

Permanent Cure of Cancer.



MRS. GILHULA.
Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Buxton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach and informed her that her lease of life would be short. On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:
"About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die."
"By the advice of some of my friends, who knew of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B. B. B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago:
"I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind."
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COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE

LURED BY A LEGEND. Californians Start a Hunt for Buried Bells of Gold.

Five prospectors are outfitting at San Diego, Cal., for a quest similar to that for the Holy Grail or the Golden Fleece, and without doubt will be as barren of results. The expedition is one of search for the fabled three consecrated golden bell of the past mission of Santa Ysabel, in Baja (Lower) California.

The mission of Santa Ysabel was founded by the padres in 1803 as a sort of overflow from the parent mission of San Fernando, established in 1760.

The famous gold placers of the peninsula, then a virgin field, are said to have produced the precious metal in such quantities, that the strong boxes of the padres were soon filled to overflowing. The altar ornaments were of pure gold, cast in crude moulds designed and made by the monks. It was the reported richness that originated the first raids by brigands and outlaws from the mainland. They had no compunctions against looting the mission treasury, foraging on its larder and orchards, and driving off the flocks, but they are said to have had a holy fear of consecrated vessels. Knowing this, according to the legend, the padres cast their chests of virgin gold into chalices, crucifixes, fonts, etc., until they had as many as they could possibly find excuses for, and still they had a large amount of bullion on hand. Finally they decided to cast the remainder into three bells for the mission, and the legend has it that about 750 pounds troy, possibly valued at \$170,000 gold, was cast into the three bells, and these bells consecrated with great pomp and solemnity.

The peace of God that has so long enveloped the cloisters gave way to the strife of man, and the flintlock musket was more in evidence about the walls than was the prayer book, as the priests repelled raid after raid of brigands and Indians.

Finally, by an Act of the State the padres were driven from their possessions, and the mission at Santa Ysabel is said to have experienced the hardest luck of all. A drought of several years dried their irrigation ditches, their Indian converts deserted them, and in turn became despoilers of the flocks and herds; until the padres, to escape famine and perhaps worse, were forced to abandon the quiet home they had constructed in the wilderness. They packed all their movable possessions on mules and turned their faces again toward the coast, leaving behind the three bells, which they are said to have buried in a secret place until their return, leaving as a guard a few trusty Cocopah Indians. The padres never returned, and some have it that the Indians, or rather some of their descendants, are there yet, keeping faithful watch and ward over their trust, confident in their simple belief that the beloved padres of their fathers will yet return to claim their own.

Further, the fable says that the walls of the mission have been levelled, the site covered by the drifting sands of the desert, and that the location is only a matter of surmise, from the fact that outside of a certain small district men may come and go unharmed, but within that district they receive a warning to go at once, and if the warning is not obeyed they disappear forever. Organized bands of brigands are said to have made raids on the locality within comparatively recent years, but always have been beaten off by the Indians, who signalled from the surrounding mountains for others of their tribe to come to their assistance. At times these armed conflicts have assumed such proportions that local chroniclers say the government was forced to send a company of rurales (border police) to keep the peace. Now, the recovery of those mythical bells is the object of the five prospectors. They claim a foundation of fact for their romance by saying that one man has seen the bells, but was driven away by the Indians, glad enough to escape with his life.

Now, some of the statements in this legend are true, but the main features are much to be doubted.

There was a Santa Ysabel mission; any one living in the central part of the peninsula will point out its location, or one can hire an Indian for \$1 a day, Mexican money, to guide one directly to the mission. It was abandoned by the padres owing to the secularization Act. That it was often raided by brigands and the thieving Cocopahs cannot be questioned, but the statement that the site of the mission is unknown is untrue. The drought story is also fiction, and the golden bells—bah!

The site of the mission is in a park in the mountain. Although the meadow-like spot is cultivated no longer, it still furnishes rich pasture for deer and mountain sheep, and is not at all what the legend describes it to be—a waterless, desert waste. The mission building, or rather the chapel, is in a miserable state of decay, and the walls of the corral, or inclosure of the cloisters, are almost level with the ground. One building is in a comparatively good state of preservation, evidently having been used at one time as a store-house. A few Santa Catarina Indians, not Cocopahs, descendants of the neophytes of the mission, make the park their home,

and keep up the repairs to the mission store-house.

In the store-house are a few relics, some old missals, and a Spanish Bible 200 years old, a few old and battered candelabra, and altar ornaments of bronze, and some worn and discarded priestly robes. An old Indian that carries the ponderous six-inch iron key will show the entire outfit for a 10-cent package of smoking tobacco, and will tell you the whole story and more for "dos reales," two bits, or, as you say back there, "a quarter." Ask him about the bells of gold and he looks at you with surprise and envy—you know a better story about his trust than he does.

TOLEDO, ONT.

Mr. Lewis Johnston of this place was taken down with Rheumatism, had two doctors in attendance, was getting no better. Three days after he started taking Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and he was out of bed in one week, was well and able to go about.

A Picnic In Japan.

One of its jolliest incidents, says St. Nicholas, was the appearance of a troupe of roving acrobats, who planted themselves close by and promptly began their performance. It consisted of four boy tumblers, mere fat babies, whose bones were evidently of India Rubber. An opposition show drew near, and was rewarded with instant success; for this time the theatrical company was composed of two brown monkeys, dressed, of course, in tiny kimonos, with blue coolie handkerchiefs tied about their heads. They began by bowing in true Japanese fashion to the delighted audience; then they fell to fencing, with a terrible crashing of spears fully as long as pencils, and between each round the showman opened the wee red fans and handed them to the supposedly overheated artists, who comically squatted and absent-mindedly fanned the grass about them.

With a snort of perfect contempt, the other showman began to beat his drum and give sharp orders to his boneless babies. But they palled, after the monkeys, and no matter how many ages they stood on their poor little heads, nor how many scores of wheels they wheeled, despite their twists and tumbles and starts and screams and clappings and bowings, the eyes of the audience wandered back to where panted the sad eyed monkeys in their striped cotton kimonos, glancing about with marked disapproval and a settled melancholy regarding the world at large.

Attracted by the jingle of copper sen showed equally by the sympathetic tutor, other roaming shows and musicians drew near, and soon the picnic party was the enraptured centre of a hubbub that could be heard a quarter of a mile away.

Honest Advice Free to Men.

The DISPATCH is requested to publish the following: All men who are suffering from overwork, excess or youthful errors, are aware that most medical firms advertising to cure these conditions cannot be relied upon. Mr. Graham, a resident of London, Ont., living at 437 1/2 Richmond St., was for a long time a sufferer from above troubles and after trying in vain many advertised remedies, electric belts, etc., became almost discouraged and hopeless. Finally he confided in an old Clergyman who directed him to an eminent and reliable physician, through whose skillful treatment a speedy and perfect cure was obtained.

Knowing to his own sorrow that so many poor sufferers are being imposed upon by unscrupulous quacks, Mr. Graham considers it his duty to give his fellow-men the benefit of his experience and assist them to a cure by informing anyone who will write to him in strict confidence where to be cured. No attention can be given to those writing out of mere curiosity, but anyone who really needs a cure is advised to address Mr. Graham as above.

Her Saucer Came Back.

"There are tricks in all trades but ours," remarked one member of a group seated in the lobby of a hotel last night, "and I might add there are a few in ours."

The speaker is the head of a well-known firm of wholesale grocers.

"Not so long ago," he continued, "when I was still in the retail business, we had a shrewd Irish woman for a customer. One day she ordered a barrel of a certain brand of flour. We happened to be out of that brand but I told her we could send her a barrel of another brand equally as good.

"A week or so after she came into the store and declared that she didn't like the flour and insisted on having it taken back and the brand she wanted sent instead. Well, we hauled the flour back to the store, and, being still out of the brand she wanted, filled up the returned barrel, put in a new head and carted it back to the woman again.

"We heard nothing more about the matter for three weeks, when one day she came into the store in a highly indignant frame of mind.

"I want you to send up to my house and haul that flour away," she exclaimed, "I told you it was no good."

"No good," I replied, "why you know it is the brand you ordered."

The woman glared at me.

"It is no such thing!" she blurted out.

"You sent me back the same barrel I had."

"Of course I deried t, laying particular stress on her value to us as a customer and

Youthful Recklessness.



The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

A young life has been sacrificed. Any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

Mrs. G. Grisman, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says: "My daughter, now 13 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon her."

how we would not risk losing her trade on account of a measly barrel of flour. 'Why, madam,' I ejaculated eloquently, 'how could you think of such a thing? Ours is too honorable a house to cheat its customers or to ask them to accept a substitute for something they liked!'

Then the woman grinned at me.

"'Huh,' she retorted, 'that's all very fine. But I had two bakins out of the first barrel before I sent it back.'

"'Yes,' I assented, 'and you got a full barrel in return. Doesn't that prove—'

"'Prove nothing,' she interrupted. 'The first two bakins out of the barrel I got the second time were all right. But I want you to know that I always take my flour out of the barrel with a saucer. When I got down to the third bakin out of the second barrel—'

"'Yes,' I interposed; 'what did you do?'

"'I found my saucer,' was the answer.

Then she swept out; and it was well she did, for I came near falling in a faint. It was months before that woman would condescend to trade with us again."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Jury of Women.

Who have tested the merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills returns the verdict that for backache and kidney disorders there is no preparation in any way equal to this great discovery of Dr. A. W. Chase, America's greatest physician. This great kidney cure is sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box and has proved most effectual as a remedy for the many ills to which woman is subject.

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