

HYGENIC PALLADIUM.

ANTICEPTIC and MICROBICIDE

FOR DOMESTIC CLEANING AND PRIVATE HYGIENE BY THE APPLICATION OF PASTEUR'S THEORY.

A Household Necessity.

It preserves and promotes the growth of the hair, embellishes the skin, preserves the teeth, removes foul breath, cleans stains and grease from clothes without affecting texture or color, destroys insects and parasites. Directions inside. Those who give it a trial adopt it at once.

Price 25 Cents.

PUT UP BY THE

Albert Chemical Co., Woodstock.

P. O. Box 337. Sold by druggists and general dealers.

NEWS FROM THE COUNTY.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents must send their names with each week's contribution, or their matter will not be printed. The names will not be published, but The Dispatch must know who is accountable for everything that is inserted in its columns.

LAKEVILLE.

The various committees for the coming school picnic to be held August 10th, met on Wednesday evening and all entered heartily into the plans for a day's outing. The ground chosen was on the lake shore on Mr. Merrill Tracey's farm. It was hoped to make it a parish picnic but owing to the quarantine of Bloomfield no persons will be allowed off the Bloomfield road. All baskets will be handed to a committee who will take charge of the tables. Prizes will be given for bicycle, foot, boat and sack races. Let the children have a good merry time before the pedagogues get to work; especially try to get all the little ones who do not often get to picnics.

Mr. Louis Carvel is at home. He has brought with him his gramophone which he has kindly offered to place at the disposal of a concert committee to help raise funds for the new sidewalks. More will be heard about this in the future.

Everyone felt a sense of relief to see the doctor once more in the village. Not only have some small folk arrived but small pox has made its appearance at Bloomfield and there is a desire among the people for vaccination. Dr. Bearsto will not be new in the work as he was at one time quarantined five months with the small pox patients off P. E. Island.

George Bearsto of Mapleque who is not well, will be the guest of the doctor for a few weeks.

James McWaid is very poorly. He is now confined to bed, much sympathy is felt for his family.

Robert Wilson and Henry Gallivan are being congratulated, each on being the father of a fine boy.

CANTERBURY STATION

John Flewelling of Edmundston spent Sunday in the village.

Mrs. William Main, formerly of this place but for the past few years residing at Edmundston is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Weatherby, St. Stephen is at her mother's Mrs. Wm Grant.

Mrs. C. McCristol of St. John and Mrs. Watson, Woodstock, are visiting their sister Mrs. Ed. London.

Is it fear of small pox or the camps of that popular resort that is driving so many Woodstock people to Skiff Lake; all the cottages are well filled.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Pendergast and party returned from an outing on Deer Lake, Saturday.

Miss May Scott is spending her vacation with relatives at Andover.

Miss Bessie Nicholson is visiting her sister at Eaton, Me.

Miss Law has returned from the Tobique. Owing to the rain Saturday the basket picnic at Skiff Lake was postponed.

Mrs. Goodspeed is at McAdam.

BRISTOL.

Rev. James Ross, of St. John, preached in the hall on Sunday evening, taking the appointment of Rev. Mr. Watson, who has recently taken charge of this circuit.

Forrester and Archer are to give an entertainment of moving pictures in the Orange Hall on Monday evening.

A. W. Phillips and John Meed have gone on a fishing trip to the Miramichi.

Mr. Bulmer, the barber, who has been in Bristol for about three months, has decided to return to his old home in England. He left on Monday for Halifax.

If you

are lean—unless you are lean by nature—you need more fat.

You may eat enough; you are losing the benefit of it.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will help you digest your food, and bring you the plumpness of health. Especially true of babies.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND TRY IT. SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, TORONTO. 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

The Sunday School have just placed a set of very pretty and useful maps in their school room. The school is intending to have a picnic next week.

EAST FLORENCEVILLE.

Better get vaccinated. Croquet and base ball seem to be the leading sports of the town, just now.

Oak Boyer and wife, Red Rapids, were in the Village last week.

A number of citizens went to Edmundston Tuesday to the races.

B. F. Smith was at Grand Falls last week attending the horse trot, where he drove M. Colwell's Jerry D., winning three straight heats.

Miss Ferguson and Miss Maxwell returned to their homes at Fredericton on Saturday. The Imperial Oil Co., have their tank at the station ready to put up on the foundation.

GREGG SETTLEMENT.

Haying is a thing of the past, owing to the fine weather the crop was cured in the best possible manner. The yield was much larger than was expected in the early part of the season.

Burton Miles, of Centreville, who has been ill with typhoid and pneumonia is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Thomas McCain of East Centreville is seriously ill.

Huestis Johnston and Henry Johnston, of Washington, with their families are visiting their parents Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston, after an absence of twenty-five years. They intend to return to the United States in the near future.

Scott Branscombe is home on a visit.

Mrs. Joseph Campbell and son are here on a visit from Michigan. They intend to return home the first of October. Mrs. Campbell is a daughter of the late Joseph Fulton of Greenfield.

NEWBURG JUNCTION.

Herbert Kimball and sister of Lowell, Mass., arrived here last week to see their mother who is dangerously ill.

Miss Minnie Owens who has been visiting friends at Fredericton has returned home.

Quite a number of the young people of this place who have been working in Boston are home on a visit to their parents.

Mrs. Ed. Atridge and children, of Houlton, Me., were guests of the Junction House last week.

The Sunday school of Lower Brighton intend holding a picnic Thursday, August 8th, in the grove owned by Joseph Robertson of this place.

R. B. Owens our popular station agent and proprietor of the Junction House is away on his vacation. He was accompanied by M. Murphy, of Yarmouth, N. S. They intend visiting the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. Mr. Owens will also visit his sisters in Boston and Manchester, N. H.

Blending and Packing Tea.

The most complete plant in the Maritime Provinces for blending and packing Tea is that in the big warehouse of T. H. Estabrooks, North Wharf, St. John, N. B. Mr. Estabrooks has lately added a labelling machine, operated by an electric motor.

Moving Manitoba's Grain.

MONTREAL, Aug. 5.—Mr. Thomas Tait, manager of the transportation service of the C. P. R., in conversation with a St. John Globe representative regarding the preparation of the company to handle the enormous wheat crop of Manitoba and the Northwest said that the company, as soon as they were assured of a probable abundance of harvest placed contracts outside their own shops for a large number of engines and cars to be delivered in time for the movement of the crop. Their own works were also working full capacity. Arrangements are being made, he said, so that during September, October, November and December they might handle trainloads of grain every hour at Fort William, provided vessels should be secured to haul it from the elevators. They had a storage capacity of 5,000,000 bushels in the elevators there, and grain must be out from the elevators in the fall to enable the road to continue bringing it down during the winter. The officials at Fort William were prepared to handle a hundred cars per day.

The Grand Trunk is also prepared for its share of the abundant harvest, having just completed 400 new box cars.

George IV., as Prince Regent, was very charming when he was not drunk, but he generally was. He asked Curran to dinner one day to amuse him. Curran was up to it, and sat silent all through dinner. This irritated the Prince, and at last, after dinner, when he had a good deal too much, he filled a glass with wine and threw it in Curran's face, with: "Say something funny, can't you?" Curran, without moving a muscle, threw his own glass of wine in his neighbor's face, saying: "Pass His Royal Highness's joke."

"If I stand on my head the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?"

No one ventured to contradict him.

"Now," he continued, triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood all rush into my foot?"

"Because," replied Hostetter McGinnis, "your feet are not empty."

The following note was recently received by an employer from an absent workman: "Honoured sir,—I am sorry to say I cannot say when I shall be well enough to be able to come back to work. The doctor says I have information of the left lung, which I hope will meet with your approval."

"Yes," she sighed, "for many years I've suffered from dyspepsia."

"And don't you take anything for it?" her friend asked. "You look healthy enough."

"Oh," she replied, "it's my husband that has it."

A Very Good Reason.

The following incident occurred at a railway station near Roshdale.

A young man was standing beside some luggage, waiting for a train, when a porter came up to him and said: "Sir, that luggage is overweight."

"Who says it is?" ask the man, who stammered badly.

"Well, I think it is," answered the porter "but we will weigh it."

During the conversation a crowd had collected round them, and another porter came up and asked what was the matter.

The man stammered out: "First he says it is overweight, and then he thinks it is overweight, and then he says he will weigh it."

The porters then took hold of the luggage and carried it to the office and weighed it.

"It is overweight, and you have got 1s. 9d to pay," said the porter No. 1.

"Shan't pay it," the man said.

"Well if you won't pay it we will fetch the station-master," said the porter.

"Fetch who you like; shan't pay it," again stammered the man.

The station-master was duly fetched, and on arriving asked what the bother was about when the man again said:—

"First he says it is overweight, then he thinks it's overweight, then he weighs it, says it is overweight, and I have 1s. 9d. to pay. Shan't pay it."

"Well," said the station-master in a rage, why won't you pay it?"

"Because it is not my luggage," answered the man, and walked off.

Why he Was There.

The other day a mysterious-looking stranger appeared in Omerschans, a small town in Holland and remained five days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from, or his business. At last the general agitation grew to such a pitch that someone volunteered to interview the stranger in the public well. Approaching the taciturn visitor, the interviewer remarked:—

"Fine day, sir."

"Is it?" said the stranger dubiously.

"Going to stay long in these parts?"

"Just two days, two hours, and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table.

"Then—may I—er—ahem!—may I ask what your business is?" persisted the man, as the crowd gathered up closer.

"Well, I don't wish it generally known," replied the stranger, confidentially, "but I'm a Russian Nihilist."

"You don't mean it?" gasped the interviewer.

"Fact," replied the man, mournfully.

"But—er—what brings you here?" asked the inquisitive questioner.

"Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and—you know how severe the Government is on Nihilists, don't you?"

"Oh!—yes—of course; go on!"

"Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia or a week in Omerschans, and I was fool enough to choose Omerschans."

And with a sigh the man drifted in to dinner.



Watson's

Music Rooms.

THE

BELL PIANO!

Is the Best Canadian Piano made.

It is made by the richest Canadian concern now engaged in making pianos and they can therefore afford to employ only the highest class of workmen in their factory.

I can sell you the very best instrument on the market at a more reasonable price than you will have to pay to an outsider.

If you want a good instrument give me a call and I will have pleasure in showing you the beauties of the Bell.

C. R. WATSON,

WOODSTOCK.

The Rise in N. P.

Is naught compared to the boom in F. R. otherwise Fit-Reform, sales of which have increased ten fold since its inauguration.

Keen observers of well tailored garments are alive to the situation, and are now purchasing

THE FIT-REFORM.

which has all the grace and bearing of the Fifth Avenue custom tailor, New York.

Suits, \$10, \$12, \$15.

Trousers, \$3, \$4, \$5.

B. B. MANZER.

Sole Proprietor.



THE CRANE'S STORY.

The colonial wife concocted grand dishes under the crane, in her great kettle; but who shall say that the little granite pan and kettles today do not yield delicious fare?

Provide your kitchen with our

Granite Preserve Kettles, Granite Pots, Stew Kettles and Pans,

as you provide your larder with food.

We have just received a large consignment of Granite Preserve Kettles, and we also receive every week new novelties in Kitchen Hardware.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

For First-Class Waggon and Carriages give me a call and look over my nice stock.

CHESLEY ESTEY,

Queen Street, Woodstock.

Very Useful Indeed.

A certain gentleman who served with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa is rather fond of drawing the long bow when referring to his personal experience. This fact has not escaped the notice of the gentleman's faithful manservant, whom we call Donald. The other afternoon the returned warrior had been relating to Donald a particularly startling story of heroism and deadly peril, when the canny Scot gravely observed: "It's a peety ye didna tak' me wi' ye."

"Oh!" went on the narrator, "I daresay you would have done your best but really you couldn't have assisted me much. I was completely hemmed in, and there was nothing for it but to cut my way through the serried mass of furious burghers. If you had been there, Donald, I'm afraid you'd have only been in the way."

"Aweel," said Donald, doggedly, "mebbe ye're right, but for a' that, I wad ha' been useful as a weetness when ye telt that story to your friends."

Under Her Thumb.

"No, I never have a bit of trouble with my husband," remarked the frail little woman with the intelligent face. "In fact, I have him right under my thumb."

"You don't look very strong," doubtfully commented the engaged girl.

"You mistake me, my dear. It's a mental, not physical, subjection."

"Would you mind telling me just how—"

"Not a bit! Always glad to help anyone steer clear of the rocks. First of all, you must know that a man in love is the biggest sort of fool, and says things that make him almost wild when he hears 'em in after life. I realized it, and from the very beginning of our courtship I kept a phonograph in the room, and every speech he made was duly recorded. Now, whenever my husband gets a little bit obstreperous I just turn out a record or so. Heavens! how he does rave, but he can't deny it. They always will, though, if you don't have proof positive."

"Thank you," gratefully murmured the engaged girl. "I'll get a phonograph this very day."