

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 APPLEBY & T. CARL L. KETCHUM. Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 19, 1899.

DIFFICULT PROBLEMS.

Is it right to teach in our schools that a system of commercial regulations is false, and then practise that system? Is it right, for instance, that our students should be imbued with John Stuart Mills' Political Economy, and then be expected to vote for protection, when they change from a life of theory to a life of practice?

You will not meet a thinking man who, on being asked his opinion on Free Trade will not answer, "I believe in free trade, if all nations will go in for it," or "I believe in free trade, only it is not practicable." He looks on free trade much as the ordinary individual regards the precept to love one's neighbor as oneself, very nice in the ideal, but impossible in reality.

In Woodstock we are exceedingly protectionist. Of course in Canada, now, there are no free traders beyond a few "cranks." The political parties are trying which can do the most for protection. But, in this town we believe in the Chinese wall. It was only after a struggle that the commercial travellers' license was abolished.

Now, how do we help our town along. We hear of somebody coming here to do business. We immediately let him know that he is not wanted. He is met with a demand for a license, if he is too late to pay a tax for the year. Every stranger that ventures to visit Woodstock is met with the demand "your money, or your absence." Considering that most towns are anxious to get all the new additions they can to their population, Woodstock's action is very Chinese. Should it be the drastic by laws are not drastic enough, then special means are provided for the end desired. By carrying this system to a most ridiculous extreme, we are making our town obnoxious in the eyes of strangers, and disreputable by those who visit us.

For many centuries a similar course was pursued in China. No barbarian was allowed within the country.

And now something terrible has happened in Montreal. A travelled man, who has been over the world, tells a newspaper interviewer, that Chinese labour should be employed, that cheap labour is a good thing for a country, and when asked what the Canadian workman is to do, with the foreign competition allowed to come in, he replies "In many cases the workman would be a boss instead of a workman."

There is a good deal of truth in his reasoning. If the great political economists are right, our whole protective system is false. It is a house of cards, and must fall sooner or later, and no one who thinks seriously over the question can fail to be impressed with this view. Protection certainly breeds corruption, for this reason. A certain industry is protected by say 30% duty. Business thrives. Finally the time of an election draws near. Then must the 30% protected man approach the politician, and of course, being practical, he knows the value of money about election times. From the protected party's fund to the judge's court and the final revelations of bribery, is a short cut.

If England is free from corruption in public life to a considerable extent, it is due to the fact that protection is not in vogue. The fiscal policy of the country is settled.

But a few thoughts are here suggested on the solution of a difficult problem. One thing is quite certain. We cannot teach our young that protection is an economic error, and then expect them to support error.

England stands a representative of a free trade country, China as the model protectionist country.

Which is the more progressive?

John P. Pickel, PLUMBER,

Will attend to all orders left at Burt's Hardware Store.

Jobbing a Specialty.

Prices reasonable, and work done promptly.

A Peril Averted.

First Tragedian—Just listen to this: "In California there are ostriches' eggs weighing three pounds."

Second Tragedian—Great Scott! isn't it lucky our troupe didn't get a chance to play in California this year!—Chicago Record.

The Tiger and the Tars.

BY JOHN STOCKHOLM.

"I could do with a small gargle," said Shorty, A. B., changing step, in vain endeavour to keep pace with his more lengthy companion.

His boots were tucked one under each arm, and he trod with bare feet the dusty road between the village and the Bay of Fusan in Corea. One trouser leg was rolled up to the knee, and his straw hat hung by the chin-strap down his back.

His companion, variously known to his shipmates as Long-boy, Pincher, and Martino, grunted assent.

"A small drop—in a bucket—would do," he said, meditatively; and after a pause, "little and good—and plenty of it—that's my motto."

His name was Martin, and in her Majesty's navy all Martins are qualified as "Pincher." He was tall and bony, and he lounged—comparatively with Shorty—at ease and leisurely along the road. He held a Chinese umbrella aloft with one hand, and in the other he carried a roughly-made cage, containing a mongoose. This little animal he intended as a present for the captain of the hold, as an assistant in keeping down the rats in his domain; and he had the further diabolic intention of asking casually in the smoking-place that evening for the proper plural form of the word mongoose.

They were returning to their ship—the corvette "Thrasynicus"—after a day's leave. They had visited the village, which lay about three miles inland, and spent their holiday in a Chinese store there, eating, drinking, smoking, and singing.

They consumed, during their stay, the whole of the small stock of bottled beer its owner possessed, together with a seven-pound tin of Huntley and Palmer's biscuit.

They had purchased there the mongoose, the umbrella, and various other curios, including what purported to be a nugget of gold. They had heard of the presence in the neighborhood of a Korean tiger that had killed a villager the day before, and they had expressed a wish to meet it, so that they might take its skin home.

They were, however, quite unarmed, except for their flat-topper service knives, and had set out on their return without a serious thought of danger from the man-eater.

Their present footsore and parched condition now occupied their minds to the exclusion of any such trifle.

"These must be three Irish miles," said Shorty, after a while. "If the uncivilized beggars would put a few mile-stones here, and there, we could tell how many knots we were doing."

A bank by the roadside offering a shady resting-place, Pincher pulled up, and, producing his pipe, suggested a halt. While he was feeling for his tobacco pouch a growl of appalling power and volume came from the brushwood above the bank, and Shorty, who had passed on a few paces, saw, on turning, the long yellow body of a tiger flash out upon poor Pincher, and hurl him to the ground.

It stood close over him, his head flattened down beside its unconscious victim's face, and looking up at Shorty with wicked, gleaming eyes. It panted a little after its effort, and puffed little clouds of dust from under its nose. It was a beautiful creature, not so large as its brother Bengal, and of a darker hue, but equally graceful and equally sinister. Its tail, the end of which Shorty observed was gone, waved ceaselessly from side to side.

The two looked at each other for a space, and Shorty afterwards declared he saw its eyes change from yellow to green.

He was transfixed, and could not move a finger, till the tiger, turning from him picked Pincher up by the shoulder and began to drag the senseless body off. Then his powers returned, and, rushing wildly forward, he rained blows with his fist upon the animal's face, shouting madly the while.

The tiger turned, and without losing its hold, struck back with his paw, and Shorty's left arm fell helplessly by his side. He drew his knife, but could not open it; he kicked at the striped sides with his bare feet, and at last, in desperation, slipped off his straw hat, and dashed it in the tiger's face.

Bewildered and blinded, the animal dropped its burden, and, as it raised its head, the hat slid down on front of its nose, hanging there by the chin-strap, like a muzzle. This added to its discomfiture, and it reared, striking out wildly with its forepaws. It succeeded in knocking off the offending article just as a body of Coreans came round a bend in the road. Their excited shouts, on realizing the situation, completed the tiger's defeat, and he bounded off into the bush.

Shorty fell fainting in the dust.—Arm and Navy Illustrated.

Woman's Troubles

Are usually the result of an exhausted nervous system which can be fully restored by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Women made nervous and irritable by the wasting diseases which drain their system find new life, new vigor, new energy, in Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, the world's greatest blood and nerve builder.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

ITCHING PILES...

Positively and permanently cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles, and has never been known to fail to cure the worst forms of this disease which has baffled medical skill for ages.

This statement may sound rather strong to persons who do not know the superior merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, but it is perfectly true, and heartily endorsed by the grateful testimony of thousands of men and women who have been cured by it after years of suffering, and after trying many preparations and consulting the best doctors.

Mr. H. Bull, Belleville, Ont., says: "I take pleasure in stating that after thirty years of suffering with Itching Piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely cured me. I tried every remedy that was advertised, with little or no benefit, but as I have told different persons affected as I was, Dr. Chase's Ointment made a perfect cure."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. It is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. For sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Adsum Was Out.

"I am looking for Mr. Adsum, the book-keeper," said the caller, a portly, dignified gentleman of majestic appearance.

"He is not in," replied the young man on the three-legged stool. "He is—"

"I see he's not in," interrupted the visitor. "This is about the hour he has been in the habit usually of coming in, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Thanks, I'll wait." He sat down, picked up a newspaper, slowly unfolded it, and proceeded with leisurely dignity to read.

The young man on the three-legged stool wrote away in silence.

Thus passed half an hour.

The caller grew restive.

"By the way," he said, "how—er—long will it be before Mr. Adsum comes in?"

"I don't know," said the young man on the stool. "He went out about three weeks ago to another firm."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound
Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, reliable. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$2 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of five and two-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 sold in Woodstock by Garden Bros. Druggists

BRISTOL WOODWORKING FACTORY,

Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

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DOORS SASH MOULDINGS, HOUSE FINISH SHEATHING ETC., STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times.

Estimates given. Orders promptly executed. Write or call.

JOHN J. HAYWARD, BRISTOL, N. B.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To John Bagley, of the Parish of Northampton, in the County of Carleton, Farmer, and Sarah his wife, and all others whom it may in any-wise concern.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the seventh day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, and recorded in the Carleton County records in Book U, No. three, on pages 554, 555 and 556, and made between the said John Bagley and Sarah his wife, of the one part, and the under-signed David Bagley, of the same place, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the law office of Hartley & Carvell, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF JULY next, at the hour of ten of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—

"All that lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Northampton aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Commencing at a post standing on the south-east angle of lot four in Grant from the Crown to one William Sweeney, dated 20th April, A. D. 1856, excepting five and one-half acres in the south east corner."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging, or in any wise appertaining. Dated this twelfth day of June, A. D. 1899.

DAVID BAGLEY, Mortgagor.

HARTLEY & CARVELL, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

1899.

Up at North End of Woodstock we have

85 LIGHT CARRIAGES

under construction and finished in all the known designs. Our trimming in Leather and Cloths are ahead of anything in the market. Our Wheel and other stock is the best that can be bought. Latest Novelties in Mounting. Anyone having an idea of getting a carriage is invited to come and look over our goods. We like to show them. We believe we can suit you. Enquiries by mail promptly answered. Repairing and painting done by skilled workmen.

CHESTNUT & HIPWELL

Opposite Small & Fisher Co Woodstock

We Manufacture And Have For Sale

Threshing and Sawing Machines, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines, And General Mill Work.

Also, Furnaces, Farmers' Boilers, Stoves of All Descriptions.

One and Two Horse Seeders, Turnip Drills, Pulpers, Mowing and Reaping Machines, Spring Tooth Harrows,

And the Finest Kind of STEEL PLOWS

in the market, consisting in part of the CELEBRATED No. 21, 30, 8 and 6. They are guaranteed not to be Chilled Plows, but Genuine Crucible Steel Mouldboards, Hard Outside with Soft Centres.

Repairs for Frost & Wood's Machinery kept in stock.

SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.

Woodstock, N. B.

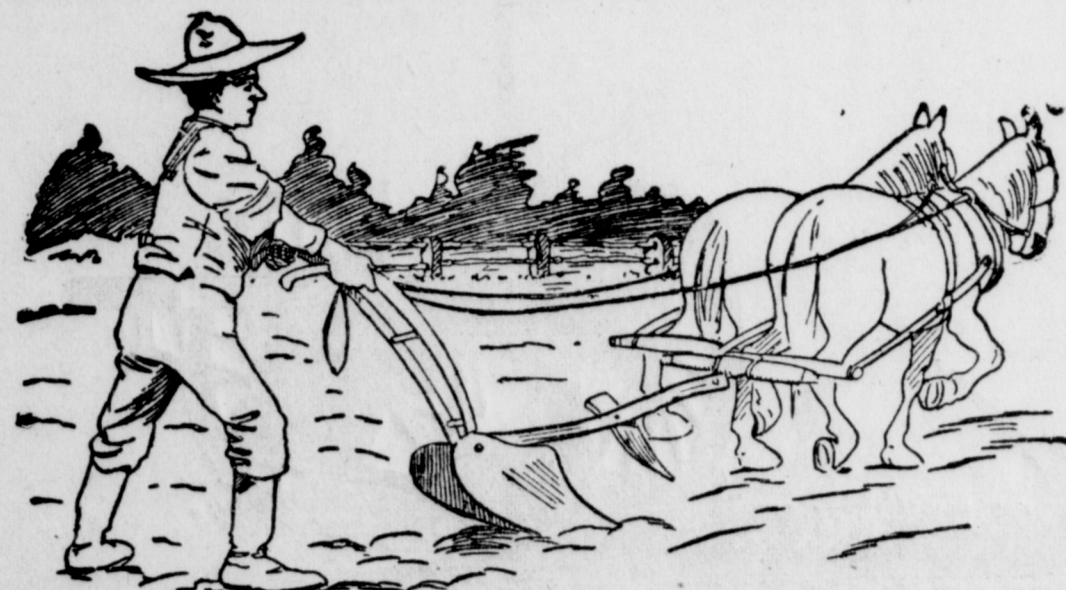
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EDDY'S

"EAGLE"	PARLOR MATCHES	200s
do	do	100s
"VICTORIA"	do	65s
"LITTLE COMET"	do	do

The finest in the world. No brimstone.

The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited, Hull, P. Q.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S 25 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 25 Spruce St., New York.