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To Suicides.
 Advertisement in the newspapers ran
 "Intending suicides should write
 to Mr. Rex Blake, 72
 Gardens, South Kensington."
 Streuth, artist, received an ap-
 plication for 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday
 He called at the South Kensington
 and was shown into a solidly-
 furnished library, where a podgy little old
 man, with white hair, shook him
 by the hand.
 "Very pleased to see you, Mr. Streuth,
 I may be of some service to you.
 What we may be of service to each
 other I must begin by asking you a
 question, which you will answer truth-
 fully in one word. Is your intended
 suicide connected in any way with severe
 or overwhelming financial losses?"
 said Streuth. "I am considered, I
 think, to be fairly well off."
 "Not at all," said Mr. Blake.
 "I am a chubbier man than you are."
 "I tell you frankly that with
 me it is a business, and nothing but
 a business. If you decide that I can serve
 you I shall expect a moderate fee. Now,
 the principal objections to suicide
 are:—1. The law does not permit it."
 "The law does not permit it," said Streuth.
 "The law is not asked. It says you
 take your life away, but if you do it
 you are not compelled to take it back again, or
 to do it in any way. We can leave the
 law alone. It is also the religious objection."
 "The religious objection," replied Mr.
 Blake. "The religious people, I have
 not found it cogent. Take the
 objection means an uncommon one, where
 the objection of one man may be an inestimable
 benefit to many to whom he is really sincere-
 ly. Is an act of self-sacrifice to be
 considered as a crime? No; it seems to me
 that suicide must be judged on its own
 merits, taking into consideration the motives
 of the person suiciding. Any
 objection of none," Streuth answered. "I
 have not been thinking much about it.
 I don't get out of things. I don't ask my-
 self there are any objections or not. I
 care a— if there are any ob-
 jections," said Mr. Blake. "You
 are a realist, and yet it has not occurred to
 you that the manner of the suicide is of
 great importance. The throat-cutting is
 a very objectionable thing, and the same
 objection applies to the use of
 firearms. Have a little foresight.
 What do you look like afterward, and
 what of the bedclothes, and all the rest
 of it?"
 "I am intending," said Streuth, "to
 do it myself."
 "Very well," said Mr. Blake, "a little
 of Forensic Medicine. There are some
 interesting chapters on the signs by which
 the length of time the body has
 been in the water. Did you ever hear of
 a man who had an elegant little descrip-
 tion in this passage."
 "I took it and read a few lines. 'I
 and this,' he said; 'it is too nauseous.
 I thought you would see it in that light,'"
 "I replied; 'people mostly do when
 they are in a hurry. You really can't tell what
 is going to do to you. It may give you
 a headache, or it may keep you for a bit,
 but it gives you back at once you don't
 know it. Here's a description of the face
 taken out of the 'Thames on'—"
 "I needn't go on with that. I have
 the idea of drowning myself. There
 is a little prussic acid and the
 acid is all over."
 "Excellent," said Mr. Blake. "If you
 are right dose you die almost immedi-
 ately. You've got an awful moment. If
 you don't know the right dose you have a
 long time. You will be found with your
 mouth clenched, your eyes glistening
 and pupils dilated, and you will shriek
 before your death. Unpleasant, isn't
 it?"
 "I said Streuth, 'there are other
 objections open to objections!'"
 "I don't know," said Streuth, "if you
 can't tell me these things you
 are from the end I have in view.
 You may do waste your time."
 "I don't have such an idea," said Mr. Blake. "All
 I do is to give you a chance of com-
 mitting suicide in the best possible way. No
 matter how untidy body lying about
 the house. A simple, mysterious disappear-
 ance of your own self-respect saved, and the
 rest of your family spared."

"Well," said Streuth, "what is it?"
 "Fire, plain fire, that is all. Near Wey-
 bridge there is a certain furnace which is
 kept going day and night. Its heat is enor-
 mous. There are no half-measures about
 that furnace. The very moment you go into
 it you are dead. Half an hour afterward
 nothing of you is left that is recognizable as
 ever having been human. I will give you
 directions and admission card in exchange
 for your cheque for £5."

Streuth pulled five sovereigns from his
 pockets and put them on the table.
 "I will take the directions and card of ad-
 mission now."
 "Certainly," said Blake; "this little plan
 makes your way clear from Weybridge
 Station. It is six or seven miles, and you
 will have to walk it. Cabs can be tracked."
 "I quite see that," said Streuth.
 "For similar reasons you must not inquire
 your way. You cannot miss it; the plan is
 on a large scale, and every possible landmark
 is indicated. When you reach the furnace
 (which is supposed to be used in connection
 with some brick works) you will find a deaf-
 mute as night porter in charge. Hand him
 the ticket and he will show you by signs
 what to do."

Streuth took the tickets and plan, shook
 hands and went out.
 He was a passenger on the last tram to
 Weybridge that night.

Three days afterwards Streuth, with a
 smile on his face, called once more on Mr.
 Blake. Mr. Blake did not seem at all sur-
 prised to see him.

"Let us speak quiet plainly," said Mr.
 Blake. "You were afraid of the fire?"
 "I was," said Streuth.
 "Everybody is. It is the most awful ele-
 ment, having in it something of the super-
 natural. I have sent 175 suicides to that
 place, and only three handed their tickets to
 the night porter."

"And did the three commit suicide?"
 "No! They came out again. Not one of
 them has committed suicide or ever will.
 You won't, for instance."

"No said Streuth, 'common sense has
 dawned. After all,' he muttered, 'she is
 not the only girl in the world.'"

"Many of my clients," said Blake, smiling,
 "gave me some little present, some trifling
 souvenir on their return."

Streuth put his hand into his waistcoat
 pocket. As he fumbled with the coins he
 said, "Suppose that one of these three who
 did give up his ticket to the porter had
 committed suicide, you would have stood a fair
 chance of getting yourself into a devil of a
 mess."

"Not at all," said Blake, genially, "not at
 all. To prevent the possibility of accidents
 there isn't any furnace."

He swept the sovereigns from the table.
 "Most liberal of you. I'm sure,"—Barry
 Pain, in Black and White.

125 MEN ENTRENCHED

From the Inroads of Dreaded Catarrh—
 What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Did
 For Mr. LeBlanc He Proves Will Do For
 Others.

Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was
 a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a
 very severe type. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal
 Powder rescued him when everything else
 had failed. Today when he goes to his lum-
 ber camp with his 125 men, this great remedy
 is considered as much a necessity to comfort-
 able camp life as anything else. It relieves
 cold in the head in ten minutes; prevents the
 growing of catarrh germs, and when they are
 sown, it cures them.—Sold by Garden Bros.

The Great Unknown.

It was many years before the "Great Un-
 known" was identified. At the publication
 of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Mar-
 mion," "Lady of the Lake," and finally of a
 novel called "Waverly," popular curiosity
 was excited and the whole kingdom rang
 with the fame of the "Great Unknown," as
 Scott was called. The secret was well kept;
 Sir Walter Scott, who all his life had been
 storing material and training his mind to
 such concentration that he could work in the
 midst of interruptions and was able to turn
 out volume after volume with a rapidity,
 two a year, that made his readers doubt their
 very senses. His incognito was all the more
 perfectly preserved in that he kept open
 house at Abbotsford, devoting much of his
 time to entertaining his guests and visiting.
 It was not until the embarrassment of his
 publishers occurred that the identity of the
 author of the "Waverly Novels" was discov-
 ered. The case of Scott furnishes one of the
 many illustrations of the power of deceiving
 the public in literary matters.

It is a Mistake.

To suppose that the kidneys alone are responsible
 for all the weak, lame, aching backs. Backache as
 well as pain under the left shoulder blade fre-
 quently comes from the liver or complications of
 the liver and kidneys which can only be cured by
 using the great double treatment—Dr. Chase's
 Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

Reminiscent of Daniel Webster.

As a back-handed slap at a well-known
 member of Congress who is too fond of look-
 ing upon the wine when it is anilined, Mr.
 Depew tells this anecdote:
 The member of Congress was being shaved
 by an aged colored barber in Washington.

DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY
PINE
SYRUP.
CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurber, Freeport, N.S.,
 says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe
 and a bad cough, with great difficulty in
 breathing. After taking two bottles of
 Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was com-
 pletely cured."



Work while you sleep without
 a grip or gripe, curing Sick
 Headache, Dyspepsia and
 Constipation, and make you
 feel better in the morning.

The shop was a favorite one with the promi-
 nent men of the capital, and the old darkey
 who presided over it often boasted that he
 had shaved every great statesman since the
 Madison administration, which may or may
 not have been true. The member of Con-
 gress referred to was being shaved by the
 veteran one day, when he said to the latter:

"Uncle, you must have shaved many
 famous men?"
 "Oh, yes, sah; I have indeed."
 "And a great many of those famous per-
 sonages must have sat in this very chair
 where I am sitting, eh?"
 "Dat's right, sah. Day's set jes' whar yo'
 is a settin' dis moment, sah. Yes, sah. An'
 I'se jes' been a noticin' a mighty cur'us simi-
 larity between yo' and Dan'el Webster, sah."
 "You don't say!" exclaimed the highly de-
 lighted law maker. "Is the similarity in the
 shape of my head, Uncle?"
 "Oh, no, sah. 'Tain't dat."
 "Is it my manner?"
 "No, boss, 'tain't your manner, nudder:
 hit's your breff."—Saturday Evening Post.

She Brought Him Off.

"It's one pair for 3 cents and two pairs for
 5, you know," said the shoestring fakir, "and
 the profits are so small that but for an occa-
 sional bit of luck I'd be hard put for three
 meals a day. Just now, however, I'm not
 worrying over the next two weeks. The
 other day a motherly-looking old lady bought
 two pairs of strings from me and then asked
 about my sales and profits. When I gave
 her straight goods she said:

"Young man, are you ever tempted to
 crime?"
 "Yes'm I am," says I.
 "But you always resist the temptation?"
 "I always have, but I can't promise for
 the future. I'm getting tired of this shoe-
 string business."
 "Do you think you might turn burglar?"
 "I do, ma'am. That's what I shall go
 into if I make a change."
 "How soon might you become a burglar?"
 she asked, after looking me over.
 "I may begin tonight," says I.
 "Look here," says she in a whisper, "I'm
 mortally afraid of burglars. I'm going to
 California with my daughter in about two
 week, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you
 will not turn burglar for a fortnight I'll give
 you \$5."
 "It's a very small sum, ma'am, but being
 it's you I'll strike hands on it and keep my
 word."
 "And she outs with a five," laughs the
 fakir, "and hands it over, and if you hear of
 any burglaries within the next few days you
 can be sure that I didn't have a hand in the
 business. I'll wait till the old lady gets on
 the other side of the United States."—Wash-
 ington Post.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound
 Is successfully used monthly by over
 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask
 your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Com-
 pound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and
 imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per
 box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No.
 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 8-cent
 stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont.
 Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all
 responsible Druggists in Canada.

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PLASTER

We guarantee that these
 Plasters will relieve
 pain quicker than any
 other. Put up only in
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 allows you to cut the
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 should have one
 ready for an emer-
 gency.

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 LIMITED, MONTREAL
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 C. N. SCOTT, Small & Fisher's office.

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You in a way that will please you, and you'll get a dollar
 or two more change and a dollar or two more value. There
 is no use of wearing an overcoat that hangs as if it had a
 brick in each pocket, and a balloon in the back—it's not
 stylish. Consult fashion reports if your tailor is not quite
 sure, or go to a tailor who does know, and who thinks as
 much of his reputation as of the profit made on the garment
 —there are such.

W. B. NICHOLSON, - Merchant Tailor,
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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 SEEL PLOWS
 in the market, consisting in part of the CELE-
 BRATED No. 21, 30, 8 and 6. They are guaran-
 teed not to be Chilled Plows, but Genuine Cruc-
 ible Steel Mouldboards, Hard Outside with Soft
 Centres.

Repairs for Frost & Wood's Machinery kept in stock.

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EDDY'S

"EAGLE"	PARLOR MATCHES	20Cs
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?"

WARNING—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 45 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thou-
 sand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co.,
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