

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

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HARLES APPELBY & T. CARL L. KETCHUM.  
 Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SEPT. 12, 1900.

**The Bayeux Tapestry.**  
 Everybody has heard of the Bayeux Tapestry. Everybody knows that the story of Edward, Harold and William, and of the conquest of England, is told in its series of pictures. Most people have an idea that it was worked by Queen Matilda and her ladies. But few besides those who have visited Bayeux, or have specially studied the subject, possess any clear notion of what this ancient and extraordinary work of art is really like, or any knowledge of its authentic history. Its value is great as a chronicle and as a relic of needlework certainly 800 years old. Historical and artistic, it is on both accounts a treasure, and one does not wonder that it has been an object of desire on this side of the Channel, though by good right it is among the most precious of the historical monuments of France. There was a legend that Mrs. Stothard, when her husband was employed in copying the tapestry in 1818, cut off a piece and carried it away with her to England. In Mr. Fowke's opinion, however, the accusation was unjust. Mr. Stothard certainly possessed two pieces of it, one of which was restored to the City of Bayeux in 1872 by the South Kensington Museum, but he is said to have rescued these pieces, before his marriage, from "a mass of rags incapable of restoration." These rags, the existence of which seems disgraceful, were the consequence of the extraordinary manner in which the tapestry was kept and shown from the Revolution till 1835. During these years it was wound like a panorama on two cylinders, and so carelessly that it was partly worn out under this treatment, which, however, was respectful compared with what it had suffered under the Revolution. Up to that time it had been preserved with care among the treasures of Bayeux Cathedral, being brought out for eight days every summer and hung round the nave of the Cathedral. Its length is to be realized by the fact that it decorated the whole nave. But the Church had no power to protect such a treasure in 1792, though its character ought to have appealed to those who considered themselves patriots. The ancient length of linen, with its quaint embroidery, was dragged out of the Cathedral and utilized to cover one of the military wagons belonging to the local battalion. It had started on its way to the war when a worthy commissary of police, M. le Forestier, flew to its rescue, brought canvas to cover the wagon in its place, and kept the tapestry in his study till he was relieved of the charge by a self-appointed commission—in those days how necessary, how beneficent—who undertook the protection of the works of art there.

Since those days the tapestry, first on cylinders in the Hotel de Ville, latterly restored and safely framed under glass in a museum of its own, as we see it now, has been an object of pilgrimage to all kinds of people from all parts of the world. It has been copied, photographed, reproduced in color. The fact is rather curious that from 1476, when it was mentioned in a Cathedral inventory, the tapestry seems to have dropped entirely out of the world's knowledge till 1724. Nobody cared for it but the Cathedral authorities, and they, no doubt, chiefly as a curious decoration, for it was neither beautiful nor ecclesiastical. Nobody saw it but the Bayeux citizens and the peasants who flocked in during the week of midsummer to pay their devotions to the great relics and to stare at the strange hangings of the nave. In 1724 an old drawing of part of the tapestry came into the hands of M. Lancelot, a learned antiquarian, and he tried without success to find the original. The Pere Montfaucon, of St. Maur, also made a search, writing to various Benedictine abbots in Normandy, and thus the tapestry was discovered at Bayeux, and the Pere Montfaucon made it known to the world in his great book, *Monuments de la Monarchie Francoise*. The English antiquaries woke up. Stukeley and Ducarel wrote about "the noblest monument in the world relating to our old English history." Since those days the bibliography of the Bayeux Tapestry has become extensive.

**A cure for Rheumatism**  
 Mr. S. Mann, Stittsville, Carleton Co., Ont. writes: "I was afflicted with rheumatism, had severe pains in the knees, hips joints, across the back. Rheumatism remedies did not help me and I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which have since completely cured me. There is not the least trace of rheumatism left and I am no longer subject to biliousness, headache and stomach sickness which formerly attacked me frequently." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

**Yellow Icing.**—Boil one cupful sugar in half gill of water until it has the consistency of a hard ball. Beat the yolks of three eggs in a small bowl till light, and add the sugar slowly to the yolks while stirring constantly. Pour over the cake, and set aside to cool.

**Trooper Kruger's Heroism.**

Trooper A. Kruger, of the West Australian contingent, tells what he did to get recommended for the Victoria Cross: "We'd been fighting for about six days, without a rest, outside Slingerfontein. On Feb. 9 we left camp, with a hundred Inniskillings, to take up a position near Tennyson's farm. They told us that there were no Boers about, but the messengers had just got back when the enemy opened fire on us at eight hundred yards. Five horses went down at the first volley, and mine was one of them. Captain Moore, of West Australia, called out to us to man the kopje on the west. I rushed over with Lieut. Darling, Lieut. Hensman and Troopers Dunne and Conway. We took cover, and wanted it, for the Boers were only a hundred and fifty yards away, and blazing at us. We fired back, and kept it up until we heard Hensman, who was down on the side of the kopje, call out, "My God, I'm shot, and bleeding to death." I said to Darling, "I'm going to fix Hensman up." He replied, "You can't get there, the firing too is heavy"; but I said, "I'll have a go at it," and gave him my rifle. I crawled along behind the cover, but had to clamber over one big flat rock. How I did it I don't know, for when we looked afterwards it was chipped over with bullets. Hensman was forty yards from where I was. I crawled along to him and found he had been hit in the left thigh; four inches of his thigh bone had been splintered off, and had entered his other leg. It was a terrible wound, but I managed to cut his breeches off and fix it up with his field-dressing and my own. The Boers were keeping up a hot fire all the time. Trooper Conway came along to help and got there without a scratch. Hensman was feeling very bad, and said his back was hurting him, so I said to Conway, "Shovel up some dirt, Pat, and pack it under him." Conway scooped up two handfuls of earth, and was fetching a third when a bullet went through his head, and splattered both of us with his brains. I waved the bandage to keep the Boers from firing on us, but they kept it up, and at last tried to rush us. They got close enough to call to us to surrender, but I grabbed Conway's rifle and brought down three of them. That steadied the rush, and they took cover. I took my puttees off then, and strapped Hensman to the rifle, and when the relief came up they carried him away, and afterwards he was taken to the hospital at Rondebosch. He died there a few days afterwards. I found that a bullet had gone through my helmet just a quarter of an inch above my scalp. Another had cut away my shoulder-strap, and a third had grazed my knuckles."

Kruger received a letter from Mrs. Hensman, mother of the dead lieutenant. She congratulated the Ballarat man on his courage and presence of mind, thanked him warmly for the assistance he had rendered her son and enquired for the address of the relatives of Trooper Conway, so that she might express her gratitude towards those belonging to one who died in the cause of humanity. Lieut. Hensman, a cousin of Mr. Justice Hensman, of Western Australia, was formerly in the Horse Guards in London and was a man of six feet two inches and proportionate build—a fact which led to his being nicknamed 'Tiny.' He was a sergeant at the time of his death, for, although his promotion had been gazetted, he had not yet been transferred to the higher rank.—'The Australasian.'

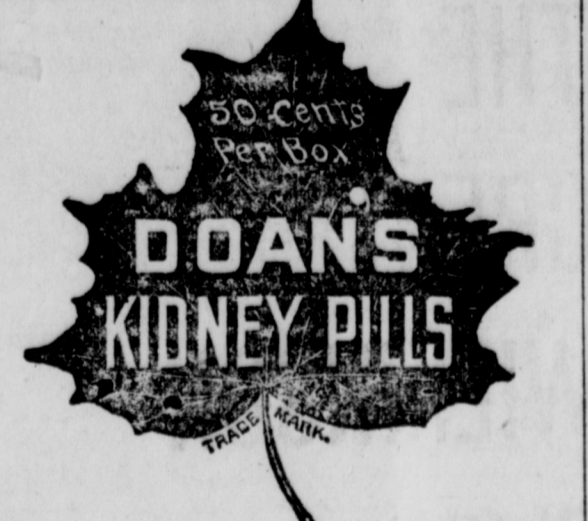
**A Mania for Operations**

Most physicians are anxious to try the surgeon's knife and recommend an operation for piles. A less cruel, less expensive and less risky method is the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, a preparation that has never yet been known to fail to cure piles, no matter of what form or of however long standing. Don't think of risking an operation when you can be cured in your own home by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. The best physicians use it in their practice.

**Bad Temper and Wrinkles.**

Bad temper will trace more wrinkles in one night than hot and cold bathing and massage and complexion brushes and creams and lotions can wash out in a year's faithful application. Physicians assert that an immense amount of nerve force is expended in every fit of bad temper; that when one little part of the nervous system gets wrong the face first records it. The eyes begin losing the lustre of youth, muscles become flabby, the skin refuses to contract accordingly, and the inevitable result is wrinkles, femininity's fiercest and most insidious foe. There is no use attempting to reason with a woman about the evil effects of ill-temper while she is in an ugly mood. She knows perfectly well that it is bad form; that it savors of the coarse and underbred; that it is weak and belittling and immoral, and that it hurts her cause to lose her temper. But she does not stop at just that time to think about it, and to remind her of the fact only adds fuel to the flames.

But when she is cool and serene and at peace with the world, if you can convince her that each fit of temper adds a year to her age by weakening her mental force and by tracing crow tracks about her eyes and tell-tale lines around her mouth, she will probably think twice before forgetting herself. For, no matter what she asserts to the contrary, woman prizes youth and beauty above every other gift the gods holds in their power to bestow upon mortals.—'Woman's Home Companion.'



In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved.  
 There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pill, which has cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

In the construction of new churches, especially throughout the Middle States and New England, the tendency during the last two or three years is most marked in the direction of elaboration. The plain style of the past is giving way to ecclesiastical ornamentation, both exterior and interior. Two Unitarian churches recently erected in New England, both fine store structures, have Latin crosses upon both the spires and front gable peak. Three Congregational churches in New England, also recently built, have chancels. And one very fine Presbyterian church, under construction in New York, has an auditorium that the casual observer would not be able to tell from those usually affected by Roman Catholic and Episcopal congregations.

**Cures Biliousness.**

"I have tried Laxa-Liver Pills, and find them an excellent medicine for Indigestion and Biliousness."  
 J. McCallum, Stouffville, Ont.

**Her Damaged Horn.**

"Well, well," remarked the maiden all forlorn to the cow with the crumpled horn, "you remind me of a bicycle that has been in collision with something."  
 The cow ceased ruminating long enough to enquire, "Why?"  
 "I observe," said she, "that one of your handle bars is twisted."—Philadelphia Press.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.**  
 Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the passages, stops dripping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blows free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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We have the reputation of making first-class work.

**L. S. R. LOCKHART.**  
 Hartford, Aug. 5, 1899.

**C. P. R. TIME TABLE.**

In effect June 25th, 1900.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.  
 (QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.00	A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jct., St. John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
6.35	A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook Junction, Presque Isle, etc.
11.28	A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.
1.20	P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
3.45	P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and intermediate points.
4.40	P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Quebec (via Megantic) Sherbrooke, Montreal and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Levis (opposite Quebec). Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston.
9.10	P MIXED—Week days—for Debec June M. tion and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

10.00 A. M.	—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam Junction.
11.28 A. M.	—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, etc.
12.15 P. M.	—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
2.10 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.
9.10 P. M.	—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.
10.55 P. M.	—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Portland, Boston, etc.

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.

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Repairs for Frost & Wood's Machinery kept in stock.  
**SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.**  
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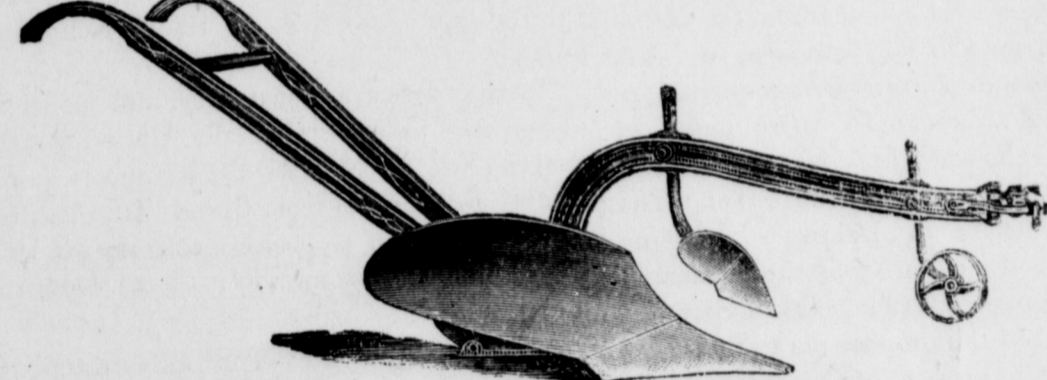
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 Will exceed that of all previous years.

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You can have your choice of Rubber Tires, Ball Bearings, Dust Proof Hub Bands, 500 Mile Axles, all kinds of Patent Circles, any colored gear or body and texture or color in trimmings. You are not confined to one style of wagon. Tell us what you want and we will get it up for you promptly.

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Our Plows have Mouldboards made of Extra Quality Hard Steel with Soft Centre, and these are the only kind that will wear. Get one, and you will have the Best Plow made.

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**"TORNADO" THRESHING MACHINES.**  
 It will pay you to call at our works and examine above goods, or write us before purchasing.

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