

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY.

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CHARLES APPELEY & T. CARL L. KETCHUM, Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUG. 16, 1899.

MORE PUBLIC SPIRIT WANTED.

It is hardly fair to say that Woodstock people are deficient in public spirit, beyond citizens of all other places. But there certainly is a lack of unanimity among the residents of this town, which bodes no good for its future. There is a tremendous amount of time wasted in street-corner talking, and in discussion of other people's affairs, which can bring no profit. For some reason or other there is a deep-rooted aversion to new industries. Frankly, there are people in this place who would like to see all new undertakings prove failures, even, although these business do not compete with their own line. Then, there is an altogether inexcusable amount of razor-slashing. Men who are engaged in similar lines of business appear to think it is their bounden duty, quite as binding as the duty of attending religious exercises on Sundays, to run down the business of their competitors.

It is really annoying, the extent to which this feeling exists, and that Woodstock does not go ahead as rapidly as it should, considering its many advantages, is due in no small measure to this same sentiment.

An attempt to get up a "big day" fails because of it. Somebody is afraid somebody else may make a dollar or two. A proposal to form a produce company or some other industry falls through because it is hinted that Mr. A. or Mr. B. has "an axe to grind," and "that is why he is so energetic for the scheme."

To the credit of the younger generation, this insane proclivity is not found among their elders. Younger men cannot fail to be impressed with the spirit of the times, and the spirit of the times makes more for co-operation than for competition. So, when some of the older generation, in the fullness of years are called to their fathers, it may be found that business men of Woodstock will be content to work in harness together, instead of pulling apart. If they don't do so we will certainly lose court house and gaol, besides various industries, and we shall become a suburb of Newburg Junction.

Care in Feeding.

There is a season when the farm horse is subject to much careless feeding, as it is convenient during haying to let him eat from the hay cock in the field or behind the load. He gets sometimes grass freshly cut, some, times half cured, and again stuff that has been out through a long rain storm and has nothing left in it but woody fibre. A grass feeding horse in the hands of a careless owner or driver is in great danger from the causes mentioned. Half cured hay is rather dangerous food and unless we can arrange to give our horses hay that has been well cured and allowed to sweat in the barn for a time we had better save a piece of grass near the barn and cut it and feed it fresh from the field.

Care should be also in watering horses while at the hot work of haying and harvesting. A little and often as possible is the best plan. When a horse comes in hot from the field he should not be compelled to stand and eat dry feed in the stable until he is cool-off, before watering. His driver should have enough humanity and common sense to give him a comfortable drink with the chill taken off it. A horse should never be allowed to gorge himself with very cold water, and especially when warm, but there is nothing more refreshing to man or beast than a drink when hot and tired, if only it is warm enough to avoid setting up inflammation.

Another great mistake is to begin feeding horses newly threshed grain. Some old grain should always be kept on hand to feed during early harvest, and if the supply is short some new grain may be mixed in, gradually increasing the proportion. No man has a better chance to keep a horse in perfect health, yet very few of them do, through inattention to little details in care which are always worth observing.

Every Watch A Compass.

I find that it is not generally known that with the aid of the sun every watch may be utilized as a thoroughly reliable compass, and as the same may be valuable at times to travellers or bicyclists during their summer outings it is well worth knowing says a writer in the New York World. All you have got to do is to lay the watch flat in the palm of your hand and turn it carefully so that the hour hand points exactly in a line towards the sun, and a point just midway between the hour hand and the figure 12 will be directly south. Suppose it to be 9 o'clock point the hour hand toward the sun, and a line drawn between the figures 10 and 11 will give the true line from north to south.

Some years ago while enjoying a walk in the suburbs of London I was accosted by a stranger who asked the direction of some certain locality. I replied that I was unacquainted with the names of the streets, but if he would turn about and continue due east he would reach the desired locality. I took out my watch and figured out the proper direction, at which he expressed both surprise and interest, so I took occasion to explain the method to him.

A few days afterwards I read the following complimentary passage in London Truth: "A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman, when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to the watch. 'All watches,' he replied, 'are compasses.' Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour hand and the figure XII. on the watch. For instance, suppose it is four o'clock. Point the hour hand indicating 4 to the sun, and II. on the watch is exactly south. Suppose it was 8 o'clock, point the hour hand indicating 8 to the sun, and the figure X. on the watch is due south.

"My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that every one else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent traveller whether he was aware of the simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance. 'Amalfi' is proud of having seen the home of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen."—Ex.

Miss Bessie Nason, Clover Hill N. S., says: "I gladly recommend Laxa-Liver Pills, as they cured me completely of Constipation before I had finished the third box."

A TALKING TOOL.

The Manicure File a Thief Used to Snip People's Trinkets.

"I was sitting in one of the hotels at the opening of the carnival weeks, several years ago," said a veteran detective, "when I happened to notice a well dressed man engaged in trimming his finger nails. He used a peculiar small steel instrument something like a pair of nippers, and one would have said at a glance that it was some new kind of manicuring tool. I took a second look at the thing, and made a mental photograph of the face of the owner. Early that evening I saw him sauntering down St. Charles street to a point where the crowd was pretty dense, and I made it my business to follow on behind. He glided into the crowd, stopped and seemed to be examining the tops of the buildings on the opposite side of Canal street. At his elbow was a portly gentleman of prosperous appearance and all around the people were as thick as sardines in a box. In a moment my man moved on, and I pressed forward and glanced down at the portly gentleman's vest. Just as I expected, his watch chain was dangling, and while the watch itself was in his pocket all right enough, an expensive Masonic charm had been cut off the end near the buttonhole. In two jumps I had the fellow, and collared him just as he was in the act of culling a diamond locket. He was holding the steel nippers in the palm of his right hand, and with almost an unperceptible motion he could close their powerful jaws and cut through the heaviest gold links made. Working with such a tool in a crowd was like finding money in the street, and if I hadn't stopped him when I did I dare say he would have gathered in several thousand dollars' worth of plunder before dark. He escaped prison by giving bond and skipping out. No, I wasn't sure of his little game when I saw him using the nippers on his nails at the hotel, but the instrument was so peculiar, and besides, it had a 'cooked' look. That's as near as I can come to it in words. There is something that always betrays a tool used by thieves, I don't care how innocent its general appearance may be. I couldn't mistake a jimmy for a crow bar, even if I had my eyes shut."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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.

Pride Had a Fall.

She was a pretty girl and she knew it. Her gown fitted perfectly, and maybe you think she didn't know that. It was a new gown from a swell dressmaker, and such gowns, not being overplenteous in her wardrobe were things to gladden her inmost soul. As she boarded a Lexington avenue car at Seventy-eight street it was with something like gratified pride that she viewed the open admiration of her fellow-passengers. By the time the car reached Thirty-sixth she was in a glow of exultation. She tried hard not to look conscious of the close scrutiny to which she was being subjected, but it was difficult to work.

She signalled the car to stop, and with a final triumphant swish of her skirts, trailed out. It was nearly 7 o'clock, and still broad daylight. She had an appointment with her fiancé at 7 in a fashionable restaurant over the way, and she rejoiced that she looked so well and that her gown was so perfect in every respect.

As she stepped lightly into the vestibule

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."



"he" met her. Instead of the two-happy expression of countenance he was wont to assume on such occasions, his gaze was somewhat hard to define. He looked her over with a critical, puzzled expression of which she seemed utterly unconscious.

"How do I look?" she inquired eagerly. "Don't you think my gown is just too sweet for anything? Everybody has stared me to death, and I know I am just right!"

"Of course you are, darling," he murmured, "but there is one thing you have forgotten"—

"Well, what is that?" (A trifle sarcastical-ly.)

He coughed apologetically, "Only your hat, dear."—New York World.

Under the Summer Moon.

She was a summer girl, dainty in dress, pink cheeked and golden haired, and there a business line running about the corners of her cherry lips that any man might have seen with half an eye if he had only looked for it.

The man talking to her that night in the mellow moonlight hadn't so much as half an eye for business, and she knew. But he was marvellously soft of voice and winning of manner, and he had seen many moons and talked beneath their magic light.

"Do you know," he said to her, "that I love you?"

"How should I," she answered, with a rapturous longing in her tones, "when you have never told me?"

"Then, dearest, listen while I tell you—I love you, Jane; I love you."

She looked up at the faroff silent stars and down into his melting brown eyes.

"But you have told so many girls that," she contended.

"Oh, darling," he protested, "how could you be cruel enough to doubt me so?"

"Didn't you ever tell any other girl that you loved her?" she asked, with all the pent-up yearning of a woman's soul, to know that she was alone in a man's heart.

"Never, darling, never," he breathed, with intense fervor, taking her unresisting hand in his.

She looked at him, and the lines about her cherry lips threw little shadows on the dimpled chin.

"Oh, George," she whispered, dreamily, "what a 12 by 14 liar you are." And George dropped like a slump in the market.—New York Sun.

A Good Test.

If you have backache and there are brick dust deposits found in the urine after it stands for 24 hours you can be sure the kidneys are deranged. To effect a prompt and positive cure and prevent Bright's disease, suffering and death, use Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the world's greatest kidney cure.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

June 25th 1899

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).
 6.00 A MIXED—Week days—for Houlton, McAdam, St. John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
 8.30 A MIXED—Week days—for Arrostook M Junction, Presque Isle, etc.
 11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M Isle, Edmundston, Plaster Rock, and all points North.
 2.35 P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M etc., via Gibson Branch.
 3.00 P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M intermediate points.
 4.40 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on the Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
 6.00 P MIXED—Week days—for McAdam M Junction, etc. (STARTS FROM OLD STATION).
 9.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Debec M Junction and Houlton.
 ARRIVALS.
 7.30 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam Junction.
 9.32 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from h. 11.20 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, Jct.
 2.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
 3.50 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.
 4.40 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.
 5.50 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton etc.
 10.50 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, Portland, St. Stephen, etc.

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 killed 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.

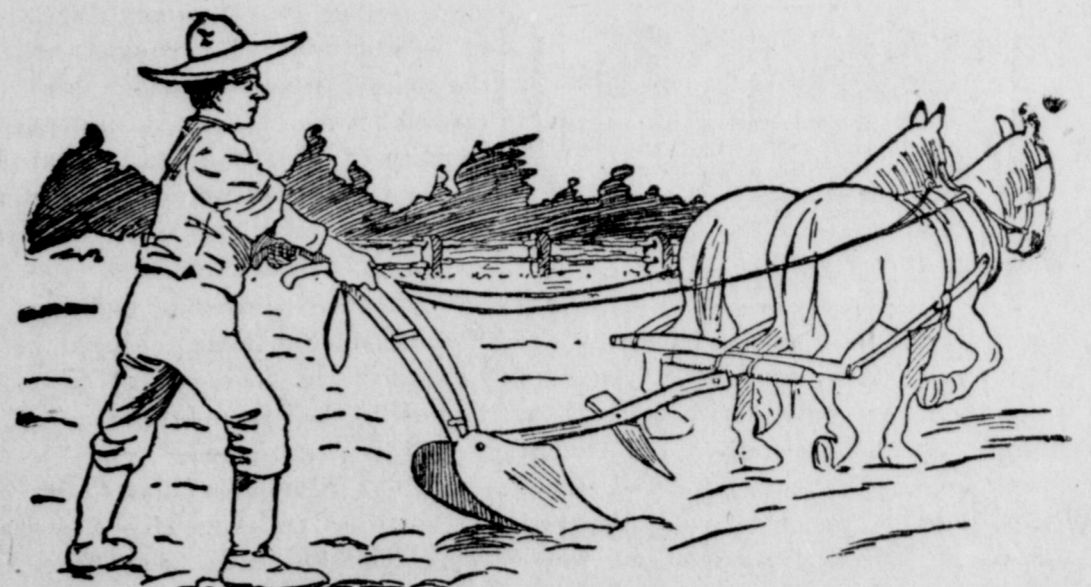
Woodstock, N. B.

Ask your grocer for EDDY'S

"EAGLE"	PARLOR MATCHES	200s
do	do	100s
"VICTORIA"	do	65s
"LITTLE COMET"	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 malarial 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 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one box and testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the / ipans Chemical Co., 23 Spruce St., New York.