

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

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

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOV. 29, 1899.

A BRICK LIMIT.

The British government has acted with the promptitude that military experts say they should have acted, the Boers would have been deprived of the early success in the war which gave them considerable prestige in the country. If the town council of Woodstock will take time by the forelock and enact a brick-limit by-law, they will find that they have acted with wisdom and forethought.

Within a week or two past we escaped, by almost a miracle, a big conflagration. Had Loane's factory got well on fire, with the wind blowing as it was, the fire would soon, probably, have got beyond the control of the fire department. We are apt to think that our fire department can put out any fire. Under certain conditions the department would be helpless.

While they cannot be accused of aiming at any particular individual, the town council should see that there is a brick limit by-law enacted, so that in case a building is destroyed within certain limits in the business section of the town, it will become imperative on the owner, if he rebuild, to rebuild in brick.

We have a fine brick industry at our door, but so long as people are allowed to erect wooden shells, which they can rent at exorbitant rates, they will do so.

Not So Savage as He Looked.

Many years ago a number of Peoria Indians organized a show company and made a tour of the East. They were mostly half-breeds and all were thoroughly educated in English, but it was stipulated by the management that they must talk only in their native tongue, and when they got on their war togs they looked savage enough, indeed. Among the company was Will Labadie, well known in Galena, and one evening he was standing in the corridor of an eastern hotel, dressed in his chief's robes and looking every inch the savage man of fiction, when he was approached by an elegantly gowned lady, and the following conversation ensued:

"How—"  
"Ugh."  
"You big chief in your own country?"  
"Ugh."  
"You go to Washington to see great white father?"  
"Ugh."  
"You can not speak white man's tongue; you no speak English?"  
"No, madam. I regret to say that I do not understand the language."

The poor woman was greatly surprised and embarrassed, but perhaps not so much as a bevy of girls on a later occasion. In almost every town some of the audience would remain behind to get a better view of the awful savages. One night Labadie had taken his seat in the orchestra box after the show and four or five young ladies who were standing near commenced to comment on his personal appearance. "How would you like to kiss him?" said one of the maidens, with a titter. "Oh, girls! let's all do it just to see how it would feel to kiss a real Indian!" exclaimed one more daring than the rest, whereupon Labadie turned calmly to them and said:

"Ladies, nothing would afford me more pleasure than to give you a practical illustration of the oscillatory accomplishments of the red man."

There was a chorus of little screams, a swish of skirts and the theatre was empty.—Iowa Paper.

A PREACHER'S NERVE

Will Break Under the Strain of Indigestion—Here's the Testimony of the Preacher and His Wife—Backsliders From Good Health Reclaimed by the Power of the Great South American Nerve.

Rev. W. S. Barker, of Peterboro, says: "I was greatly afflicted with indigestion and nervous prostration, and my wife was all run down and suffering much from general debility, and we heartily join hands in giving testimony to the great relief and curative powers of South American Nerve. Splendid results followed the taking of the first bottle, and a few bottles have cured us both and we cheerfully recommend it to our fellow-sufferers."—Sold by Garden Bros.

Tight as a Bottle.

"It seems to me," remarked the prospective tenant as he noted four inches of water in the basement, "that this cellar leaks."  
"Leak! Not a bit of it," spoke up the hustling agent. "Why, that water's been there for a month, and not a drop has escaped."

OUR connection with a wholesale house enables us to buy cheap you get the benefit at Jewett's.

THE PROFESSOR'S WAY.

Extremely Simple Method of Solving a Troublesome Cat Problem.

"I never hear a cat caterwauling," said Col. Calliper, "without thinking of how my old friend, Professor Lucius Grigobler circumvented the cats that had been accustomed to congregate on his back fence, in Storkville Centre, Vermont. Professor Gril—that's what we all called him—used to come there summers only; in winter he would shut up the house, or else give it rent free to somebody to take care of it.

"For some reason or other, I don't know why, the back fence of this house had always been a favorite resort for cats. The first night the professor slept in the house—so he afterwards told some of the neighbors—he was amazed at the number of cats on the fence, and at the noise they made; he said he never has seen or heard anything like it. The next day the neighbors saw a man at work taking off the top finishing strip from the fence along which the cats walked, and carrying it away. Before night the man was back there putting on along the top of the fence another strip that looked, however, very much like the one that had been taken off, except that it was perhaps a little more rounded. The neighbors couldn't see any practical difference between the two strips, but it turned out that the professor knew what he was about.

"I was living in the second house from Professor Gril's and on the same side of the street; I could see his back fence from my second story rear window easily. That night as I had expected, with everybody else that knew about the change, there was just as much noise as ever, as a matter of fact, there was more than ever before. My gracious! you never heard anything like it in your life. I should think they were there, not only all the cats in creation, but that individually they were making more noise than any cats had ever made before; and there was a new note in their voices, and an added sound that I had never heard before at all; and when I went to the window to see what these things meant I saw something very singular.

The cats would come from the fences on either side and start along on the professor's fence, as they had always done, howling in just the ordinary way, but before they'd got three steps I'd see 'em begin to paw that top piece and grab at it, slipping around this way and that and all the time making desperate efforts to hold on. At first, they'd be breathless with surprise and astonishment, and then as they began to slip about and, despite their most frantic efforts to cling to it, to lose their head entirely, they'd get wild and frenzied and begin to howl and shriek like wild cats. And then presently would come that new note, the most unearthly and hair-raising cat whoop I ever heard, this coming when the cat was finally compelled to let go, and drop as it had to at last. Those whoops we heard then were the wild shrieks of rage as the discomfited cat went down; and that new, added sound, was its dull thud as it struck the ground.

Some of 'em got up and tried it again, only to fall again; and every cat that tried it went down. For a while there was the greatest uproar and turmoil you ever heard of; and then there was quiet, perfect quiet, and the next night there wasn't a cat on the professor's fence, not a cat, and quiet reigned all through that neighborhood. And all Storkville wondered. Some people said one thing and some said another; most folks thought there must be electricity about it, somehow, but we couldn't see any wires, nor anything else for that matter, and that made it seem all the more wonderful; Prof. Grigobler was a man of science, and everybody agreed that though they didn't know just what it was, he must have put into operation, right there in Storkville Centre, the most wonderful thing ever invented.

"But one night one of the neighbors saw the professor out in the back yard by the fence, with a pan full of something and a brush, at work on the fence, and then it all came out. That smooth top strip was simply the old strip covered with a covering of sheet iron carefully rounded; and the stuff in the pan was kitchen grease, that's all, which the erudite professor put on with a paint brush; and that's all there was to it; the cats simply couldn't stay on the fence and so they stayed away from it.

"I think it was a little shock to some of us to have the professor go about it in this way; we would have expected him to bring to bear on the solution of this cat problem conic sections and logarithms and all sorts of scholarly and scientific aids; whereas he had gone at it in the simplest way in the world. And then there was other of us to whom this fact was a comfort; who found pleasure in the reflection that when it came to the practical affairs of life, algebra didn't count so much as guption.

"But, however, they might regard the means by which the result was reached, everybody conceded that the method was successful; and at once, all over the village people began putting up on their back fences what they called, by common consent, the professor's cat rail; and for a long time, as people paid attention to these rails and kept them greased, the back fences of Storkville Centre were comparatively free of cats."—New York Sun.

B. B. B. Banishes Blemishes.

There is no other remedy equal to B. B. B. for making the blood pure, rich and red, and the skin clear and smooth.

Here's proof from Bertha J. Tozer, North Esk, N.B.

"I have had pimples on my face for three years, and about two years ago I took an attack of nervousness. I got so bad I could not sleep and lost my appetite and was very weak and miserable. I was taking different kinds of medicines but seemed to be getting worse. A friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, I did so, taking in all four bottles. As a result I sleep well, have a good appetite, my face is free from pimples, my skin clear and my health is in every way perfect."

Shaved by an Erudite Barber.

When a famous archeologist went into his club the other afternoon his erudite countenance was ornamented at several points with sticking plaster, and there was a general inquiry among his friends as to what was the matter.

"Razor," said the professor briefly.

"Good gracious! Where were you shaved?" asked one of the younger members, sympathetically.

"It's a strange thing," said the man of learning. I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know of my own knowledge that he took a double first class at Oxford, that he studied at Heidelberg afterward, and spent several years in other foreign educational centres. I know also of my own knowledge that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing. And yet, soliloquized the savant, "he can't shave a man decently."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young member in astonishment. "What is he a barber for, with all those accomplishments?"

"Oh! he isn't a barber," said the book-worm, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself today."—Exchange.

PINEAPPLE ESSENCE

In the Shape of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets is Curing Stomach Ailments of Every Kind.

The pineapple has a valuable constituent known as vegetable pepsin, a wonderful digester of food. Test this by mixing equal parts of pineapple and beef and agitating at a temperature of 130 Fahrenheit, when, in due time, the meat will be entirely digested. This rare juice is the principal ingredient in Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets, and anyone, at any time, can enjoy the healing virtues of the ripe fruit by their use. You eat them as candy. They are very palatable; harmless as pure milk. They afford instant relief in all cases of indigestion and dyspepsia. Their right use will cure all stomach troubles and establish sound health. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. For sale by Garden Bros.

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Hartford, Aug. 5, 1899.

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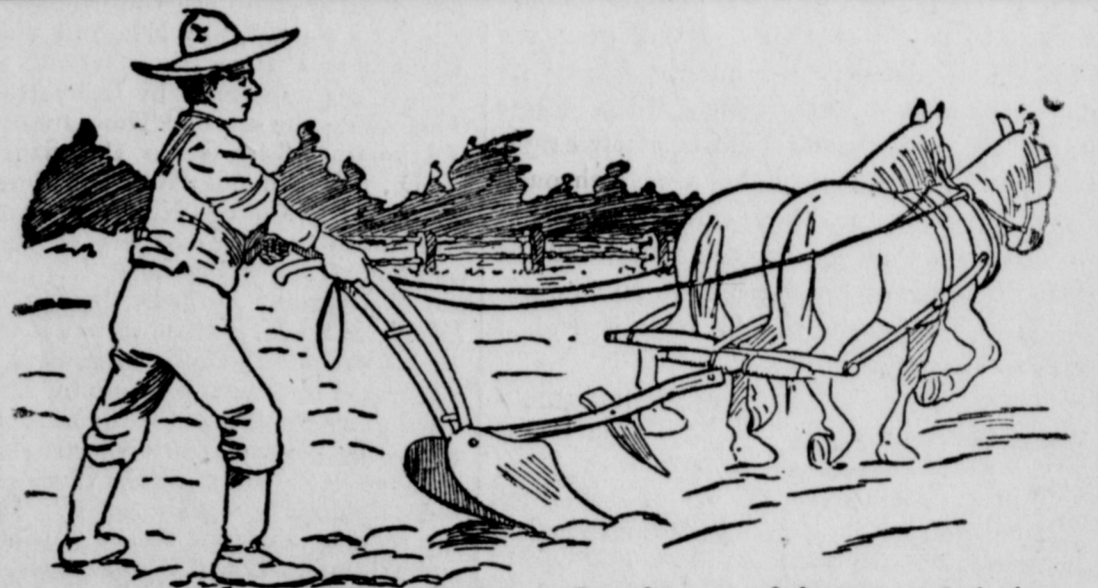
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C. M. SHERWOOD & BRO.

WOODSTOCK.



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 6 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one shop and testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the F. I. P. Chemical Co., 24 Spruce St., New York.