow Oil, the best remedy for external and internal use made.

A Peril Averted.

[From the Washington Star.]

"Hold on!" exclaimed a Spanish peace commissioner, excitedly. "Don't put that into the memorandum."

"Why not?" inquired his confreres.

The United States might agree to it, and then we'll lose our positions."

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets for the Stomach.—New, convenient, positive, pleasant, harmless cure for Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Weight on the Stomach, Wind on the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Impoverished Blood, Sick Headache, and all other stomach troubles directly traceable to Indigestion. 35.

Its Functions.

[From Puck.]

The governess—Do you know what the hyphen is used for?

The pupil—Oh! yes; people in our set use it in their last names.

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE

For Sale.

1 Phaeton, 1 Bangor Buggy, 1 Piano

Box Waggon, 2 Dexter Pungs, 1 Light

Two Seated Sled. These will go at a

bargain. F. L. ATHERTON,

King Street, Woodstock.

PERSONAL.

Judge Barker is putting up at the Carlisle.

Jack Townsend and Harry Baird are recovering from typhoid fever.

Rev. Dr. McLeod preached in the Free Baptist church last Sunday.

Miss Kelly, Hartland, is the guest of Mrs. Geo. A. White, Chapel St.

Vernon Nicholson, Florenceville, was at the Aberdeen on Tuesday.

Miss Lou Stephenson, has returned from a visit of four weeks to St. John.

J. R. Murphy, who has been confined to his home for some time with erysipelas, is better.

J. C. Frapp, who is agent in Aroostook County, for F. A. Rogers and Co., Bankers and Brokers, Boston, spent Sunday in Woodstock.

J. Frank Tilley, Dairy Superintendent, left on Monday for Auburn, Me., where he will visit the creameries with a view to getting any information that will be of advantage to the cheese and butter industry of New Brunswick.

At the Aberdeen—John O'Regan, Geo. D. Frost, St. John; Walter Scott, John G. Cligg, Montreal; A. Thompson, Fredericton; C. S. Osgood, C. M. Rideout, Hartland; Joe Martin, Van Burin; W. A. Durkee, Hartland; Geo. Shea, Houlton; Mrs. R. Fletcher and son, Manchester N. H. A. M. McKenzie, Milltown N. B. Thos Burke, St. John.

At the Carlisle Hotel—J. Ewing, H. H. Harvey, Rupert Pratt, E. R. Machum, W. H. Banks, Judge Barker, Jas. Reid, John E. Farrand, Chas. E. Farrand, St. John; F. L. Mansfield, Boston; H. J. Finch, Wm. Hutson, London; S. Roether, B. S. Vair, Toronto; John R. Tompkins, East Florenceville; E. R. Teed, Walter S. Stevens, E. B. Snow, A. Mackenzie, St. Stephen; J. Edgar Goding, Quebec; C. E. Taylor, R. T. Taylor, Moncton; F. G. Chellis, Guelph; Rev. F. Bradley, Newburg; T. R. Gylvaunt, Hamilton; J. A. Robertson, Montreal; J. T. Allan Dibblee, W. B. Nicholson, Town; Geo. E. Shaw, P. Graham, Hartland; H. J. King, Halifax; T. E. Armstrong, Perth Centre; A. E. Moore, Woodstock, Ont.; Jas. B. Johnston, McAdam Jet; R. W. Fenick, St. Fro; W. H. Godby, Bristol, Eng; R. L. Phillips, Fredericton.

He Had Tried It.

Said a gentleman to a friend who was suffering from a cold: "Get a bottle of Cook's Sure Cough Cure, and you will soon see the difference between it and some of the sweetened water, sold as cough mixtures. I know for I have tried it. You want something that will take hold and relieve that cold at once. Cook's Sure Cough Cure cures. 25cts. Sold by all dealers."

Lord Kitchener's Affiance.

Lord Kitchener, who during the last week has received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, which is the highest order conferred for naval or military services, has just become engaged, and it is asserted that the wedding will take place shortly.

The future Lady Kitchener is possessed not only of a more than ordinary share of good looks, but is likewise an heiress, the latter a fortunate circumstance in more senses than one, since it will enable the newly created peer, who is without personal fortune, to maintain with befitting splendor and dignity his new rank.

She is Miss Marie Evelyn Moreton, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Moreton, who is lady-in-waiting to the Royal Duchess of Albany. Miss Moreton's father was private Secretary to the Marquis of Lorne and to the Princess Louise throughout their stay in Canada, and as such is no stranger in his country, while at the present moment he holds the office of Marshall of the Ceremonies to Her Majesty. He is a son of the late Earl of Ducie, and consequently Lord Kitchener will become by marriage a nephew to the present Earl of Ducie and allied to nearly half the British peerage.

Lady Kitchener's fortune comes to her through his mother's father, Thomas Rallis, at whose house in Belgrave-square Lord Kitchener is making his home while in London. The Rallisies, as every one knows, are the oldest, most respected, and wealthiest of the Green colony of merchants and bankers established in London, and are connected with the leading clubs and also with many of the houses of the aristocracy.

It remains to be seen whether Lord Kitchener will return to Egypt as commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army now that neither fortune nor rank is any longer much object to him and that all prospect of active service in Egypt is at an end for some considerable time to come.

He made a strict rule while in command of the Egyptian army that none of his English officers serving under his orders should be married men. The moment one of his officers got married he insisted on his resigning his commission in the Egyptian service, the solitary exception to this rule being Colonel "Conky" Maxwell of the Black Watch, who commanded one of the Egyptian brigades at the battle of Omdurman, and who married an American girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bouyngue of San Francisco. Lord Kitchener having made this rule about married men can hardly set the example of its infraction, and it is this that leads people to believe that he will not return to Egypt, where his position has always been one of extreme difficulty, owing to the undisguised animosity of the young Khedive, who alone has neglected to congratulate him on his victory at Omdurman, or to recognize his services in any way.

The Khedive cannot forgive nor forget that he was on one memorable occasion compelled to publicly apologize in Arabic and in English for a gross and public personal affront which he placed upon Sirdar.

Lord Salisbury's Manners.

Lord Salisbury's sympathetic telegram to Lady Forwood, on the death of her husband, marks an interesting departure from the Prime Minister's usual customs in such matters. Hitherto his Lordship has not shown any conspicuous predilection toward those amenities between himself and his political supporters which most Prime Ministers have observed by rule, and the absence of which in his case has often given umbrage, not only to the rank and file, but also to conspicuous members of his party. Not that Lord Salisbury is an unkind man—quite the reverse; but he is a shy and somewhat forgetful one.

The grievances are not those of the mere grumblers, or of men who have swollen expectations no Minister can reasonably gratify. They are the discontents of tried followers at the absence of a liberal interchange of minor courtesies. There is the country member, for instance, whose familiar name the Prime Minister always forgets. There is the

borough member who has gained a great battle in the North, and who met his leader in the narrow street of a Normandy town, when the leader turned and resolutely looked into a shop window till he passed. There is the Liberal Unionist peer, too, who took a distinguished visitor to Hatfield to see one of the treasures of the House, was refused admission, because the owner was in residence, and when he sent in his card was told that Lord Salisbury was not at home. These are specimen trifles; and some of the trifles may even be legends; but trifles have sometimes have lost votes. It is possible, then, that the master of jibes and flouts is about to capitulate to the demand for more expansive manners and an exercise of the innocent arts of ingratiating?—London Chronicle.

HOW CANADA IS FEEDING LONDON.

3,000 Turkeys Killed Daily at Toronto Cattle Market.

Sixty thousand Canadian turkeys advance upon London town; that surely is a sight worth the seeing. The head of the procession left Toronto during the first week of the current month, and the last of them will be enroute by the 10th of December. This means that at the base of operations, which is Harris' fresh meat and refrigerator works in the western cattle yards, turkeys die at the rate of 3,000 per day. It is an extremely interesting if not exactly appetizing spectacle. A Mail and Empire reporter on Wednesday visited the scene of operations, and Mr. A. J. King, who is the proprietor of this business of feeding Londoners on Canadian fowl, kindly furnished the information to supplement what the reporter's eyes would do for him.

The career of a turkey from the time it arrives with ten or twelve hundred others in a car at the platform of the works until, plucked and cleaned, it is hung up to cool before being transformed to the refrigerator, is not long. A man stands at the door of a car, beside him an empty upturned barrel, and as a bird is handed out to him he takes it, upside down, by the head and legs. In that position he rests the neck close up to the head on the edge of the barrel, then raises his knee, and, resting it upon the breast of the bird, presses downward. The neck stretches, and the turkey is tossed aside to kick its life out, not necessarily in the heap beside the executioner for men and boys keep picking them up, three and four at a time, and taking them to be "weighed-in" preparatory to plucking. Some of the turkeys show little feeling for their fate; others throw themselves about in a most reckless manner, and continue to kick even after they have been tossed into the scales.

The plucking-room is what, in street vernacular, would be termed "a sight for yer life." There old men and maidens, young men and children and old women, 130 or so in all, are assembled each one with a turkey in his or her lap, plucking, plucking, plucking. They sit in squares on low benches, and throw the feathers in their midst, so that on towards evening the pickers are up to their knees in feathers. For several reasons, the chief being the insects by which the feathers are filled, this work is far from pleasant. The room is constantly so full of dust and down feathers that the pickers on the opposite side are dimly seen. Boys keep going about responding to the calls of "Turkey! turkey!" from those who have finished a bird.

The price paid for plucking is 4 cents a bird, and if the skin is torn the plucker gets nothing. They begin when they like and quit when they like, but the average number of birds for a day's work is less than 30. Yet one man has plucked as many as 84, and one family of four drew \$22 for three days work.

After being plucked the birds are hung up to cool in a temperature of 50 degrees. After 12 hours they are placed in the refrigerators, where they are kept at about freezing point for a day or more. From that time they are kept in cold storage, at the same temperature, until they reach London. The storage capacity of the works is about 10,000 birds.

Chickens, unlike turkeys, must be plucked while they are warm. In a corner by himself sat a man, on the edge of a box of feathers, stripping chickens. At his hand was a coop of chickens. As the reporter watched him he got up, took a bird from the coop, stretched its neck over his knee, sat down again, and before the creature was done kicking had half the feathers off it. He gets three cents a bird, and can do from 100 to 150 a day.

Mr. King has under one roof 2,000 geese, which he is fattening, and will land in London in time for the Christmas trade. The geese are killed by sticking them with a knife in the roof of the mouth. They must be bled, as their blood is richer than turkeys', and decays more quickly.

Mr. King is far from satisfied with the cold storage facilities in trans Atlantic steamers. He says the Government boasts of its achievements in this line, but that it has done practically nothing. The steamship companies found out this year that he would ship large quantities and raised their rates on him from 80 cts to \$1.03 per cwt. The business, he said, would never attain to the success possible until there was a thoroughly equipped line of cold storage steamships.

The birds are gathered in Ontario, and yesterday there were 15 car-loads of them on the siding at the works. The cars have three decks, and partitions to keep the birds from stampeding. As many as 70 have been found to have died in a car through improper loading.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

No Cocaine in Dr. A. W. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Prof. Heys, Ont. School of Chemistry and Pharmacy, says: "I have made an examination of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure for Cocaine and in all its compounds from samples purchased in the open market, and find none present." We offer a reward of \$1,000 to be devoted to any charitable institution if any druggist or doctor can find the least trace of that deadly drug Cocaine contained in Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure." Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, recommended by all dealers at 25 cents a box, blower included free.

Customer. You remember you sold me this coat yesterday? You said you would return the money if it was not satisfactory. I key. But my dear sir, it is quite satisfactory; I never had better money as dot in my life.

R. B. JONES has an advertisement in THE DISPATCH this week that is interesting reading.

Price of Meat.

Owing to depreciation in pork markets the following prices will rule for the present:

DRESSED WEIGHT.

Light 4½c.
Medium 4½c.
Heavy 4c.
Stags and Brood Sows 3½c.
Live weight two thirds price of dead weight.

MEDUCTIC MEAT CO.,
MARITIME PURE FOOD CO. Limited.

What Becomes Of Pins.

An old gentleman in the north of London has been making a series of experiments with a view to finding a solution to the question often asked: What becomes of the countless myriads of pins, etc., that are annually lost?

As he expected, he finds that it is the disintegrating effects of the air which resolve even these intractable little instruments into their elements. He put some hundreds of brass and steel pins, needles hairpins, etc., in a quiet corner of his garden where they would be subject to all the destructive agencies of dampness, earth, wind, etc., although secure from the predatory hands and disturbing feet of inquisitive intruders.

The results are curious. Ordinary hairpins were the first, (taking 154 days on an average) to oxidize into a brownish rust—ferrous oxide—which was scattered by the winds as it was found and not a trace of a single one could be detected at the end of seven months. Common bright pins took as long as 18 months before their combustion was complete, but brass ones had been entirely turned into green verdigris long before that.

At the end of 15 months an ordinary penholder had had its nib entirely rusted away but the wooden stick was still almost unaltered. It is probable that the paint on it had somewhat of a preservative effect. Some used wax vestas were almost gone, with the exception of the cotton wick, in less than 80 days from the time they were deposited, but the sulphur heads of some unit ones were as perfect as ever.

Polished steel needles of a small size lasted a very long time (over two years and a half) but a black lead pencil proved itself to be practically indestructible, both cedar and and plumbago being almost as good as when new, even though harder things had quite rotted.

LIFE'S SPRING IS POISONED

If the Kidneys do not Carry Off Its Blood

Impurities—South American Kidney Cure Keeps These Organs Healthy—Prevents Diabetes—Bright's Disease and Bladder Difficulties.

Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys for the removal of its impurities—every three minutes—night and day—while life lasts. The kidneys are the filter—and it stands to reason that if the filter is out of order the impure matter in the blood goes to every part of the body at every heart beat. When the first indications of kidney disorder present themselves, resort at once to South American Kidney Cure—the tried, tested and proved specific for Bright's disease, diabetes and bladder complications. It never fails.—Sold by Garden Bros.

As Others See Us.

In the direction of practical aid to farmers Woodstock, N. B., appears to be doing more than any other place of an equal size in the province. A canning factory and a woolen mill have been established there within the past few years and now there are prospects of a produce shipping company being formed.—Sussex Record.

"How many times are you going to pass by before you bring me that steak?" asked the indignant diner of a passing waiter. "Count them yourself, sir: I am too busy."

Too bad!—Irate old gentleman—Here, I say, your beast of a dog has bitten a piece out of my leg! Dog's owner—Oh, bother! And I wanted to bring him up a vegetarian!

"Where are you going my pretty maid?" "I cannot tell you, kind sir," she cried. For you must know that this pretty maid was just beginning to learn to ride.

She (anxiously)—Tell me quickly, dearest, what was papa's answer? Did he smile on your suit? He (bitterly)—Smile is not the word. He simply roared.

First tramp—What do you suppose that lady meant by asking how long I had been out of work? Second tramp—She was probably trying to get at your age.

Tact—Nearpass—I hope the minister didn't refer to the creditors the deceased left. Bennet—He merely said that his loss would be felt wherever he was known.

"Before we were married you used to write me three letters a day." "Did I really?" "Yes, you did; and now you get angry just because I ask you to write me a little bit of a cheque."

A clue to the low birth-rate.—Husband—Maria, wake up quick! The house is on fire. You save the baby. Wife—Oh, my bicycle, my bicycle! Husband—Come on; I carried that out first.

Country editor (out west)—This has been a lucky day for me. Faithful wife—Has some one been in to pay a subscription? Editor—Well, no, it wasn't as lucky as that! but I was shot at and missed.