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> JOHN J. HAYWARD, BRISTOL, N. B.

SHE SANG FOR DEATH.

The Pathos and Tragedy of Emma Abbott's Passing Away.

(H. C. Stevens in Atlanta Constitution.) One night in the City of Denver, located at the foot, and in plain view of the Rocky Mountains, Emma Abbott was billed to appear in "Faust." In the same city a most attractive and beautiful 18 year-old girl, belonging to one of the wealthiest families, lay in the last stages of that fell enemy of the human race-consumption. Some weeks before the arrival of the company she said to those around her: "Oh, I hope the sun will shine and the weather will be warm and genial, so I can hear Miss Abbott sing once more. I think I could then pass away peacefully and without a single regret." But there came with the queen of the lyric stage a northern hurricane-with the very air charged with icicles, which penetrated the lungs. Some one told Miss Abbott of the grievous disappointment of the dying girl. She went to the opera house and never sang more sweetly, and as soon as it was over and the audience dismissed, called her carriage and directed it to drive to the home of the young lady.

The scene which followed was worthy of the finest brush ever wielded by the grand old masters. There lay the dying earth angel, with pallid lips, hectic cheeks and lustrous eyes and the light of immortal beauty shining upon her face. Standing beside her in one of her richest robes (the one she had worn that night), sparkling with pearls, rubies and diamonds, stood the almost divine mistress of earthly melody.

The first piece rendered was "The Old Folks at Home," and then followed "I Know My Redeemer Liveth." The finale of this weird scene was "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me, Let Me Hide Myself in Thee." And after the spirit passed into the wild winds which rang through the wild mountains near by-set sail for that haven from which the first homeward bound bark is yet to be seen -the stainless soul wafted to the stainless heavens by the sweetest music ever heard on earth-into the melodies of paradise birds.

Miss Abbott returned to her room at the hotel and retired. Some time during the night she awoke with a pain in her left lung. It rapidly grew worse. A physician was summoned. Then another, and another, who applied every remedy they could command. All to no purpose. It was typhoid pneumonia in its worst form. The black camel was kneeling at her door. Angels of the heavenly choir had that night listened to her voice in the sickroom and sent for her to come home to them.

Clerks who Hate the Yard Stick.

In many a store there are clerks who are longing to succeed, and wondering why they are not advanced; clerks who hate the yard stick and long to get into some more congenial pursuit. No one will ever truly succeed who does not fall in love with his vocation, until his whole heart and soul give their consent to what he is doing.

Half the world seems to have found uncongenial occupations. Servant girls are trying to teach; natural teachers are tending stores; good farmers are murdering law, while Choates and Websters are running down good farms; and good farmers, in turn, are farming still in congress. Artists are spreading daubs on canvas who should be whitewashing board fences. Shoemakers write good verses for the village paper and natural statesmen are pounding shoe lasts, while other shoemakers are cobbling in legislative halls. Good mechanics and electricians are trying to preach sermons, and wondering why their congregations continue to sleep, while the Beechers are failing as merchants. A boy who steals away, at every opportunity, to make something with the tools which he hides in some secret place, is railroaded through the university and started on the road to inferiority as a lawyer.

"I do not forbid you to preach," said a bishop to a young clergyman, "but nature does." "The age has no aversion to preaching," said Phillips Brooks to a young aspirant, "but it may not listen to your preaching." Lowell said, "It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and left so many lives in the rough."

When the Baby Cries at Night

there is a cause for it. Perhaps it has gas on the stomach, may be cramps or diarrhoea. Don't lose sleep, anticipate such contingen-cies by always keeping handy a bottle of then Miss Abbott bent over the frail form and kissed her an eternal farewell. Soon water given inwardly, then rub the little one's stomach with a small quantity of Nerviline, and perfect rest is assured for the night for both mother and baby. You may not need Nerviline often, but when you do need it you need it badly. Get a 25c. bottle today.

Dear Little Kiddies!

Wordsworth's lines of the child at play, "as if his whole vocation were endless imita tions," were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward at a provincial hospital.

A little girl, whose role was that of nurse, an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk



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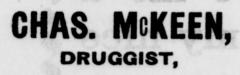
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6.00 A MIXED-Week days-for McAdam Jct Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston. 7.05 A MIXED-Week days-for Aroostook M Junction, Presque Isle, etc. 11.28 A EXPRESS-Week days-for Presque North-

North.
3.05 P MIXED-Week days-for Bath and B.O5 M intermediate points.
3.40 P MIXED-Week days-for Frederic-M ton etc., via Gibson Branch.
4.40 P EXPRESS - Week days-for Saint M Stephen, (Saint Andrews, after July 1st); Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Quebec (via Megantic), Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West. Northwest, and on Pacific Coast; Baugor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper Mc-Adam Jct. to Montreal. Palace Sleeper Mc-Adam Jct. to Boston.
9.10 P MIXED-Week days-for Debec Junc-M tion and Houlton. ARRIVALS.

ARRIVALS.

10 00 A. M.-MIXED-Week days, from Mc Adam Junction.

11.28 A. M.--EXPRESS-Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal,

2.10 P. M.-MIXED-Week days, from Presque

Subscribe for THE DISPAT

In three days that voice which had so often raised the souls of men and women to the noblest, the grandest heights in holy ecstasy, was forever stilled in death-gone forth into -the night.

So fades the summer cloud away, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er, So gently shuts the eye of day, So dies the wave along the shore.

Something About Faith Cures

What a great variety of faith cures there must be. Some have faith in so-called divine healers, others in certain doctors, and still others in the medicines they use. Every person who has tested Dr Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has faith in them, but faith or no faith they cure just the same, for theh act specifically on the kidneys, liver and bow-els, and make these organs healthy, active and vigorous. Judging from the enormous demand for these pills there must be hosts of people that have faith in them.

Present Position of the University of New Brunswick.

The first year of the new century has thus far been a most encouraging time in the history of our University. The number of student in attendance is greater now than at any previous period and the college is better equipped for its work. The Science building is complete and ready for use, all the plans having been admirably carried out. It is an especial source of satisfaction to know that the building is practically free from debt and that the provincial government has provided adequate means of support for the immediate future. Not only has the completion of the new building given an impetus to scientific studies but it has benefited the arts course as well. The latter had long suffered for want of sufficient class room which is now provided by the removal from the old building of the faculties of science and engineering.

During the next few months great improvements will be made in the residency end of the old college building. The introduction of modern conveniences and a system of hot water heating will greatly contribute to the attractiveness of the rooms and to the comtort of the students. The library is also to be enlarged to double its present capacity and will then be able to accommodate it encoenial visitors.

The inspiration of our splendid centennial celebration yet remains and will doubtless stimulate the friends of the college and all its members to renewed efforts in its behalf.

12.20 P. M.-MIXED-Week days, from Frederic-ton, etc., via Gibson Branch. The promise now is that students entering uncontrollable passion that consumes her. the University will enjoy advantages greater Humor, pathetic touches of domestic love, than have ever been provided heretofore. It and the portly presence of a bishop render Isle. 4.40 P. M.-EXPRESS-Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc. 5.50 P. M.-MIXED-Week days, from Houlton. 9.10 P. M.-MIXED-Week days, from Bath, etc. 11.05 P. M.-MIXED-Week days, from St. Johr. St. Stephen, Portland, Boston, etc. the novel quite out of the conventional pale. is the privilege and the duty of the University's sons to make known the inducements Butter Paper, printed and unprinted, Bicyclists and all athletes depend on BENT-E. M. BOYER, Agent. their Alma Mater has to offer to the young LEY'S Liniment to keep their joints limber in one and two pound wrappers, at this men of this province.-University Monthly. | and muscles in trim.

to her companion at the farther end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

"Halloa!" said the nurse. "Is that the doctor?"

"Yes," answered her companion, in a deep voice; "this is the doctor."

"This lady is very ill," he was informed. "Well, what seems to be the matter?"

"She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink!" said the nurse.

The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient; but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies.

She answered: "I gave her two pads of blotting-paper!"

For the masses not the classes, BEN. TLEY'S Liniment is the family medicine chest. Price 10 and 25c.

Exactly as Advertised.

(From the London Answer.)

An indignant Woking farmer returned to a horse dealer's about an hour after purchasing a horse.

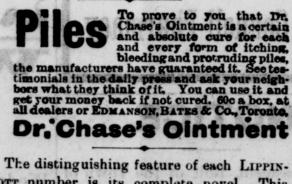
"Look here, sir," he exclaimed, "I don't want this horse you sold me! He shies. I can't get him to cross the bridge."

"That's the reason I sold him," said the dealer, calmly. "Why did you come to me for the horse?"

"I saw your advertisement in the paper." "I thought so. I gave my reason for selling him.'

"Yes; to be sold, you stated, for no other reason than that the owner wanted to go out of town '

"Well, if you can get out of town with him," said the dealer, "it will be more than I can ao.



corr number is its complete novel. This means much if the novel is good, and for July it is uncommonly good, and from a brand-new name: Louise Betts Edwards. Miss Edwards has well called her tale "A Woman for Nothing," referring to the emotions of the middle-aged Miss Rix in carrying on a romance which could have only one end. She is devout and demure, but her heart is still quick and it flames up into one