

Dr. A. W. CHASE

DISCOVERED A NEW TREATMENT FOR **NERVOUS DISEASES**

In his study of diseases of the nerves, Dr. A. W. Chase found that in nearly every case the cause of trouble was improper nourishment. About one-fifth of all the blood in the human body is found in the brain, and unless this blood is rich and pure the nerves cannot obtain proper nourishment, and become worn out and exhausted.

Nervous depression, nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, loss of sleep and vital force, lack of energy, are symptoms of weak, watery blood and exhausted nerves.

It was as a food for blood and nerves that Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food was prepared. Its remarkable success in curing all diseases arising from thin blood and impoverished nerves is proof that Dr. Chase's theory of feeding the nerves and blood is the proper one; stimulants only urge on the tired and worn out nervous system until there comes a complete collapse.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food creates new brain and nerve cells, and makes the blood pure and rich. It restores to the exhausted nerves the vigor of perfect health. See a large box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

5 & 10.

For a first-class variety of 5 and 10 cent goods, come here.

Glassware,
Tinware,
Woodenware,
Novelties of all kinds.

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Queen St.,
WOODSTOCK.

WOOL MATS,
GRASS MATS,

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Summer Horse Blankets,
Summes Lap Robes and Dusters,
Axle Grease,
Curry Combs,
Whips, Lashes,
Fancy Harness Trimmings.

All the Summer Styles in the
Harness and House Furnish-
ing lines.

ATHERTON BROS.

King Street,
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1899.
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EXHIBITION,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

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\$13,000 IN PRIZES.

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Band Music
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Special Days at Special Prices.

See Newspapers for Special Amusements.
For Prize Lists and information, address
D. J. McLAUGHLIN, CHAS. A. EVERETT,
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COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE

UNDERGROUND NEW ORLEANS.

Vestiges of History and Secret Passages Just Brought to Light.

The work was under way in New Orleans for the drainage and sewerage of the city has resulted in many discoveries that have surprised and puzzled the oldest inhabitant, writes a New Orleans correspondent of the New York Sun. There has been very little excavation done here for sixty years. The old creoles believed that the soil was poisonous, and would not disturb it under any condition, even to the extent of digging foundation for their houses. They built their houses on the top of the ground, not on foundations sunk in it, and this fact explains why their dwellings were often only one story high and rarely more than two. The digging of the new canal by Simmon Cameron, who came down from Pennsylvania for the work, it said to have cost thousands of lives, and to have been responsible for all of the worst yellow fever epidemics in New Orleans. These views at least were solemnly enunciated by the commission of physicians and experts appointed to investigate the epidemic of 1853. From that time the Louisiana board of health has refused to allow any excavations during the summer without special permits, even in case of buildings erected, and these permits are given most grudgingly.

In the last few years the old belief has been largely abandoned, and there has been such digging as New Orleans never knew before. The dredge and the shovel have brought up many archeological relics, confirmed many traditions and shed light on many uncertain points of early history. The first thing the dredge did was to bring to light the old coast line of the Gulf of Mexico, which ran along what is now Broad street. Back of this the dredge struck a forest of cypresses. The excavation showed further that the level of the city was very considerably higher than in earlier days, and that, too, in spite of the evidence that the land is sinking. The excavation is partly the accretion that goes on with time, but mainly filling to protect the street from overflow. And this gives a striking illustration of the highest level of the Mississippi. In 1717, the river did not flood New Orleans even without a levee, the sight being selected by Bienville for the capital because it was above inundation and one of the few safe points on the Mississippi. Today, although the city level is ten or fifteen feet higher, it is ten feet below the flood level of the Mississippi and is protected from inundation only by its levees.

As the dredges moved along St. Louis street and struck Rampart they ran across the old city walls of French New Orleans and found them in a perfect state of preservation, although buried deep in the ground. It was known, of course, that the city had a wall, and the very name of the street, Rampart (Ruo des Remparts), recalled that fact, but it was generally supposed that they were mainly mud walls or fortifications. The excavation proved them to be stockades, twenty feet high, built of substantial cypress logs and blocks.

The next discovery was that made on Claiborne street, where an ancient cemetery was unearthed. Next the dredges struck some ancient waterworks, the very tradition of which had been lost. Some of the records speak of a man named Latrobe who obtained the privilege of establishing waterworks, but, beyond the official records, there was not the slightest evidence on the subject. The whole Latrobe waterworks system was brought to light. It was the most primitive kind. The water mains consisted of cypress logs, with the bark still on them, pierced through the centre with a 4 1-2 inch bore. The water was obtained from the Mississippi, pumped into a large tank by a hand pump, undoubtedly operated by negro slave labor.

The only treasure trove was a pot of copper coins, debased currency coined especially for the payment of the French colonial troops in Louisiana. The obverse of the coins shows a crown and two crossed L's and the words "Benedictum Sit Nomen Domini," while on the reverse is "Colonies Françoises, 1772. H." History relates that Fouquet sent to Louisiana in the French ship Adventure in May, 1722, a large lot of these coins for the use of the inhabitants. They were never popular and these coins dug up indicate by their appearance that they were never in circulation.

Similarly in dismantling the St. Louis Hotel, the old State House, quite a number of discoveries have been made. Several secret passageways were brought to light. They had been walled up and papered over, but when or for what purpose constructed, and why closed, tradition does not give the slightest suggestion. Still more interesting was the discovery of a black archway under the hotel, the entrance to which was choked with rubbish. When the rubbish was cleared away a straight galley was disclosed extending between walls of enormous thickness, to a pair of ponderous doors. These led into a low-ceiled room or cavern, perfectly dark and thirty feet square. The room shows evidence of having been divided by partitions into twelve or fifteen little cells in which there were confined, tradition says, the slaves

brought here for speculation when the St. Louis auction mart was the main slave market in New Orleans. Adjoining the wall and just outside the ponderous door is a curious little vault, said to have been originally an underground passage leading to the old improvement Bank in Toulouse street. Here, according to legend, was the dungeon for refractory slaves, as forbidding a place as the dungeon of the LaFleurie mansion where the slaves were confined, to which their wailing gave the name of the haunted house.

Dr Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was the first and original "pine" preparation for coughs and colds. All others having the name "pine" are simply imitations, some of them worthless.

His Revenge.

One of Detroit's business men, who had a delightful summer home on the top of a hill between Birmingham and Pontiac, tells of an experience he had last season:

"When out there I always take a nap after my noon meal. No tropical resident thinks more of his siesta. One afternoon I was awakened by a loud shouting at the front gate, which is at least 600 feet from the house. I went to the front door, rubbing my eyes and badly out of temper. 'What do you want? I called out sharply to the man, who sat coolly astride his horse, as though I had no rights that he was bound to respect.

"'Haven't you seen a stray dog pass here in the last hour?'

"'No,' I snapped, and turned back into the house. Here the thought and inspiration for revenge seized me, simultaneously. I hurried to the kitchen, grasped the big dinner horn, returned to the porch, waited until my tormentor was at the top of the opposite hill, half a mile away, and then blew a blast that seemed to echo from the horizon. He turned to see me wave a towel over my head, and recognizing the signal, dashed recklessly down the hill, spurred his horse to the top of the bluff on which I live, and fairly threw him on his haunches at the gate. 'Did you recall seeing him after all?' he halloed.

"'Oh, no,' I answered, pleasantly; 'I just wanted to know whose dog he was?'

"'I don't think that I ever heard any other man swear so fluently.'—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Tear Down—Build Up.

The old-fashioned theory of tearing down diseases was changed by the advent of Dr A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, which cures by creating new rich blood and nerve tissue. Through the medium of the circulation and the nervous system they strengthen and invigorate every organ in the human body.

Many Times a Widow.

—A Mexican woman, the Senora Ray Castillo, certainly holds the palm for supremacy in the number of her real, genuine widowhoods. She has worn the weeds seven times between 1880 and 1897. So widely different have been the causes of death by which her seven spouses quitted this wicked world, yet so similar in the violence thereof, it would almost seem that the fair senora was somewhat of a "hoodoo" to the genius husband. Her first husband fell out of a carriage, her second took poison by accident, the third perished by a mining accident, the fourth shot himself, the fifth was killed while hunting, the sixth met his death by dropping from a scaffolding, and the seventh was drowned. As the senora lives in Mexico, she has not gained the fame a notoriety which otherwise would have been hers from her matrimonial ventures were she a resident of some progressive American city.

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 skilful 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.

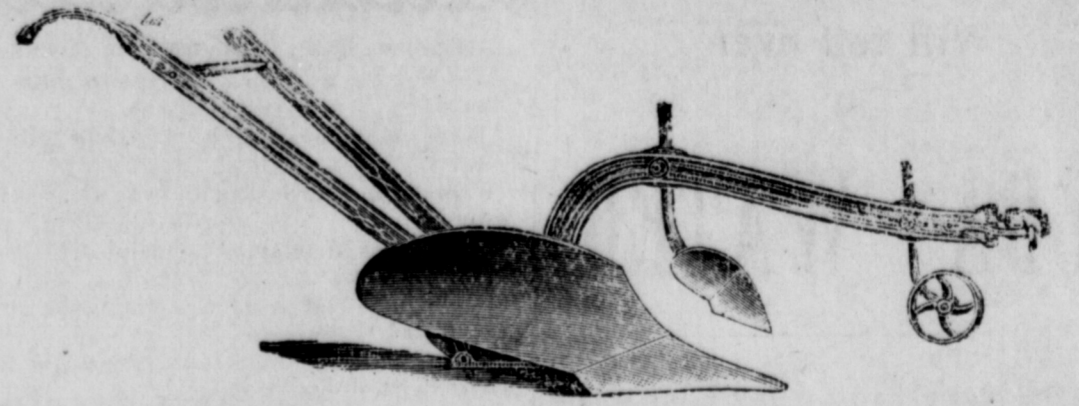
Hard Luck After Death.

The hard luck of some men doesn't cease even with death. At Winfield, Kan., every arrangement had been made for a funeral, when the grave digger came rushing in and announced that he had struck solid rock and would require considerable time to blast through it. The funeral was postponed for a day.

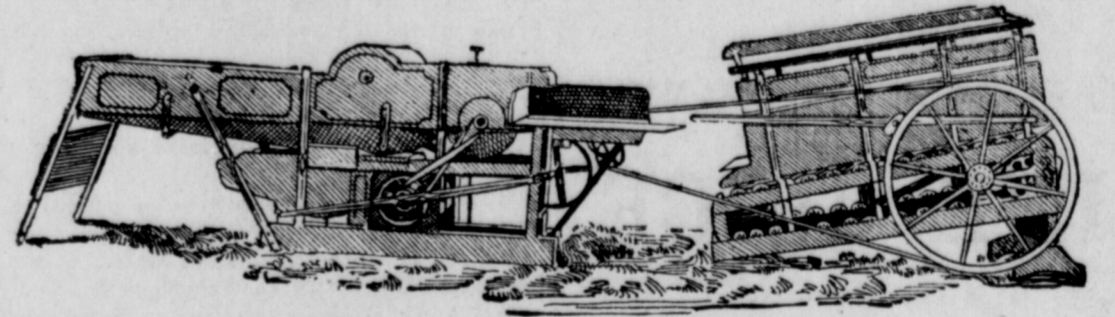
An Interesting Case.

Mr W G Phyll, proprietor Bodega Hotel, 36 Wellington street, East Toronto, says:—"While living in Chicago I was in a terrible shape with itching and bleeding piles. I tried several of the best physicians and was burnt and tortured in various ways by their treatments to no avail, besides spending a mint of money to no purpose. Since coming to Toronto I learned of Dr Chase's Ointment. I used but one box and have not been troubled with pile in any shape or form since."

SYRACUSE & CONNELL BROS., LTD. STEEL PLOWS.



All admit it is the best all round plow made in this or any other country. If you want a first class rake, Ithaca or Tiger, we have them. Also mowing Machines 5 ft and 6 ft cut. Pulpers with roller bearings. Furnaces and Stoves of our own make, of the best material. Our Tornado Threshing Machine admitted the BEST.



TORNADO.

We have a good many unsolicited letters like this one from Mr. Grant

CENTRAL SOUTHAMPTON, York Co., 17th Dec. 1898.

MESSRS. CONNELL BROS., WOODSTOCK, N. B.
DEAR SIRS,—As we are about through with this season's thrashing and as I am aware you feel interested in the machinery you manufacture, no doubt it will be pleasing to you to hear good reports of same. The TORNADO Thrashing Machine manufactured by you that we bought in August last has proved to be the best thrashing machine that ever was in this section of the country. That is the unanimous verdict of every man the machine has done work for. She has thrashed for thirty men in this section, and men that never were satisfied before were more than pleased with the work that the machine did; they were satisfied they got all their grain and well cleaned, even the women were pleased because they did not have a crew of men around several days thrashing a small quantity of grain. The machine has thrashed this season about ten thousand bushels of all kinds of grain and I am happy to inform you that there was not one thing broken about the machine, not as much as a tooth. She has thrashed over a bushel a minute, and with a suitable team, she will thrash 300 to 400 bushels a day. It is gratifying to me to congratulate you for perfecting and manufacturing the best two horse power thrashing machine in the Dominion of Canada, and maybe in the world. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in advance, I remain,
(Signed) H. C. GRANT.

CONNELL BROS., LTD.
Woodstock, N. B.

RIPE FRUIT!

Strawberries from Ontario this week, good and fresh. California Peaches, Apricots and Plums now in stock. Cherries and Pears will soon be on.

Keep your eye open—this is the spot for good fresh fruit.

C. M. SHERWOOD & BRO.
WOODSTOCK.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,
Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

Painting and Decorating.

For Good Workmanship in

House and Sign Painting,
Paper Hanging, Etc.,
Calsomining, Alabastine Work.

You can count on getting a good job of work done at reasonable prices. Give me a call or write post card.

C. P. PARKER, PRACTICAL PAINTER,
North End Richmond Street,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

UNDERTAKING!

To my already well equipped Undertaking business, I have added a

FIRST-CLASS HEARSE.

Anything in the Undertaking line will be attended to promptly and with skill.

J. E. ALEXANDER,
CENTREVILLE.

FREDERICTON
The Business
COLLEGE.
W. J. OSBORNE
PRINCIPAL.
NO VACATIONS.

As we have no vacations, students may enter a any time, and remain until the completion of course, without interruption.
Send for a Catalogue, if for no other reason than to learn how a First-Class Business College is conducted. Address
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COLIN CAMPBELL, Prop.

Excellent Accommodation.

McAdam Junction

QUEEN HOTEL,

J. W. SMITH, Proprietor.

St. Stephen, - - - N. B.

Opposite Post Office, two minute's walk from C. P. R. Depot.
Newly Painted and Renovated, most convenient Hotel in St. Stephen for Commercial Men.
\$1.50 PER DAY.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

Carleton Street, - - Woodstock, N. B.

T. J. ROYER, Proprietor.

Within a stone throw of Queen Street Station, overlooking the St. John River. Sample rooms in Opera House Block and in hotel.
\$2 Terms \$1.50 per day.

Hotel Stanley,

J. M. FOWLER, PROPRIETOR,
TERMS MODERATE.

47 AND 49 KING SQUARE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Queen Hotel,

J. A. EDWARDS, - - Proprietor.

QUEEN STREET,
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D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor

JUNCTION HOUSE,

Newburg Junction.

Meals on arrival of all trains. First-class fare.
R. E. OWENS, Proprietor

TO RENT.

House now occupied by Mr. Saunderson facing Main and Victoria Sts., can be occupied by August 1st. Bath Room and Furnace in connection. Apply to MRS. E. B. JEWETT, or C. N. SCOTT, at Small & Fisher's.