

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

On a sun-scorched plain, away beyond the ocean wave, on Africa's far distant shore there is a soldier's grave; no weeping willows wave above, no drooping flowers grow, but in that lone, unshaded spot a soldier's form lies low.

Unvisited, untended, yet the one who's sleeping there had used to know a sister's love, a mother's tender care, a home where loving ones had learned to trust him as their stay; that home is now left desolate since he has gone away.

Throughout the land the war note rang, he heard his country's call, and boldly marched to face her foes, to fight and stand or fall; a soldier fighting for his Queen, a hero in khaki, willing to sacrifice his life; the empire must be free.

Without a murmur or complaint war's dread hardships he bore, they only added honor to the uniform he wore. But sometimes when the work was hard beneath the burning sun, he thought of rest at home again—after the war was done.

And when on battle fields they charged, amidst a deadly hail of bullets from the enemy, his courage did not fail. Though others of his regiment were falling at his side he still fought on without a wound where soldier boys had died.

But shot at last! He strove to save a lad who near him fell, 'twas then the bullet did its work, and did it but too well. They buried him just where he lay at setting of the sun, his spirit passed away before 'twas known the field was won.

No more he'll keep the midnight watch or march to meet the band; another bugle call he heard while in the stranger land. The blood-stained velvet has closed above his noble Saxon breast, and sounded now the last fierce charge—the soldier is at rest.

ADALINE JOHNSON.

MRS. JOUBERT AT MAJUBA HILL.

The Boer General's Wife's Part in Victory. (New York 'Evening Post.')

The story has never been told in print, before, but Mrs Joubert and not Gen. Piet Joubert was the real hero of Majuba Hill, according to the general himself.

When the Vice-President of the Transvaal Republic was visiting in this city in 1890 he and his wife and little grand daughter were the guests of a well-known Boer sympathizer. One evening, sitting around the fire, Mrs. Joubert, who is very proud of her husband, told the story of the British attack and defeat at Majuba Hill, telling how she aroused her sleeping spouse and fairly pitched him (she is a woman of powerful physique) out of the tent before he would believe the British were fairly upon them. She took credit for the victory, and when she had finished the story, her husband, who had never taken his eyes from her during the narration, said:

'It is true; she is right, and but for her the story of Majuba Hill would have been very different.'

Mrs. Joubert speaks no English. Her little granddaughter translated what she said into French for the benefit of the host and hostess. According to her story, the wives of the soldiery and officers had come, as is the custom of the Boer vrouw in times of war, to the camp to remain over Sunday and attend 'meeting' with the men. Bright and early she was up Sunday morning to make the coffee for her husband. Going outside, Mrs. Joubert looked up the hill, and saw something gleaming in the sunlight, which she at once decided was bayonets. The night before it had rained hard, and the thick fog which followed was now disappearing in a thin mist. She rushed back into the tent, and called to her husband: 'The British are on the hill. Get up quick, and out.'

'Go back to bed, woman,' was the sleepy retort of her husband; 'the sand isn't out of your eyes yet. What do you think the sentries are doing?'

With that he turned over and was about to resume his nap, when his wife shook him. She is a powerful woman as has been told, and her grasp roused her now irate lord. She made him go to the door; and with his own eyes he saw she was right. Cronje was hastily summoned, and within thirty minutes Joubert (without his coffee) and a hundred and sixty sharpshooters were climbing up the almost perpendicular face of the hill, while the main body of between six and seven hundred Boers advanced in the regular way to sham attack.

The British had taken advantage of the dense fog and by a rapid march had passed inside the sentry line. They advanced, about six hundred strong, to meet the Boer force, never dreaming that anyone could attack them from the walled hill behind. Down on their knees Joubert and his hundred and sixty sharpshooters dropped, and after one volley one hundred and sixty British dropped to the ground. The British turned and attempted a charge. Only one more volley was sent into their ranks by the Boers. Then there were many more dead or wounded on the field. Their comrades turned and fled. The Boer returned to camp and had their coffee.

Mrs. Joubert said she could not get her husband to look at her when he was leaving the tent. 'No,' the general spoke up, reminiscently, 'I turned my eyes away; I could

not look at you. I felt that I would never again see you.' During all their conversation Mrs. Joubert addressed her husband as 'Piet'. The Boers called him 'Slim Piet,' the adjective in Dutch meaning foxy, cunning.

When General Joubert, which he and all Dutch pronounce Yowburt—was leaving his host said he wanted to present to him a little gift and asked what he would like. 'Give me a history of the United States,' the Boer answered with quick decision. He received Bancroft's history, in eight volumes. When quitting the house he gave the patriarchal blessing to the inmates.

Of the impression his guest created, his host of that time said today:

'I should never want to see his eyes looking at me over a rifle barrel. I have never seen such keen eyes in a man's head. They are fascinating, and make you fear him. He is fanatically religious—just like the old Puritans; there are prayers night and morning and between times wherever he is.'

'One of the objects of General Joubert's visit to New York was to purchase a battleship for the Transvaal republic. I sent for Charles Cramp, and together we three talked the matter over. I advised him first to buy a port. The Transvaal government was then negotiating with Portugal for the purchase of Delagoa Bay, and Joubert believed that the deal was about to be closed. While he was in the United States, England got Portugal to sign a treaty giving it first option on the bay whenever Portugal was ready to sell, thereby putting an end for the time being to any possibility of the Transvaal acquiring the right to this port. This treaty, I believe, still holds good, and since last October England has been in possession of the Portuguese end of the cable even.'

The Holland Society gave a banquet to General Joubert, while he was in the city. Of this function his former host, when asked if the guest of honor had had anything to say then about the policy of the Transvaal towards England, said today:

'Not a man who was there was able to remember a word that was said or a thing that happened,' which leaves the inference that the Boer General is not a total abstainer.

STRONG NERVES

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Paine's Celery Compound Builds Up the Nerves, Flesh, Bones and Muscles.

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Well braced and steady nerves, strength of body and a vigorous constitution are bestowed without fail by Paine's Celery Compound on all men and women who are run-down, weak, nervous and sleepless.

While the great majority of medicines tend to lower vitality and weaken the system, Paine's Celery Compound commences to impart strength from the first dose. The nerves and muscles are fortified, the blood is made pure and rich, the flesh is built up. These improved conditions give regular action to the stomach, liver and kidneys.

Sweet sleep, perfect appetite, sound health and long years will be your portion after being made well by Paine's Celery Compound. Ask your druggist for "Paine's"; never take a substitute.

Sleeping and Dreaming.

There is no subject more fascinating to the wide-awake man than sleeping and dreaming. The poets have made the subject their own. "Sleep and his brother Death" are coupled in a beautiful line of Shelley. Shakespeare takes a kindlier view and writes of "balm sleep," Nature's soft nurse, "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care." The highest praise of all is Sancho Panza's when he bestows his fervent benediction on the unknown benefactor who invented sleep. Professor Baschilde, however, has approached the subject from another standpoint, and has endeavored to classify sleep and dreaming by a series of patient experiments on sleepers and dreamers. Here are his tabulated results: (1) We dream throughout the whole of our sleep, even in that deepest sleep which we imagine to be "dreamless." (2) There is an intimate connection between the depth of our sleep and the character of our dreams. The deeper the sleep the further back travels the retrospect into the past experiences of life, and also the more remote is the contents

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two-fold torture at night.

But there's a remedy permanently cures the worst kind of Eczema—relieves the itching, burning and smarting and soon leaves the skin smooth and healthy.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters. Mrs. Welch, Greenbank, Ont., tried it and here is what she says:

"B.B.B. cured me of Eczema three years ago and I have had no return of it since. I was so bad that I could not sleep at night with it."

"Being told of B.B.B. I tried it, and two bottles made a perfect and permanent cure."

of dream from reality. In a light sleep, on the contrary, the subject of the dream relates to the experiences and excitements of the day, and has a character of probability. (3) In a comatose sleep the professor thinks there may, perhaps, be no dreaming. (4) Persons who assert that they do not dream "are the victims of a physical delusion." (5) Dreams of a moderate character remain longest in the memory; the wilder the dream, the sooner it is forgotten.—Freeman's Journal.

Itching Piles.

False modesty causes many people to endure in silence the greatest misery imaginable from itching piles. One application of Dr. W. A. Chase's Ointment will soothe and ease the itching, one box will completely cure the worst case of blind, itching, bleeding or protruding piles. You have no risk to run for Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles.

Why She Missed Him.

He found her weeping bitterly. "Oh, Harold!" she cried. "I have missed you so much!"

Hitherto, understand, she had thrown tea-cups at his head, for the most part. Perhaps it was small wonder, after all, that she missed him.

But now she threw herself at his feet, and all was well once more.—Detroit Journal.

NERVES PARALYZED.

Nervous Prostration So Severe, Lost Power of Hands, Side and Limbs, But South American Nervine Beat Off Disease and Saved Her.

Minnie Stevens, daughter of T. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., of London, was stricken down with a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which resulted in her losing the power of her limbs. She could not lift or hold anything in her hands, and other complications showed themselves. Her parents had lost hope of her recovery. She began taking South American Nervine, and after taking twelve bottles she was perfectly restored, and enjoys good health today.—Sold by Garden Bros.

Horrible Effect.

"Have a cigar?" asked the paleface. "No," solemnly replied the red man. In a speechless language.

This is what comes of allowing the untutored child of the plains to read the comic papers.—Chicago Tribune.

THE JAPS DID IT.—They supplied us with the methol contained in that wonderful D. & D. Methol Plaster, which relieves instantly backache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Lim.

About Time.

"Aha!" exclaimed the heavy villain, "the plot thickens!"

"It's about time," remarked the occupant of the gallery. "It's been pretty thin so far."—Philadelphia Record.

WANTED RELIABLE MEN

Good honest men in every locality, local or travelling, to introduce and advertise our goods taking up show-cards on fences, along public roads and all conspicuous places. No experience needed. Salary or commission \$60 per month and expenses \$2.50 per day. Write at once for full particulars. THE EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., London, Ont.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR FREIGHT WAREHOUSE.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "TENDER FOR FREIGHT WAREHOUSE" will be received at this office until 7 o'clock, eastern standard time, on WEDNESDAY, 31st JANUARY, 1900, for the erection of a wooden Freight Warehouse at St. John, New Brunswick.

Plans and specification may be seen and Forms of Tender may be obtained on and after Tuesday, the 16th January, 1900, at the Office of the Chief Engineer of the Intercolonial Railway at Moncton, N. B., and at the Engineer's Office, St. John, N. B.

All the conditions of the specification, including those requiring a security deposit with each tender, must be complied with.

Tenders must be made on the printed form supplied. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office Moncton, N. B., 11th January, 1900.



110 for 10 cents. This book contains one hundred and ten of the best humorous recitations, embracing the Negro, Yankee, Irish, and Dutch dialects, both in prose and verse, as well as humorous compositions of every kind and character. Sent postpaid for 10c. Johnson & Co., 711 Yonge St., Toronto.

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Progress, solidity and gain for policy-holders characterized the operations of this sterling home Company for 1898.

ITS MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

The following figures illustrate the gains made over 1897, its previous most successful year:

Assets	increased	\$364,651.39	now totalling	\$3,137,828.61
Cash Income	"	85,570.32	"	785,130.81
Net Surplus	"	45,917.33	"	474,029.08
Insurance in force	"	1,874,830.00	"	20,505,708.00

A policy in the North American is a safe and remunerative investment because the Company's financial position is unexcelled.

L. GOLDMAN, Secretary.

WM. McCABE, Managing Director.

HUGH S. WRIGHT, District Manager, Woodstock.



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on good Letter or Note Paper with your name, business and address tastefully printed on it.

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in good Envelopes with your address printed in the corner. We can sell you this printed stationery about as cheaply as you can buy it unprinted.

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is a specialty with us. We can give it to you in large size 24x36 inches, for tub linings or, in printed or unprinted wrappers for one or two pound prints. This paper is the very best on the market and we buy it in such quantities that we can sell it as cheaply as any office in the province.

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Wool left in his care will receive prompt attention.

We have the reputation of making first-class work.

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Hartford, Aug. 5, 1899.

POTATOES WANTED.

Highest Cash Price paid at the old Ketchum potato stand. SOLOMON PERLEY.

FOR SALE.

1 Long Pung suitable for delivery or family driving, 1 One Horse Plow, 1 Harrow, Oak Bed-room Suite, Stoves, and other household furniture. Apply to Mrs. F. A. MILLS, Houlton Road.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

In effect October 2nd, 1899.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jc. St. John and East, Bangor, Portland, Boston.

8.35 A. MIXED—Week days—for Arcootook M. Junction, Presque Isle, etc.

11.28 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque North.

1.55 P. MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. etc., via Gibson Branch.

3.20 P. MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M. intermediate points.

4.18 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint John and East, Vancorbo, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and there with IMPERIAL LIMITED for all points; West, Northwest, and on the Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

8.05 P. MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.40 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.

1.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.

4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton Place, Edmundston, etc.

5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.

7.47 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath and intermediate points.

9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, Portland, St. Stephen, etc.