

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

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BANKS AND COMPANIES.

The absolute insecurity of investments, purporting to pay largely, is shown every day, and has been strikingly illustrated of late. It is not long since all England was aroused over the Hooley revelation. Hooley was a promoter and he got lots of money to invest, with the promise of big returns to the investors. The crash came, of course. Englishmen at home, are practical. They looked up the provisions of their Joint Stock Companies Act, and decided that something was wrong in it. They decided to secure legislation to remedy that wrong. It will be interesting to watch the result of the legislation in the English Parliament.

In Quebec province the banks have been disturbed. The Ville Marie has closed its doors, and a panic set in for a few days. The Jacques Cartier Bank was unable to meet all demands, and temporarily shut down, though it is all right now again, it is said. Under the Dominion Act the holder of notes of all banks are secure. Any notes of the Ville Marie bank are perfectly good, but in bank investments, those who hold stock are under what is known as the double liability. A man who has \$500 worth of stock, is liable to be called on for \$1000 in case the bank cannot meet its obligations. So excellent is our banking system that unless there is a violation of trust, or some unavoidable calamity, our chartered banks are as safe as legislation can make them.

It would be well, perhaps, if our legislators at Fredericton should take in hand the Joint Stock Companies Act, and see if it cannot be improved. Companies are apt to be formed hurriedly, and there can be no doubt that stock often has inflated values. Men frequently appear as stock holders, who have paid practically nothing in to the funds of the institution. Why should not the act be amended so that each company should make a return to the government each year of its business? Government would have a right to demand this, since companies are quasi-public bodies, and are not like private partnerships in which the private property of the partner is liable for the debt of the partnership. Some means by which a government auditor might have access to all books of a Joint Stock Company would seem not unreasonable. At all events, the act is far from perfect, as at present in force.

Suez Canal Traffic.

Traffic through the Suez canal during 1898 showed an increase which contrasts satisfactorily with the falling-off of the tonnage, making use of the route of 1897. The results of the latter year were affected materially by the combination of famine and plague in India, and of drought in Australia, and the total receipts of the canal declined to about 75,500,000 francs. In 1898 the revenues of the canal company rose to 88,000,000 francs, and this gain in gross revenue was actually accompanied by a reduction in the total operating expenses. The growth of the business which passes through this great commercial waterway may be measured by the fact that during the past year the total tonnage amounted for the first time to over 9,000,000 tons, against only 7,000,000 tons as recently as 1890. Two-thirds of the aggregate was under the British flag, but not a small proportion of the increase is ascribed to the opening of new lines for the purpose of developing Eastern trade by Germany and other countries. It may be noted also that the increasing interest of the United States in the East had its reflection in the rise of the canal tonnage under the American flag from 194,000 tons in 1896 to 316,000 in 1898.

Weary of Experimenting

With salves, suppositories and ointments and dreading a surgical operation, scores and hundreds have turned to Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment and found in it an absolute cure for piles. The first application brings relief from the terrible itching, and it is very seldom that more than one box is required to effect a permanent cure.

Harry Lane Johnson a niece of President Buchanan, and once the most beautiful belle in America, is living in retirement in Washington.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that when "a crowd of enthusiastic girls at Wallingford," not far from that city, "tried to kiss Admiral Schley he said; I would be very glad to kiss you, but I think too much of you."

Professor S. H. Short declares that the first commercially operated electric railroad in the United States was built in Denver Col., in 1855, and that it was an underground trolley system. He says that he knows this because he built the line.

Mr. Chas. Johnston, Bear River, U. S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, and after taking three bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely cured."

St. Swithun And Weather Lore.

(The Times, Saturday, July 15.)
Popular beliefs and superstitions die hard; and those about the weather, that universal subject, of interest, die hardest of all. The schoolmaster and the man of science are abroad; but which of us, educated or uneducated, does not feel some anxiety whether St. Swithun's day will be fair or wet, in the full, if unavowed, belief that "if it do rain" to-day "for forty days it will remain"? St. SWITHUN, the "Saint of the Soakers," as HOOD call him, shares with S. GALLO, in Italy, S. Margaret in Germany, and S. Martin Bullion in Scotland the credit of results that, as a matter of fact, often follow a change of weather in July. In France, Saints Medard and Gervase in the month of June are accredited with similar influence; while a belief that the last few days of January rule the weather for the year has caused like associations to attach to the Saints who are commemorated at that time—viz., S. Vincent in France and Spain, and St. Paul. "Let not such 'vulgar tales debase thy mind, Nor Paul nor 'Swithun rule the clouds and wind," sings the poet Gay under a rationalizing impulse which in practice, if not in theory, most of us refuse to endorse. We admit that the only ground for our superstition about St. Swithun is the general one that, if wet weather sets in about the middle of July, it is likely to last for some time; but for all that we still pin our faith upon St. Swithun's day, just as we dislike to sit down thirteen to dinner or to walk under a ladder. The Saint's reputation as a weather prophet is too firmly established to be upset by new-fangled oppositions of science. Whether purely accidental from the occurrence of his day at that particular season, or, as one tradition has it, from a tremendous shower by which the Saint marked his displeasure towards those who, in 971 were moving his remains from an obscure monastic grave to Ethelwold's new basilica at Winchester, or, as has been suggested, from the survival of some pagan or prehistoric day of augury under the protection of an ecclesiastical saint, the associations of St. Swithun's day with the weather of the next six weeks are firmly rooted in popular imagination. Times may change and creeds be modified, but such beliefs live on. The nineteenth century has not killed them, with all its increase of knowledge; and the end of the twentieth, in all probability, will find them still alive.

Whether prognostication has been in all ages, among every class of society, a fascinating though speculative exercise—fascinating, perhaps, though in proportion to its uncertainty, for many it has been a necessity of daily life. Hunters, shepherds, sailors and tillers of the earth have been obliged, in connection with their callings, to study the teachings of winds, waves, clouds and other objects of animate and inanimate nature, from which signs of impending changes in the weather might be gathered. The most weatherwise among savage or primitive people would prosper best and others would imitate their foresight by study of the same phenomena; and thus there has been gradually framed a store of rough and ready maxims, embodying the observations of experience in the form of proverbs or rhymes or local traditions, not all—perhaps very few of them—scientific, but many of them more or less accurate. One of the most familiar of these relates to St. Swithun's day. It embodies, as we have already noted a general probability that a break up of the weather about this time will last for some weeks, perhaps till St. Bartholomew's day, August 24; when, according to another saying, "All the tears that St. Swithun can cry St. Bartlemy's dusty mantle wipes dry." More reliable, because based on a wider induction, are observations derived from the ways of animals. Every naturalist, herdsman, or shepherd is familiar with the fact that animals seem to be endowed with a much keener perception than we are of coming changes in the weather. Virgil, Aratus, Theophrastus, and other ancient writers note instances of this. It is said that Sir Isaac Newton, having been told by a countryman one fine morning that he would be overtaken by a shower, rode back when the rain came on to ascertain the foundation of the prediction. "All I know is," said the man, "that when my cow twirls her tail in a particular way rain will come." The old wise saws and rule-of-thumb forecasts, of which St. Swithun's day reminds us, still hold their own. They rest on much shrewd and practical, if unscientific observation; and while they are gradually superseded, and sometimes discredited, by newer lights, their general accuracy is not unfrequently confirmed.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if after using three-fourths of contents of bottle they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

Garden Bros., Druggists, Woodstock, N. B.
Chas. G. Connell, Druggist, Woodstock, N. B.
Chas. A. McKeen, druggist, Woodstock, N. B.

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

It has been over 40 years in use and has no equal for the cure of bowel complaints of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, so it would be wise to see that the full name, Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, is on every bottle you buy.

Joking a Juror Lost The Case.

"The greatest jury orator I ever listened to in my life was the late Daniel W. Voorhees," said a well-known New Orleans lawyer. "He had a jovial presence, a great resonant bass voice and a bearing so singularly compelling that I know of nothing except the trite work 'magnetic' that begins to define its effect. I heard him in a murder trial at Louisville, and his speech on that occasion was prefaced by the most amusing incident which I have ever seen in print. It was a very warm day and the courtroom was packed to suffocation. As Voorhees arose to begin his argument he cast his eyes over the jury and discovered that one of the members had fallen asleep. Frowning with indignation, he motioned to one of the court officials and in a few seconds the slumberer was shaken rudely into consciousness. He was a fat, timid-looking man and was so mortified and aghast at the enormity of his offense that he could hardly find words in which to reply to the sharp questions of the judge. Finally he managed to blurt out that he couldn't help dozing off whenever it was warm and crowded. 'If the gentleman always sleeps where it is warm and crowded,' said Voorhees majestically, 'the gentleman will no doubt enjoy himself hugely in Hades.' There was a roar of laughter, but the retort proved rather costly. That man hung the jury against Voorhees' client."

They Tarried Not.

The Indians of Mexico know nothing of the laws of contagion. They display an apathy toward certain loathsome diseases which surprises a foreigner.

In a recent hunting trip in the Sierra of Pueblo our party of eight was descending toward Zacapoaxtla. We rode leisurely, for the trail was narrow and hemmed in by Indian huts. At the door of one of these stood a woman and a little girl. We stopped to inquire the way, when the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, senora."
"A very good morning, at your orders, senor."
"This is the road to Zacapoaxtla, is it not?"
"You are quite right, senor."
"And is it very far?"
"On the contrary, it is a very little ways."
"A thousand thanks for your kindness, senora."
"There is nothing for which to offer them, senor."
"Is the little girl sick, senora?"
"She is a little sick, senor."
"What is the matter with her?"
"She has the smallpox, senor."
"Ah, good day, senora."—Forest and Stream.

Cook's Penetrating Plasters.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

June 25th 1899

DEPARTURES.
(QUEEN STREET STATION).
6.00 A. MIXED—Week days—for Houlton, Me
M. Adam Jc., St. Stephen, St. Andrews
Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and
Boston.
8.30 A. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook
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, Vancor-
boro, 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 June
M. tion and Houlton.
ARRIVALS.
7.30 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam
Junction.
9.32 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from
11.20 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Sai-
ohn, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal,
Jct.
2.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Frederic-
on, 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, with Roller Bearings,
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.

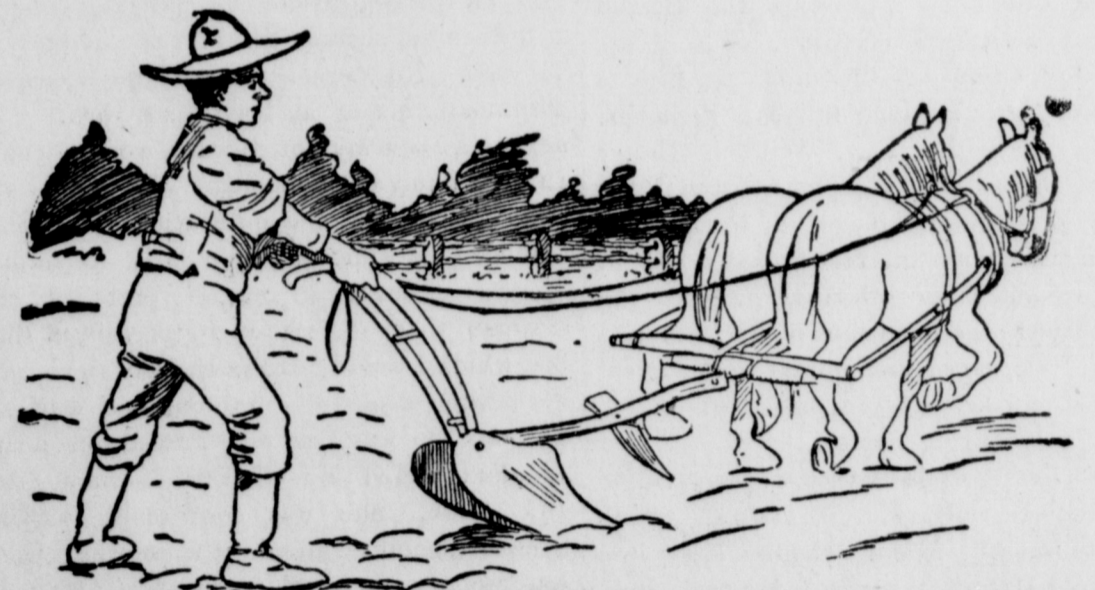
Woodstock, N. B.

Ask your grocer for EDDY'S

"EAGLE"	PARLOR MATCHES	200s
do	do	100s
"VICTORIA"	do	65s
"LITTLE COMET"	do	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 E.P.P.A.'S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word E.P.P.A.'S on the package and accept no substitute. E.P.P.A.'S is for 6 cents or twelve packets for 6 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 6 cents, forwarded to the E.P.P.A. Chemical Co., 20 Spruce St., New York.