



FOR  
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic,  
Cramps, Pain in the Stomach  
AND ALL  
Summer Complaints.

ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS.  
IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM.  
RELIEF ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable, Effectual.  
Every House should have it.  
Ask your Druggist for it.  
Take no other.

PRICE, - 35c.

MONACO'S KING.

(Translated from the Russian by Herman Bernstein.)

There is a little kingdom on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, between France and Italy. The name of this kingdom is Monaco. Its population is smaller than that of a big village, amounting to about 7,000 people, and there is not even as much as an acre of land to a soul. But there is a real kinglet in this little kingdom by the sea; and the kinglet has everything—a palace, a court, ministers, archbishops, generals, and also an army. Not a big army, just sixty men, but an army, nevertheless. The kinglet's income is very insignificant. To be sure, there is a tax on tobacco, on wine and on brandy, as everywhere else, and the people there drink and smoke, yet their number is so small that the kinglet would not have enough to support himself, his court, and his officials, if he did not have a special source of income. The special income is from the gambling establishment in his kingdom—from roulette. People gamble, lose or win, and the proprietor gains all the time. And out of these gains the proprietor pays the kinglet big sums of money. He pays big sums of money, because this is the only gambling establishment that remains in Europe. Before, there used to be such gambling establishments in the domain of each of the German princes, but they were prohibited some time ago. The reason why they were prohibited was they used to bring about many disagreeable consequences. Some one would come there to gamble, would lose everything—his own and sometimes other people's money as well—and then he would either drown or shoot himself for grief. The Germans prohibited this in the domain of their princes, but there was nobody to prohibit it in Monaco. So it remains there.

THE LITTLE CZAR MUST LIVE.

And since then all those bent upon gambling go there. They lose their money, and in the meantime the kinglet gains. You cannot easily make marble palaces out of honest labor. The little Czar of Monaco knows well that this is a wicked business, but what shall he do? He must live. To live on the income from brandy and wine is not much better, he thinks. So the kinglet lives, reigns, grabs money, and conducts affairs in his palace just as the real, great kings do.

There is the same pomp at the coronation: the kinglet awards medals, reviews parades, has councils and laws and courts of justice; the same as real kings, only on a small scale.

One day, about five years ago, a murder took place in the land of this kinglet. The people of that kingdom are a peaceful lot, and such a thing never happened before. The judges assembled, investigated, and tried the case. There were judges, and prosecutors, and jurymen and lawyers. They tried the case, and condemned the man to capital punishment—to death by the guillotine. Very well. The decree was presented to the kinglet. The kinglet read the sentence and confirmed it. The murderer should be put to death. But there was one trouble—the kingdom had neither the guillotine nor the executioner to behead the criminal.

The ministers began to think what to do, and they soon decided to inquire of the French government whether it could furnish them in time the necessary machine and executioner to behead a criminal, and how much the thing would cost. A letter was for-

warded to the French government. In a week they received an answer, saying that the machine and the executioner could be had for the sum of 16,000 francs. This was reported to the kinglet. The kinglet thought the matter over, considered it carefully. Sixteen thousand francs! "The rascal," he said, "isn't worth so much!" Could it not be done more cheaply? Sixteen thousand francs! This meant to burden each inhabitant with a tax of a little over two francs. It was too much. They might rebel. A meeting was called to decide what to do.

HOPE IN THE FELLOW-FELLING OF A KING.

At the meeting it was decided to write to the King of Italy. The French government was a republic; it had no respect for the king; but the King of Italy was, after all, one of their own. He might therefore, quote a lower rate. The letter was forwarded, and an answer came immediately. The Italian government wrote that it would send both the machine and the executioner with pleasure, and that it would cost in all 12,000 francs. Cheaper, but dear, nevertheless! The rascal was not even worth as much as 12,000 francs. This would again mean to assess the people a little less than two francs each.

Again a session was held. The ministers thought, and considered the matter. Perhaps it could be done in a less expensive way. Perhaps some of the soldiers would undertake to behead the murderer. A general was summoned.

"Isn't there a soldier in your army who would cut a rascal's head off?" he was asked. "Anyway, they are supposed to kill people in time of war! That's what a soldier is for!"

The general spoke to the soldiers, but none of them would undertake to do it. "No," they said, "we can't do it, nor were we taught to do it."

What was to be done? Again they thought and thought, called special sessions, committees, commissions. Then they changed their minds, and decided to substitute life imprisonment for capital punishment. The king would thus show his mercy, and at the same time the expense would not be so large. The king was satisfied, and the matter was settled. But here was another trouble—there was no permanent prison in the land, where the prisoners might be kept for a lifetime. There were some small rooms, where prisoners were held for a short while, but there was no solid prison to keep one forever. A place was found in the end. The fellow was imprisoned. A guard was stationed to watch him.

The guard watched him, and used to go to the kitchen of the kinglet to get food for the prisoner. The fellow was there six months—a year.

At the end of the year the kinglet began to go over his accounts, and noticed a new expense; and not a small expense it was that went to maintain the prisoner. A special guard, and food! It cost him 600 francs during the year. And the fellow was young, healthy; he would live about fifty years. Just think of how much that would amount to! Too expensive. It could not remain so. The kinglet summoned his ministers and told them: "Think of some plan by which we can punish that rascal more cheaply. He costs us entirely too much." The ministers assembled and cudgelled their heads over the matter. One of them said: "I believe it were a good idea to discharge the guard." Said another: "But the prisoner will run away!" "Let him go!" said the first.

This was reported to the king. He too, was satisfied. The guard was discharged. Now they wondered what the prisoner would do. They saw that when the dinner hour arrived the criminal came out, looked around for the guard, and, not finding him, went to the kitchen of the king to get something to eat. He took everything they gave him there went back to the prison, closed the door behind him, and stayed there. The next day he did the same. He went for his food, came back—but did not go away!

What now? Again they thought. "Let us rather tell him plainly," they said, "that we don't want him there any longer. Let him go."

Very well. The minister of justice summoned the prisoner and said to him;

"Why don't you go away? There is no one to watch you there. You may freely leave the prison, and the king won't feel insulted."

"The king wouldn't feel insulted, but I have no place to go. Where shall I go? You have disgraced me by the sentence; nobody will have anything to do with me."

The Cause of Hay Fever.

It's a microbe that floats in the air, gets into the throat and lungs, develops rapidly, excites inflammation, &c. The cause is as simple as a thistle in the finger. Extract the thistle, away goes the pain. Destroy the Hay Fever germ—you get well. That's why Catarrhazone acts so marvellously in Hay Fever. Its fragrant vapor to you brings cure, but to the microbe death. Catarrhazone is as quick to act on these microscopic organisms as lightning. Prevents as well as cures, and is always successful. Druggists, 25c. and \$1.00, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.



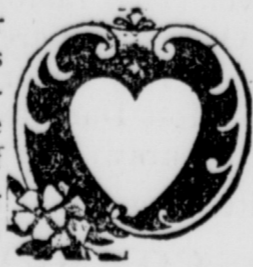
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They will build you up, make rich red blood and give you vim and energy.

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now; I am retired from everything now. You did not treat me properly. It was wrong to act so. You condemned me to capital punishment. Very well. You should have killed me—but you didn't. That is first. Then you sentenced me to imprisonment for life, and put a guard to bring me food. Then you removed the guard. That is the second. Still I was satisfied—I didn't protest. I went for food myself. Now you tell me "Go!" No: you may say what you please, I will not go anywhere."

THE PRISONER'S TERMS ACCEPTED.

Again a meeting was called. What was to be done? He would not go away. They thought and thought.

"We must allow him a pension," they finally decided. "Without this you cannot get rid of him." That was reported to the king.

"We cannot help it," he said, "we must get rid of him in some way."

They allowed the prisoner 600 francs a year, and notified him of their decision.

"Well," he said, "if you promise to pay me regularly I will go."

It was decided. He received 200 francs in advance, bid them all good-by, and left the domain of the kinglet. He settled down somewhere in the neighborhood, bought some land, began to cultivate a vegetable garden, and lived in clover.

He goes regularly for his pension. Getting it, he steps into the gambling house and puts up two or three francs. Sometimes he wins, sometimes loses. Then he returns to his house and leads a life of peace and happiness. It was fortunate for the man that he did not commit the crime in a land where they are not too stingy either to cut one's head off or to maintain permanent prisons.

A Food for Brain and Muscle

Whether it is brain fag, loss of memory, inability to concentrate the mind or bodily weakness and general debility, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will restore your old-time energy, strength and health. Through the blood and nervous system, it reaches every part of the body and overcomes weakness, irregularities and disease.

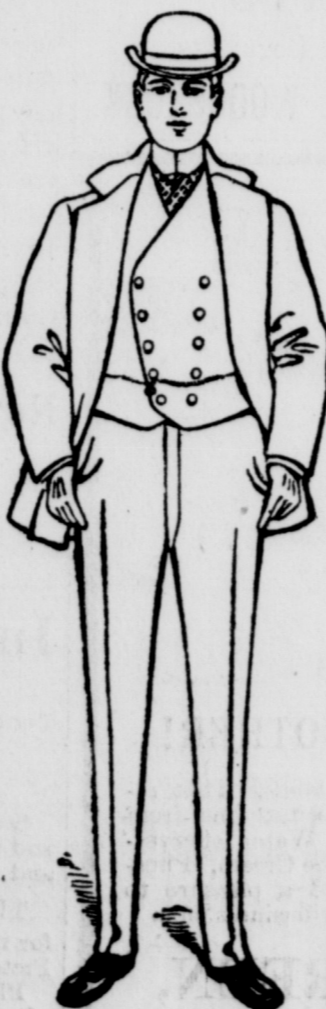
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in a Letter:

Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVIS')

From Capt. F. Loye, Police Station No. 5, Montreal: "We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, sciatica, frost bites, chilblains, etc., and all ailments which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy I have near at hand."

Used Internally and Externally.  
Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.



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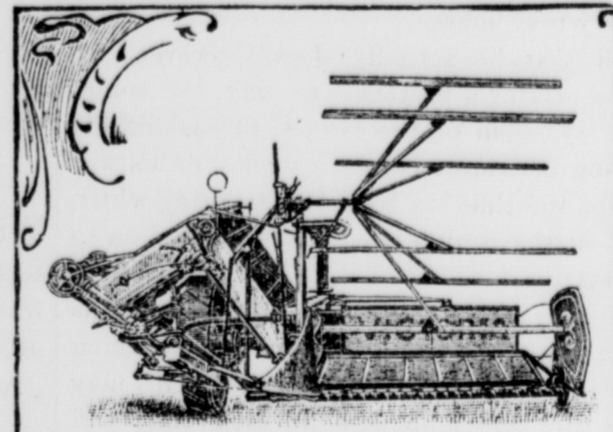
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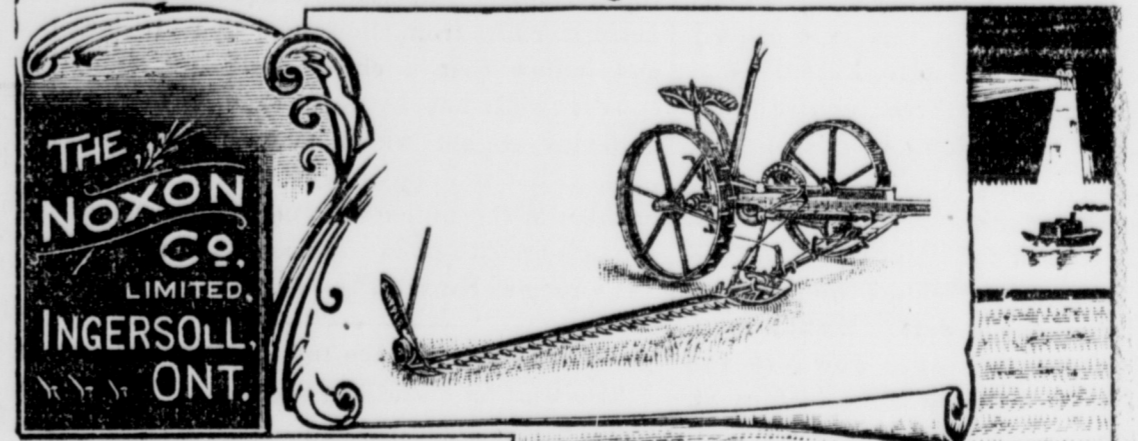
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It arouses the Liver, quickens the  
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is a specialty with us. We can give it to you in large size 24x36 inches, for tub linings or, in printed or unprinted wrappers for one or two pound prints. This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

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Woodstock, N. B.

Summer Wear

—FOR—

HORSES and CARRIAGES

Lap Robes,  
Lap Dusters,  
Wool Carriage Mats,  
Summer Horse  
Blankets.

ATHERTON BROS.

Harness Makers,

King Street, Woodstock.

NOTICE.

The Assessment Roll of the Town of  
Woodstock for the year 1901 has  
been placed in my hands  
for collection.

a Discount of 5 per cent.

will be made on all taxes paid before  
and including the twenty-fifth (25)  
day of July next. An execution will  
issue for all unpaid taxes within ten  
(10) days thereafter.

By order of the Town Council,  
J. T. GARDEN,  
Town Treasurer.

Dated Woodstock, June 20, 1901.

CHARLES APPLEBY, M. A., LL. B.

BARRISTER AND NOTARY,

QUEEN STREET, - WOODSTOCK, N. B.